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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The death of Loring Pickering marks the close of the era of primary journalism on this coast. At the time of his death he was the senior editor on the slope; he had been so for many years. He published papers in the mountain counties and in Sacramento before he came to this city. When he purchased the *Call* some twenty-five or six years ago, he understood his business thoroughly. He knew precisely what style of newspaper could succeed on this coast and what kind could not. To thrive, at the time he bought the *Call*, a newspaper either had to be a sensational sheet, full of stories of blood, and murder, and crime, which might or might not be true; or it had to be a conservative sheet, adapted for family use. Loring Pickering's ideas forhade

his taking part in the conduct of a journal of the former class. He had no alternative but to make the *Call* staid and conservative, like the Philadelphia *Ledger* and the Baltimore *Sun*. It was of less consequence what he put into such a paper than what he kept out of it. To retain his circulation, he was bound not to offend any class of the reading public, and it was politic not to alienate any party or faction by espousing with warmth a side in public controversies.

Adherence to this policy exposed Loring Pickering to the charge of timidity and time-serving. He was charged with dereliction of duty in neglecting to arraign wrong at the bar of his newspaper. But the steady support which the *Call* has received during a quarter of a century proves that, even in so sensation-loving a community as this, there is a class which wants to get the news without being dictated to by the paper which contains it, and which can appreciate a clean journal though it be occasionally dull. Loring Pickering's idea was that by being non-committal on a majority of the active questions of the day, he accumulated a reserve force of influence which he could bring to bear on public opinion when a really vital issue arose. This was the cardinal idea on which the *Call* was run during the first twenty years of Loring Pickering's management. It is the doctrine of respectable journalism in its primary stage.

Some years ago, the views of the deceased editor underwent a change. He appreciated the intellectual growth of the community. He noted the march of toleration in matters of opinion. He ripened to a consciousness of a higher sense of duty. He began to express opinions on controverted questions with more freedom than usual. Being a man of level head and long foresight, he was generally right when he took sides on the issues of the day, and expressed them in his paper. During the past five years, the *Call* has not been non-committal on any leading question. It has been frankly outspoken on politics, and has left no reader in doubt where it stood on questions of social and local reform. Its views have not been always in accord with the soundest teachings of modern political science. Like most men of advanced age, Loring Pickering clung to many views which have become obsolete, and failed to grasp the truth of some new views which command approval among the enlightened. But that was in the order of things. The difference between the *Call* of 1890 and the *Call* of 1870 was not so much that the former was not in line with the advanced thought of the day, as that it had opinions, such as they were, and was not afraid to give them voice, whereas the *Call* of twenty years ago appeared to have none, or shrank from expressing those which it had. The former had taken its proper place among the live journals of the day.

This is a step in the evolution of the modern daily newspaper. Beginning timidly, feeling its way in the conflict of opinion, fearing to antagonize classes by indulgence in the spirit of inquiry, the public journal, as its footing becomes secure and its profits less precarious, acquires the courage to form and express opinions, and to become a mold as well as an index of popular thought. That evolution is going on everywhere, but especially in communities which are distant from the intellectual centres. Before a shrewdly conducted daily newspaper can undertake to shape public opinion, its revenue must be assured by a support which can not be withdrawn by a burst of popular caprice. When it has attained that eminence, it can indulge itself in the luxury of truth, on any and all questions. The evolution is gradual. Our newspapers here have achieved only partial independence. The *Call* speaks out on many subjects with a boldness which it would not have ventured on twenty years ago; but it would not print a line against labor unions, nor did it ever censure the Homestead outrages. If Loring Pickering had lived fifteen or twenty years longer, he would have been as brave on the labor question as he was on the silver question. So the *Examiner* emits no uncertain sound on most of the questions of the day; but it apologized in the most abject manner for printing letters from Southern planters who wanted more Chinese labor. As the years pass, the evolution will make further progress, and if the

Examiner shall believe the Exclusion Act to be wrong, it will have the courage to say so.

Such men as Loring Pickering are more useful in their day than the hot-headed enthusiasts who want to drive reforms down throats which are not prepared for their deglutition. All the great reforms of the age have been carried forward to completion by conservative men. Slavery was abolished by statesmen who had no affiliation with the original abolitionists; the Corn Laws in England were repealed by their immemorial apologist, Sir Robert Peel. The *Call* of 1870, which was not prepared to admit that the earth moved, except with reservations, and whose editorial page was a standing illustration of the possibility of saying nothing in a thousand words, did not appear to be a promising specimen of journalism; but it begot the *Call* of today, which speaks its mind in tones which can be heard throughout the State, and occupies a position that makes it almost independent of popular whim.

The measures taken by Jay Gould in his will to found a family and provide for the progressive growth of his immense fortune, on the Astor-Vanderbilt plan, have served to draw the attention of the country temporarily to the dangers inherent in these great masses of entailed wealth. It can not be said that the discussion of the matter by the press has evolved much of value, but we may reasonably expect that presently the contributions of thoughtful lawyers to the magazines will serve to enlighten the public, and bring home to the popular mind the need for still further limitations on the power of dead men to control the acts of the living, and so continue to be a power, usually not for good, in a world from which nature has evicted them. The newspaper comment on Gould's attempt to fasten upon the United States in perpetuity a line of money princes discloses the existence of a general belief that a man has a natural right not only to "do as he pleases with his own" during his lifetime, but also to dictate what shall be done for all time with what he is compelled to leave behind him. While the perils of this freedom of the individual are recognized vividly enough, it is apparently the common belief that it is rather hopeless to expect that society will ever be sufficiently clever to devise means for protecting itself against the posthumous mandates of millionaires. The prevalence of such a conception of the individual's rights betrays a curious ignorance of what has been done by legislation in the way of restriction, and likewise bears testimony to that unequal liberty which the American enjoys. It is so seldom that he is made to feel the power of the state that he insensibly regards it as a name merely, an abstraction, altogether remote from his practical concerns. In the framing of our institutions, so great care was taken to guard the liberty of the individual—so zealous were the fathers of the encroaching instinct of authority—that to take an ordinary American citizen and plant him in a monarchy would be like putting a bird in a cage. A free press, free speech, right of assembly and petition, no established church, sacredness of domicile, the right to bear arms, exemption from laws of attainder, and what not, free schools and the ballot, all educate a man into a conception of his relations to the state which reduces the latter to a very subordinate place in his thoughts. A taste of Germany, Russia, France, or even England, would teach him to appreciate American blessings, and, at the same time, to realize that the arm of the state is, when exercised, a thing so powerful that the individual counts for nothing. And, aside from the constitutional limitations and restraining enactments conformable therewith, the state here is as definite and irresistible an entity as in Russia itself. Men who set about the task of making their wills learn this, usually to their surprise. They ascertain that the state holds its own welfare—that is to say, the welfare of the community—above their own. Many heroes of the Grand Army can tell their descendants how imperiously the state, when it wants soldiers, can stretch forth its hand and lift the reluctant citizen out of his home and plant him as a conscript on the field of danger, there to win glory and a pension, or the grave. Action equally arbitrary, equally regardless of "private rights" and personal feelings, is called "public" or

soon will be, by the tremendous number of large fortunes that have come into being within a few years. The causes which have made their existence possible continue to operate with increasing potency, and in another generation the billionaire will probably be no rarer than the millionaire was fifty years ago.

A very imperfect list of American men and women possessing over one million dollars each was compiled, some months ago, by the *New York Tribune*. It gives the total number at 4,047, and apportioned 192 of them to this State. It is likely that the *Tribune* did not set down half the millionaires of the United States, and it has to be remembered that the term impartially covers him who has one million or a hundred. That the owners of these piles of wealth ought not to be allowed to insure the preservation of them intact after their own death, is as certain as that they will endeavor to do so, despite the inhibition of most of the State laws against primogeniture and entail. To quote Proffatt in his work on "Wills":

"The possession of a large amount of property during a man's lifetime gives him such a consciousness of power and authority that it is difficult to disabuse his mind of the idea that he can not perpetuate his name, his influence, and control after his death, by distributing or disposing of his property according to his pleasure."

The same fight will soon be on between society and the vanity and ambition of millionaires that society fought out with the greedy church. As Proffatt relates:

"At an early period this desire to perpetuate names was made use of by the clergy, who wielded such vast influence over the dying, to induce testators to dispose of property for enriching churches and monasteries, and various other institutions. So great did the evil become, and so many grievous abuses sprung up, that the public welfare was threatened and endangered, and, in consequence of this, a bitter and determined struggle ensued between the civil and spiritual powers, lasting through centuries, and giving a peculiar bias to certain legislation. . . . This influence has extended to us, who have gathered experience from the past, and this is plainly evinced in our statutes of wills in the different States which disqualify corporations from taking by devise unless expressly authorized."

Our own Civil Code, in Section 1313, shows that the State of California has the assurance to take upon itself the responsibility of informing the dying plutocrat what he may and may not do with his own, even when he is charitably inclined. The code says:

"No estate, real or personal, shall be bequeathed or devised to any charitable or benevolent society, or corporation, or to any person or persons in trust for charitable uses, except the same be done by will duly executed at least thirty days before the decease of the testator; and if so made, at least thirty days prior to such death, such devise or legacy, and each of them, shall be valid; provided that no such devise or bequests shall collectively exceed one-third of the estate of the testator leaving legal heirs, and in such case a pro rata deduction from such devise or bequests shall be made so as to reduce the aggregate thereof to one-third of such estate; and all dispositions of property made contrary hereto shall be void, and go to the residuary legatee or devisee, next of kin, or heirs, according to law."

Under our State law, one may not direct the disposition of his estate for a longer period than during the continuance of the lives of persons in being at the time of the making of the will, except in certain contingencies carefully specified. Up to the thirty-second year of Henry the Eighth, there was no power to make a will of real estate in England. All this is elementary to lawyers, it need not be said, but the American public mind requires elementary instruction on the subject of the existing limits to control of property by its owners. "It is not," remarks an authority, going to the root of the matter, "a natural inherent right of the individual to dispose of his property after his decease; it is no more or less than a right given by positive law—a right which is founded on convenience and concession." In other words, it is by grace of our sovereign, the state, that the citizen is privileged to make a will at all. The people, therefore, in their organized capacity, have complete legal power to forbid the tying up of colossal estates in the manner exemplified in the cases of the Astor and Vanderbilt properties, and imitated by Jay Gould. How to set about doing it effectively is another matter; but the wit of mankind has certainly solved harder problems. As the *Argonaut* has before suggested, the subject is one that may worthily engage the minds of great lawyers, among whom, now, as in every age, patriotic men are to be found. One thing is sure: the American people have been too long nourished on republican maxims to tolerate the firm establishment of a plutocratic caste—an untitled nobility. The increase of such families as the Astors, and Vanderbilts, and Goulds will be the signal for their destruction. Men, not money, will rule in this country.

As the Panama melodrama unfolds itself, events which occurred before the beginning of the action loom into view. When the company went into liquidation, it must have become evident to every discerning mind that the long course of bribery and corruption, which had been town-talk for years, would come to light. M. Carnot can not have been ignorant of that which was known to every stroller on the boulevards. He must have foreseen the effect of revelations

that would ruin the reputations of some of the leading men of the day. The question for him was whether he would risk his own fortune in trying to save his friends, or would insist on the truth coming out, cost what it might. He elected to pursue the bolder and the wiser course. M. Monchicourt was told that he would have the support of the government in probing the scandal to the bottom, and, in a short while, a list of those who were likely to be implicated was placed in the president's hands. The first consequence was the fall of M. Louvet, and the assumption of the duties of prime minister by M. Ribot. This was notice to France that M. Carnot was not going to screen the thieves.

Happily for France, the majority of the Chamber was of the same mind as the president. Leave to prosecute members who were accused by the Department of Justice was promptly granted. Some of the affirmative votes cast came from Monarchist deputies, who were more anxious to overthrow the republic than to punish the speculators. But the effect was the same.

As matters stand, France is committed to a course of purgation which may purify the blood of the body politic without necessarily impairing its chances of vitality.

Comparisons between the present crisis and previous convulsions arising from the same cause are of interest. Among other epochs, there may be recalled to mind the uprising against Parliamentary corruption which took place in England under William the Third. In that case, a number of prominent personages, including the lord president, the chancellor of the exchequer, the speaker of the House of Commons, the secretary of the treasury, and others of equal rank, were found guilty of having received bribes, but none of them seem to have been punished, except by brief terms of imprisonment in the Tower pending the investigation. Under George the First, the history of Francis Bacon was repeated in the impeachment of Lord-Chancellor Parker; he was fined one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and imprisoned. Sixteen years later, Robert Walpole was more fortunate. That he had run his administration by the cohesive power of public plunder was matter of public notoriety. In ten years he had spent seven million five hundred thousand dollars of public money, for which he was unable or unwilling to account. But the investigating committee, which was raised when he was removed from office, was unable to get evidence upon which he could be convicted. It was shown that he had spent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in subsidizing newspapers, but the committee does not seem to have felt certain that this was wrong; as to the money spent otherwise, it committed itself to the doctrine that a government must have a secret-service fund, and ought not to be called to account for what it does with it. So Walpole triumphed, though his guilt was not questioned.

These transactions are ancient history. It is tolerably certain that a Parliamentary committee would to-day find a prime minister guilty on the evidence which the committee of 1742 found insufficient to convict Sir Robert Walpole. The secret-service fund is still justified by public opinion, both in this country and in England; but a minister must be remarkably discreet in the use of it if he does not want to bring a storm round his ears. In the United States, the direct use of money to influence votes is confined to the State legislatures, and has rarely been witnessed in Congress. On two occasions, both occurring during the high-pressure period which followed the War of the Rebellion, charges of bribery were directly brought home to congressmen. One of these arose out of the Pacific Mail subsidy, and the other out of the Credit Mobilier, which was founded to promote the building of the Pacific railroads. On both occasions committees of investigation ascertained that congressmen had been bribed, with money or stock, to vote as the promoters of the enterprises desired; but no one was ever punished. The Pacific Mail investigation was pooh-poohed down the wind under cover of a humorous story told by Sam Ward. No congressman was jailed for having sold his vote, though the names of those who had were common property. Nor did any practical results flow from the examination of Mr. Ames's little memorandum-book in the Credit Mobilier investigation. It is said that it ruined the future of those who were down in the book for so many shares of stock, and the fate of Schuyler Colfax is quoted as proof. But Colfax was the only one who suffered.

Whether the moral tone of society is higher now than it used to be is a question for philosophers to discuss. People do not lead as loose lives as they once did; gentlemen do not get drunk in public, nor, if they indulge in other vices, do they parade them before the public as they did in the time of the Prince Regent and Aaron Burr. It might be supposed that financial integrity had improved *pari passu* with private morals. But nothing is certain. Nothing in past history was more disgusting than the financial rottenness of the gang who ruled France under Napoleon the Third; yet if the German War had been avoided, he, or his son, might have been on the throne still. There have been elections in

this country in which vast sums of money were illegitimately spent. Yet it never roused public indignation, and many of the beneficiaries of corruption have won honor and office. It is only spasmodically that we realize the value of purity in politics.

The first month of the short session to end March 4, 1893, has passed without specific action on any subject by Congress. It is unusual for Congress to transact definite or positive business in a December session, except in cases of imperative urgency—as in time of war or great national extremity. But it is not unusual before the long recess of the holidays for Congress to formulate action on important measures, or to prepare bills of pressing character to be finally determined during the existing session, and especially in cases like the present, when the succeeding Congress will usher in a new administration of a different political complexion. There are before the country, awaiting the action of the present Congress, some most important subjects—immigration, national quarantine in view of cholera invasion, change of tariff, silver, and the Nicaragua ship canal. The holiday recess, to continue until January 4th, is being enjoyed; but before Congress adjourned no action had been taken by either House clearly to indicate the outcome on any of these most pressing subjects. Meantime, as concerns immigration, movements are under way, by foreign governments and steamship agencies, calculated to interpose against restrictive or preventive legislation on the part of the United States. The Italian Government appears foremost in this interposition, and will probably be followed in it by the governments of Austria-Hungary and Germany. It is from these countries and from Poland and Southern Russia that the larger proportion of the least desirable and most objectionable immigration comes. With the existing precarious condition of European nations, all alike constantly threatened with war and each arming to the utmost against it, by exhausting taxation and the compulsory enlistment of every able-bodied subject to swell and support the army to the highest capability, it is preposterous to imagine that any of these strong and exacting governments will permit the emigration of any who are qualified for military service or the removal from the country of money or property that may be needed at home. None of them will allow the departure of emigrants except such as can be well spared, and who are not qualified for labor or service, either in their own or another country. It is these drones and plagues of their own land who are allowed and assisted to immigrate to the United States. Incapable or pernicious and burdensome at home, deported to this country they become pests, dangerous alike to the general health and common safety. Bred to the form of monarchical or arbitrary government, under which they are compelled to obedience of vigorous laws and forced military pressure unremittently applied, and reared in a language dissimilar to ours, they are in every way unfitted for dwelling in this land of liberty, and can never become properly assimilated to the American people. This can be said of the better proportion of those who come as steerage immigrants, and, under any circumstances, they are not wanted in the United States. With the large aggregate who yearly come, the condition and consequences are grave and alarming. They are either paupers, vagabonds, decrepit, diseased, dangerous, or criminal. Certainly none of these are welcome or wanted, and they should not be tolerated. Whatever European governments may do toward sending them hither or in permitting their departure, the course to be adopted by our own government is clear, and should be inflexibly enforced. They should not be allowed foothold in this republic. Causes and reasons for this line of action by the United States have been set forth and multiplied. What is now demanded for the occasion is prompt, direct, and vigorous action. Expedients have been tried, and have, without exception, proved ineffectual. The only remedy is absolute exclusion. On the reassembling of Congress after the holidays, the subject should be taken up and pushed to definite and essential conclusion. Absolute exclusion should be the indispensable condition.

Compensation is the law of nature. There is no evil without its attendant good. If the cholera epidemic of 1892-3 shall arouse the American people to a just appreciation of what is a greater danger than cholera—unrestricted European immigration—then is the cholera epidemic a blessing in disguise. In 1993, when this American land of ours shall be crowded with populous cities, populated by Americans, the people of that day will look back with wonder to this last decade of the nineteenth century, and thank God that their forefathers were wise enough to shut off the foul black stream of European sewage, even if it was through fear of cholera.

Two incidents have occurred within a few days which reveal pretty clearly that the Vatican has been awakened to the fact that the Roman Catholic cloak must be cut to fit the

American back. if the cloak is to be worn at all in the United States. These incidents are the restoration of Father McGlynn, of New York, to the priesthood, and the quashing of the trial of Father Corrigan, of Hoboken, for insubordination and disrespect to his bishop. The troubles of the church in this country—the war between the Irish and German wings, the thinly disguised contempt of such liberal prelates as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland for mediæval bigots like Archbishop Corrigan, and the divergence of the progressives and conservatives on the school question—induced the Pope to send over Mgr. Satolli, clothed with large powers, as an emissary in the interest of discipline and peace. The victory has been given to the progressives. With the approval of Satolli, the attitude of the church toward state education has been radically modified. Father Corrigan, who dared denounce Bishop Wigger as un-American for joining in the Cahenslyite resolutions describing the public schools as “abominations”—Father Corrigan himself declaring them to be “one of our dearest institutions”—has been permitted to escape punishment by offering a perfunctory apology to his ecclesiastical superior, who eagerly accepted it. Yet Bishop Wigger and his fellow Germans but repeated what all Catholics had been saying time out of mind. The more intelligent of the churchmen have at last realized that priestly interference with the public schools will never be tolerated by the people, and that it is hopeless to expect that the church can succeed in laying its grasping hand upon the school fund. The terms on which Father McGlynn has been taken back into the fold have not been published; but it is probable that the authorities have shown as great lenity in his case as in that of Father Corrigan. McGlynn has been a hardy rebel, and, during the six years of his contumacy, he has exhibited a pugnacity, & constancy, which justify the belief that he has yielded very little. The man has fought a battle for a principle that entitled him to the support of every American. It is needless to say that he did not get the support of the American press, which is, as a whole, as deferential to Rome as if the Roman Catholic Church were our established religion. He contended that his being a priest did not deprive him of his right as an American citizen to hold and advocate whatever political opinions he chose. Archbishop Corrigan assumed the power to declare McGlynn's opinions erroneous and to order him to be silent. For refusing to recognize Corrigan's right to do this, the priest was unfrocked. McGlynn believed, with Henry George, that private property in land is the cause of the persistence of poverty in the midst of civilization. Whether that belief be sound or absurd is no matter. Any American citizen has the constitutional right to subscribe to any politico-economic doctrine that approves itself to his mind. Father McGlynn has been a martyr to ecclesiastical tyranny as obviously as if he had been excommunicated for thinking that the Constitution of the United States is a document worthy of respect. Unless he has made an abject surrender of his mind, his rehabilitation is a triumph for Americanism and a defeat for the hide-bound, sixteenth-century Europeanism represented by such intellectual slaves and churchly bullies as Archbishop Corrigan.

There are two distinct and opposing tendencies visibly at work in the Catholic Church in this country. One is making for modern ideas, and has behind it the spirit of the age, and more especially the spirit of the republic; the other is conservative, reactionary, and is backed by the traditions of the church, coming down from the godly days when it ruled the whole world despotically, and burned its McGlynns and all others who asked questions or claimed the right to think. The latter tendency would give us over to the dominion of His Holiness the Pope unreservedly. And how pleasant that would be is illustrated by the following dispatch, which was printed in the San Francisco daily newspapers of Sunday last—without editorial comment, of course:

MADRID, December 24th.—A deputation of eight duchesses, seven marchionesses, eight countesses, and several of the queen regent's ladies-in-waiting visited Premier Sagasta to protest against the opening of a Protestant church, the consecration of which was to take place on Sunday. Sagasta declined to interfere, and the ladies departed in an angry mood. The Catholics of Madrid are organizing a street demonstration against the premier, in which the school children will take part, while the Liberals are preparing for a counter demonstration in support of the premier. Petitions from archbishops, bishops, and clergy, protesting against the opening of the church, are pouring in from all parts of the country. Authority to open the church is withheld pending the result of the agitation.

That is the demeanor of the church where it dares to act as it would like. Its cloak covers the subject from head to foot, and no other may be worn in the territory over which its authority extends. The Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop Wiggers would be happy in Spain, and would, if they could, bring America to the Spanish model. The victories of Fathers McGlynn and Corrigan mark how wide is the gulf between the sort of Catholicism which prevails in darkest Europe and among us. And the movement, happily, is now all toward greater liberty here. The time in-

exorably approaches when Rome will be made to comprehend that she can maintain herself and her material prosperity in this republic only by frankly recognizing that she ranks equally with every other religious sect. When she shall cease her arrogant antagonism to our institutions, American antagonism to her will disappear.

The suggestion made in the *Argonaut* that, as Miss Ada Rehan is to typify female beauty from the Montana standpoint, California ought to contribute to the fair a statue presenting the ideal beauty of this State, has led to discussion as to what is the ideal of feminine beauty in California. The standard of beauty is not immutable, like the standard of virtue. In some Oriental countries, obesity is the mark of loveliness; the fairest helle is she who tips the scale at the greatest number of pounds avoirdupois. In New York, at the present time, the prize of beauty is won by her whose slim, lithe figure most closely resembles a reed shaken by the wind. And as in Circassia, the maiden who is destined for a pasha's harem is fed upon such viands as will fatten her, so the Paris *modiste* constructs for her New York customer a corset which shall, so far as possible, dissemble hips and bust, and distribute the concealed organs through the rest of the trunk. Thus the standard of beauty, like that of modesty, changes with meridians. It varies, also, with the ebb and flow of fashion. A few years ago, a belle was condemned if her shoulders were not sloping; then fashion required them to be square, like a man's; and in both cases the milliner's art was called into play to distort nature into the prescribed shape.

A sculptor's ideal of beauty is evolved on mathematical principles. A perfect woman is seven, or seven and a half, or eight heads tall; her shoulders are two beads wide; her legs are three and a half to three and three-quarter heads long; her waist is three heads in circumference. But the size of heads varies in women who are equally perfect in shape; the head of the Venus of Medici is nearly one-eighth less in proportion than that of the Venus of Milo, or the Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles, which was esteemed by the ancients the most perfect statue in existence. The Medici Venus is a slim, slender girl, whose proportions resemble the statues of Psyche. Living reproductions of her are more frequently seen in New York than here.

There fell into the *Argonaut's* possession a list of measurements of the proportions of a young lady of San Francisco, who is looked upon as being beautiful and having a fine figure—in short, a typical Californian girl. With these we have compared a similar ground plan of a New York girl which we secured at the time Professor Sargent was collecting statistics concerning the young women in Eastern seminaries; likewise the measurements of Ballow's well-known ideal beauty. They compare as follows:

	Californian Girl.	New York Girl.	Ballow's Ideal.
Height.....	5 feet 6½ inches	5 feet 5½ inches	5 feet 6 inches
Length of head.....	8¾ inches	8 inches	8½ inches
Circumference of bust....	35 "	30½ "	32 "
Circumference of hips....	35 "	30 "	32 "
Circumference of waist....	24 "	19½ "	26 "
Circumference of neck....	12½ "	12½ "	13 "
Width of shoulders.....	17½ "	15½ "	16½ "

The weight of the first and the last are between 130 and 135 pounds, while the New York girl weighs about 126.

Polycleto's, an old Greek sculptor from Licyon, left rules governing the relative proportions of the female frame. He said that twice the thumb was once round the wrist, which it is not, unless the thumb is unusually large and the wrist unusually slender; that twice the wrist is the size of the neck, which is about the case in a well-proportioned woman; that twice the neck is once round the waist, which is about so. But he also says that the hand, and foot, and face should all be of the same length, which is very rarely the case, and that the body should be six times the length of the foot, which would limit most men whose feet average ten inches in length to a stature of five feet. The gentleman from Licyon is evidently not a trustworthy guide.

Referring to the above table, it will be observed that the waist of the New Yorker is much smaller than that of the other two. The fashion of small waists is the rage in the East, and the desired result is attained by tight lacing, which is carried to such an extent that the physiognomist is lost in amazement as to where the lady has bestowed her vital organs. No statue in existence exhibits such a disproportion between the waist and those portions of the trunk which lie above and below it. The compression of the girth is a mere fashionable fad which good taste must condemn. Our Californian girl wears a twenty-four-inch corset, which might easily be reduced to twenty-three inches if the wearer saw fit to sacrifice comfort to Eastern fashion. There are belles in New York who are not satisfied till they have squeezed themselves into a seventeen-inch corset. Such persons, it would seem, would have enjoyed the Scottish boot.

The bust and hips should, in a perfectly formed woman, be exactly the same in circumference. They are so in

Ballow's ideal, in the Venus of Milo, in the Cnidian Venus, and in the Californian girl. In the New Yorker, the circumference of the bust is half an inch greater than that of the hips, which is probably the work of art, not nature. The prevailing rage for *svelte*, lithe forms induces the Eastern belles to dissimulate their attractions.

Ballow does not give the dimensions of his ideal's feet or hands. He merely says that they are “in proportion,” which is rather vague. The rule among sculptors is that the foot should measure one head, which is unsatisfactory, as some large women have small heads, and some small women large heads. The female foot is probably smaller in New York society than here, for the simple reason that it has less to carry. Shoemakers say here that they sell more four and four and a half shoes than any others, but many ladies in society buy three and a half, three, and even two and a half shoes. They—the Knights of St. Crispin—do not believe in the sculptors' rule about feet; they say that small feet, like large wits, are a gift from heaven and may be found attached to persons of any dimensions. Everybody has observed that there is no necessary connection between the bands and the figure; that some slim girls have large hands, and some girls with opulent figures small dainty bands and fingers.

Take all the measurements together, and the conclusion is forced that the Californian girl more closely resembles the Cnidian Venus than the Venus of Medici, and that the representative Californian statue should be cast after a study of that masterpiece as well as the Venus of Milo and the Venus Callipyge. It is probable that the exigencies of art would require liberties to be taken with the extremities. As a rule, the heads of our girls are too large in proportion to their bodies, and so are the bands and feet. Small, shapely hands and feet are rare in San Francisco, as the glovemakers and shoemakers can testify. Here and there, a beautiful foot or a taper hand may be seen; but the average foot was made for use, not ornament, and the hand which is clasped in the German very comfortably fills the masculine palm. This is not altogether a subject for lamentation. A woman who has a disproportionately small foot, like a man who has a small nose, is likely to be endowed with an intellect to match—it is odds that Sir John Suckling's young lady, whose “feet beneath her petticoat like little mice crept in and out,” did not know enough to repeat the multiplication table.

A couple of weeks ago, we printed a table showing that out of the forty-eight nominees for municipal offices, twenty-five of the successful ones were on the *Argonaut* ticket. We remarked at the time that, considering the extreme closeness of the municipal contest, it was evident that the influence of this journal had determined the election of many men. This was notably the case with the ticket for members of the board of education. In that the *Argonaut* took much interest. There is no branch of the government which we consider of greater importance than that which controls our free, non-sectarian public schools. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we announce that another one of the *Argonaut* nominees has pulled through—to wit, Mr. J. H. Culver. This adds another Republican to the board. Mr. Culver was supposed to have been defeated by H. J. Stafford by one hundred and forty-five votes. The official count, however, shows that Culver leads Stafford. This ties the board—six Republicans and six Democrats—and makes it impossible (if the Republicans stick together) for the Democrats to remove any of the present incumbents, as they had hoped and expected. In fact, the Democrats have caucused repeatedly, and had their slate all fixed. They will now have no use for it.

Out of the twelve school directors, the following eight gentlemen were on the *Argonaut* ticket: Messrs. Pelham W. Ames, C. W. Decker, J. H. Culver, J. J. Dunn, S. E. Dutton, Frank J. French, F. A. Hyde, and J. H. Rosewald. We think it is an excellent board. We are glad the Republicans are not in a minority. And we believe the gentlemen of the new board will make as good a record as their friends and the people expect from them.

A copy of “The Cloister and the Hearth,” Charles Reade's masterpiece, bearing the imprint of the “Melbourne Publishing Company, of Chicago,” has reached the *Argonaut* office. The volume appears to contain from one-half to two-thirds of the original novel. Chapters have been mutilated, the beginning and the end preserved, and the middle cut out. Some chapters appear to be missing altogether. The logical sequence of the work is lost, and one of the noblest works of fiction of the nineteenth century has been converted into a farrago of nonsense. Charles Reade is dead, and it is not certain that his heirs could maintain an action for damages against the despoilers of his grave. And yet the Melbourne Publishing Company have done his memory a wrong as gross as if they had garroted and robbed him in the flesh.

THE PALE DICE-THROWER.

Hunger is most poignant when it has forced physical suffering to the highest point without impairment of the mental functions. Thus hungry happened to be Joseph Carringer, a young man of uncommonly high spirit, who found himself a total stranger in San Francisco upon a rainy evening in November. There remained in his possession not a thing that he might have pawned for a morsel to eat; and even as it was, he had stripped his body of all articles of clothing except those which a remaining sense of decency compelled him to retain. Hence it was that cold assailed him and conspired with hunger to complete his misery. Having been brought into the world and reared a gentleman, he lacked the courage to beg and the knowledge to steal. This means to say that he had a finely constituted organization, sensitive and proud to the last degree, and accordingly altogether out of place in the world. Had not an extraordinary thing occurred to him, he either would have drowned himself in the bay within twenty-four hours, or died of pneumonia in three days. For he had been seventy hours without food, and his mental desperation had driven him far in its race with his physical needs to consume the strength within him; so that now, pale, weak, and tottering, he took what comfort he could find in the savory odors which came steaming up from the basement kitchens of the restaurants in Market Street, caring more to gain them than to avoid the rain. His teeth chattered; his eyes had dark circles under them; he shambled, stooped, and gasped. He was too desperate to curse his fate—he could only long for food. He could not reason; he could not reflect; he could not understand that ten thousand hands might gladly have fed him; he could think only of the hunger which consumed him, and of food that could give him warmth and happiness.

When he had arrived at Mason Street, he saw a restaurant a little way up that thoroughfare, and for that he beaded, crossing the street diagonally. He stopped before the window and ogled the steaks, thick and lined with fat; big oysters lying on ice; slices of ham as large as his hat; whole roasted chickens, brown and juicy; and many other things. He ground his teeth, groaned, and staggered on.

A few steps beyond was a drinking-saloon, which had a private door at one side, with the words "Family Entrance" painted thereon. In the recess of the door (which was closed) stood a man. In spite of his agony, Carringer saw something in this man's face that appalled and fascinated him. Night was on, and the light in the vicinity was dim; but it was clear that the stranger had an appearance of whose character he himself must have been ignorant. Perhaps it was the unspeakable anguish of it that struck through Carringer's sympathies. The young man came to an uncertain halt and stared at the stranger. At first, he was unseen, for the stranger looked straight out into the street with singular fixity, and the death-like pallor of his face added a weirdness to the immobility of his gaze. Then he took notice of the young man.

"Ah," he said, slowly and with peculiar distinctness, "the rain has caught you, too, without overcoat or umbrella. Stand in this doorway—there is room for two."

The voice was not unkind, though it had an alarming hardness. It was the first word that had been addressed to the sufferer since hunger had made him a victim, and to be spoken to at all, and have his comfort considered in the slightest way, gave him cheer. He entered the embrasure and stood beside the stranger, who at once relapsed into his fixed gaze at nothing across the street. But presently the stranger stirred himself again.

"It may rain a long time," said he; "I am cold, and I observe that you tremble. Let us step inside and get a drink."

He opened the door and Carringer followed, hope beginning to get a warm hand upon his heart. The pale stranger led the way into one of the little private hooths with which the place was provided. Before sitting down, he put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a roll of bank-hills.

"You are younger than I," he said; "won't you go to the bar and buy a bottle of absinthe, and bring a pitcher of water and some glasses? I don't like for the waiters to come around. Here is a twenty-dollar bill."

Carringer took the bill and started down through the corridor toward the bar. He clutched the money tightly in his palm; it felt warm and comfortable, and sent a delicious tingling through his arm. How many glorious hot meals did that bill represent? He clutched it tighter, and hesitated. He thought he smelled a broiled steak, with fat little mushrooms and melted butter in the steaming dish. He stopped and looked back toward the door of the hooth. He saw that the stranger had closed it. He could pass it, slip out the door, and buy something to eat. He turned and started, but the coward in him (there are other names for this) tripped his resolution; so he went straight to the bar and made the desired purchase. This was so unusual that the man who served him looked sharply at him.

"Ain't goin' to drink all o' that, are you?" he asked.

"I have friends in the box," replied Carringer, "and we want to drink quietly and without interruption. We are in Number 7."

"Oh! beg pardon. That's all right," said the man.

Carringer's step was very much stronger and steadier as he returned with the liquor. He opened the door of the booth. The stranger sat on the side of the little table, staring at the opposite wall just as he had stared across the street. He wore a wide-brimmed, slouch hat, drawn well down. It was only after Carringer had set the bottle, pitcher, and glasses on the table, and seated himself opposite the stranger and within his range of vision, that the pale man noticed him.

"Oh! you have brought it? How kind of you! Now please lock the door."

Carringer had slipped the change into his pocket, and was in the act of bringing it out, when the stranger said:

"Keep the change. You will need it, for I am going to

get it back in a way that may interest you. Let us first drink, and then I will explain."

The pale man mixed two drinks of absinthe and water, and the two drank. Carringer, unsophisticated, had never tasted the liquor before, and he found it harsh and offensive; but no sooner had it reached his stomach than it began to warm him and send the most delicious thrill through his frame. He had heard of the absinthe-drinkers of Paris, and he wondered no longer at the deadly fascination which the liquor throws about its victim—not realizing that his extreme weakness and the emptiness of his stomach made him peculiarly susceptible to its effects.

"It will do us good," said the stranger; "presently we shall have more. Meanwhile, do you know how to throw dice?"

Carringer weakly confessed that he did not.

"I thought not. Well, please go to the bar and bring a dice-box. I would ring for it, but I don't want the waiters to be coming in."

Carringer fetched the box, again locked the door, and the game began. It was not one of the simple old games, but had complications, in which judgment, as well as chance, played a part. After a game or two without stakes, the stranger said:

"You now seem to understand it. Very well—I will show you that you do not. We will now throw for a dollar a game, and in that way I shall win the money that you received in change. Otherwise I should be robbing you, and I imagine you can not afford to lose. I mean no offense. I am a plain-spoken man, but I believe in honesty before politeness. I merely want a little diversion, and you are so kind-natured that I am sure you will not object."

"On the contrary," replied Carringer, "I shall enjoy it."

"Very well; but let us have another drink before we start. I believe I am growing colder."

They drank again, and this time the starving man took his liquor with relish—at least it was something in his stomach, and it warmed and delighted him.

The stake was a dollar a side. Carringer won. The pale stranger smiled grimly, and opened another game. Again Carringer won. Then the stranger pushed back his hat and fixed that still gaze upon his opponent, smiling yet. With this full view of the pale stranger's face, Carringer was more appalled than ever. He had begun to acquire a certain self-possession and ease, and his marveling at the singular character of the adventure had begun to weaken, when this new incident threw him back into confusion. It was the extraordinary expression of the stranger's face that alarmed him. Never upon the face of a living being had he seen a pallor so death-like and chilling. The face was more than pale—it was white. Carringer's observing faculty had been sharpened by the absinthe, and, after having detected the stranger in an absent-minded effort two or three times to stroke a beard which had no existence, he reflected that some of the whiteness of the face might be due to the recent shaving of a full beard. Besides the pallor, there were deep and sharp lines upon the face, which the electric light brought out very distinctly. With the exception of the steady glance of the eyes and an occasional hard smile, that seemed out of place upon such a face, the expression was that of stone inartistically cut. The eyes were black, but of heavy expression; the lower lip was purple; the hands were fine, white, and thin, and black veins bulged out upon them. The stranger pulled down his hat.

"You are lucky," he said. "Suppose we try another drink. There is nothing like absinthe to sharpen one's wits, and I see that you and I are going to have a delightful game."

After the drink, the game proceeded. Carringer won from the very first, rarely losing a game. He became greatly excited. His eyes shone; color came to his cheeks. The stranger, having exhausted the roll of hills which he first produced, drew forth another, much larger and of higher denominations. There were several thousand dollars in the roll. At Carringer's right hand were his winnings—something like two hundred dollars. The stakes were raised, and the game went rapidly on. Another drink was taken. Then fortune turned the stranger's way, and he won easily. It went back to Carringer, for he was now playing with all the judgment and skill he could command. Once only did it occur to him to wonder what he should do with the money if he should quit winner; but a sense of honor decided him that it belonged to the stranger.

By this time the absinthe had so sharpened Carringer's faculties that, the temporary satisfaction which it had brought to his hunger having passed, his physical suffering returned with increased aggressiveness. Could he not order a supper with his earnings? No; that was out of the question. He continued to play, while the manifestations of hunger took the form of sharp pains, which darted through him viciously, causing him to writhe and grind his teeth. The stranger paid no attention, for he was now wholly absorbed in the game. He seemed puzzled and disconcerted. He played with great care, studying each throw minutely. No conversation passed between them now. They drank occasionally, the dice continued to rattle, the money kept piling up at Carringer's hand.

The pale man began to behave strangely. At times he would start and throw back his head, as though he were listening. For a moment his eyes would sharpen and flash, and then sink into heaviness again. More than once Carringer, who had now begun to suspect that his antagonist was some kind of unearthly monster, saw a frightfully ghastly expression sweep over his face, and his features would become fixed for a very short time in a peculiar grimace. It was noticeable, however, that he was steadily sinking deeper and deeper into a condition of apathy. Occasionally he would raise his eyes to Carringer's face after the young man had made an astonishingly lucky throw, and keep them fixed there with a steadiness that made the young man quail.

The stranger produced another roll of hills when the second was gone, and this had a value many times as great as the others together. The stakes were raised to a thousand

dollars a game, and still Carringer won. At last the time came when the stranger braced himself for a final effort. With speech somewhat thick, but very deliberate and quiet, he said:

"You have won seventy-four thousand dollars, which is exactly the amount I have remaining. We have been playing for several hours. I am tired, and I suppose you are. Let us finish the game. You have seventy-four thousand dollars and no more. I have an equal amount and not a cent besides. Each will now stake his all and throw a final game for it."

Without hesitation, Carringer agreed. The hills made a considerable pile on the table. Carringer threw, and the box held but one combination that could possibly heat him; this combination might be thrown once in ten thousand times. The starving man's heart beat violently as the stranger picked up the box with exasperating deliberation. It was a long time before he threw. He made his combinations and ended by defeating his opponent. He sat looking at the dice a long time, and then he slowly leaned back in his chair, settled himself comfortably, raised his eyes to Carringer's, and fixed that unearthly stare upon him. He said not a word; his face contained not a trace of emotion or intelligence. He simply looked. One can not keep one's eyes open very long without winking, but the stranger did. He sat so motionless that Carringer began to be tortured.

"I will go now," he said to the stranger—said that when he had not a cent and was starving.

The stranger made no reply, but did not relax his gaze; and under that gaze the young man shrank back in his own chair, terrified. He became aware that two men were cautiously talking in an adjoining hooth. As there was a deathly silence in his own, he listened, and this is what he heard:

"Yes; he was seen to turn into this street about three hours ago."

"And he had shaved?"

"He must have done so; and to remove a full beard would naturally make a great change in a man."

"But it may not have been he."

"True enough; but his extreme pallor attracted attention. You know he has been seriously troubled with heart-disease lately, and it has affected him seriously."

"Yes; but his old skill remains. Why, this is the most daring hank rohhery we ever had here. A hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars—think of it! How long has it been since he was let out of Joliet?"

"Eight years. In that time he has grown a beard, and lived by dice-throwing with men who thought they could detect him if he should swindle them; but that is impossible. No human being can come winner out of a game with him."

Then the two men clinked glasses and passed out.

The dice-players—the pale one and the starving one—sat gazing at each other, with a hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars piled up between them. The winner made no move to take in the money; he merely sat and stared at Carringer, wholly unmoved by the conversation in the adjoining room. His imperturbability was amazing, his absolute stillness terrifying.

Carringer began to shake with an ague. The cold, steady gaze of the stranger sent ice into his marrow. Unable to hear longer this unwavering look, Carringer moved to one side, and then he was amazed to discover that the eyes of the pale man, instead of following him, remained fixed upon the spot where he had sat. A great fear set the young man. He feared to make the slightest sound. Voices of men in the bar-room were audible, and the sufferer imagined that he heard others whispering and tip-toeing in the passage outside his hooth. He poured out some absinthe, watching his strange companion all the while, and drank alone and unnoticed. He took a heavy drink, and it had a peculiar effect upon him—he felt his heart bounding with alarming force and rapidity, and breathing was difficult. Still his hunger remained, and that and the absinthe gave him an idea that the gastric acids were destroying him by digesting his stomach. He leaned forward and whispered to the stranger, but was given no attention. One of the man's hands lay upon the table; Carringer placed his upon it, and then drew back in terror—the hand was as cold as a stone.

The money must not lie there exposed. Carringer arranged it into neat parcels, looking furtively every moment at his immovable companion, and in mortal fear that he would stir! Then he sat back and waited. A deadly fascination impelled him to move back into his former position, so as to bring his face directly before the gaze of the stranger. And so the two sat and stared at each other.

Carringer felt his breath coming heavier and his heart-beats growing weaker, but these conditions gave him comfort by reducing his anxiety and softening the pangs of hunger. He was growing more and more comfortable, and yawned. If he had dared he might have gone to sleep.

Suddenly a fierce light flooded his vision and sent him with a bound to his feet. Had he been struck upon the head or stabbed to the heart? No; he was sound and alive. The pale stranger still sat there staring at nothing, and immovable; but Carringer was no longer afraid of him. On the contrary, an extraordinary buoyancy of spirit and elasticity of body made him feel reckless and daring. His former timidity and scruples vanished, and he felt equal to any adventure. Without any hesitation he gathered up the money and bestowed it in his several pockets.

"I am a fool to starve," he said to himself, "with all this money ready to my hand."

As cautiously as a thief he unlocked the door, stepped out, reclosed it, and boldly and with head erect stalked out upon the street. Much to his astonishment, he found the city in the bustle of the early evening, yet the sky was clear. It was evident to him that he had not been in the saloon as long as he had supposed. He walked along the street with the utmost unconcern of the dangers that beset him, and laughed softly but gleefully. Would he not eat now—ah, would he not? Why, he could buy a dozen restaurants! Not only that, but he would hunt the city up and down for

hungry men, and feed them with the fattest steaks, the juiciest roasts, and the biggest oysters that the town could supply. As for himself, he must eat first; after that he would set up a great establishment for feeding other hungry mortals without charge. Yes, he would eat first; if he pleased, he would eat till he should burst. In what single place could he find sufficient to satisfy his hunger? Could he live long enough to have an ox killed and roasted whole for his supper? Besides an ox he would order two dozen broiled chickens, fifty dozen oysters, a dozen crabs, ten dozen eggs, ten hams, eight young pigs, twenty wild ducks, fifteen fish of four different kinds, eight salads, four dozen bottles each of claret, burgundy, and champagne; for pastry, eight plum-puddings, and for dessert, bushels of nuts, ices, and confections. It would require time to prepare such a meal, and if he could only live until it could be made ready, it would be infinitely better than to spoil his appetite with a dozen or two meals of ordinary size. He thought he could live that long, for he felt amazingly strong and bright. Never in his life before had he walked with so great ease and lightness; his feet hardly touched the ground—he ran and leaped. It did him good to tantalize his hunger, for that would make his relish of the feast all the keener. Oh, but how they would stare when he would give his order, and how comically they would hang back, and how amazed they would be when he would throw a few thousand dollars on the counter and tell them to take their money out of it and keep the change! Really, it was worth while to be so hungry as that, for then eating became such an unspeakable luxury. And one must not be in too great a hurry to eat when one is so hungry—that is heastly. How much of the joy of living do rich people miss from eating before they are hungry—before they have gone three days and nights without food! And how manly it is, and how great self-control it shows, to dally with starvation when one has a dazzling fortune in one's pocket and every restaurant has an open door! To be hungry without money—that is despair; to be starving with a bursting pocket—that is sublime! Surely the only true heaven is that in which one famishes in the presence of abundant food, which he might have for the taking, and then a gorged stomach and a long sleep.

The starving wretch, speculating thus, still kept from food. He felt himself growing in stature, and the people whom he met became pigmies. The streets widened, the stars became suns and dimmed the electric lights, and the most intoxicating odors and the sweetest music filled the air. Shouting, laughing, and singing, Carringer joined in the great chorus that swept over the city, and then—

The two detectives who had traced the famous bank robber to the saloon in Mason Street, where Carringer had encountered the stranger of the pallid face, left the saloon; but, unable to pursue the trail further, had finally returned. They found the door of booth No. 7 locked. After rapping and calling, and receiving no answer, they burst open the door, and there they saw two men—one of middle age and the other very young—sitting perfectly still, and in the strangest manner imaginable staring at each other across the table. Between them was a great pile of money, arranged neatly in parcels. Near at hand were an empty absinthe bottle, a water-pitcher, glasses, and a dice-box, with the dice lying before the elder man as he had thrown them last. One of the detectives covered the elder man with a revolver and commanded:

"Throw up your hands!"

But the dice-thrower paid no attention. The detectives exchanged startled glances. They looked closer into the faces of the two men, and then they discovered that both were dead. W. C. MORROW.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1892.

A young notary of Bakhmont, Russia, fell in love with a lady's maid and arranged to marry her. His parents opposed the marriage, and the young couple determined to die together. The young man fired a bullet from a revolver into his sweetheart's body and then turned the weapon on himself. Both were badly wounded, but neither fatally, and, after spending three months in the same hospital, they came out recently and were promptly married. The story had become known and an enormous crowd attended the wedding.

Being high sheriff of an English county, as many lords and rich men are, is no joke. The judge of the Winchester assizes discovered, when opening court, that the high sheriff, Sir Henry Tichborne, had absented himself "without permission asked, and gone, without excuse, explanation, or justification," for a six months' trip in Africa. The judge fined him five hundred guineas.

Herbert Spencer has been writing for more than forty years, and a partial estimate of the profits from the sale of his most important books shows that they have brought him less than five thousand dollars a year. Decidedly philosophy does not pay the philosopher in cash, whatever it may give him in intellectual satisfaction.

Among the candidates nominated for the coming elections by the French women suffragists are Mme. Jarretout, a tailor's assistant, who was decorated with the Legion of Honor for bravery on the battle-field, several sculptors, painters, and journalists, and Mme. Bernhardt, the actress. Most of them have accepted.

A street dialogue from the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*: "Do you see that gentleman? He has dried many a tear." "What a good heart he must have! Do tell me who he is." "He is a man who sells handkerchiefs."

Rutgers Female College has recently established a course of journalism.

LONDON'S LATEST CRAZE.

The Scramble for Shillings in Missing Word Competitions.

Not London alone, but all England has gone mad over the "missing word" competitions certain weekly newspaper proprietors have set on foot, to their own great advantage and the contingent profit of certain of their readers. Already the final *cachet* of advertising ingenuity has been set upon the craze, and the question of its legality or illegality has been raised in the courts, bidding fair to become a *cause célèbre* of a minor degree. But, you are asking me, what is a "missing word" competition? Its very simplicity gives to it a chief element of popularity. In one of the columns of those many popular weeklies, which, with mushroom growth, have during the last three years covered the land, and concerning whose genesis I shall have something to say later on, there appears a paragraph of the most ordinary and commonplace description, save that in place of one word appears a dash (—). Below this mutilated piece of literature is printed a "coupon," with spaces for the name and address of the competitor, and another space, wherein he is to insert the word which, in his judgment, will most fittingly take the place of the blank in the sentence above. Having filled in this coupon, the misguided youth or maid purchases a postal-order for one shilling, and, inclosing with it the filled-in coupon, posts it to the editor of the periodical. The theory is that all the shillings, without any deduction (save in some cases a half-penny in each shilling which is devoted to some charitable object), are divided equally among those who have guessed aright. Marvelous as it may seem, no less a sum than ninety-six pounds odd was received the other day by each of the successful guessers in one of these competitions. The scheme was started by one of these penny-dollops of fourth-rate literature, which, as I have hinted, are crowding from the book-stalls all forms of more reputable journalism, in order to boom its circulation. So well did it succeed in this laudable object that its rivals quickly followed suit, and before one could say "Jack Robinson!" the whole town was ablaze with enthusiasm for this new form of gambling. That it is nothing more nor less than a gamble, is very evident. Though the sentences are apparently culled at haphazard and the word left out at an apparent venture, it is very evident that every endeavor is made to provide a space into which any one of a score of words or more may fit. The average sum which falls to each successful competitor, I fancy, averages not more than a pound or two, and thus the odds are pretty nearly even. You are betting a shilling, or rather thirteen pence half-penny (for the coupon costs a penny and the postal-order a half-penny), against a problematical pound or two, while your chances of being correct are less than one in twenty. Some papers, it is true, even this up to some extent by giving you two chances for your shilling, but even then the ratios of gain to losses increase in equal proportion, so that the sums into which the pool is eventually divided are proportionately smaller. Be this as it may, one sees the orange, or red, or green covers of the journals in question in the hands of every one. One can not enter a railway-carriage, especially if it be one devoted to smokers, without hearing youths and gray-beards gravely discussing the question as to whether this word or that is more likely to supply the missing verbal link. At the bars, the slim-waisted, broad-shouldered young women, who supply us with Scotch whisky and soda, wheedle their callow admirers into supplying them with the requisite sections of Webster's Unabridged and the postal-notes which will enable them to take part in the lottery. Stunted office-boys deny themselves their beloved packets of Sweet Caporal cigarettes, or make stealthy raids upon the stamp-drawer for the pennies which they contribute to modest "pools," and squabble intermittently between themselves as to the word upon which the joint capital is to be staked. Even cludom has been invaded by the pest; and only this morning I saw an elderly bore, who is one of the fixtures of my own club smoking-room, furtively slipping a postal-order into an envelope. But I caught sight of the tell-tale coupon, and, as he caught my withering glance (at least it was meant to be withering, but, perhaps, it was only impertinent) he visibly blushed and quailed. That the efforts of the public prosecutor, which have already resulted in the appearance at a police court of the proprietor of one of these rags, will be successful, no right-minded person can fail to hope.

And what manner of publications, it may be asked, are those which resort to means like this to boom their circulation? They are a sign, and a pregnant one, of the times. A dozen years ago or so, a commercial traveler who had, without success, tried one scheme after another whereby he might amass more wealth than could be made "on the road," conceived an idea which seemed to his friends to have rather less in it than some of those former ones which had brought him to anterior grief. His plan was to publish a penny weekly paper which should consist entirely of clippings from other papers, chiefly (in view of a stringent English copyright law) of American origin. The original scheme also included the publication of excerpts from English "classical" writers. He managed to get the necessary capital, and, in Manchester, his weekly output of "conveyed" matter took place. The title he chose, *Tit-Bits*, proved a lucky one, for it had a suggestion of forbidden fruit about it, which proved appealing to a certain section of the public. The matter, which was liberally dosed with witticisms from *Puck* and other American humorous publications, proved about on the level of English middle-class understanding, and Mr. Newnes woke up one morning to find himself the owner of a paper so promising that its offices were moved to London. To-day he is a millionaire, a member of Parliament, and the owner not only of *Tit-Bits*, but of the *Strand Magazine*—a scarcely less valuable property. I say the "owner" advisedly, for though, nominally, the concern has been turned into a limited liability company, Newnes, to all intents and purposes, carries it in his waistcoat-pocket. But it re-

quired work and ingenuity, not only on the proprietor's part, but on that of the staff he gradually gathered round him, to place *Tit-Bits* on the pinnacle of its popularity; and one day some of these clever young men thought they would like to make some money for themselves. They accordingly started an opposition paper, conducted on much the same lines, and entitled, for some mysterious reason, *Answers*. This not only succeeded beyond their utmost expectations, but seemed rather to help than to hurt its progenitor. Then it became apparent that a vast section of the public had been reached by periodical literature which, prior to this time, had been deaf to all appeals. Their appetite grew on what it fed upon, and there were not wanting those who recognized this fact to their own advantage. Weekly sheets, which avowedly were conducted on the same lines as *Answers* and *Tit-Bits*, sprang up like magic in every direction. Some of them, and one notably which was conducted by Archibald Grove, M. P., editor of the *New Review*, tried to improve the standard set by the antitype, and suffered extinction for their folly; others were conducted on lines diametrically opposite, and also came to grief, to the satisfaction of all not immediately concerned; but a fair percentage thrived and waxed fat, and to-day there are four or five of these specimens of what I can only term "electro-plated" periodical literature, whose circulations severally run into the hundreds of thousands. It is as I say, a sign of the times, nor is it altogether a satisfactory one. Nothing the mind of man can conceive is more opposed to poor Mat Arnold's pet phrase of "sweetness and light," a phrase which, for all its affectation, embodies an eternal truth, than these ill-printed, spongy-papered bundles of undigested information and uncouth mediocrity. When one reflects on the literary taste of a generation which can eagerly assimilate these and those like unto these, one is saved from a fit of the horrors only by the counter reflection that, perhaps, electro-plate is better than nothing at all, and may lead up to the desire for solid silver. And the truth is that the class which reads *Tit-Bits*, *Answers*, and *Pearson's Weekly*, ten years ago read nothing at all but the *Police News*. At the same time, when that apotheosis of the literary hack—trying to masquerade as a man of letters—Mr. Grant Allen, deliberately wrote himself down, as he did lately in the *Nineteenth Century*—or was it the *Contemporary*?—as an admirer of this sort of stuff, one wonders whether he is in possession of such modicum of sense as it has pleased the Almighty to bestow upon him, or whether his judgment is bemused by the fact that Mr. Newnes paid him one thousand pounds for a bad sensational novel. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, December 3, 1892.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, is a member of the Cremation Society, in Boston, and advocates the objects of the organization.

Captain Bassett, who has just completed sixty-one years of service in the United States Senate, keeps his snuff in a box that was given him by Daniel Webster.

Professor Huxley now lives in a house in Sussex designed for him by the husband of his eldest daughter. He calls the place "Hodeslea," which is the ancient form of his surname.

Louis Kossuth is again reported to be dying, and his illness is this time of so grave a character as to make it unlikely that his feeble strength can combat it. The aged hero of Hungarian independence is past ninety, and for many years he has lived an exile in Turin. His home there has been in a mediæval palace, now in a state of dilapidation, and he has practically secluded himself among his books.

During his four years' occupancy of the White House, Mr. Harrison received a salary of \$200,000, and it is computed that of that amount he spent only \$94,000 in living and general expenses, including the purchase of his Cape May cottage. If these figures, which are from a Republican source, are correct, the President will return to Indianapolis richer by \$106,000 than when he left that city for Washington.

The approaching marriage of young Lord Sudley to the widow Sherman is all the talk just now in London society. This union will not take place if Count Arran, his lordship's father, can prevent it. His son is just the age of the widow Sherman's daughter. There have been several such alliances in England, notably that of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, who, at the age of seventy-five, was wedded for the third time, and to Mr. Marcus Henry Milner, aged twenty-five; and the well-remembered one of Lady Burdett-Coutts, who, at sixty-seven, married Mr. W. L. Ashmead Bartlett, who was then twenty-eight.

Edmund Yates says, in the *World* of London: Baron Hirsch's brother-in-law, Senator Montefiore-Levi, who presides very ably over the Brussels Monetary Conference, hit on a novel and most successful mode of entertaining his fellow-commissioners. He rented the Parc Theatre, one evening, engaged Coquelin Aîné and his troupe from Paris to play the "Taming of the Shrew," and decorated the whole of the house with palms, orchids, and hot-house flowers. Such a brilliant scene has not been witnessed in Brussels within the memory of the present generation. The *fine fleur* of Belgian society mustered in full force; but no prettier toilets were to be seen than those worn by Mrs. Jones, of Nevada, Mrs. McCreary, of Kentucky, Lady Lily Greene, Lady Winefield Cary-Elwes, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Adam, and Mrs. Clay-Kerr-Seymer. Among the English and American guests present were Senators Jones and Allison, Mr. James McCreary, Mr. Cannon, Mr. Dana Horton, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, Sir C. Fremantle, and Mr. Bertram Currie. The display of diamonds was only equaled by the display of old lace. Every lady received on entering a bouquet of orchids and a satin bag of bonbons.

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

"Planeur" discusses High Life and Letters in New York.

The new society paper, *Vogue*, has made its appearance. It is apparently managed by Mr. Harry W. McVickar, late of *Life*, and abounds in the graceful pictures of society girls which have been one of the secrets of *Life's* success. By and by, no doubt, it will cater for the mind as well as the eye. Its conductors will presently realize that a thing of beauty is not a joy forever, but may, after a time, become an actual bore, unless it is properly seasoned and garnished. From the publishers' notice, it appears that *Vogue* has two hundred and fifty shareholders, who are understood to belong without exception to the highest circle of the *beau monde*. It is intended to be an organ of our best society, or in the publishers' language, "a dignified, authentic journal of society, fashion, and the ceremonial side of life." This is a slap at such papers as *Town Topics*, which purport to be organs of society, and get apparently their information about it from the hair-dressers who comb fashion's locks and the waiters who pour out the wine at the suppers of the great.

The grocery trade and the wine trade have their special organs, and why not society? It has had none, because the leading daily papers have contained a department in which Jenkins had full swing. In Paris, the *feuilletonists* have often converted their articles into mere fashion reports, and even now some of the leading New York papers sandwich their accounts of prize-fights and their chronicle of Wall Street with the doings of the Four Hundred. In London, the *Pall Mall Gazette* was started expressly as "a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen," implying that a tradesman would not be permitted to subscribe. It discovered in due time that if it wanted to live, it must secure men who could write rather than men of fashion, and that a shoemaker's money was as bankable as a duke's. *Vanity Fair* was another special organ of society; but it had to give its lords and ladies their *congé* when its paper bill exceeded the receipts at the business office. There is probably some latent literary talent among our Four Hundred; but it will be odd if it proves enough to support the paper without the aid of those who do not combine a knowledge of the use of the pen with admission to the mansions of the great.

The wedding of Miss Helen Gammell, of Newport, to Mr. Arthur Herbert took place on Wednesday before last at the bride's residence. Connoisseurs in stocks and real estate figure Miss Gammell's fortune at four millions, invested with the judgment characteristic of Rhode Islanders. The whole British legation went on from Washington to be present, for Mr. Herbert is British *Chargé* at Copenhagen. He comes of the senior branch of the Herberts, one of the oldest families in England and strict Roman Catholics. The lady is an Episcopalian; but a lady with four millions has a right to be a Buddhist if she likes.

Following close on the trail of the *chargé*, another distinguished member of the British aristocracy, Alan Johnstone, was married on Wednesday last to Miss Antoinette Pinchot, of Gramercy Park. He, also, belongs to the diplomatic corps, and has been attached to the legation at Washington. He comes of the Derwent family, one of whose members lost his head for leading a Jacobite rising about 1714. The present representative of the house does not look as though he was likely to lose his head in any such cause, whatever he may do at beauty's feet. His bride is a tall, handsome brunette, with dark eyes and brown hair. She was to have been married at St. George's Church at high noon, with a full choral service; but at the last moment the plan was abandoned and she was married in her own house in Gramercy Park, after which there was a reception. How much her dowry will amount to no one knows; but as she belongs to the Eno family she will probably get something very good.

The turns of fortune's wheel lead to some amusing results. A "swagger" cotillion was given on Thursday by Mrs. Charles G. Francklyn, and, as Mr. Francklyn is now no longer enjoying the hospitalities of the people of New York in Eldridge Street, he figured among the guests. It is not stated whether any members of the Cunard family graced the occasion by their presence.

The débutantes have nearly all been presented, and little girls in long editions of short clothes are beginning to think of the good time coming when their turn will arrive. For some of them preparations are already being made. A room is being built for the début of Miss Vanderbilt, daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who will be presented in November, 1893. It will have a frontage of seventy-five feet on Fifth Avenue, and will be entered through a portal planned on the model of the entrance to the Palace of Versailles. The ground on which it will stand cost six hundred thousand dollars, and as much more will be spent on the construction and decoration of the room. Far-sighted matrons, with daughters already in society, are studying the subject of dresses for the occasion. Such calculations alarm the superstitious. There was a King of France who had the most beautiful daughter in the world. She was fourteen, and it was decided to launch her on the stormy sea of fashion when she was fifteen. The king, like Mr. Vanderbilt, ordered a palace built for the event, and bade them spare no expense. He dispatched expert agents as far as Persia and India to buy the rarest and the most gorgeous diamonds, pearls, and emeralds to decorate the young lady's person. She was to be a dream of loveliness, arrayed as Scheherazadi arrayed her fairy princess. But, alas, before the fifteenth birthday came round, the poor little girl took the small-pox, for which, at that time, science knew no cure. She did not die, but lived, so hideous an object, with scarred cheeks and but one eye, that the idea of a début filled every one with horror. Let us hope that Miss Vanderbilt, who is both pretty and sweet, will not be hoodooed by the rather previous preparations of her friends.

FLANEUR.

N. Y. JOURNAL, December 26, 1892.

LATE VERSE.

Her Satin Shoe.

Her satin shoe, so soft and bright,
Tied with a knot of ribbon blue,
Is like a bird in rhythmic flight—
Her satin shoe.

She waltzes as the fairies do
Led by Titania, through the light
Of moon-beams and the silvery dew.

She's danced into my heart to-night—
I'm quite undone. Ah, if she knew,
Would she discard in elfin spite
Her satin shoe?
—William H. Hayne in *Harper's Bazar*.

A Bridal Measure.

Gifts they sent her manifold,
Diamonds, and pearls, and gold.
One there was among the throng
Had not Midas' touch at need:
He against a sylvan reed
Set his lips, and breathed a song.

Bid bright Flora, as she comes,
Snatch a spray of orange blooms
For a maiden's hair.

Let the Hours their aprons fill
With mignonette and daffodil,
And all that's fair.

For her bosom fetch the rose
That is rarest—
Not that either these or those
Could by any happening be
Ornaments to such as she;
They'll but show, when she is dressed,
She is fairer than the fairest,
And out-better what is best!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *January Century*.

The Spinning on the Mall.

'Twas more than a hundred years ago,
And Boston town was young, you know,
In that far day, and what we call
The "Common" now, was then the "Mall"—
A fine old-fashioned name, that meant
A public green, where people went
To roam at will or play a game
With "mall," or mallet, much the same
As now they play with bat and ball.
'Twas here, then, on the Boston Mall,
More than a hundred years ago,
There was the prettiest sight and show
That any eyes had ever seen,
Upon the lovely level green.
For in the cool and leafy shade
That elm and oak-tree branches made,
A little flock of smiling girls,
With dimpling cheeks and teeth of pearls,
And modest cap and gown and frill,
Saw spinning, spinning with a will.
An hour or more with girlish grace
The busy workers held their place,
And eager crowds came up to gaze,
With some to wonder, some to praise,
While newer comers bent to say—
As you perhaps may say to-day
Who read this page—"Oh, tell us why
And wherefore now these spinners ply
Their busy wheels in sight of all,
Upon the open public Mall?
A curious show, a pretty scene,
But tell us what the show doth mean?"
It means, it means, that long ago,
When Boston town was young, you know,
Its councilors and rulers sought
From day to day, with prayerful thought,
To serve the interests of the town
They held beneath the British crown.
And so one day, amidst their wise
And well-laid schemes of enterprise,
A scheme arose to bring the art
The Irish weavers knew by heart
Into the town of Boston bay.
And ere the scheme could cool, straightway
A message went across the sea
To Erin's shore, and presently
In Boston harbor came to land
A little group, a pretty band,
Who jovially settled down
Within the precincts of the town,
To teach the folk of Boston bay
To spin and weave their famous way.
But fancy the amazement there,
The curious question, and the stare,
When, flocking to the spinning-class,
Came many a high-placed little lass.
'Twas not for these the scheme was laid
And carried out; the plan was made
For poorer folk; the rulers cried,
The smiling gentry-folk replied
With never a word of yea or nay,
But, still persistent, held their way!
And thus it fell that high and low,
And rich and poor, flocked to and fro
Across the town to learn the art
The Irish weavers knew by heart,
And such the skill was soon displayed,
That by and by each little maid,
Or rich or poor, or high or low,
Was homespun-dressed from top to toe.
And then and there it came to pass
The spinning-school, the spinning-class,
Became the fashion of the hour,
And raged with such despotic power
That then and there the folk decreed,
And all the councilors agreed,
That on the people's public green
The spinners spinning should be seen.
—Nora Perry in *January St. Nicholas*.

Dr. Richardson, an English physician who has investigated the matter, says that the men who work in the Paris sewers are as healthy as the average, and no other eight hundred men in Paris are so free from zymotic diseases. This leads Dr. Richardson to ask: "Do sewer men gain an immunity from contagion by their occupation, or are we at sea as to the mode of communication of the spreading diseases?"

There is no State in the Union in which the Republican party is more knocked out than in Wisconsin. Governor Peck says there is nothing left of it except the colored man who tends the furnace in the State-house cellar.

STATESMEN'S WIVES.

The French Cabinet Ladies, M. Ribot, and his American Spouse.

At every fresh turn of fortune's wheel there is sure to be an American well to the fore; more often than not, the American is a woman. What wonderful bits of taking humanity they are! If an American woman were to set her mind to it, she might conquer the world. See how they come over and secure the biggest prizes in the British matrimonial market, elbowing aside the daughters of Albion. It is not always beauty that does it, nor is it money, though the one and the other are powerful agents in their success; so it must be their fascination, backed by a strong will, a touch of what passes on this side of the Atlantic for eccentricity, and the talent they possess of assimilation. Of course you have heard that Lord Terence Blackwood, the son of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, has chosen his wife from among the belles of New York, and that the future marchioness is Miss Flora Davis, the only daughter and heiress of John Davis. They are to be married here in Paris next spring, and I promise you there will be grand doings at the British Embassy in honor of the event.

But the particular turn of fortune's wheel referred to is not the one which has brought the brilliant and well-dowered Flora into notice—her lordling, for the time, is a somewhat insignificant personage, Lord Dufferin being still in the prime of life—it is the political merry-go-round that has made an American the second lady of the French Republic. The first place is, of course, held by the wife of President Carnot. Immediately after her comes the wife of the president of council, who takes precedence of every one else. And the new president of council is the minister of foreign affairs, M. Ribot. Now, Mme. Ribot is an American, though she has lived so long in Paris that people are somewhat apt to forget the fact. She has had two French husbands. The late lamented M. Demangeot, an engineer by profession, passed away at an early stage of his married life, and his widow was free to make a second union. For the last eight months—that is to say, during the existence of the cabinet lately upset on the Panama question—Mme. Ribot reigned at the Foreign Office; but the presidency belonged to M. Loubet, who, in the new distribution of parts, has to be content with playing second or even third fiddle.

It is fortunate for M. Ribot's pocket that he should have been cast a second time for the same character, with some extra business as chairman, for Mme. Ribot knows what is due to her complexion, and had they had to remove to another *ministère*, the chances are the official chairs and hangings would have been reckoned as unbecoming by this astute lady, as those of the Palais d'Orsay, which she had changed as soon as they assumed office. The key-note of Mme. Ribot's mind may be inferred by this detail. She is not a woman to suffer anything like a discordance in her surroundings. Since crimson damask was too violent a contrast to the delicate, pearly tones of her skin, it must be torn off, and something more harmonious substituted for it. A dash of imperiousness does not sit ill on a minister's wife, especially if the features and figure are sufficiently distinguished to excuse it, and this is certainly the case with Mme. Ribot, who has regular features, a queenly figure above the average in height, an excellent manner, and is moreover gracious to all, though eschewing intimate friendships. Though she looks somewhat proud, there is much simplicity in her character, and the American democrat peeps through the Parisian veneer. I have even met Mme. Ribot in a tramway! Her taste in dress is perfect, her clothes always fit well, always set her off to the best advantage, but are never showy; she dislikes jewelry of all sorts, and at an official dinner, when all the official heads and throats are ablaze with diamonds, the heavy coils of her light-brown hair serve her for a coronet, and there is nothing to interfere with the graceful lines of her slender throat. M. Ribot finds in the companion of his bosom a clever help-mate, well versed in the business of the *ministère*, who may even sometimes be caught talking of "her" ambassador, as if it were she who held the portfolio of foreign affairs.

The ladies belonging to the cabinet—I should rather say, the wives of the ministers—are by no means nonentities. Mme. de Freycinet may be well described as a Huguenot of aristocratic parentage. Mme. Bourgeois is intellectual, but given over to invalidism. Mme. Develle is sprightly and witty, though not so pretty as Mme. Busdeau—a most piquant brunette; the latter, like Mme. Ribot and Mme. Rouvier, was a widow when she married her present husband, who was her first husband's brother. As for Mme. Rouvier, she represents the artistic element in this little clan; she carried off a first prize for the violin at the Conservatoire, and afterward drew a bigger prize in the shape of a millionaire husband, who left his whole fortune to her, which she hastened to bestow, with her hand and heart, on the fascinating Rouvier.

PARISINA.

PARIS, December 9, 1892.

A Kentucky man recently got a prize for the following definition of a gentleman: "A man of refinement and culture whose aims are noble, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree, whose want of meanness makes him simple, and who can look the whole world in the face with a true, manly sympathy for the great and small."

Count Tolstoi has learned a little reason and justice, and has at last been persuaded to settle his estates on his wife and children. Up to this time he had absolutely refused to do this, contending that, as all lands belonged to the public at large, his property ought to be divided among his poorer neighbors.

In a French ball-room: "Who is that pretty little blonde yonder?" "You don't know her? Why, she is the pretty little brunette whom you saw here last week."

THE BOOM IN ROME.

Three Scenes from Marion Crawford's New Novel, "Don Orsino."

"Don Orsino" completes F. Marion Crawford's trilogy of hooks setting forth the fortunes of the Saracinesca family. It is a picture of the young Roman of the transition period, from the days of Papal supremacy to the present time. The young fellow feels himself harried from making his mark in the world by his position as eldest son of the eldest son of the house and prospective possessor of great wealth; and so, when the "boom" in Roman real estate comes in, he plunges into it as a field in which to work off his superfluous energy. How he is led on by the scheming enemy of his house, and how he is rescued from ruin by the sacrifice of herself made for him by a woman who loves him and with whom he has had an *affaire de cœur* which leaves him unwounded—these, and a hundred other interesting incidents, the lover of stories may learn from the book itself. But there are a number of interesting scenes of modern Roman life in the novel, and from these we shall make a few selections.

To begin with, there is Mr. Crawford's brief and graphic account of the Roman year. He writes:

"It is one of the chief characteristics of Rome that it seems to be one of the most central cities in Europe during the winter, whereas in the summer months it appears to be immensely remote from the rest of the civilized world. From having been the prey of the inexpressible foreigner in his shooting season, it suddenly becomes, and remains during about five months, the happy hunting-ground of the silent flea, the buzzing fly, and the insinuating mosquito. The streets are, indeed, still full of people, and long lines of carriages may be seen toward sunset in the Villa Borghese and in the narrow Corso. Rome and the Romans are not easily parted as London and London society, for instance. May comes—the queen of the months in the south. June follows. Southern blood rejoices in the first strong sunshine. July trudges in at the gates, sweating under the cloudless sky, heavy, slow of foot, oppressed by the breath of the coming dog-star. Still the nights are cool. Still, toward sunset, the refreshing breeze sweeps up from the sea and fills the streets. Then behind closely fastened blinds, the glass windows are opened and the weary hand drops the fan at last. Then men and women array themselves in the garments of civilization and sally forth, in carriages, on foot, and in trams, according to the degrees of social importance, which provide that in old countries the middle term shall be made to suffer for the priceless treasure of a respectability which is a little higher than the tram and financially out quite equal to the cab. Then, at that magic touch of the west wind, the house-fly retires to his own peculiar inferno, wherever that may be, the mosquito and the gnat pause in their work of darkness and blood to concert fresh and more bloodthirsty deeds, and even the joyous and wicked flea tires of the war-dance and lays down his weary head to snatch a hard-earned nap. July drags on, and terrible August treads the burning streets, bleaching the very dust upon the pavement, scouring the broad campagna with fiery lashes of heat. Then the white-hot sky reddens in the evening when it cools, as the white fire does when it is taken from the forge. Then, at last, all those who can escape from the condemned city flee for their lives to the hills, while those who must face the torments of the sun and the poison of the air turn pale in their sufferings, feebly curse their fate, and then grow listless, weak, and irresponsible as over-driven galley-slaves, indifferent to everything—work, rest, blows, food, sleep, and the hope of release. The sky darkens suddenly. There is a sort of horror in the stifling air. People do not talk much, and, if they do, are apt to quarrel and sometimes to kill one another without warning. The plash of the fountains has a dull sound, like the pouring out of molten lead. The horses' hoofs strike visible sparks out of the gray stones in broad daylight. Many houses are shut, and ope facades that there must be a dead man in each whom one will bury. A few great drops of rain make ink-stains on the pavement at noon, and there is an exasperating, half-sulphurous smell abroad. Late in the afternoon they fall again. An evil wind comes in hot blasts from all quarters at once—then a low roar like an earthquake, and presently a crash that jars upon the over-wrought nerves; great and plashing drops again, a sharp, short flash, then crash upon crash, deluge upon deluge, and the worst is over. Summer has received its first mortal wound. But its death is more fatal than its life. The noon-tide heat is fierce, and drinks up the moisture of the rain and the fetid dust with it. The fever-wraith rises in the damp, cool night, far out in the campagna, and steals up to the walls of the city, and over them, and under them, and into the houses. If there are any yet left in Rome who can by any possibility take themselves out of it, they are out looting in going. Till that moment, there has been only suffering to be borne; now, there is danger of something worse. Now, indeed, the city becomes a desert inhabited by white-faced ghosts. Now, if it be a year of cholera, the dead-carts rattle through the streets all night on their way to the gate of Saint Lawrence, and the workmen count their numbers when they meet at dawo. But the bad days are not many, if only there be rain enough, for a little is worse than none. The nights lengthen, and the September gales sweep away the poison-mists with kindly strength. Body and soul revive, as the ripe grapes appear in their vine-covered baskets at the street corners. Rich October is coming, the month in which the small citizens of Rome take their wives and the children to the near towns—to Marino, to Frascati, to Alghero, and Aricia—to eat fruits and drink new must, with songs and laughter, and small miseries and great delights, such as are remembered a whole year. The first clear breeze out of the north shakes down the dying leaves and brightens the blue air. The brown campagna turns green again, and the heart of the poor lame cab-horse is lifted up. The huge porter of the palace lays aside his linen coat and his pipe, and opens wide the great gates; for the masters are coming back, from their castles and country places, from the sea and from the mountains, from north and south, from the magic shore of Sorrento, and from distant French bathing-places—some with brides or husbands, some with rosy Roman babies making their first triumphal entrance into Rome, and some, again, returning companionless to the home they had left in companionship. The great and complicated machinery of social life is set in order and repaired for the winter; the lost or damaged pieces in the engine are carefully replaced with new ones which will do as well or better, the joints and hearings are lubricated, the whistle of the first invitation is heard; there is some puffing and a little creaking at first, and then the big wheels begin to go slowly round, solemnly and regularly as ever, while all the little wheels run as fast as they can and set fire to their axles in the attempt to keep up the speed, and are finally jammed and caught up and smashed, as little wheels are sure to be when they try to act like big ones. But unless something happens to one of the very biggest, the machine does not stop until the end of the season, when it is taken to pieces again for repairs.

"That is the brief history of a Roman year."

The Papal Jubilee took place during the period of the story, and Mr. Crawford conjures it up before us in the following passages:

"All Rome was alive with expectation. The date fixed was the first of January, and as the day approached the curious foreigner mustered in his thousands and tens of thousands and took the city by storm. The hotels were thronged. The billiard-tables were let as furnished rooms, people slept in the lifts, on the landings, in the porters' lodges. The thrifty Romans retreated to roofs and cellars and let their small dwellings. People reaching the city on the last night slept in the cabs they had hired to take them to St. Peter's before dawn. Even the supplies of food ran low and the hungry fed on what they could get, while the delicate of taste very often did not feed at all. There was, of course, the usual scare about a revolutionary demonstration, to which the natives paid very little attention, but which delighted the foreigners.

"Not more than half of those who hoped to witness the ceremony saw anything of it, though the basilica will hold some eighty thousand peo-

ple at a pinch, and the crowd on that occasion was far greater than at the opening of the Ecumenical Council in 1869.

"There is something grand in any great assembly of animals belonging to the same race. The very idea of an immense number of living creatures conveys an impression not suggested by anything else. A compact herd of fifty or sixty thousand lions would be an appalling vision, beside which a like multitude of human beings would sink into insignificance. A drove of wild cattle is, I think, a finer sight than a regiment of cavalry in motion, for the cavalry is composite, half man and half horse, whereas the cattle have the advantage of unity. But we can never see so many animals of any species driven together into one limited space as to be equal to a vast throng of men and women, and we conclude naturally enough that a crowd consisting solely of our own kind is the most imposing one conceivable.

"It was scarcely light on the morning of new-year's-day when the Princess Sant' Ilario found herself seated in one of the low tribunes on the north side of the high altar in St. Peter's. Her husband and her eldest son had accompanied her, and, having placed her in a position from which they judged she could easily escape at the end of the ceremony, they remained standing in the narrow, winding passage between improvised barriers which led from the tribune to the door of the sacristy, and which had been so arranged as to prevent confusion. Here they waited, greeting their acquaintances when they could recognize them in the dim twilight of the church, and watching the ever-increasing crowd that surged slowly backward and forward outside the barrier.

"Orsino felt as though the whole world were assembled about him within the huge cathedral, as though its heart were beating audibly and its muffled breathing rising and falling in his hearing. The unceasing sound that went up from the compact mass of living beings was soft in quality, but enormous in volume and sustained in tone, a great whispering which might have been heard a mile away. One hears in mammoth musical festivals the extraordinary effect of four or five thousand voices singing very softly; it is not to be compared to the unceasing whisper of fifty thousand men.

"The young fellow was conscious of a strange, irregular thrill of enthusiasm which ran through him from time to time and startled his imagination into life. It was only the instinct of a strong vitality unconsciously longing to be the central point of the vitalities around it. But he could not understand that. It seemed to him like a great opportunity brought within reach but slipping by untaken, not to return again. He felt a strange, almost uncontrollable longing to spring upon one of the tribunes, to raise his voice to speak to the great multitude, to fire all those men to break out and carry everything before them. He laughed audibly at himself. Sant' Ilario looked at his son with some curiosity.

"What amuses you, he asked.

"A dream," answered Orsino, still smiling. "Who knows?" he exclaimed after a pause. "What would happen, if at the right moment the right man could stir such a crowd as this?"

"Strange things," replied Sant' Ilario, gravely. "A crowd is a terrible weapon."

"Then my dream was out so foolish after all. One might make history to-day."

"At that moment a strain of music broke out above the great, soft, muffled whispering that filled the basilica. Some thirty choirs of voices of the choir of St. Peter's had begun the hymn 'Tu es Petrus,' as the procession began to defile from the south aisle into the nave, close by the great door, to traverse the whole distance thence to the high altar. The Pope's own choir, consisting solely of the singers of the Sixtine Chapel, waited silently behind the lattice under the statue of St. Veronica.

"The song rang out louder and louder, simple and grand. Those who have heard Italian singers at their best know that thirty young Roman throats can emit a volume of sound equal to that which a hundred men of any other nation could produce. The stillness around them increased, too, as the procession lengthened. The great, dark crowd stood shoulder to shoulder, breathless with expectation, each man and woman feeling for a few short moments that thrill of mysterious anxiety and impatience which Orsino had felt. No one who was there can ever forget what followed. More than forty cardinals filed out in front from the Chapel of the Pietà. Then the hereditary assistants of the Holy See, the heads of the Colonna and the Orsini houses, entered the nave, side by side for the first time, I believe, in history. Immediately after them, high above all the procession and the crowd, appeared the great chair of state, the huge, white-feathered fans moving slowly on each side, and upon the throne, the central figure of that vast display, sat the Pope, Leo the Thirteenth.

"Then, without warning and without hesitation, a shout went up such as has never been heard before in that dim cathedral, nor will, perhaps, be heard again.

"Viva il Papa-Rè! Long life to the Pope-King!"

"At the same instant, as though at a preconcerted signal—utterly impossible in such a throng—in the twinkling of an eye, the dark crowd was as white as snow. In every hand a white handkerchief was raised, fluttering and waving above every head.

"And the shout once taken up, drowned the strong voices of the singers as long-drawn thunder drowns the pattering of the rain-drops and the sighing of the wind.

"The wonderful face, that seemed to be carved out of transparent alabaster, smiled and slowly turned from side to side as it passed by. The thin, fragile hand moved unceasingly, blessing the people.

"Orsino Saracinesca saw and heard, and his young face turned pale while his lips set themselves. By his side, a head shorter than he, stood his father, lost in thought as he gazed at the mighty spectacle of what had been, and of what might still have been, but for one day of history's surprises.

"Orsino said nothing, but he glanced at Sant' Ilario's face, as though to remind his father of what he had said half a year earlier, and the elder man knew that there had been truth in the boy's words. There were soldiers in the church, and they were not Italian soldiers—some thousands of them in all, perhaps. They were armed, and there were at the very least computation thirty thousand strong, grown men in the crowd. And the crowd was on fire. Had there been a hundred, nay, a score, of desperate, devoted leaders there, who knows what bloody work might not have been done to the city before the sun went down? Who knows what new surprises history might have found for her play? The thought must have crossed many minds at that moment. But no one stirred; the religious ceremony remained a religious ceremony and nothing more; holy peace reigned within the walls, and the hour of peril glided away undisturbed to take its place among memories of good."

"The stupendous pageant went on, the choirs sang, the sweet boys' voices answered back, like an angel's song, out of the lofty dome, the incense rose in columns through the streaming sunlight as the high mass proceeded. Again the Pope was raised upon the chair and borne out into the nave, whence in the solemn silence the thin, clear, aged voice intoned the benediction three times, slowly rising and falling, pausing and beginning again. Once more the enormous shout broke out, louder and deeper than ever, as the procession moved away. Then all was over."

"The 'boom' in Roman real estate, four years ago, is of primal importance to the story; but by itself Mr. Crawford's description of it will be read with interest. It runs as follows:

"The rage of speculation was at its height in Rome. Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of persons were embarked in enterprises which soon afterward ended in total ruin to themselves and in very serious injury to many of the strongest financial bodies in the country. Yet it is a fact worth recording that the general principle upon which affairs were conducted was an honest one. The land was a fact, the buildings put up were facts, and there was actually a certain amount of capital, of genuine ready money, in use. The whole matter can be explained in a few words.

"The population of Rome had increased considerably since the Italian occupation, and house-room was needed for the new-comers. Secondly, the partial execution of the scheme for beautifying the city had destroyed great numbers of dwellings in the most thickly populated parts, and more house-room was needed to compensate the loss of habitations, while extensive lots of land were suddenly set free and offered for sale upon easy conditions in all parts of the town.

"Those who availed themselves of these opportunities before the general rush began, realized immense profits, especially when they had

some capital of their own to begin with. But capital was not indispensable. A man could buy his lot on credit; the banks were ready to advance him money on notes of hand, in small amounts at high interest, wherewith to build his house or houses. When the building was finished the bank took a first mortgage upon the property, the owner let the house, paid the interest on the mortgage out of the rent and pocketed the difference, as clear gain. In the majority of cases it was the bank itself which sold the lot of land to the speculator. It is clear, therefore, that the only money which actually changed hands was that advanced in small sums by the bank itself.

"As the speculation increased, the banks could not, of course, afford to lock up all the small notes of hand they received from various quarters. This paper became a circulating medium as far as Vienna, Paris, and even London. The crash came when Vienna, Paris, and London lost faith in the paper, owing, in the first instance, to one or two small failures, and returned it upon Rome; the banks, unable to obtain cash for it at any price, and being short of ready money, could then no longer discount the speculator's further notes of hand; so that the speculator found himself with half-built houses upon his hands which he could neither let, nor finish, nor sell, and owing money upon hills which he had expected to meet by giving the bank a mortgage on the now valueless property.

"That is what took place in the majority of cases, and it is not necessary to go into further details, though of course chance played all the usual variations upon the theme of ruin.

"What distinguishes the period of speculation in Rome from most other manifestations of the kind in Europe is the prominent part played by it by the old land-holding families, a number of which were ruined in wild schemes which no sensible man of business would have touched. This was more or less the result of recent changes in the laws regulating the power of persons making a will.

"Previous to 1870, the law of primogeniture was as much respected in Rome as in England, and was carried out with considerably greater strictness. The heir got everything, the other children got practically nothing but the smallest pittance. The palace, the gallery of pictures and statues, the lands, the villages, and the castles, descended in unbroken succession from eldest son to eldest son, indivisible in principle and undivided in fact.

"The new law requires that one-half of the total property shall be equally distributed by the testator among all his children. He may leave the other half to any one he pleases, and as a matter of practice he of course leaves it to his eldest son.

"Another law, however, forbids the alienation of all collections of works of art, either wholly or in part, if they have existed as such for a certain length of time, and if the public has been admitted daily or on any fixed days, to visit them. It is not in the power of the Borghese, or the Colonna, for instance, to sell a picture or a statue out of their galleries, or to raise money upon such an object by mortgage or otherwise.

"Yet these works of art figure at a very high valuation in the total property of which the testator must divide one-half among his children, though in point of fact they yield no income whatever. But it is of no use to divide them, since none of the heirs could be at liberty to take them away or realize their value in any manner.

"The consequence is that the principal heir, after the division has taken place, finds himself the nominal master of certain enormously valuable possessions, which in reality yield him nothing or next to nothing. He, also, foresees that to the next generation the same state of things will exist in a far higher degree, and that the position of the head of the family will go from bad to worse until a crisis of some kind takes place.

"Such a case has recently occurred. A certain Roman prince is bankrupt. The sale of his gallery would certainly relieve the pressure, and would possibly free him from debt altogether. But neither he nor his creditors can lay a finger upon the pictures, nor raise a centime upon them. This man, therefore, is permanently reduced to penury, and his creditors are large losers, while he is still *de jure* and *de facto* the owner of property probably sufficient to cover all his obligations. Fortunately, he chances to be childless, a fact consoling, perhaps, to the philanthropist, but not especially so to the sufferer himself.

"It is clear that the temptation to increase 'distributable' property, if one may coin such an expression, is very great, and accounts for the way in which many Roman gentlemen have rushed headlong into speculation, though possessing one of the qualities necessary for success, and only one of the requisites, namely, a certain amount of ready money, or free and convertible property. A few have been fortunate, while the majority of those who have tried the experiment have been heavy losers. It can not be said that any one of them all has shown natural talent for finance.

"The distress was very great in the early months of 1889. The satisfaction which many of the new men would have felt at the ruin of great old families was effectually neutralized by their own financial destruction. Princes, bankers, contractors, and master masons went down together in the general bankruptcy.

"There were few, indeed, who did not suffer in the almost universal financial cataclysm. All that older and wiser heads predicted took place, and more also. The banks refused discount, even upon the best paper, saying with justice that they were obliged to hold their funds in reserve at such a time. The works stopped almost everywhere. It was impossible to raise money. Thousands upon thousands of workmen, who had come from great distances during the past two or three years, were suddenly thrown out of work, penniless in the streets, and many of them hurded with wives and children. There were one or two small riots, and there was much demonstration; but, on the whole, the poor masses behaved very well. The government and the municipality did what they could—what governments and municipalities can do when hampered at every turn by the most complicated and ill-considered machinery of administration ever invented in any country. The starving workmen were, by slow degrees, got out of the city and sent back to starve out of sight in their native places. The emigration was enormous in all directions.

"The dismal ruins of that new city which was to have been built, and which never reached completion, are visible everywhere. Houses seven stories high, abandoned within a month of completion, rise uninhabited and uninhabitable out of a rank growth of weeds, amid heaps of rubbish, staring down at the broad, desolate streets where the vigorous grass pushes its way up through the loose stones of the unrolled metaling. Amid heavy low walls, which were to have been the ground stories of palaces, a few ragged children play in the sun, a lean donkey crops the thistles, or, if not to a few occupied dwellings, a wine-seller makes a booth of straw and chestnut-boughs and disposes of a poisonous, sour drink to those who will buy. But that is only in the warm months. The winter winds blow the wretched booth to pieces and increase the desolation. Further on, tall facades rise suddenly up, the blue sky gleaming through their windows, the green moss already growing upon their oiled stones and bricks. The Barbarian of the future, if any should arise, will not need to despoil the Colosseum to quarry material for his palaces. If, as the old *prognostication* had it, the Barbarian did what the Barbarians did not, how much worse than barbarians have these modern civilizers done!"

Dr. Parker, of the London City Temple, not long ago held a service for the unemployed, and invited each of his hearers into the vestry after service and presented him with a small sum of money. One of the recipients, with cynical candor, said to some one as he came away: "I've not done a day's work for seven-and-twenty years, and I don't mean to!"

During the campaign in Dahomey, the French soldiers found the Dahomeyan women much more redoubtable than the men, and what amazed them most was that the Amazons not only carried repeating rifles, but also had cords around their waists for the purpose of hindering any Frenchmen who fell into their hands.

The National Council of Women, in session at Chicago, has culminated against corsets, high heels, tight sleeves, and street dresses with trains.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Decadent literature—which, being interpreted, means affectation run mad, with wide margins and limited editions to keep it in countenance—is said to be coming very much to the front in London. John Gray has made a book of poems, which he calls "Silverpoints," Arthur Symonds has bound together a number of "Silhouettes," and John Addington Symonds, the scholarly historian of the Greek poets, has descended from the austere solitudes of the Alps with a book of verse written "In the Key of Rome." "The Ibsen wave has passed," writes a correspondent from London; "Maeterlinck and Bjornson are also ebbing, but a crowd of new Scandinavian, Dutch, and Russian bores crop up to succeed the primal apostles of weariness."

Among the notable features of the January *Century* is Mark Twain's story, "The \$1,000,000 Bank-Note," in which the hero is a stranger in London, with no money except a one-million-pound bank-note, which he has good reasons for not having changed at the Bank of England. A new serial, "The Cosmopolis City Club," is commenced in the same number.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's "Zoroaster" has been translated into French, German, Danish, Italian, and Russian.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore has been extremely reticent about the originals of his characters in "Lorna Doone," it is said; but some light has been thrown upon the subject by Mr. Baring-Gould in one of his compilations, and Miss Gratiana Chanter, daughter of a clergyman living in the Doone Valley, has made a study of the traditions and facts of the book, and will embody the results of her researches under the title, "The Forty Thieves of Exmoor; or, The Doones of Bagworthy."

It is much to be feared that Mr. James Whitcomb Riley let his enthusiasm for realism run ahead of his discretion, when he remarked in this city the other day: "Commonplaces are the most beautiful things in the world, after all, and that is where I have attained most of my success."

Miss Harriet Waters Preston and Miss Louise Dodge have written, for school and college use, a book on "The Private Life of the Romans."

"The Potted Princess" is the title of Rudyard Kipling's new story, which is printed in the January *St. Nicholas*. The same number will contain the first of the series of articles on American cities, Boston being the city and Colonel T. W. Higginson the writer.

Harper's for January will contain a paper by Julian Ralph, entitled "The Old Way to Dixie," describing the voyage down the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans. Poultnery Bigelow will give an account of his recent experiences in Russia, and Annie Fields contributes some personal reminiscences of Tennyson. "Horace Chase," Miss Woolson's new story, will be begun in this number, as will another new serial by Conan Doyle, "The Refugees." Other fiction will be "The Romance in the Life of Hefty Burke," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Unexpected Guests," a farce by W. D. Howells; and a story by Elizabeth Phelps Ward, "Proletarian Paris" will be described by Theodore Child.

The editors of the Boston *Commonwealth* have been authorized by an anonymous admirer to offer a prize of five hundred dollars for the best drama, founded on the life or career of Oliver Cromwell, sent to them on or before January 1, 1894.

The *Tribune* says of Miss Mary Wilkins: "It is to be hoped that she will try no more 'pastels.' The pastel is in English a fabled and affected form which has no genuine place in our literature. In France, where it belongs, in the language which is perfectly adapted to its delicate, soft coloring, the 'pastel in prose' is charming. Let it remain there. And let not a writer of Mary Wilkins's original talent descend to imitations and artificialities."

Dr. Jessopp's "Doris," a little idyl of English peasant life, is one of the literary successes of the season in England. Five thousand copies of it were sold in one week.

Perhaps from wisdom, perhaps from a little fit of temper, Mr. Walter Besant has resigned the chairmanship of the Society of Authors, about which he was all enthusiasm a little while ago. Somebody has been talking nonsense about the society—as people always will talk—and Mr. Besant, instead of letting the idle tale die out of itself, takes it *au sérieux*, and throws up the sponge.

The large paper copies of Andrew Lang's edition of Scott's novels have already been disposed of. There are forty-eight volumes, and the price is one hundred and fifty dollars per set.

The Grolier Club's edition of M. D. Conway's "Barons of the Potomac and Rappahannock," an account of colonial life in Virginia, will contain several interesting portraits.

Mr. Kipling describes, in some reminiscences of his early life, the painful shock he experienced when, as a youth on the staff of an Indian paper, he discovered that a sub-editor is paid to sub-edit and not hired to write verses. Rukn-Din, the foreman of the composing-room, however, heartily approved of the verses in question. He was a Moslem

of culture. He would say: "Your poetry very good, sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page."

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

There is a bright little monthly magazine published in London "for professionals and amateurs of all stringed instruments played with the bow." It is called the *Strad*, and is now in its third volume.

It is reported that the *Idler* will be published in America by S. S. McClure, the head of the well-known syndicate. It is intended ultimately to print the American edition in America, making a certain quantity of the matter especially American.

The *Traveller* is a new "illustrated monthly journal of travel and recreation" published in San Francisco by E. McD. Johnstone and William V. Bryan. The text consists largely of descriptions of California resorts, and the illustrations are excellent reproductions of photographs.

The proprietor and directing editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has, it is said, been at length revealed in the person of Mr. Cust, M. P., one of the Conservative members for Lincolnshire. Mr. Cust is young, a distinguished Etonian, a clever, smart, and good-looking young man, who made a considerable impression on the House of Commons last session.

The correspondent of the Leeds *Mercury* says: "Mr. Labouchère's price for his share of the *Daily News* was \$450,000. Five-and-twenty years ago, he paid the representatives of the out-going shareholder \$55,000 for the holding of which he has now received a sum more than sufficient to start a morning newspaper of his own. It is regarded as by no means impossible that, with Sir Charles Dilke—who has long wished to have an interest in a daily paper—some plan may be adopted by which the advanced or disaffected Radicals, as distinguished from the Ministerialists, will have an organ of their own."

The first New York daily newspaper to issue a Sunday edition was the *Herald*, and, according to Mr. Robert Bonner, the innovation was due to an accident. One Saturday the *Herald's* galleys, on which the set-up type is held in readiness for making up into pages, were filled with left-over matter which had been crowded out of the Saturday paper, and Mr. Bennett said to his foreman, "Let's get up a Sunday issue. Use the old matter, and put in a few fresh things." This happened shortly before the outbreak of the war, and as the publication of a Sunday newspaper was at that time considered disreputable, the other dailies did not follow the *Herald's* example until the beginning of hostilities created an eager demand for news from the front.

New Publications.

"Don Orsino," Marion Crawford's third and final novel in the Saracinesca series, in which he paints a portrait of a typical young man of the transition period of modern Roman society, is noticed at length in another column of this issue. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

H. C. Bunner's "second crop" of songs appears in a volume appropriately called "Rowen." A large proportion of the poems are memorial verses on Grant, Wilhelm the First of Germany, Sherman, John Brougham, and others; several are in the vein of "The Last of the New Year's Callers" and other phases of old New York life; and the remainder range from dainty love-songs to the ode to "Chaiky Einstein, owff Broadway." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Road, Track, and Stable," by H. C. Merwin, is an admirable little book on horses and their treatment. Eight of the eleven chapters it contains are reprinted from one of the leading magazines, and three are new. The table of contents is as follows: "The Ethics of Horse-Keeping," "Trotting Families," "Trotting Horses," "Trotting Races," "Road Horses," "Saddle Horses," "Carriage Horses and Cobs," "Cart Horses," "Fire Horses," "Arabian Horses," and "The Care of Horses." The illustrations include portraits of a number of famous horses, and there is an index at the end of the volume. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

Clinton Scollard's recent journey through the Orient and the Mediterranean country has been productive not only of verses that show his muse is growing more gracious, but of a pleasant little book of travel, entitled "Under Summer Skies." In it he takes his reader through the streets and bazaars of Cairo, to the Holy Land, to Bologna, Fiesole, Siena, Tivoli, Naples, and finally to Switzerland; and to these sketches are added an Arizonan chapter, "Around Tombstone on Burro-back," and some fifty pages of "Bermudan Vistas." The volume is prettily illustrated by Margaret Landers Randolph. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"The Beauties of Nature," by Sir John Lubbock, is a book in which the noted scientist has sought to help others to an appreciation of the marvels of the world we live in. In the introductory chapters

he writes of "Beauty and Happiness," "Enjoyment of Scenery," "The Love of Nature," and like topics, and then devotes a chapter each to describing for the layman the wonders science has discovered in animal life, plant life, the woods and fields, the mountains, the waters of the earth and the strange forms of life that inhabit them, and, finally, the starry heavens. The text is supplemented with a number of explanatory plates and cuts. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by William Doxey.

Five new pocket-maps that have just been issued are Rand, McNally & Co.'s "Indexed County and Railroad Map of Massachusetts," and others of Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, and Nevada. Each map measures about eighteen inches by thirty, and folds up into a little book, four inches by seven, in which are bound alphabetical lists of the railroads in the State, the counties—giving area and population—creeks, mountains, rivers, islands, lakes, and towns. The maps are in each instance compiled from the latest information, showing the entire railroad systems of the States and the express company doing business over each road, and locating every railroad station and post-office. The population is given according to the latest official census. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

A new atlas that will commend itself to a wide clientele is "The Pacific Coast and the World Indexed." It contains four hundred and thirty-six pages measuring fourteen and a half by twelve inches, in which are given single or double-page maps of the continents, the States of the Union, and the leading political divisions of the modern world; more than fifty maps and plans of cities; special maps of each county in California, and township maps of Oregon and Washington; several pages of description, history, and statistics of the three Pacific Coast States; statistical tables relating to the world, the United States, and the Pacific Coast; a large number of historical and classical maps; a descriptive history of astronomy and thirteen astronomical maps; twenty-eight biblical maps; chronological list of events in the history of each country; and a long alphabetical list of towns and counties in the United States, arranged under States and Territories. Published by the Home Knowledge and Supply Association, San Francisco.

The desirability of re-telling a classic in new and less beautiful words is not an established fact, unless it be done for a special class of readers, as Charles and Mary Lamb re-told Shakespeare's stories for children, but books of such material are constantly being made and so must have their uses. The latest work of the kind is "Tales from Ten Poets," by Harrison S. Morris, in which are rehearsed in prose twelve long poems by Victorian poets. The first book contains Browning's "Ring and the Book," Tennyson's "Princess," Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Rose Mary," and William Morris's "Lovers of Godrun," with portraits of Browning, Rossetti, and Morris; in the second are "Enoch Arden," "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," and Robert Buchanan's "The Two Babes," with portraits of Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Buchanan; and the third gives us Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyonesse," Lord Lytton's "Lucile," and George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy," with portraits of the three authors. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$3.00; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann.

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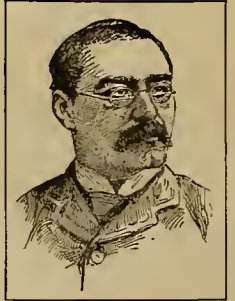
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St. Nicholas.

It is called "The Potted Princess," and is illustrated by Birch. This number of ST. NICHOLAS contains also an illustrated article on Boston by T. W. Higginson, the first of a series on leading American cities written by well-known residents.

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Other Features of this Number are:

The Romance in the Life of Hefty Burke. A Story. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. With Illustrations by C. D. GIBSON.

The Old Way to Dixie. By JULIAN RALPH. With Drawings by W. T. SNEEDLEY.

The Rejected Manuscript. A Story. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART.

Why we Left Russia. By POULTNEY BIGELOW. With Illustrations by REMINGTON.

Tennyson. By MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS. With Illustrations by F. V. DU MOND.

Proletarian Paris. By THEODORE CHILD. With Illustrations by P. RENOVARD.

The Unexpected Guests. A Farce. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. With Illustrations and Frontispiece by W. T. SNEEDLEY.

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VANITY FAIR.

London has a woman riding-master, a Mrs. Hayes, who insists, notwithstanding the traditional supremacy of the Englishwoman's horsemanship, that you rarely see an Englishwoman sitting gracefully and firmly in her saddle, and that Frenchwomen are really the more graceful equestriennes. Mrs. Hayes teaches in a modest boyish costume without a skirt, and takes a five-foot gate on her lively charger without holding her reins at all. Her theory is that a riding-master can not teach a woman to sit well on a side-saddle, because he does not know how himself, except theoretically. She is taught to rely first and foremost on her reins, when it is not her reins at all that save her when her horse shies or falls. The reins should never be given to the pupil at all until she is perfectly secure in her seat, and has learned that it is the grip on the crutches of the saddle by the muscles of the knees and ankles that gives her the firm seat. The reins are simply to guide the horse. The stirrup should be shortened until the knee presses firmly against the leaping head. It is to teach the position of the legs that Mrs. Hayes rides in the boy's dress, and when a woman learns to use these members properly, Mrs. Hayes claims that her seat is more natural, more graceful, and more secure than if she rode astride. This lady riding-master is a daring rider, accepting most vicious mounts with fearlessness, and stopping short of nothing, not even a zebra, in her experiments. On one occasion, when they brought her a wild zebra from the menagerie in a cage, she tamed the creature in two lessons so that he was sufficiently subdued to stand, with her on his back, while the pair were photographed.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, the president of the National Council of Women, announces that the members of that very earnest association will wear short-skirted gowns at the Chicago Fair next year. Designs of these new costumes in four varieties have been made, the distinguishing feature of all of them being a skirt, or petticoat, reaching half-way to the ankle from the knee. Mrs. Sewall thinks that the many different national costumes which will be worn at the show will make the task of the reformers less painful than it would be under other circumstances. The dress-reform which Mrs. Sewall proposes to introduce at the Chicago Fair, however, is more radical than the variations of fashion between the different periods in civilization, no matter how widely they may be separated. Long draperies have been worn by women for many centuries past. They have worn their skirts longer or shorter at different periods; but they have never cut them off to the extent proposed by Mrs. Sewall. Whether short dresses could ever be as dignified as long draperies is another and a doubtful matter. Of a certainty, they do not render femininity so imposing. They might befit youth; but would they not impair the matronly dignity? Would a matron of middle age, trotting along the streets in a gown reaching little below her knees, be a sight that would tend to elevate the popular appreciation of womanhood? But if Mrs. Sewall's reform is to prevail, it must commend itself first to the taste of such matrons. They are the social leaders, and all fashions get their impress from them. If Queen Victoria would consent to adopt Mrs. Sewall's short skirts in public, the reform would be established.

Just what attitude a girl assumes in society toward young men is the crucial test (writes Mrs. Burton Harrison in the *Ladies Home Journal*). On the occasion of first meeting, a trifle of ceremony, a hint of refined reserve, are not thrown away. What man would confess that by his future wife he would care to be met half way? And yet the *chasse aux hommes* goes on in polite society, not always, perhaps, with the dire intent with which Milady Kew ran down her noble prey, Lord Farintosh, from Scotch moor, through English country-house to Paris ball-room, but after a fashion sufficiently vigorous to make the eligible youngster of American society take himself too seriously. Truly, the poor young men are not all to blame in this, when assemblages of fair ones, bored and unsmiling ere their approach, break up at seeing them in gayety. One can sympathize with—almost pity—the male supporter of modern good society whose waking hours are haunted by little notes of invitation from the Maids, and Beatrices, and Gladys of his acquaintance, urging upon him, in "mamma's" name, to dine, and sup, and drive, to make one of a party to an endless variety of entertainments, which he well knows without him would fall flat. Many of these kind hostesses, he also knows, are too intent upon the business of pleasure to take "No" for an answer graciously. His refusal of proffered courtesies will not secure him from a second note of readjustment of plans to meet any emergency his excuse may have set forth. His whitely gleaming shirt-front, under the broadcloth coverings and silk reverse, under the *boutonnieres* of welded white carnations or gardenias, often enshrines a spirit made valiant (or goaded) by necessity, to participation in the social fray. What young men really respect in a girl of their own condition in society is, first, the possession of that fine moral fibre, purely womanly and yet stout as tempered steel, that makes them realize in her presence the gulf that divides her from the unworthy of

her sex. However much they may applaud or chaff over the passing license of a woman's witty tongue, they will surely leave her to look back upon the frisky girl with an instinct of contempt. However they may ridicule and urge her to disregard observance of conventional proprieties, it is certain that the girl who is the victor in her sense of right has established over them a stronger and a more lasting empire than the girl who incontinently yields.

The women who have longest kept place as social favorites seem to have been those who held sway through the magic power of sympathy with their followers. Men tire of crowding around a mere beauty to receive subdivided portions of her attention, and join with each other in ringing the changes upon her charms. It is almost invariable, after the first season of the career of a much discussed belle, to see her pass into the keeping of a few "regulars" of society, while the general public is content to stare at her and let her go. The incessant demand for homage, the air of ownership with which she surveys every gathering of people, isolate her from the personal relation that is the foundation of genuine popularity with men. Fascination, with or without accompanying good looks, is a motor of the world's progress as actual as it is elusive and indefinable. The famous Frenchwomen, who kept their admirers longer than any other fair ones outside of the nebulae of the classics, were certainly not all good to look at. Admirable listeners, fountains of sentiment and tact, marvels of intelligence in divining men's idiosyncrasies, they were also monuments of endurance and self-control. To them, it was a small matter to sit for hours and listen to some five-act tragedy, read aloud by its author, applauding him at appropriate places, or melting to tears, as might be expected. When Gibbon, who, in his global old age (Gibbon, of whom M. de Bièvre said: "When I need exercise, I make three times the tour of him"), fell upon his knees to declare his passion to a beautiful Frenchwoman, and, on being refused, found himself physically unable to get up, with great gravity and "tenderness of consideration" the lady called on her *valet de chambre*, and aided him to replace the huge suitor upon his legs.

It is the same tender consideration for the feelings of the suitor that under, let us hope, less mirth-inspiring circumstances, should be the guiding influence of a girl's dealing with the man who has given her the best homage of his heart. Truth to tell, our pretty little republican princess, who of late years has had her share and more of discussion in the press, is wont to take her sovereignty over mankind rather too much for granted to give time to cultivating her sympathies in their direction. An American girl who was last year visiting during the shooting season, at an English country-house, came away loudly protesting to her compatriots that she had never had such a stupid time in all her life. "Why, we girls were absolutely nowhere!" she declared. "Every woman in the party spent her time making toilets, and the men were too preoccupied with sport, or too sleepy in the evenings, to observe. I had no patience with them. Just fancy us hanging around our men, waiting on their fancies, fetching and carrying for them, playing on the piano while they doze in their arm-chairs, or sitting by to watch their interminable games of billiards. And if a couple chanced to be engaged, it was even worse. The girl was too meek for words; she dared not say her soul was her own when he was by; and, would you believe it, it was she who did all the waiting upon him! Well, there is one thing to be said for American society, our men know their places!" ended this frank expositor of the independence of her order. A point to be touched upon is the confusion that exists in the minds of some young girls about the limit of receiving gifts from young men. Conventionality has established, without inscribing it formally upon her rolls, that no well-bred young woman shall accept at the hands of a man not her relative presents other than books, music, flowers, or bon-bons. To bestow personal ornament is the privilege of the accepted lover alone; to receive it from any other the index, on a girl's part, of lack of knowledge of the first principles of social ethics.

"Boston," writes Mildred Aldrich in *The Mahogany Tree*, "is, of course, the very nicest place in the world to live—for those who were born here. I do not know anything more difficult for one to do than to get on in Boston, if one's lines bring one here in any way save by the well-considered one of birth. Talk about getting a camel through the eye of a needle: it is not a circumstance to getting in Boston society from the outside. I don't mean the inner circle alone, but even the eminently respectable set. I know of families who have lived side by side for years without so much as calling. I have heard an amusing instance of two families, one very old, and one a little less so, who occupied houses adjoining for some years on Mt. Vernon Street, but had not a calling acquaintance. The older family finally moved over on to the made land, and for some time no one of the two families met; but it happened one day that the son of the younger family chanced to be in the lift at Young's Hotel when the son of the older family entered. The two men knew one another

perfectly well, and the first-mentioned fellow thought it utterly absurd that they should stand bolt upright staring at nothing, without speaking, so he took the initiative. 'How are you?' he remarked, with more cordiality than originality. The scion of the good old family stared, and the speaker was obliged to add, since he had started in: 'Possibly you don't remember me. We used to be next-door neighbors for some years on Mt. Vernon Street.' 'Aw, indeed,' was the reply; 'well, we don't live there now.' 'No?' Neither do we,' said the first gentleman, and he stepped off the lift. But that will be the last time he speaks first to a scion of a FF."

Crinoline is at hand. The greatest latitude is allowed to individual taste just now in matters of dress (says a writer in the New York *Tribune*), and fair dames may be long-waisted or short-waisted, may wear sheath skirts or gathered skirts, affect infinitesimal "capotes," or the veritable poke bonnets of their great-grandmothers, all as their fancy dictates. "Everything is really chaotic yet," said a social autocrat, the other day; "one may wear whatever suits her best just now; but we must all make up our minds to full skirts gathered in at the waist, eventually. They will be so heavy and cumbersome that we will finally have to adopt crinoline to support them; and what a pity it is to be sure. Just as we have evolved the lightest and most graceful of skirts, we must needs have the voluminous petticoats and heavy gathered gowns forced upon us again." The hoop, or farthingale, was a style of dress that not even the genius of Velasquez could make picturesque. Not even the gorgeous materials and jewels of Queen Elizabeth's time can redeem her huge farthingale from the appearance of a piece of upholstery. There is but one excuse for the introduction of such a style of dress—it requires double the amount of material, and is calculated to swell the receipts of merchants and dressmakers. Not only will this style of skirt, with a hoop, be ugly, but it will be cumbersome and unwholesome, as it will nearly double the weight of the dress.

Speaking of the marriage of Miss North, the daughter of England's great nitrate king, a society man remarked to an *Illustrated American* writer, that had the girl been a New Yorker, she would unquestionably have wedded a title. He substantiated this statement by saying that she was extremely pretty, charmingly amiable, an enormous heiress, and had nothing but her English birth to prevent her entrance into the aristocracy. As it is, she is Mrs. Lockett, of Liverpool, and, in spite of her sweet temper and millions, will never penetrate Great Britain's upper circles. "The fact of it is," continued the society man, "America has come to be an eminently satisfactory nursery for propagating rich wives for impoverished European noblemen. When a young foreigner is titled, fastidious, and poor, he must either marry in his own set abroad or come to the United States for a wife. No middle course is open to him. He may regard his union with Columbia's daughter as a blessing or the reverse, but it is never the painful misalliance of descending the social scale in his own country. The young aristocrat selecting a wife over here is safe to dispose of any objectionable relatives she may possess, which, after all, is his most serious objection to marrying beneath him at home. If his bride should happen to have a crude father, vulgar mother, and brother a cad, as is so frequently the case with rich English girls, why, he calmly explains his position and commands his wife to forsake all save her dowry and cling only to him. He unostentatiously avoids his relatives-in-law, impresses them with the necessity of remaining in their own country, and if they do venture to cross the ocean, the gentleman and his family discover sudden and important business in Egypt. A girl's foreign marriage simply severs all her home ties, and the new life she makes is naturally in conformity with her husband's wishes. The British papa is altogether different. He has no idea of self-effacement, and for every dollar he gives his daughter, exacts a return in social privileges."

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SOCIETY.

The Lindsay-Bonner Wedding.

A very interesting wedding took place last Monday when Mr. Edward N. Lindsay, who is connected with the Southern Pacific Company, was married to Miss Edith Bonner, daughter of the late Charles Bonner, who was an elder brother of Mr. John Bonner, of this city. The date of the wedding was set originally for December 26th, but at that time the bride-elect was lying ill in bed; she, however, was averse to changing the date, and so the ceremony was performed by Rev. C. L. Miel, as the attendants were gathered at her bedside. Her father, Charles Bonner, died several years ago leaving a fortune of about three-quarters of a million of dollars, and his family consisted of his wife, one son, and two daughters. Subsequently, Mrs. Bonner married Mr. Frank Locan, and, in a few years, she also died. As time rolled on Mr. Locan married again, and Miss Nolie Strong became his wife. She is a sister of Joseph and Elizabeth Strong, the artists. Since then they have spent much of their time at their ranch and vineyard in Fresno County, where the children were brought up. The wedding took place at Mr. Locan's city residence on Post Street.

The School for Scandal.

The School for Scandal held its third meeting last Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, 1925 Octavia Street, and the host and hostess were ably assisted in receiving the members and their guests by Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams. Contrary to the expectations of some, there was no entertainment this time, but in lieu of it the affair was made a leap-year dance. This fact was fully impressed upon every one as they entered the house by the display of a painted sign, on the newel post, bearing the information. Throughout the apartments there was a tastefully arranged decoration of Christmas berries, festoons of evergreens, and sprays of ferns, with clusters here and there of pink and white fruit blossoms. The rules and regulations of leap-year parties were scrupulously observed, and all had their complement of pleasure, as they always do at the Williams residence. At midnight an elaborate supper was served, under the direction of Ludwig, after which dancing was resumed for a couple of hours.

The Festetics Dancing-Party.

Countess Festetics gave a delightful dancing-party last Saturday evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, on Taylor Street. The residence was prettily decorated with the berries and foliage that are symbolic of Christmas-tide, and they combined charmingly with the quaint hangings and richly colored furnishings. Countess Festetics wore a most becoming light tinted gown of modish design, and was assisted in receiving by the Misses Ethel and Bee Hooper, of San Rafael, who also wore very attractive gowns. There were about seventy-five guests in all, and they passed the hours of Christmas-eve most pleasantly in dancing, and, during an interim, enjoyed a delicious supper.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Delphine Delmas and Mr. William S. Barnes will be married next Thursday noon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, 1299 Taylor Street. The ceremony will be private, but a large reception will be held afterward from two until four o'clock.

Mrs. Clara L. Catherwood and her daughter, Miss Jennie Catherwood, will give a dancing party this (Saturday) evening at their residence on Pacific Avenue. Only a limited number of invitations were issued.

There will be a hop at the Presidio next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre will give a reception at their residence next Wednesday evening.

The Friday Night Club will hold its third cotillion on Friday night, January 6th.

A number of the guests at the Palace Hotel have organized a new cotillion club called The Monday Night Club, and will give their first ball in the Maple Room on the evening of January 9th. Only a limited number of friends of the guests will be invited. All names submitted are subject to the vote of a special committee. There will be another ball given after Lent.

This will be a gala night at the San Francisco Verein, as the leading members of the German Theatre Company will appear there and present a most interesting programme. It will be followed by a ball and a delicious supper.

A brilliant ball will be given at the Concordia Club this (Saturday) evening.

Mrs. B. A. Normand has issued invitations for a dancing-party to be given next Thursday evening at The Lenox, 628 Sutter Street, in celebration of the opening of the hotel.

Mrs. C. M. Dougherty and her daughter, Miss Ada Dougherty, gave a very pleasant dancing-party in their parlors at the Palace Hotel last Tuesday evening. About fifty of their friends were present, and they were delightfully entertained until after midnight.

Mrs. Charles Wilson gave a pleasant dinner-party

recently at her residence, 2310 Sacramento Street, and hospitably entertained Miss Chapin, Miss Riordan, Miss Gertrude Wilson, Captain Wallace, U. S. N., Lieutenant Nicholson, U. S. N., Mr. Easton, and Mr. Lester O. Peck.

Mrs. Volney Spalding gave a dancing-party to the guests at her hotel last Saturday evening. Excellent music was provided, and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

Mrs. George H. Powers gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Thursday, at her residence in San Rafael, as a compliment to Miss McDowell, of New York. About twenty ladies were present.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe entertained sixteen ladies at luncheon on Friday, at their residence on Pine Street.

Mr. William H. Chambliss gave an enjoyable dinner-party at the Palace Hotel last Monday evening. Among his guests were: Mr. C. P. Thore, Captain W. B. Newson, Mr. George S. Mearns, Mr. R. G. Mackay, and Mr. H. H. Harkey.

The officers of the Japanese man-of-war *Kongo* gave a reception last Wednesday evening on the vessel, which was largely attended. The decorations were thoroughly Japanese in character and quite artistic. A band discoursed music for promenading and dancing, and light refreshments were bounteously served.

The members of the San Francisco Verein had a stag gathering at the club last Saturday evening, which was a very pleasant affair and ended with an elaborate supper.

Apropos of the *Argonaut's* recent letter on Sybil Sanderson and her career in Paris, the *Petaluma Argus* says:

"Last week the *Argus* made mention that the *Argonaut* of the twelfth instant had contained an interesting letter from Paris relating to Sybil Sanderson, the San Francisco girl who astonished the world with her 'Eiffel Tower note' during the exposition in Paris, and telling about her debut as a prima donna in Paris and her subsequent triumphs in London and Brussels. Sybil Sanderson being a daughter of the late Judge Sanderson, of San Francisco, gives to that city a sort of proprietary claim to that now famed nightingale; but Sonoma County has, also, some equities founded on rights of original discovery. The family name of Ormsby is familiar to most of the old residents of this county, and particularly in the Russian River Valley. In the years seemingly not so very long ago, Miss Maggie Ormsby, as a winsome young lady, was the life and light of rustic society in the vale surrounding Healdsburg. One day a judge came by that way and was captured by the charms of our country lass, who, unlike Maud Muller, did not have to waste her life in regretful repinings about 'what might have been'—in plain prose, Miss Maggie Ormsby became Mrs. Judge Sanderson. Miss Sybil Sanderson is a child of this union; and, while we are willing to concede to San Francisco a fair share of her graces of refinement and education, we must insist that her vocal chords are inherited from the warblings of the forest birds of Sonoma County.

The influence of the diet upon the growth of the hair is the subject of a paper in which the writer says: "Several cases of shedding of hair after influenza have confirmed my opinion that diet has much to do with the production and with the cure of symptomatic alopecia. Hair contains five per cent. of sulphur, and its ash twenty per cent. of silicon and ten per cent. of iron and manganese. Solutions of beef, or, rather, part of it, starchy mixtures, and even milk, which constitute the diet of patients with influenza and other fevers, can not supply these elements, and atrophy at the roots and falling of the hair result. The color and strength of hair in young mammals is not attained so long as milk is the sole food. As to drugs, iron has prompt influence. The foods which most abundantly contain the above-named elements are the various aluminoids and the oat—the ash of the grain yielding twenty-two per cent. of silicon. Those races of men who consume most meat are the most hirsute."

In Norway there is a premium on marriage by giving married people a discount. Thus a man and his wife can travel for a fare and a half, a schedule of rates much more satisfying to every one than "children, half-price," and much more reasonable. It is suggested that this privilege is liable to abuse. A prudent man might prolong his courtship indefinitely at reduced rates; this, however, could be easily prevented by obliging married people to carry their certificates about with them, as they could easily do in red morocco cases, like commutation tickets on railroads.

Don't fool with Indigestion. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Humboldt Mineral Water Company.

Mr. S. P. Monroe, Crocker Building, 602 Market Street, Agent Humboldt Mineral Water Co.

DEAR SIR: I have received a very favorable impression of the Humboldt Mineral Water based on the use of it thus far; so much so, indeed, that I continue to use it in my family. When carbonated, it is very difficult to distinguish it from the best European imported mineral water, and I prefer it to many of them. I think it will become a favorite after it has been introduced to the public.

Respectfully yours, WILLIAM L. MERRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 23, 1892.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Ask your grocer for it. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johnstown, N. Y., will bring you cook-book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—ALL LIVE DRUGGISTS SELL STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING Powders. Fifty cents a packet.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Wilkie Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave his third ballad concert last Wednesday afternoon in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. The usual large and fashionable audience was present and, enjoyed the following excellent programme:

(a) Part song, "Awake, Sweet Love," John Dowland (A. D. 1562-1625), (b) ballet for five voices, "Now is the Month of Maying," Thomas Morley (A. D. 1560-1604), Mrs. Melvin-Dewing, Mrs. Batchelder, Messrs. B. J. Somers, H. A. Melvin, and Alfred Wilkie; song, "Wetter to Charlotte," N. Clifford Page, Mrs. H. A. Melvin; song, "Since First I Met Thee," Rubinstein, Mrs. Mollie Melvin-Dewing; overture, "Campanone," Mazzor, Banduria Club Quartet, Mrs. Franklin Bull, Miss Nellie Fuller, Signor J. Sancho, Signor J. Lombardero; songs, (a) "Silent Tears," J. Haraden Pratt, (b) "An Evening Song," Blumenthal, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; ballad, "Regret," Cowen, Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder; duet, "Edenland," Dana, Mrs. Dewing and Mr. Wilkie; songs, (a) "Hindoo Love Song," Bemberg, (b) "Love's Sorrow," Shelley, Miss Carrie Foster McLellan; Bohemian flute solo, "La Favorite de Vienne" concert caprice, Tschak, Mr. H. Clay Wysham; quintet, "Sleep, the Bird is in its Nest," Barnby (A. D. 1838), Mrs. Dewing, Miss McLellan, Mrs. Batchelder, Messrs. H. A. Melvin and Alfred Wilkie; Mr. Fletcher Tilton, accompanist.

The final concert of the first series will be held in the Maple Room on Friday afternoon, January 13, 1893. During the series to follow, the concerts will alternate on afternoons and evenings.

Mr. Samuel Adelstein will give a mandolin musicale in Metropolitan Hall on Thursday evening, January 13th. He will be assisted by Mrs. Martin Schultz, Mrs. Lillie Birmingham, Mr. J. F. Fleming, Miss Lillian Nathan, Mr. M. Solano, Mr. Martin Schultz, Mr. H. Clay Wysham, Dr. A. T. Regensburger, Mr. Emil Greenbaum, and Mr. F. Delleplane.

Louis Crépau, who was recently basso of the Paris Grand Opera Company, and a former pupil of Obin and Roger, has come to San Francisco for the benefit of his health.

Points on Artistic Stationery.

Now that a new year is before us, it is well to think of the new fashions in artistic stationery. Sanborn, Vail & Co. are the authorities here on just what is considered the proper thing for correspondence, and as they keep thoroughly up to the times in these matters, it would be judicious to call at their large establishment, on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, and see the beautiful new tints that are now in vogue among fashionable people.

Displayed in the handsome show-cases are papererie boxes, of the celebrated Crane paper, containing one quire of paper and twenty-five envelopes, that are sold for the very small price of fifty cents a box. The tints include the very latest shades, such as Russian blue, heliotrope, rose, lavender, cream, and white. In addition to this, they have a large assortment of paper, envelopes, and papereries from all of the leading mills of the world.

Are you going to give a dancing-party, reception, high tea, or a lunch or dinner-party this winter? If so, call on Sanborn, Vail & Co. and see their samples of copper-plate engraving for invitations. No one who is in society using anything but engraved invitations. In wedding work and calling-cards their business is now enormous, simply because their work is more artistic and their prices more reasonable than those of any other firm. Remember that the sizes and styles of cards are changed occasionally by fashion's decree, and that Sanborn Vail & Co. now have the proper sizes for winter and spring.

The Latest Discovery and Craze in Paris.

Gray hair restored to all shades; perfectly harmless. Face cream, powder, and lotion, indorsed by Dr. Dennis of this city; also the only emporium for "Henna leaves and powder" to produce reddish tinge in hair. Great reduction in prices at Strozynski's, cor. of Ellis and Leavenworth Streets.

—CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS THE latest novelties in English walking-gloves, hosiery, collars, and cuffs.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.



- THE LENOX -

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Furnishes the most exquisite Music for

CONCERT AND DANCE.

Address: MR. VALENTINE HUBER, Musical Director and Manager of the Hungarian Orchestra, Care of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., December 3, 1892. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE principal place of business of the California Fruit Express Company has been changed from San Francisco to Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, Cal., by consent of the stockholders owning two-thirds or more of the stock of said company. The annual meeting will be held at Los Angeles, January 1, 1893. (Signed) ROBERT GRAHAM, Secretary Cal. Fruit Express Co.

TO ARGONAUT READERS.

Those among our readers who would like to bring this journal to the attention of their friends may do so by sending a postal card to this office, with the address of the person or persons to whom they desire it sent. On receipt of the postal, a sample copy will be immediately forwarded.

This is the time to begin to take

THE CENTURY

"The most popular high-class magazine in the world."

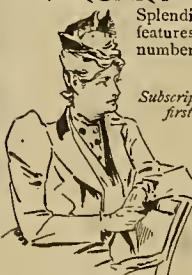
DECEMBER is a royal CHRISTMAS NUMBER, Rich in illustrations, containing seven complete stories by Eggleston, Page, Hopkinson Smith, and others, beginning of a new novel, etc., etc.

JANUARY will contain MARK TWAIN'S STORY, "The \$1,000,000 Bank-Note," first chapters of "The Cosmopolis City Club," a delightful instalment of "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," etc., etc.

FEBRUARY will be THE MIDWINTER NUMBER, Splendidly illustrated and containing some very noteworthy features, including Saint Saëns's article on Liszt, with a great number of short stories.

A great year beginning.

Subscription price \$4.00 a year. Single numbers (always ready on the first) 35 cents. Subscribe through dealers or remit to publishers.



The publishers will send a reprint of the first chapters of Mrs. Burton Harrison's great society novel, "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," — the hit of the year — to any one who will ask for it. Send a postal card to

THE CENTURY CO., 33 East 17th St., New York.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen and Miss Alice McCutchen will see the new-year in at Monterey.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and Miss Mamie Burdine have gone to Coronado Beach for a month.

Mrs. A. W. Scott has returned from a prolonged visit at San José, and is convalescing after her severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. French and their sons, Messrs. Frank and Harold French, were the guests during the Christmas holidays of Hon. Thomas L. Thompson and family at their home in Santa Rosa.

Mrs. N. Dillon and the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon are occupying the former residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis, 2606 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. A. H. Small and Mr. E. M. Greenway will go to Monterey to-day to remain until Monday.

Mr. George Cheesman is here from his ranch in Mexico, on a visit to his mother and sister.

Judge and Mrs. John Finn have gone to Los Angeles, and will soon go East on a year's visit.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin are in Newark, N. J.

Miss Daisy Ryan is paying a visit to friends in Stockton. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Lindhard, of Portland, Or., are making a visit to their friends in this city.

Mrs. A. L. Bancroft has returned from a visit to Aloha Farm, her country residence, and is occupying her home, 1605 Franklin Street. She will receive on Thursdays.

Miss Josephine Scott is the guest of relatives in Baltimore.

Mrs. Henry P. Sonntag and family are passing a month at Coronado Beach.

Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies are visiting friends in Washington, D. C.

Miss Lella Carroll has returned from Sacramento and is at the Colonial.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Mamie Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis, and Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., will pass the holidays at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart have gone to Monterey for a few days.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne left for the East last Thursday evening to be present at the wedding of his cousin, Miss Aileen Ivers. His departure was delayed in the hope that the health of his mother, Mrs. James Irvine, would be improved sufficiently to allow her to make the overland trip. As she is still ill she will be obliged to remain here. Mr. J. W. Byrne went East last week, and will act as best man for the groom, Mr. Robinson.

Mr. William E. McCloskey, who is a student at Georgetown Law College, Washington, D. C., is passing the holidays with relatives in New York city.

Dr. George H. Powers and Miss Powers, of San Rafael, are visiting relatives in the East.

The Misses Dodge, of Boston, are the guests of Miss Alice Ames.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant William C. Davis, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty here and ordered to New York.

Captain Robert G. Armstrong, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence owing to illness.

Second Lieutenant G. W. S. Stevens, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to a first lieutenancy.

The penny-in-the-slot machine has been adapted to the use of the elephants at the Manchester Zoo. When a visitor gives an elephant a penny the animal drops it in a slot and gets a biscuit. There is no use to try to deceive the animal with half-pennies. Those despised coins are always flung in the face of the giver. The other day a visitor gave the baby elephant a number of half-pennies in succession. All were thrown back. Then two half-pennies were given to the animal at the same time. The creature's demeanor changed. For more than five minutes he held the two coins in his trunk rubbing them together and seeming to be pondering deeply. At last he dropped the two halfpence in the box together, with the result that the combined weight gave him the desired biscuit, at which he gambled about in a manner which exhibited extravagant delight.

It is the custom in France for panegyrics to be pronounced at the graves of notable men, and even obscure persons have their praises sung in the cemetery. This has resulted in the appearance of a professional panegyrist, always to be found in a wine-shop hard by the cemetery. He is known as "Monsieur du Cimetière." He has on hand an assortment of orations to suit customers of every description. All he needs are a few hints about the life and career of the defunct, and he evolves the rest from his imagination. The mourners never fail to be convinced that in the deceased the world lost one of its greatest men or women.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Madeline Brohan, one of the most charming of the actresses of the Français, turns out to be the daughter of a Scotchman named Brown.

Among the débutantes in Washington this winter will be the daughters of Chief-Justice Fuller, Justice Brewer, Senator Brice, and the Brazilian Minister, Señor Mendonça.

Five hundred persons are said to have worked on the bridal veil of the Princess Margarethe of Prussia, which was made at Hirschberg, Silesia. It took ten days to complete the veil, which is of beautiful lace.

Mrs. J. D. Rockefeller, wife of the oil magnate, has brought up her daughters very sensibly. They teach in mission Sunday-schools, and one, when a student at Vassar, used her pocket-money to defray the expenses of a poor girl at the same college.

Miss Herreshoff, daughter of the famous blind designer of yachts, is almost as well posted as her father on everything pertaining to marine architecture, and it is with her eyes that Mr. Herreshoff accomplishes very important portions of his work.

A review called *Der Frauenfeind*, or "Enemy of Woman," is to be started in Vienna. The editor, Herr Grose, has set before himself the object of emancipating man from his subjection to "that doll woman, whom idiots idolize and fools bow down before as to divinity."

Christine Nilsson attended a recent entertainment in Paris, and Lucy Hooper writes that she "was lovely to behold in a toilet of dark-grounded brocade figured with small colored flowers, and made with a deep pointed cape in antique point lace meeting the very full sleeves in brocade. Her bonnet was in point lace and gold passementerie."

Mrs. Reginald de Koven, who has finished another of Pierre Loti's subtle works, is the composer's chief adviser and critic. In the De Koven household there are always two pianos—one in the composer's den, where he improvises and creates; the other in his wife's sitting-room, where the partial scores are played over for her praise or censure.

The Princess Kantakuzene, who accompanies her husband to Washington, where he will occupy the post of Russian Minister to the United States, has long been one of the celebrated beauties of St. Petersburg. She is the daughter of the Grand-Duke Nicholas and the famous dancer Tschislova, whom the grand duke loved devotedly for twenty-five years.

The women of Zurich, Switzerland, have won a great victory. They have secured the suppression of the *Thierbuch*, a publication which revealed their ages, occupations, descendants, etc. It was issued annually, and was more frequently consulted at cafés and other public resorts than the city directory. Now that its fate has been sealed, one can not purchase a copy of the last edition for a fifty-franc note.

The Duchess "Lily" of Marlborough will, before long, definitely take up her abode in that paradise of good Americans, namely, Paris. Her grace does not want to beat a retreat quite too quickly, but as soon as she can retire with ducal dignity, the daughter of Commodore Price will wend her way to the City of Light, in which town English duchesses go further for the money than they do in the land of their creation.

Alboni has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her appearance on the stage. The card of invitation ran thus: "A l'occasion des Noces d'Or artistiques de Marietta Alboni, Monsieur et Madame Ziegler prient Monsieur et Madame — de leur faire le plaisir de venir passer chez eux la soirée du Jeudi Premier Décembre. Musique et Comédie." Alboni was fifteen when she appeared on the stage as Clymene, in Pacini's "Sappho," at eighty francs a month. She left, in the plenitude of her powers, at the age of thirty-six.

The culmination during the recent campaign of the popularity of William C. Whitney, who is now at the zenith of his fame as a politician, is likely to add to Mrs. Whitney's great prominence as a society leader. Mrs. Whitney made her début in society as a girl in Cleveland, with the great wealth of the Payne family to give her prestige, and her successful social career there has been repeated in great part in Washington and New York. She will be aided in extending her hospitality this season by her daughter, Miss Pauline Whitney, for whose entrance into society a coming-out party was recently given. Miss Whitney is a young woman of very distinguished appearance and elegant manner, a brilliant musician, and a fine French and German scholar.

The first prize gold medal for painters at the International Exhibition at Munich was awarded a few weeks ago to A. W. Kowalski, the Russian painter. A good example of his work is now on exhibition in this city at the Gump Gallery.

Edwin Gould has a collection of twenty thousand newspaper clippings on the death of his father, which, combined, constitute an obituary six miles long.

As a home remedy for throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Druggists now have Ayer's Almanac.

Recent Wills and Successions.

By the will of the late Livingston L. Baker, the following testamentary provisions were made:

Ellen Stone Baker the widow, and Wakefield Baker, the son, were appointed executrix and executor without bonds, and they declare that the value of the estate is in excess of \$500,000. Among the property items are: A one-half interest in the business of Baker & Hamilton; fifty shares of the capital stock of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company; one bond of the Maritime Canal Company, of Nicaragua; fifty shares of said company; one bond of the Alta Brigrigacion District; the lot north-east corner of Franklin and Washington Streets; one life insurance policy for \$25,000; other life insurance policies amounting to \$15,000. The will is dated September 2, 1882. One-half the community property is left to the widow, and if the estate exceeds \$300,000, the following legacies are to be paid: Frederick W. Baker, a brother, \$7,000; Frederick W. Baker, Jr., a nephew, \$5,000; Arthur E. Baker, a nephew, \$3,000; Mrs. Mary L. Winn, a niece, \$500; Evelyn E. Baker, a niece, \$2,500; Mrs. Harriet R. Windsor, niece, \$500; Elizabeth L. Baker, niece, \$1,000; Mrs. E. H. Wakefield, the mother of Mr. Baker's first wife, \$2,000; Ladies' Protective and Relief Society, \$1,000. When all the legacies have been deducted the remainder of the estate is to be distributed as follows: Two-thirds to the children of decedent's second marriage and to Wakefield Baker, the son by his first wife, share and share alike; and one-third to the surviving widow in addition to her one-half of the community property.

Faxon D. Atherton and Charles Page, executors of the will of Dominga Goni di Atherton, have filed their final account and petition for a final distribution of the estate: They have expended in legacies \$114,000 and have on hand property valued at \$365,688.07. Distribution is asked as follows: To the twenty grandchildren of the testator, \$40,000; to the executors, \$5,000 in trust for a daughter of the deceased, Elena Amanda Selby; to Faxon D. Atherton, \$59,393.07, in lieu of a residuary interest in the estate and in consideration of \$50,000 advanced to him for the purchase of an interest in the firm of Macdonald & Co.; to Maria A. Rathbone, subdivision 2 of the Milpitas Rancho, as designated in the will; and the remainder of the estate in equal shares to Maria A. Rathbone, Isabel E. Edwards, Elena A. Selby, and Florence Eyre.

Prominence is being given to the fact that Mrs. Gladstone, wife of the English premier, is a property-owner at Niagara Falls, Ontario, and, consequently, is entitled to vote for mayor, school trustees, and councilors of the town. Her name appears on the voters' list. The property consists of three acres of land on the bluff just back of the Falls View Station of the Michigan Central Railroad, and is considered one of the most valuable plots in that neighborhood, being quoted at five thousand dollars an acre. It was given to Mrs. Gladstone by her husband about the time the Niagara Falls Queen Victoria Jubilee Park was opened to the public.

Mrs. Mapleson, the prima donna, has invented an apparatus for concealing the beautiful little talleis, shaggy, black Russian dog given her by the Princess of Monaco. It is in the shape of a Gladstone bag, with a light, well-perforated canvas cover. This drops down from the handle and reveals an inner case of net-work stretched apart so as to afford comfortable space for the small animal to lie down or sit up, as he may elect. In this he is smuggled into hotels. Mrs. Mapleson calls it the "evader," and had some idea of patenting the invention, but sympathy with other dog-owners induced her to give it publicity.

Beer enlarges the feet of women. It is beer-drinking that has spoiled the feet of English and German women. "The Americans who have adopted that drink are beginning to lose the beauty of their feet." This last sentence is quoted directly from the Baroness Staffe, the great authority on feminine charms. The American foot has some reputation abroad, it seems. The rationale of this enlargement of the feet, which the baroness treats as local, from beer-drinking, she does not give.

Henry B. Foulke, who differs from other theosophists in supposing himself the visible head of the society, while the rest suppose that Colonel Olcott occupies that place, is now in retirement, but has lapsed into worldly spite long enough to remark that "Olcott is an alcoholic hachante."

Ex-President Hayes says that inasmuch as the fourth of March fell on Sunday, when he was authorized by law to be inaugurated as President, he was privately inaugurated on that day, although the public inauguration did not occur until the succeeding Monday.

A Social Manual.

"Our Society Blue Book," shortly to be issued by Mr. Charles C. Hoag, rooms 175 and 176, Crocker Building, will be a fine work of art. It will be printed on delicately-tinted, gilt-edged paper, elegantly bound, with a handsome design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The work has been carefully compiled, and will include only the names of persons of recognized social standing. It will contain a numerical arrangement, by streets and avenues, of the residences of society people—an entirely new feature here. The book will be superior to any of its character ever published on this coast, and the equal of any work of the kind ever issued in the United States or abroad. All communications concerning the publication should be addressed as above.

What Every Lady Should Know.

Who is the most artistic ladies' hair-dresser? Strozynski! Latest novelties and finest hair work; naturally curly front pieces. See the latest—Lillian Russell style. Great reduction in prices.

S. STROZYSKI,
Corner Ellis and Leavenworth Streets.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW BAGDAD SILK scarfs in Persian designs? Carmany, 25 Kearny Street, has them.

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CUTICURA

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PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



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House Coats,
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Imported Neckwear, Hosiery,
Mufflers, Reefers,
Handkerchiefs, Plain or Initial,
Silk or Linen,
Suspenders,
Full Dress Shirts and Bows,
Umbrellas,

Initial and Plain Handkerchiefs,
Silk and Linen,

—AT THE—

Leading Establishment.

ROOS BROS.

27 to 37 KEARNY ST.

LITTLE EVA SWALLOWTAIL,

Or, The Society Reporter's Christmas.

Early morn in the little parlor of a humble white cottage, where Susan Swallowtail sat waiting for her husband to return from the ball. It lacked but a few days of Christmas, and she had arisen with her little ones at five o'clock in order that William, her husband, might have a warm breakfast and a loving greeting on his return after his long night's work.

Seated before the fire, with her sewing on her lap, Susan Swallowtail's thoughts went back to the days when William, then on the threshold of his career as a society reporter, had first won her young heart by his description of her costume at the ball of the "Ladies' Daughters' Association of the Ninth Ward." She remembered how gallantly and tenderly he had wooed her through the columns of the four weekly and Sunday papers in which he conducted the "Fashion Chat-Chat" columns, and then the tears filled her eyes as memory brought once more before her the terrible night when William came to the house and asked her father, the stern old house and sign-painter, for his daughter's hand.

"And yet," said Susan to herself, "my life has not been altogether an unhappy one in spite of our poverty. William has a kind heart, and I am sure that if he had anything to wear besides his dress-suit and flannel dressing-gown he would often brighten my lot by taking me out somewhere in the daytime. Ah, if papa would only relent! But I fear he will never forgive me for my marriage."

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of familiar footsteps in the hall, and the next moment her husband had clasped her in his arms, while the children clung to his ulster, and clamored for their early morning kiss.

But there was a cloud on the young husband's brow and a tremor on his lips as he said: "Run away now, little ones; papa and mamma have something to say to one another that little ears must not hear."

"My darling," he said, as soon as they were alone, "I fear that our Christmas will not be a very merry one. You know how we always depend on the ball of the Gilt-Edged Coterie for our Christmas dinner?"

"Indeed, I do," replied the young wife, with a bright smile; "what beautiful slices of roast beef and magnificent mince-pies you always bring home from that ball! Surely, they will give their entertainment on Christmas-eve this year as they always have?"

"Yes, but—can you hear to hear it, my own love?"

"Let me know the worst," said the young wife, bravely.

"Then," said William, hoarsely, "I will tell you. I am not going to that ball. The city editor is going to take the assignment himself, and I must go to a literary and artistic gathering, where there will be nothing but tea and recitations."

"Yes," said Susan, bitterly; "and sandwiches so thin that they can be used to watch the eclipse of the sun. But what have you brought back with you now? I hope it is something nourishing."

"My darling," replied William Swallowtail, in faltering tones, "I fear you are doomed to another disappointment. I have done my best to-night, but this is all I could get my hands on; and with these words he drew from the pockets of his heavy woolen ulster a paper-bag filled with wine jelly, a box of *marrons glacés*, and two pint bottles of champagne.

"Is that all?" said Susan, reproachfully. "The children have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning except *pâtés de foie gras*, macaroons, and hot-house grapes. All day long they have been crying for corned-beef sandwiches, and I have had none to give them. You told me, William, when we parted in the early evening, that you were going to a house where there would be at least ham, and perhaps bottled beer, and now you return to me with this paltry package of jelly and that very sweet wine. I hope, William"—and a cold, hard look of suspicion crept into her face—"that you have not forgotten your vows, and given to another—"

"Susan!" cried William Swallowtail, "how can you speak or even think of such a thing, when you know full well that—"

But Susan withdrew from his embrace, and asked, in bitter, cold accents: "Was there ham at that reception or was there not?"

"There was ham, and corned-beef, too. I will not deny it; but—"

"Then, William, with what woman have you shared it?" demanded the young wife, drawing herself up to her full height, and fixing her dark, flashing eyes full upon him.

"Susan, I implore you, listen to me, and do not judge me too harshly. There *was* ham, but there were several German noblemen there, too—Baron Sneeze, of the Austrian legation, Count Pretzel, and a dozen more. The smell of meat inflamed them, and I fought my way through them in time to save only this from the wreck."

He drew from his ulster-pocket something done up in a piece of paper, and handed it to his wife. She opened the package, and saw that it contained what looked like a long piece of very highly polished ivory. Then her face softened, her lips trembled, and her eyes brimmed over with tears. "Forgive me, William, for my unjust suspicions," she ex-

claimed, as she threw herself once more into his arms. "The mute ham-bone tells me, far more strongly than any words of yours could, the story of the society reporter's awful struggle for life."

William kissed his young wife affectionately, and then sat down to the breakfast which she had prepared for him.

"I hope," she said, cheerfully, as she took a dish of lobster-salad from the oven, where it had been warmed over, "that you will keep a sharp lookout for quail this week. It would be nice to have one or two for our Christmas dinner. Of course we can not afford corned-beef and cabbage like those rich people, whom you call by their first names, when you write about them in the Sunday papers; but I do hope we will not be obliged to put up with cakes and pastry and such wretched stuff."

"Quail!" exclaimed her husband. "They are so scarce and sly this winter that we are obliged to take setter-dogs with us to the entertainments at which they are served. But I will do my best, darling."

As soon as William had gone to bed, Susan took from his hiding place the present which she had prepared for her husband, and proceeded to sew it to the inside of his ulster as a Christmas surprise for him. She sighed to think that it was the best she could afford this year. It was a useful rather than an ornamental gift—a simple rubber pocket, made from a piece of an old mackintosh, and intended for William to carry soup in.

But Susan had a bright, hopeful spirit, and a smile soon smoothed the furrows from her face, as she murmured: "How nice it will be when William comes home with his new pocket filled with nice, warm, nourishing bouillon!" and then she glanced up from her work and saw that her daughter, little golden-haired Eva, had entered the room, and was looking at her out of her great truthful deep-blue eyes.

* * * * *

It was Christmas-eve, and, as Jacob Scaffold trudged through the frosty streets, the keen air brought a ruddy glow to his cheeks and tipped his nose with a brighter carmine than any that he used in the practice of his art. Entering the hall in which the ball of the Gilt-Edged Coterie was taking place, the proud old house and sign-painter quickly divested himself of his outer wraps and made his way to the committee-room.

Then, adorned with a huge badge and streamer, he strolled out to greet his friends, who were making merry on the polished floor of the ball-room. But, although the band played its most stirring measures and the lights gleamed on arms and necks of dazzling whiteness, old Jacob Scaffold sighed deeply as he seated himself in a rather obscure corner and allowed his eyes to roam about the room as if in search of some familiar face.

The fact was that the haughty, purse-proud old man was thinking of another Christmas-eve ten years before when his daughter Susan had danced at this same ball, the brightest, the prettiest, and the most sought-after girl on the floor.

"And to think," said the old man to himself, "that with all the opportunities she had to make a good match, she should have taken up with that reporter in the shiny dress-suit! It's five years since I've heard anything of her, but of late I've been thinking that maybe I was too harsh with her, and, perhaps—"

His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a servant who told him that some one desired to see him in the committee-room. On reaching that apartment he found a little girl of, perhaps, eight years of age, plainly clad and carrying a basket in her hand. Fixing her eyes on Jacob Scaffold, she said:

"Please, sir, are you the chairman of the press committee?"

"I am," replied the puzzled artist; "but who are you?"

"I am the reporter of the *Sunday Guff*. My papa has charge of the 'What the Four Hundred are Doing' column, but to-night he is obliged to attend a chromo-literary reception, where there will be nothing to eat but tea and cake. Papa has reported your balls and chowder excursions for the past five years, and we have always had ham for dessert for a week afterward. We had all been looking forward to your Christmas-eve ball, and when papa told us that he would have to go to the tea and cake place to-night, mamma felt so badly that I took papa's ticket out of his pocket when he was asleep and came here myself. Papa has a thick ulster, full of nice big pockets, that he puts on when he goes out to report, but I have brought a basket."

The child finished her simple and affecting narrative, and the members of the press committee looked at one another dumfounded. Jacob Scaffold was the first to break the silence.

"And what is your name, little child?" he inquired.

"Eva Swallowtail," she answered, as she turned a pair of trusting innocent blue eyes full upon him.

The old man grew pale and his lips trembled as he gathered his grandchild in his arms. The other members of the committee softly left the room, for they all knew the story of Susan Scaffold's *malveillance* and her father's bitter feelings toward her and her husband.

"What!" cried Jacob Scaffold, "my grandchild wanting bread! Come to me, little one, and we'll see what can be done for you."

And, putting on his heavy ulster, he took little Eva by the hand and led the way to the great thoroughfare, on which the stores were still open.

It was a happy family party that sat down to dinner in William Swallowtail's humble home that bright Christmas day, and well did the little ones enjoy the treat which their generous new-found grandparent provided for them. They began with a soup made of wine jelly, and ended with a delicious dessert of corned-beef sandwiches and large German pickles; and then, when they could eat no more, and not even a pork pie could tempt their appetites, Grandpa Scaffold told his daughter that he was willing to lift his son-in-law from the hard and degrading labor of writing society chronicles, and give him a chance to better himself with a whitewash brush. "And," continued the old man, "if I see that he possesses true artistic talent, I will some day give him a chance at the side of a house."—*James L. Ford in Truth.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Correction from the Hub.

If strict ideas ever come,
That Boston lady had 'em.
She never said "chrysanthemum,"
She said "chrysanthem-madam."—*Life.*

He Jests at Scars.

A streak of white on his mustache—
No words could tell it louder.
This military man so rash
Fears not to face the powder.
—*Washington Star.*

His Preference.

There are roses on her cheeks,
There are roses on her breast,
But as the latter broke me,
I like the cheek ones best.
—*New York Herald.*

Why He Doesn't Smoke.

"You need not give up smoking,"
"Twas thus she sweetly said.
"Indeed, that I'm not joking
You will find when we are wed.
Conditions? They're not many,
I merely shall expect
You never to smoke any
Cigars I don't select."
—*Washington Star.*

She Loved Them All.

"I'll kiss you for the one," he said,
"You love the most, outside of me."
The maiden blushed and hung her head.
"I love the human race," said she.—*Puck.*

A Prophecy.

Chinese with dudes will freely mix,
And two and two will sure make six,
And monkey babes will cease their tricks,
And fools fight shy of golden bricks,
And union workmen will be Fricks,
And foot-ball flourish without kicks,
And Jay Gould's check will go for nix,
And men will bridge the River Styx—
Each of these things our bard predicts
When Mollie Lease is senatrix.
—*Rochester Herald.*

Ever Notice It?

Just why it is thus there is nobody knows,
But its truthfulness none have denied
The shoe of the girl with the prettiest hose
Will the oftentimes come untied.
—*Electric Spark.*

Fashion Note.

There's nothing that looks so fearfully flat
As a moon-faced man in an Alpine hat.
—*New York Journal.*

A Woman's Way.

The husband had gone out boating, and the wind a great gale made,
And the anxious wife for his safety dropped down on her knees and prayed,
And she put up a wild petition that the danger he might pass through.
If anything happened to him, she sobbed, it would certainly kill her, too.
But when he returned at evening, of his narrow escape to tell,
With a frown on her face she met him, and she scolded him right well.—*New York Press.*

For Abuse of Alcohol

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Dr. W. E. CRANE, Mitchell, Dak., says: "It has proven almost a specific for this disorder; it checks the vomiting, restores the appetite, and, at the same time, allays the fear of impending dissolution that is so common to heavy drinkers."

"So you want to marry Emma—but she is my only daughter." "Oh, that's all right, sir. I only want one."—*Life.*

Price 1st Worth a Guinea a Box. 125c.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Dislodge Bile,
Stir up the Liver,
Cure Sick-Headache,
Female Ailments,
Remove Disease and
Promote Good Health.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.
Famous the world over.

Ask for Beecham's and take no others.
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.
New York Depot, 265 Canal St.

125c.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies

—OR—
Other Chemicals

are used in the
preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sngar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

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INVIGORATING TONIC.

CONTAINING

PERUVIAN BARK, IRON,

AND A

RICH CATALAN WINE,

used with entire success by the Hospitals of

Paris for INDIGESTION, RETARDED

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curing; Iron is the principal of our blood and

forms its force and richness; Peruvian Bark

affords life to the organs, and activity to

their functions. Paris: 22 rue Drouot.

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A good soup
delicately takes the
edge off appetite and leaves it
with a satisfaction

COWDREY'S
SOUPS.

that lends itself
to the remainder of a dinner.

To the people who intend to buy
Watches as Christmas presents,
Greeting:

Ask your jeweller to show you a Fahys Gold Filled watch case, and see if it is not as handsome as a solid gold one. He will tell you that it is just as durable, yes, and stronger, too. He will sell it to you for much less than the solid gold case and the one who receives the gift will thank you for your wisdom in choosing, especially if you put the difference in cost into another present.

Fahys

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The solicitor of a mountain district of North Carolina, a few years back, was J. M. Gudger. On one occasion, five colored men of unusual blackness of tint were on trial. When the case was called, the judge, noticing the group, inquired: "What have you now, Mr. Solicitor?" Instantly came the reply: "A flush of spades, your honor."

When Turgot was minister, some one enthusiastically advocated a certain method of raising money for the government. Turgot disposed of the subject shortly and vigorously. His judgment was known to be good, and little more was heard of the tax in question after he wrote on the memorial: "It would be safer to execute the author than the project."

In a certain town in the north of Yorkshire a traveling American found an omnibus which carried first, second, and third-class passengers. As the seats were all alike, the traveler was mystified, but not for very long. Midway of the route the omnibus stopped at the foot of a long, steep hill, and the guard shouted: "First-class passengers, keep your seats. Second-class passengers, get out and walk. Third-class passengers, get out and push."

A bell-boy at the Great Northern (says the Chicago Mail) does not believe in going beyond his literal instructions. A guest rushed to the cashier's desk. He had just ten minutes in which to pay his bill, reach the depot, and board his train. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed; "I've forgotten something. Here, boy, run up to my room, B 43, and see if I have left my toothbrush and sponge. Hurry! I've only five minutes now!" The boy hurried. He returned in four minutes, out of breath. "Yes, sir," he panted; "you left them there."

A certain witty Irish priest was invited to a breakfast by a statesman to meet a gathering of "thinkers," advanced, and others. Of a sudden, the great statesman said, mysteriously: "What will you say to this, Father H—, when I tell you that on my last visit to Italy I saw on the door of the Church of St. Agnes, a table of indulgences, and actually saw written up there a remission of one thousand years of punishment on payment of one franc? A thousand years for a single franc! What do you say to that?" "What do I say?" said the padre, gayly; "why, I say it was dirt cheap! What more would you want for your money?"

It was in a Boston Sunday-school, where the teachers were young and pretty girls from the Back Bay (says the *Mahogany Tree*), and the pupils little children from the colored district. The teacher was distributing the "mite-boxes." One small child looked very much dejected, and lisped that they had just filled one mite-box. "I know," said the teacher; "but, see, this is a new one for the vacation. See what a pretty one it is, and I want to see who will save the most pennies for the poor little heathen that do not have any Sunday-school." The little one did not look encouraged. She held the box away from her with evident dislike, and finally, with tears in her eyes, confessed: "Mrs. O'Flanagan, who lives in our alley, is gettin' a divorce, and I promised to give her all my pennies to help."

At an English church once there was a very large congregation, and the rector, seeing that there was only one alms dish, made signs to a rustic from the chancel entrance to come to him, and bade him go into the rectory garden through a glass-door into the dining-room, where there had been a slight refection before the service, bring a dish from the table, take it down one side of the north aisle and up the other, and then bring it to the clergyman at the place from which he started. The rustic disappeared; reappeared with the dish, took it as he was ordered, and presented it to the people on either side of the aisle, and then, approaching the rector, whispered in his ear, "I've done as yer told me, sir. I've taken it down you side the aisle and up t'other—they'll none on 'em 'ave any." No order had been given to empty the dish, and it was full of hiccups!

A Melbourne man was going home to his wife and family. It was growing dark. His road from the station was a lonely one, and he was getting along as fast as he could, when he suddenly suspected that a man behind him was following him purposely. The faster he went, the faster the man went, until they came to a church-yard. "Now," he said to himself,

"I'll find out if he's after me," and he entered the church-yard. The man followed him. Vague visions of revolvers and garrotes grew upon him. He made a detour of a splendid mausoleum. Still the man was after him, round and round. At last he turned and faced the fellow, and asked: "What the dickens do you want? What are you following me for?" "Well, sir, do you always go home like this? I am going up to Mr. Fitzbrown's house with a parcel, and the porter at the station told me that if I'd follow you, I should find the place, as you live next door. Are you going home at all to-night?"

A judge of the Massachusetts superior court has a habit, when making a charge to the jury, of allowing his voice to drop so that his words can with difficulty be caught. While sentencing a prisoner at Lawrence, he fell into the habit, and a man in the courtroom shouted: "Speak louder, your honor! Speak up!" "Send that man out, Mr. Officer!" said the judge; and a friend of the individual, knowing the peevishness which might be inflicted upon him for such a contemptuous proceeding, advised him to get out of town at once. So the man hurried out, and the court went on. "Call the next case," said the judge, when he had finished with the prisoner in whose case the interruption had occurred. "Terence O'Flynn!" called the clerk; but no O'Flynn arose. The crier called him, but there was no answer, and the officers of the court began to look about. It was discovered that Prisoner O'Flynn had disappeared that morning, and his absence could not be accounted for, until some one said: "May it please the court, Terence O'Flynn was the man you just scot out!"

Some years ago many stories were circulated in regard to the "Free Grant" district in the north-west of Ontario. One of the most striking was given by a man who had intended to settle in that region, but had changed his mind. Having been hospitably entertained on the day of his arrival by the man who was to be his nearest neighbor, the intending settler, in company with his host, who was an old resident, sat on the stoop after dinner, admiring the really majestic scenery. The house dog, who had been making a fine meal of scraps, finally seized a particularly large and tempting bone and galloped with it down the valley, and finally disappeared over the summit of a lofty hill that bounded the prospect. "Why, what's the matter with your dog?" asked the new-comer. "Nothing's the matter with him," said the old resident; "I calculate he's set out to go and bury that bone." "Bury that bone!" ejaculated the other; "why, man alive, he must be miles away by this time. He was running like a steam-engine!" "Yes," replied the old resident, "I noticed he was going a pretty good gait; but, you see, the soil round here is kind of rocky, and he knows he's got to go a matter of eight or ten miles before he finds a good earthy place to bury that bone, and he calculates to get back before dark, I presume." The intending settler returned to England.

Safe and Effective.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the safest and most effective remedy for Indigestion, Irrregularity of the Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Malaria, or any disease arising from an impure state of the blood. They have been in use in this country for over fifty years, and the thousands of unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and their constantly increasing sale, is incontrovertible evidence that they perform all that is claimed for them.

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WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Britannic.....January 4th Majestic.....January 25th
Adriatic.....January 11th Britannic.....February 1st
Germanic.....January 18th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steamer tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Dec. 16, 30, Jan. 13.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M., for Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, New Montgomery Street.

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You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action.

Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, November 1, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 4:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M.
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Week Days	Tocaloma,	12:15 P. M. (Wk Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes,	except Monday
	Tomalas and Way Stations.	6:10 P. M. Daily

7:30 A. M. Week Days
1:45 P. M. Saturdays
Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, 4 Way Stations.

Thirtieth-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.
Steamers will sail at noon on the 15th, 25th, and 30th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Sunday, Dec. 25th, SS. San Juan; Jan. 5th, SS. City of New York; Jan. 16th, SS. San Blas.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—Jan. 3d, SS. Colima; Jan. 18th, SS. Starbuck.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.
Peru.....Saturday, December 24, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Saturday, February 4, at 3 P. M.
Chicago (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer.....From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.
Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Jan. 4
Gaelic.....Tuesday, January 24
Belgic.....Thursday, February 23
Oceanic.....Tuesday, March 14

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	9:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, and Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	10:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:37 A.
3:30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations.	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

The clean newspaper has, in the long run, the most permanent circulation and patronage. The paper which goes into the homes and is read by the families is the paper which counts its subscribers by the year instead of depending upon the fluctuating sales of the news companies, and it is, after all, the family paper which swings the power.—*Journalist*.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS. WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS. WEEK DAYS.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Petaluma and Santa Rosa. 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M. 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 9:30 A. M. 6:05 P. M. 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Fulton, Windsor, Headlands, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Hopland and Ukiah. 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Guerneville. 7:30 P. M. 10:30 A. M. 6:10 P. M.

3:30 P. M. 9:30 A. M. Sonoma and Glen Ellen. 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M. 10:30 P. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Sebastopol. 10:40 A. M. 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 3:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Chato, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Utsal, Hydeville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Ukiah, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$5.00; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

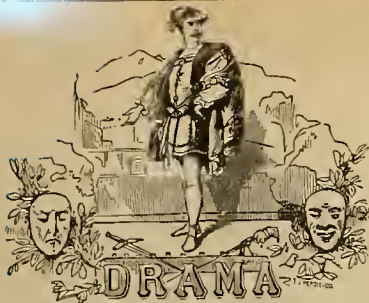
EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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The real Christmas pantomime is no longer a fashion. It went out with new-year's calls and chignons. The thing that has taken its place—the extravaganza of this country, the so-called pantomime of England—bears about as much resemblance to the pantomime of Grimaldi's days as a Chicago translation of one of M. Bourget's books does to the polished original.

Pantomime that Grimaldi made and established was as cheery, kindly, Christmassy a thing as a twelfth-night party, or the singing waiters, or the burning of the great yule log. It was as English, too, as cricket, or Dickens, or a Primrose Dame—despite the fact that it came over from France, who, in turn, had it from Italy, who, the story goes, stole it from Greece.

But pantomime—no matter that Harlequin came from Rome and Pantaloon from Venice, while Columbine, in her popular, short-skirted, yellow-haired form, is supposed to have been a French introduction—is indissolubly associated in one's mind with all that is English—with little, prim, long-locked, black-stockinged girls from Du Maurier and Tenniel; with school-boys in Eton jackets and ridiculous little stove-pipe hats; with governesses; with footmen, who take their young masters to see the play from the pit, as George Osborne used to be taken; with ladies in bonnetless splendor; with the pit, and the gallery, and the boxes, and all sorts of other things that suggest the land where American beef and American beauty are held in such high appreciation.

It is said that the first pantomime was introduced into England by some French tumblers. They "took," and were followed by more tumblers, and then by Harlequin, and Columbine, and Clown, and Pantaloon. Harlequin talked in those days and wore a suit of parti-colored rags. In Italy, he went barefoot and had a blackened face. But passing through France to England refined his style, and London audiences knew him as a sprightly fellow, who wore a strip of black mask across his nose and heelless black slippers on his feet. The first man to personate the character talked the part, but the second, who could not deliver dialogue but was a genius at grimaces, chose to represent Harlequin as a dumb man, and dumb he has remained ever since.

But, though dumb, he was the hero. Truly he was worthy to be a hero. He is one of the most picturesque and fascinating figures in the world. The French, with their keen eyes for whatever is gayly and modishly captivating, found this out and are never tired of making pictures and statues of him. With his masked eyes and his close-capped black head, he is as full of romantic mystery as the veiled prophet in the poem. His dress is the most becoming imaginable, of innumerable colors, and glancing with a thousand changing sparkles, and he moves with a cat-like, velvet-footed grace. With his lithe figure, his pointless, flexible sword, his head hidden by the cap, the glimmer of his eyes showing through the narrow slits of his small black mask, he looks like an incarnation of elfish, irresponsible, tricky gaiety.

His reign as hero might have continued up to the present, but for the appearance of a clown so funny, so irresistibly, abnormally, deliciously funny, that Harlequin was overlooked and forever relegated to dumbness and the background. It is said that Joey Grimaldi really made pantomime in England. Before his time it was generally a stop-gal for dull seasons, and was mostly interpreted by foreigners. After he made his name immortal in Dibdin's "Mother Goose," it became a national institution, and its great star stood as high in his way as Lord Byron and Sheridan did in theirs.

Grimaldi must have been a genius—a genius of laughter. He could have made a modern farce, comedy or road melodrama go. He was so funny that when he sang his famous song "An Oyster Crossed in Love," sitting between a giant cod's head and a titanic oyster that slowly opened and shut in time to the music, the boxes used to be fringed with rows of children, weeping in the ecstatic paroxysms of their laughter.

There was one story of him that beats the most daring inventions of the most enterprising advance agents of our times. Marcus Mayer and Colonel Cody's wondrous manager could not have invented more wisely and well. Some sailors, one evening, took seats in the gallery to hear the celebrated clown. One of their number had, from a sun-stroke received some time before, been dumb for several years. Grimaldi was in fine feather that evening, and the house hung, convulsed, on his words. Suddenly, in a lull of the laughter, the dumb sailor ejaculated loudly: "What a d—d funny fellow!"

Speech had come back to him. Report says that it was a genuine cure, and in the memoirs of the day one may come across the story, which, naturally, made a stir.

The days of Grimaldi were the great days of pantomime. With him its glory departed. He was its soul and spirit. These were stirring times for the drama—the times when Sheridan was a manager and the world had heard with unaccustomed ears "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," the times when Edward Kemble was beginning to loom up, and when Dora Jordan, with her red-lipped Irish beauty and her laugh that warned "the hearts of captains and of kings," was the stage-beauty of the day. They were generous times, too, for Grimaldi, who, though a genius was only a clown, was "not least but honored of them all."

He was the friend of Byron in his earlier days, and once received a silver snuff-box from the illustrious poet. He was—also in his young days—a friend of Mrs. Jordan, whom Byron did not admire and was wont to allude to as "that superlative hoyden." Sheridan was one of his intimates, and, later on—for the clown's professional life stretched over a period of nearly fifty years—he was known to the youthful Dickens, whose young ears and eyes he had so often delighted. Indeed, he knew everybody worth knowing, from the shining stars of the literary and dramatic firmament to old Mrs. Baker, the well-known and eccentric manager of a provincial theatre, who always sold the tickets herself in the box-office, and, as she handed them out, was wont to cry to the purchaser, be he lord or beggar: "Pass on, Tom Fool!"

All these great spirits are now but ghosts, some already almost forgotten; others, like Byron, launched on a second wave of public acclaim. Grimaldi himself, leaving no works behind him, goes the quickest toward oblivion. But he has received, in the records of others, innumerable tributes to his strange talents. He could have been a great artist, but he preferred to be a great clown. So far, he has had no worthy successor. Pantomime has gone on living in the fond hope that a second Grimaldi will rise up and lead it once again upward to its old heights. From that day to this it has hoped in vain.

Meantime, numerous lesser lights have devoted their energies to resuscitating it, and each newcomer has given it a flip to gayety and animation. The Majiltons devoted themselves to it, and earned a well-merited success. Then the Ravels came from somewhere, and all the world turned out at Christmas-time to wonder over their weird performances in the black art and their magical tricks.

But with each new set of pantomime players the character of the pantomime became warped from its original shape. The first pantomimes were always the same—the allegorical contest between good and evil. Columbine and Harlequin, representing youth, beauty, and honesty, fled before the cruel villainies of Pantaloon, while the Clown followed him in a stupid, ridiculous, helpless way. Good and bad spirits hovered about the pursuers and pursued. Harlequin always had enough magical power to escape by jumping through a clock-face, and, when Columbine was in trouble, could always be counted on to spring out of the soup-kettle or the letter-box.

In the course of time, however, this historic quartet was gradually crowded out. The last real pantomimes given in this country were those that the Foxes used to put on in New York every Christmas. Here Columbine was seen for the last time, and Harlequin made his farewell bow. In their place came the extravaganza, and the dove-cotes in Cariohi were very much fluttered by the first performances of "The Black Crook." It was a tremendous innovation. The spirits of good and evil were still pressed into the service; but they were very different from the Greek-clad fairies, with filleted hair, that used to follow Columbine in gilded chariots. There was but little similarity between Columbine's gentle protectors and the large, pink lady, with the golden helmet, who, in the third act of "The Black Crook," comes down to the footlights and recites that little pleasant about being transformed into a white dove.

Since then the extravaganza has swamped the pantomime. We have seen the extravaganzas of the Kiralfys, where the color-effects and the dancing were superb, and we have seen the extravaganzas of Chicago. The Kiralfys kept to the old allegorical form of stories, with the fight between good and evil ever raging till the eventual triumph of good sets all happy. But they introduced Amazon narches and extensive ballets. The pantomime had only been intended and performed for the amusement of children—the extravaganza disdains children, aiming at the amusement of a class that is older, if not more intelligent.

The Chicago extravaganzas—the most successful ones performed in this country—have followed the examples of the modern English pantomimes, and gone to the old fairy-tales for their plots. That they entirely rob the charming old stories of all their beauty by an execrable dialogue and idiotic diversions, does not seem to diminish the appreciation of the audience. A Grimaldi might make "Ali Baba" brilliant. For the rest, the modern extravaganza scorns talent, dialogue, and the interest of a well-knit plot. Its scenery is superb, its coryphées pretty, its costumes handsome.

Ripans Tabules cure headache. A standard remedy. Order through nearest druggist.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing January 2d: Charles Frohman's Company in "Settled Out of Court"; Fanny Rice in "A Jolly Surprise"; Charles Dickson in "Incog"; Lederer's Company in "U and I"; and the Tivoli Company in "A Trip to the Moon."

Pierre Loti has made a libretto for a comic opera from his quaint story of "Madame Chrysanthème," and is said to be at work on a dramatization of "Pêcheurs d'Islande."

The list of players in the Frohman company is as follows: Joseph Holland, Georgie Drew Barrymore, M. A. Kennedy, Minnie Tittel, Stella Teuton, Ada Curry, Margaret Craven, Frank Gilmore, Charles Abbe, Robert Hickman, and T. C. Valentine.

Fred Leslie, the English comedian who died a few weeks ago, was the best-paid actor on a salary in his line in America or England. For a long time he had been receiving seven hundred and fifty dollars a week for his services.

Many theatre-goers will be glad to hear that gentle Annie Russell, remembered as Elaine and Esmeralda, is on the high road to recovery, after three or four years of painful invalidism, and that she will probably soon return to the stage.

There were some daring innovations at the first performance of the new Theatre of Arts and Letters in New York. No seats were reserved, the doors being opened an hour before the play began, and each spectator chose the best unoccupied seat. But the seat was secured to the occupant, if he wished to leave it for a while, by a numbered coupon pinned to each chair, and as soon as this device was discovered the early-comers began taking coupons from all the best seats, thus reserving them for friends who might come later. The Théâtre Français was imitated in that there was no orchestra, and a third innovation was the enforcement of a rule against women wearing hats.

According to a recent judgment of the Vienna Court of Appeals a libretto is merely an accessory of an opera, and subordinate in both interest and value to the music. The case in which the decision was arrived at is as follows:

"In Austria, copyright expires ten years after the author's death. Bizet, the composer, died in 1875. The librettists of his famous opera 'Carmen' are still living, and royalties were recently claimed in their behalf from Herr Angelo Neumann, the impresario of Prague, in whose theatre the work was recently performed. But the Superior Tribunal of Vienna has declared that librettists and librettists are of small account. The court declined to accept the argument that, under the Austrian law of October 19, 1846, the librettist has the same protection as the composer, and held that 'the text of an opera is only a sort of supplement annexed to the music.'"

Great must be the genius of Eddie Foy, the comedian of "Ali Baba," when people laugh—as they do nightly and uproariously—at such gibberish as the song-writer puts into his mouth. Here are a few of his verses:

There was a man, he had an eye,
And they hadn't any more.
One eye was like an eagle's,
And he was deaf and dumb.
But the other eye was bum.

He tried to mash a girl one day
As she was passing by;
She passed him on the wrong side,
Where he had the show-case eye.
She gave him quite a winning smile,
But he could not reply.
For he couldn't wink the glass.

A balky mule stood near a
Railroad crossing on a track
With a man upon his back.
The train was fast approaching,
But the mule kept up his balk.
So the man says, "I will walk."

The mule he kept on balking,
And standing in the way;
His muleship heard the whistle,
No attention did he pay;
But when the train it reached him
He hadn't much to say.
And the man is walking yet.

The most skillful combination of alternatives known to pharmacy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It Was Worth While.

FRED—"Brown's children have scarlet fever."
KATE—"Goodness gracious! And our Willie was playing over there only Saturday. Where did they get it?"

FRED—"Dr. Benus said he thought it had been introduced by a cocoa or husk mat; they are veritable disease breeders, and you can never tell what contaminating influence has surrounded them."

KATE—"Well, I am glad you bought a 'Hartman Flexible' Wire Mat, it saves half my sweeping, as mud is never tracked in as before, and such mats can never breed disease."

FRED—"Yes, it is without question the best in the market, as you can readily imagine, when you know the 'Hartman' Mats supply ninety per cent. of the world's trade in that line."

KATE—"It is worth while to buy the best. The 'Hartman' Mat will outwear a dozen others and is the most ornamental of any sold."

MORAL—"Be sure when you purchase a door-mat that it has a brass tag attached stamped 'Hartman.'"

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Deserving Confidence.—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs, and Colds, should try them. Price 25 cents.

Sickness Among Children.

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

—H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Painless filling.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething

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Offenbach's Operatic Spectacle,

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The Finest Whiskey In the World
and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity. None genuine without trademark G. B. & Co. on label. Price: per Bottle, \$1.50; per Doz. \$12; per Gal. \$4; per 2 gal. \$3.50, securely packed. We ask a trial order. For sale by all druggists or COLBURN, BIKES & CO., Sole Agents, 20 1/2 St., Peoria, Ill.

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Receives deposits in its savings department from \$1.00 upwards, and allows the usual rates of interest thereon.

Rents safes inside its burglar-proof vaults at prices from \$5.00 per annum upwards, according to size. Valuables of all kinds may be stored at low rates.

Wills drawn and taken care of Without Charge.

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like taking care of yourself this cold winter weather. For Sunday wear foot-holds do nicely and cost nothing. We send (if asked for) with every pair Ladies' Boys' Men's, or big Girls' Shoes, a pair of men's foot-holds, 6 to 10, free. They're worth 50 to 75c. everywhere. Add 10c. if to mail—with Children's Shoes, all kinds, from 40c. up, or Ladies' or Boys, if preferred, we'll send a pair of Misses' Rubbers, foot-hold style, FREE (if asked for), sizes 11 to 15, worth 30 to 85c. elsewhere. Add 6c. if for mail. We have no other give-away sizes or kinds. Read carefully.

Ladies' Regular Rubbers

4 pair for \$1.00, or fine Rubbers, 3 pair for \$1.00, sizes 3 to 7. No spring heels, no size 8, at these broke prices—Child's 5 to 10, at 5 pair \$1.00; or Misses', 11 to 15, 4 pair for \$1.00, at Smith's, 414, 416, 418 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Your Stomach Distresses You

after eating a hearty meal, and the result is a chronic case of Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, or a bilious attack.

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Promote Digestion, Regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Purify the Blood, and are a Positive Cure for Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, and all other Diseases arising from a disordered condition of the Liver and Stomach. They act gently yet promptly, and perfect digestion follows their use.

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That don't matter so much, now-a-days. Dilute one part of **Highland Evaporated Cream** with two volumes of water—for delicious cream; with three volumes of water for rich milk—You've solved the milk question for all time. We use only milk obtained from farms under our own supervision. Prepared in hermetically sealed cans. Ask for the **Highland brand**—take no other.

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MISS EMILY EDMUNDS (Mrs. J. M. Hutchings) undertakes private tuition in families and at her own residence. Advanced and Elementary subjects. Scientific methods, insuring rapid progress to delicate or backward pupils.

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Academic, Intermediate, Primary, and Kindergarten. Teachers of acknowledged ability only. Board, English, French, German, Music, Dancing, \$30 per month. French the language of the family. Pupils are taught to make that language their own. Special attention given Art, Music, and Languages. Teach calls. Term begins, January 3d.
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Tuesday, January 3, 1893.

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MRS. H. J. STEWART,

Professor of the Pianoforte,
Will resume Teaching Tuesday, January 3, 1893.
2417 CALIFORNIA ST.

Dividend Notices.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. Branch, 1700 Market Street, corner Polk.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.
JAMES A. THOMPSON, Cashier.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

PEOPLES' HOME SAVINGS BANK, 805 Market Street, Flood Building.—For the six months ending December 31, 1892, a dividend (No. 9) has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-sixth (4 1/6) per cent. per annum on ordinary savings accounts, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 3, 1893.
J. E. FARNUM, Secretary.
San Francisco, December 21, 1892.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-half (4 1/2) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"If you were not so tall, I'd propose to you."
She—"If you did, you'd see how short I could be."
—Bazar.

He—"There's Mr. and Mrs. Biggs. I wonder why they married?" She—"They must both have been awfully rich!"—Truth.

The innocent young thing: He—"You know, Miss Smythe, I fancy you—" She—"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"—Truth.

Priggism: De Jones—"My poor little mother never had any advantages. She only knew me when she was too old to benefit by it."—Bazar.

She—"Did your grandfather live to a green old age?" He—"Well, I should say so! He was hunced three times after he was seventy."—Life.

"It's all very well," said the grave-digger, "to advise a young man to begin at the bottom and work up, but in my business it ain't practicable."—Life.

Sleepy parent—"I don't think much of Mr. Long-stay's manners." Fair daughter—"No; they are just like his calls—they lack finish."—Yale Record.

Priscilla—"What are young Wintrop and his wife quarreling about so bitterly?" Prunella—"Oh, about which one of them loves the other the most."—Bazar.

Criticus—"I see Chappy's sister was at the dinner the other night. Is she pretty?" Synicus—"Hardly. The hostess had to start four clocks just after her arrival."—Yale Record.

Mrs. Wabash (of Chicago)—"And now that we are engaged, tell me, my dear Mr. Laker, tell me—" Laker—"What, my own?" Mrs. Wabash—"Tell me your first name."—Truth.

"Monopolies ruin me," said Jack Fakir, the artist. "In what way?" "Only one man is allowed to paint Gérômes; same way with Bouguereaux—and they're the things that sell."—Bazar.

"Which ball do you mean to pocket?" inquired Jones of his country friend, who had challenged him to a game of pool. "How in thunder can I tell," was the answer, "until after I shoot?"—Puck.

Father (wishing to impress the lesson)—"Now, my son, tell me why I punished you." Son—"That's it—you've pounded the life out of me, and now you don't know what you done it for!"—Puck.

"Don't you think, Mr. Brightside, that lying is the ugliest of all vices?" "Well, I can't say I think it the prettiest; but, at least, it's the best thing we have discovered yet when we don't want to tell the truth."—Bazar.

President of the Senate—"If the senator from — doesn't come to order at once and observe due decorum, the sergeant-at-arms will be instructed to escort him over to sit with Senator Lease."—Minneapolis Tribune.

"John," said Mrs. Hawkins, "I have a surprise for you. I've saved over two hundred dollars of my allowance this year. Aren't you glad?" "Very," said Mr. Hawkins, "I can cut your allowance down four hundred dollars next year."—Bazar.

Miss B. (at the piano)—"I can tell you, we Chicago people believe in making the most of this life." Miss S.—"Yes? To what do you refer particularly?" Miss B.—"Why, you know that in heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage."—Life.

The Rev. Mr. Bingo (wrestling with the turkey)—"Maria, have you been trying to sharpen this carving-knife?" Mrs. Bingo—"I have, dear. I did the best I knew bow with it." The Rev. Mr. Bingo—"Then I take back everything I said in the grace."—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Hiram Daly—"And so you've got your old cook back! I thought you told me she was married about three months ago, and had gone to housekeeping." Mrs. Riverside Rives—"She has given up housekeeping and has come back to me." Mrs. Hiram Daly—"What was the matter?" Mrs. Riverside Rives—"She couldn't get a girl."—Puck.

Old discipline—"Johnny, suppose I promised you a stick of candy and did not give it to you, what would you think?" Young three-year-old (promptly)—"That you had told a story, papa." Old discipline—"Well, suppose I should promise you a whipping and do not give it to you?" Young hopeful (doubtfully)—"Papa—I—dess—that—would—be—a—story—too. But I tink Dod would forgive you."—Bazar.

Look to Yourself

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Do you have headache? Almost daily—and such a feeling of weariness. I am almost discouraged.

I know what is the matter with you, and I can cure you.

What do you mean? You are not a doctor! No; but I have had the same feelings and I know a remedy; have it here in my vest-pocket.

What is it? Never mind. Get a glass of water.

Well, now—what next? Put this thing under your tongue.

Under my tongue! What is that for? Am I not to swallow it?

Do as I say. Is it under your tongue?

Yes. Now take a full swallow of water. Don't drink, but fill your mouth.

Er—er—er. Now swallow the water.

Well, I've done that. What next?

Let me see the thing I gave you.

It's gone. I must have swallowed it. I never could swallow anything, though. What was it?

I don't see how it happened. Why do you put it under the tongue?

You say that you never could swallow anything, and yet you swallowed that. Isn't the result a sufficient reason for the method?

Perhaps! but what is it?

Do you feel any effect?

It feels kind o' warm.

Not unpleasantly so?

Oh, no! Rather good.

You don't feel any better do you?

I positively believe that my headache is gone.

What is the thing you gave me, anyway?

Have you seen an advertisement in the papers of something called R-I-P-A-N-S TABLETS?

I think I have.

Well, that was a R-I-P-A-N-S TABLET.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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As soon as the California legislature shall have succeeded in selecting a senator to represent or misrepresent (as the case may be) the State, we hope that body will take up the question of a tax upon inheritances. During the past year, the mortality among millionaires has been great. Great, too, have been the fortunes they have left. It is time the State should intervene, and allow a portion, at least, of these vast fortunes to revert to the commonwealth. Many millionaires spend their lives in evading taxes. But a tax on inheritances is readily collectible; in going from a dead man's hands to his heirs, money is hard to hide.

All Jay Gould's money was left to his offspring, to the end that the country might be afflicted with another entailed fortune of the Astor-Vanderbilt sort; but the selfish million-

aire, in spite of himself, bequeathed something of great value to the people of the United States—a realization of the need of placing more restrictions upon the devising power of the very rich, and multiplying the means whereby the community shall become possessed of its due share of colossal fortunes when their builders die. The earnestness with which the whole question of wealth and its relations to society has been recently discussed in the press is highly encouraging. The political and social dangers inherent in entailed estates have been recognized since the foundation of the republic; but aside from the provisions of many of the State constitutions forbidding the passage of laws of primogeniture and entail, nothing thorough-going has been attempted. From England we have borrowed various limitations upon the testamentary power of the dying, and in some ways improved upon the model, in others not. Reforms are generally accomplished piecemeal, and, pending the arrival of the time when the general perception of the public's rights in aggregations of wealth piled up by individuals under the State's protection is clearer, the practical mind will favor definite legislation, even though the ground covered be relatively small. Following English custom, New York and some other States impose a tax upon inheritance. California should hasten to do the same. A good many millionaires have been dying here lately, and most of those who remain are old men. The legislature now in session at Sacramento could not do a wiser, a timelier thing than to provide that the State treasury shall be enriched when they drop off. There is ample precedent for such legislation, and there can be no question either as to its justice or utility. It was not until 1796 that the English bethought themselves of this method of raising public revenue; and even then, Pitt, who proposed the bill for a tax on succession, had to yield before the outcry of the land-holding Tories and confine the tax to personal property. But no special tenderness is felt in this country for owners of real estate, and we can tax the land bequeathed just as freely as the stocks and bonds. Jay Gould's heirs will be required to pay over a tax of six hundred thousand dollars on their inheritance. It is not much, considering the size of the fortune they have come into; but it is considerably better than nothing—which is what they would have been called on to deliver had Gould's wealth been in California instead of in New York. Wherever the succession tax is imposed, there is a sliding scale of assessment, very small estates being exempt, and inheritors paying more in proportion the further off they are in consanguinity to the testator, and this is manifestly right. But there is a home hint for the guidance of Californian legislation. We already provide that bequests for religious purposes are void, unless made long enough before dissolution to give reasonable assurance that they are the acts of a sound mind. This is an ancient precaution, originally adopted to head off the church in its practice of scaring the dying into presenting it with their property for their souls' sake. A great many of California's rich men have been pious, as the splendid gifts to the Roman Catholic Church, recorded in their wills, attest. Many of those mercifully still spared to us are not behind their predecessors in godliness. Now, since the church is always in the way of being thus remembered and the State forgotten, the legislature might well repair the discrimination by providing that in all cases there shall revert to the State from every estate a sum equal to its owner's bequests for superstitious uses. It may happen that the statesmen assembled at Sacramento are not clear in their minds as to the exact meaning of that phrase; therefore, we refer them to "Bacon's Abridgment" where a "superstitious use" is thus defined:

"Where lands, tenements, rents, goods, or chattels are given, secured, or appointed for and toward the maintenance of a priest and chaplain to say mass; for the maintenance of a priest or other man to pray for the soul of any dead man, in a church or elsewhere; to have and maintain perpetual obits, lamps, torches, etc., to be used at certain times, to help to save the souls of men out of purgatory—these and such like uses are declared to be superstitious."

If it be objected that, as the Roman Catholic Church is not established by the state in this country, a "Statute of Superstitious Uses" can not be applied here, it is only neces-

sary to say that the idea can be remodeled to fit the conditions as they exist, by substituting the word "religious" for "superstitious," which would include all churches.

This whole suggestion is merely in passing, however. The legislature would, perhaps, avoid offense and save votes by confining itself strictly within secular lines of action, and permit the one church that secures bequests to any noticeable extent to continue to do so in peace, to the great upbuilding of its strength—spiritual, financial, and political.

Under our laws as they now stand, the State directs in a good many ways how a man shall leave his property, this assumption of authority being based on its sovereign power to conserve its own interests, which are those of the community. But for the safeguards which the State throws around the individual it would be impossible for him to accumulate property, or, should he chance to do that, it would be necessary for him to protect his gear with his own right arm. Society having, therefore, enabled a man to grow rich, and served him as a policeman, it is obviously only fair that he should do something for society in return when the hour comes that he must part from his treasure. A tax on inheritances is just and reasonable.

It is true that such a tax may be escaped by rich men who choose to give away their property while they are still living. But here again the time limit can be applied, as in bequests to charities. And it is to be considered that the rich man who would, while in good health, make a present of his fortune to his heirs, to spare them the pain of paying a legacy tax, would hardly be so frequent a phenomenon as to excite general alarm. In fact, those who associate much with rich men and know their habits, will smile at the idea of their giving anything away.

The Argonaut trusts that there are in the legislature some thoughtful men who will give this grave matter their attention. The State has an interest in the wealth of its more fortunate citizens fully as real as that of the heirs of their bodies, and that interest should be no longer neglected in California.

The new year inaugurates a new deal all round in transcontinental freights. The Transcontinental pool is a thing of the past. Each railroad is now free to make its own rates for carrying freight across the continent. On February 1st, the contract between the Pacific Mail and the Panama Railroad expires, and, though the text of Judge Ingraham's decision appears to deny to the Panama Company the right to put on steamers between Panama and Acapulco, in opposition to the Pacific Mail line, there is nothing to hinder the French company from making a bargain with a new steamship line between New York and San Francisco, via the isthmus, or, in the event that such company is started, from running a line of steamers itself between those points. The old, blind arrangement between the Transcontinental pool and the Sutton line of clippers came to an end some time ago. The Grace line, sustained as it is by the shippers' guaranty, bids fair to become a permanent institution. Finally, there is good reason to expect that the pending controversy between the Canadian Pacific and the American transcontinental lines will end in the stopping of all bargains by which the northern company covenanted to abstain from competition.

Thus the new year opens with good prospects that the business of transportation between this coast and the Atlantic coast will be free, and will be governed exclusively by the law of supply and demand. When business is rushing, the carriers will be well remunerated for their services. When business is slack, they will have to share the fortunes of shippers. Whether cut-throat rate wars will break out is uncertain. They will probably not occur. Railroad wars are generally undertaken to ascertain what proportion of traffic legitimately drifts to each competing line; when that is known, no object is gained by cutting rates. The normal traffic of each transcontinental line was determined three years ago.

The family compact between the transcontinental railroads, the Pacific Mail, the Panama, the clipper lines, and the

Canadian Pacific, which was formed five or six years ago, was formed in violation of the laws of trade, and could not but be a temporary arrangement. Each of these carriers worked under different conditions—as to length of line, cost of service, volume of local traffic, expense of fuel, labor, and supplies. To impose upon all of them a uniform schedule of rates was to benefit some at the expense of the others, and those who got the worst of the bargain were sure sooner or later to rebel. The arbitrary plan only lasted as long as it did because its beneficiaries, by charging the public excessive rates for the service they rendered, were able to throw a sop to partners who were not benefited. And, like all chains, the transcontinental chain was not stronger than its weakest link. When the Grace clippers began to carry heavy freights round the Horn at one-third the rate charged by the Pacific Mail and Panama, the chain parted, and the break was past mending.

The trouble with our railroad managers is that they have no faith in the laws of trade, and that they are forever trying to supplement them by tying their own and their rivals' hands. When a new grocery-house is started, its rivals do not call round with a paper binding it not to sell tea, coffee, and sugar below a certain rate. They rely for protection against cut-throat competition upon the law that the merchant who sells goods at a loss must fail. But when a new railroad is started, the old ones offer it the alternative of war or combination. It generally tries both; after warring, it combines. Then natural laws are set aside for an arbitrary agreement, by which the price of the service rendered by the carrier is regulated, not by a *quantum meruit*, but by considerations of what the traffic will bear and how much stock and bonds have been floated. Sooner or later the natural law vindicates itself. The agreement falls to pieces. The price of transportation passes under the control of supply and demand, and the attempt to forestall it is defeated. That is what is happening here at the present time.

It is possible to forecast the future of the transportation industry by the application of a few admitted axioms. Land transportation can not compete with water transportation in the case of non-perishable goods, or of goods whose value is not regulated by their prompt delivery. Thus, under ordinary circumstances, while perishable property and novelties in dry goods will naturally cross the continent in railroad-cars, such articles as iron, coal, wool, wine, grain, staple groceries, and staple dry goods will take the water route, via Panama or via the Horn. The rates on the former will be made by competition between the various railroad lines. On the latter, the rate will be made by the clipper ships. But this proposition is subject to a qualification. When business is light, railroads can afford to carry freight in cars which have to be moved at a rate which just covers the running expense. Thus there will be times every year when the railroads can afford to compete with the water lines for traffic which, under ordinary circumstances, naturally belongs to the latter. If Mr. Huntington ever starts those ten-thousand-ton steamers of his from New Orleans to England, there will be periods every year when it will pay him to carry wheat to Liverpool as cheaply as it can be carried in sailing-ships—when allowance is made for interest and insurance.

The business of the railroads and the value of their securities will be placed on a safer basis by the abolition of traffic contracts. Whenever a contract is made, the danger arises that it will be broken. The parties to the contract are always treading on thin ice, which may give way at any moment. They never really know where they stand. But when every tub stands on its own bottom, and every carrier makes his rates on the principle that no rival can make lower rates and live, railroad managers will be able to rest easy, and railroad stocks will become property.

The Fifty-Second Congress is now reassembled to work in regular service until the allotted expiration of that body, March 4, 1893. There are several important measures which demand prompt legislation. Foremost among these is the more thorough amendment of the Immigration Law. Concerning this, there is no radical difference of opinion between the Republican and Democratic parties, but a very general agreement of the people in every portion of the Union that the law requires amendment at the earliest practicable day. This is the most important subject for legislation before the existing Congress. The tariff and the silver questions are both subjects on which the two great national parties and the people widely differ, and, in accordance with the popular expression at the late Presidential election, the arbitrament of each is rightfully to be submitted to the succeeding Congress. As there is no similar difference of opinion affecting the evils suffered under the present law regulating immigration, and as the urgency of strong and adequate amendment is apparent, the duty of providing relief is immediately devolved upon the existing Congress.

Two bills upon the subject are before the two Houses—

one reported from the Senate committee—introduced by Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, which provides for the absolute exclusion of immigrants from Europe for one year; the other reported from the House committee—introduced by Representative Stump, of Maryland, which provides for discrimination of individuals and the partial restriction of immigration, subject to the discretion of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury as to the duration of the period of exclusion. The two bills have been submitted to a joint sub-committee of the two Houses, from whom the definite report is awaited. The bill of Senator Chandler is preferable, inasmuch as it enforces the exclusion of immigration for one year, and in so far abates the dread of an invasion of Asiatic cholera during this year and relieves the American people of the fear of the malignant scourge during the holding of the great Columbian Fair at Chicago. Yet the limit of exclusion is too brief. It should be five years at the least. The whole of that period will be required even partially to assimilate the large number of these classes of European immigrants already in the country, to instruct them in our language, to familiarize them with the decencies of American life, and to impress upon them the duty of conformity and obedience to our laws. Accordingly, the period of exclusion should be extended to five years.

The bill of Mr. Stump is more objectionable, more in need of revision and correction. It devolves finally upon the executive authority that which appropriately belongs to the legislative department, and therein is in contravention of the constitutional plan of the government. The authority for direct exclusion of immigration should be exercised by Congress, with the President as the constitutional administrator of the law. The authority should not be delegated to another department of the government, either in the matter of fixing the term of exclusion, or in regulating whom to admit and whom to reject. In other respects, the bill of Mr. Stump is inadequate to the object; it is merely a temporary-relief from the evils of the unrestricted immigration from which the country is suffering. It is an immigration that needs to be stopped—not to be regulated. The country can not deport or unload the unwelcome immigrants already here; but it has the power lawfully to stop the obnoxious and continuous dumping.

Some of the performances of Mgr. Satolli, the Pope's delegate, since he has been in the United States, have had the effect of widely encouraging the belief that the Roman Catholic Church here is about to change front radically on the school question, and that its government in America is to come under the direction of the liberal elements represented by Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland. The quiet, authoritative way in which Satolli brought Father McGlynn back into the fold without requiring him to apologize or make public submission to Archbishop Corrigan (an affront of immeasurable dimensions to that tyrannical, pig-headed, sixteenth-century Irish ecclesiastic), and the manner in which Bishop Wigger, of New Jersey, was obliged to retreat before Father Corrigan, of Hoboken, who had publicly arraigned him as an enemy of the American Republic, because he had joined other German Catholics in denouncing our public schools as abominations—these two incidents have the appearance of enforcing the right of a Catholic clergyman to speak his mind as an American citizen, even though he be a priest. These incidents, taken together with Satolli's address on the school question, at the recent annual conference of archbishops in New York, wherein he in effect approved the Faribault experiment and advised greater discretion in dealing with the educational problem everywhere in this free country, formed ground for a plausible showing for the claim of liberal Catholics that the Vatican is now heartily with them. Father McGlynn, who has proved his right to be regarded as a sincere man, if not a very wise one, in his customary Sunday evening speech at Cooper Union, New York, a week before he was reinstalled in his priestly office, held forth on Satolli's address, which he declared to be significant of a "new and important epoch for the Roman Catholic Church in the United States." Continuing, he said:

"I sincerely rejoice over what has happened, and still more over what it portends. The utterances and the actions of the Pope through Archbishop Satolli should fill us with hopes of great and good things still to come. No one not very dull or very blind to what has been going on over a large part of our country can be unaware of the great injury done to the Catholic Church and the state by the agitation of what has been called the school question. But now not merely the hope of relief, but actual and prompt relief, has already come to the consciences and hearts of hundreds of thousands of Catholics, and a serious reproach to the patriotism of American Catholics has been discredited by such authoritative utterances that the Catholic religion does not require American citizens to antagonize and denounce the institutions of the country. It is refreshing to know that Archbishop Satolli will not allow bishops to object to Catholic children being sent to public schools. He will excuse the people and priests from building parochial schools, even though they are ordered by a narrow-minded bishop who delights in telling Catholic people that unless they do not send their children to a parochial school they are sure of eternal dam-

nation. The public school is an American institution and should be supported, no matter what archbishops or bishops may say. I did not find anything in the theology I studied at Rome which said I would have to sacrifice my patriotism for my religion."

That is bold talk, in the right American spirit; but it is not the sort of talk that either Mgr. Satolli or the Vatican wishes to encourage when it is uttered in sincerity. The plain truth is that the Pope and his advisers have learned at last that the warfare of the church upon our public schools as hitherto waged has been fruitless. If Mother Church has not through the ages been distinguished for the innocence of the dove, she never has been wanting in the wisdom of the serpent. She has not, as Father McGlynn, controlled by his wishes, asserts, changed her purpose as to the public schools, but only determined on altering her plan of battle. Mgr. Satolli's address to the archbishop, too long for reproduction here, was, with its involved sentences, apparent concessions, deft reservations, and pious rhetoric, about as good a model of crafty composition as could be studied by those who want to know what ought to be avoided in order to learn the art of writing frankly. It is true that the monseigneur said that where Roman Catholic children can not profitably be sent to parochial schools, parents may, without incurring the penalty of damnation, patronize the public schools, and he urged the American hierarchy to make concessions in non-essentials, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. In other words, he merely reasserted the *tolerari potest* of the Pope as to the Faribault plan, which means that the church, when it can not cure an evil, must endeavor to put up with it as best it may; that if the public schools will not come to the church, the church may go to them and endeavor to make them as Roman Catholic as possible. This Faribault plan, which is offered to the American people as an exemplification of Roman Catholic liberality, is in reality merely a device by which the burden of supporting the parochial schools is shifted from the church to the community. Religion is not taught openly during school hours, to be sure, but it is taught to all who are willing or can be induced to remain when the regular session closes. Throughout the day the Roman Catholic teachers retain the garb of nuns and monks. The chief objection raised at the conference of the archbishops against the Faribault plan was that its advocates could give no assurance that it was capable of general extension, particularly to large cities. The Pope might tolerate it, but the American people would not.

Cunning encroachment in place of open hostility is the Satolli policy—the policy of the Vatican. It is one that naturally commends itself to the Italian ecclesiastical mind. It is not remarkable that the Pope and his counselors, living in the mediæval twilight of Rome, should be unable to comprehend the spirit of the American people, or that they should fancy themselves shrewd enough to conquer by indirection where they have been defeated in open battle. Father McGlynn is quite right in thinking that "great and good things are still to come," and the reconciliation of the masses of Roman Catholic citizens with the public schools may eventually be accomplished, but he mistakes the church's intention. The fact that he and Father Corrigan, and many other priests who have been reared in the United States and unconsciously educated by their American environment, accept as evidence of new enlightenment what is but a new plan for carrying out a traditional purpose, betokens the danger to the faith in this country which the Vatican has not understood and can not understand. When its priests take its politic utterances for the speech of candor, what may be expected of the laity? What the Vatican is aiming at simply is to procure State aid for Roman Catholic schools, and, where that is not to be had, to Romanize the State's schools. The American people will not be deceived, although priests like McGlynn and Corrigan, anxious to see their church in harmony with our institutions, may permit themselves to be.

Mgr. Satolli is sowing the seed of discord while seemingly doing the work of peace. The return of Father McGlynn to the priesthood, on easy or no conditions, and the substantial triumph given Father Corrigan over his bishop, are hard blows to good discipline, and can not but encourage independence in the priesthood. McGlynns and Corrigans must, in the nature of things, become common. The spirit of the age is creating them, and since the pioneers in rebellion against authority have, "in order to avoid scandal," been dealt with not as recalcitrants deserving of exemplary punishment, but as more to be feared and coaxed, it will need less bravery hereafter for American priests to be men and citizens.

The Vatican, having learned that the people of the United States care more for their public schools than they do for the wishes, exhortations, or anathemas of Rome, is now putting itself fairly in the way of learning the further lesson that Americans are as competent to guard popular education against an insidious as against an undisguised enemy. The church, in brief, has found, and will still find, that the United States is the most modern, the best educated of nations, and,

therefore, the least amenable to Rome. It has passed quite beyond the stage of intellectual development wherein a people are to be hulled or cajoled by any church.

During the year 1892 there were 3,492 marriage licenses issued in San Francisco. The statistics of marriage in large cities are instructive. In Philadelphia, a city which the census credited with 1,046,974 people, there were, in 1892, 8,130 marriages, or something like one marriage to every 120 of the population. In San Francisco, where the population was 298,997 in 1890, the marriages average about 3,500 per year, or at the rate of one marriage to every 85 of the population. Thus there were one-third more marriages in proportion to population in San Francisco than in Philadelphia. This coincides with the proposition which has almost passed into an axiom, that the newer the city, the more recklessly men plunge into matrimony without counting the cost, and the older the city, the more cautiously do they assume the responsibilities of married life. West of the Alleghenies, young people marry when they reach adult age. If misery or divorce follow, they think they are victims of fortune's spite. East of the Alleghenies, men are more cautious. They do not marry unless they can see their way to support a family.

The error of the Western plan becomes plainly visible when it is remembered that, of all the causes of domestic infelicity, poverty is the most general. A young couple may live down incongruities of temper, jealousy, neglect, occasional levity in the wife or transient outbursts of joviality in the husband; but grinding poverty, which is ever present and which compels daily and hourly privations, is almost certain to lead to mutual hickerings which are fatal to conjugal happiness. In every city where divorce flourishes, it would probably be found, if the domestic sore could be probed, that want of money lies at the bottom of the trouble. People who have plenty of money rarely seek relief from their conjugal woes in the divorce court.

It is constantly said that an early struggle with poverty endears husband and wife to each other, and that an income which will support one will support two. Never were two falser propositions. No temper is improved by privation or debt. Almost every temper is embittered and soured when comfort after comfort must be surrendered on account of the expense, and when a knock at the door sets the heart heating for fear it is a dun. As to the proposition that what is enough for one will support two, it is simply a paradox, self-evidently absurd. A woman may not consume so much food as a man, but she needs food, and it will probably cost about as much as the man's. She can not go unclothed, and her clothes cost more than his. He can live in an attic bedroom just big enough to hold a bed and a trunk. She requires a large room, or two rooms. There are an infinite number of small comforts and luxuries which are indispensable to a woman, but which a man never needs. When these expenses which matrimony involves are footed up, it will be found that not only is an income which suffices for one not adequate for two, but that twice that income is inadequate.

The theory that a young man can support a wife on a salary which sufficed for his own wants is based on a comparison between an extravagant bachelor and a thrifty husband. Its backers say to the young man: "If you will cut off your cigars, and drinks, and club dues, and horses, and theatres, and miscellaneous pleasures, you will save enough to support a wife." But young men earning modest salaries do not—unless they run in debt—spend much on drinks, and cigars, and club dues, and horses, and theatres, and miscellaneous pleasures; and, after they marry, they will still smoke and drink occasionally. The wife, too, will want an occasional outing at the theatre or elsewhere, which a loving husband can not deny her. He will discover, after a few weeks of matrimony, that his expected economies are mythical, while his increased expenses are very real indeed.

Take the average clerk or bookkeeper in this city, who earns from \$100 to \$125 a month. With prudence, he can live very well on this. He can not live at a first-class hotel, nor can he drive fast horses, or spend his holidays at swell watering-places. But he can live in a respectable boarding-house among people of his own station, for \$60 a month, and dress himself, contribute to charities, and have a little left for books, papers, and an occasional theatre. But let him marry, and his whole income will go for mere board, lodging, and washing, and there will be nothing left to replace his own and his wife's clothes when they wear out. A wild delusion prevails that he can save money by keeping house in a flat. One-quarter or one-third of his income will go for rent. The remainder will not provide the couple with wholesome food, unless the wife has been brought up very differently from most San Francisco girls. The chances are that she will feed him and starve herself, and that, meanwhile, she will wear her life out as a menial drudge, growing less attractive day by day, while his peace of mind is racked by an

endless succession of duns. It is misery of this kind which supports the divorce courts.

The simple truth is that, in most Western countries, marriage is overdone. Those who study out its workings can not but come to the same conclusion as *Punch*, in his advice to young men about to marry—Don't. Where a young man who is in love and whose love is reciprocated can sit down and figure out an income which will enable his wife to live—not, perhaps, as she has been accustomed, but in a style which approximates to that—or where he can earn half that income and she can contribute the other half, then there is no reason why they should not be happy in matrimonial bonds. It is not necessary to be rich to be happy. The exact requirements of an economical household will do. But where the husband can not figure out the present possession of an income equal to those requirements, he commits a reckless and criminal act when he makes a girl his wife. He goes out in search of misery and he will almost surely find it.

Toward the close of the great Civil War, the Copperhead element throughout the North predicted a change to imperialism in the government, and the frantic fancy was indulged to the extremity of establishing a handsomely printed weekly in New York city, with the title of *The Empire*. Again, upon the return of General Grant from the tour of the globe and the announcement that he would be a candidate for the Presidency, the cry of "Cæsarism!" was raised throughout the country and doleful Democrats prophesied that General Grant would be maintained at the head of the government during life. These were but phantasies, born of times of great excitement. But present indications, founded upon substantial utterances and actual occurrences, fairly justify the anticipation that a very material departure from past usage and unbroken custom will be essayed by the incoming administration. Mr. Cleveland has authorized the publication of a letter declaring his antagonism to the choosing of Mr. Edward Murphy as United States Senator from New York. Mr. Murphy is the favored candidate of the large body of New York Democrats who sat as delegates in the Chicago National Convention. He was opposed to the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, but in the campaign he exerted his utmost influence for the election of the head of the ticket. Still, Mr. Cleveland opposes him for senator, and has broken through past custom and precedent in his determination to force the New York legislature to choose some other for the place. He is inflexibly opposed to Mr. Murphy. The significant feature of the situation is the published letter of Cleveland's hostility to Murphy. Never before has a President, elect or in office, given publicity to a letter of similar tone or import. It is the interference of the executive with the legislative department, which is abhorrent to the genius of the American plan of government. Aggressively pursued, the logical result would be the domination of a dictator elected as President, and the subordination of the entire government to the will or caprice of the usurping chief. General Jackson is remembered as the most resolute and most exacting in party discipline of the Presidents who have occupied the chair of state; but General Jackson, in his most imperious mood, never attempted anything like this. Even in the case of Mrs. Eaton—the wife of General Eaton, his Secretary of War—who was socially tahoed by the ladies of the other members of the Cabinet; even in his most trying difficulty when combatting the potency of Nick Biddle and the United States Bank, involving the memorable removal of the deposits, General Jackson never exhibited such disregard of the spirit or letter of the constitution as Mr. Cleveland has displayed in his letter attempting to dictate the choice of a senator of the United States. General Jackson was of imperious temper and inflexible will, but he was purely of the people and of thorough democratic nature. He strictly conformed to the law and upheld rightful authority. He never transcended the executive limit. Mr. Cleveland is of different mold and nature. He is more stubborn and dogmatic than firm and imperious, and is less imbued with the pure Democratic spirit than was General Jackson. He has, since his election, exhibited strong symptoms of his determination to rule his party agreeably to his own desire, and to administer the government according to his own line of policy. Is Grover Cleveland greater than Andrew Jackson? Is Grover Cleveland stronger than the Democratic party? If so, that organization had better abandon its history, forsake its traditions, change its name, and call itself "The Cleveland Party of the United States."

There is a movement in progress in the seahoard States and in some of the inland States to urge upon Congress the necessity of providing a complete national system of coast quarantine against the danger of the invasion of pestilence from abroad, such as cholera, yellow fever, small-pox, typhus fever, and ship fever. Of all these, however, Asiatic cholera

is most feared and most malignant. The records show that it has reappeared in the United States in the year or two following its first invasions—as in 1832-1834 and 1849-1850-51. Accordingly, the Asiatic scourge may be looked for again this year. Not only the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts should be quarantined, but also the coast of the Pacific, and California, Oregon, and Washington are vitally involved in the general continental menace. The visitation of Asiatic cholera during the Chicago Fair would be an appalling national disaster. A numerously attended meeting of the Tri-State Medical Society of Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, was held at Chattanooga recently, at which an able address was delivered by Joseph Holt, M. D., inventor of the thorough system of quarantine and sanitation of New Orleans and the lower Mississippi, and ex-president of the Louisiana Board of Health. Dr. Holt recited the causes of the futility of the National Board of Health, and suggested the reforms essential in the organization of a board which should be, in every respect, national and efficacious. Relating to quarantine, it appears that with the single exception of New Orleans and the lower Mississippi, there is not along the entire coast from Galveston, Tex., to Portland, Me., a suitable, adequate, properly equipped quarantine station. Even at New York, the port at which ninety per cent. of steerage emigrant passengers swarm by steamships from infected ports, the State quarantine station was wretchedly and notoriously inadequate last summer, on the arrival of the first steamers with Asiatic cholera on board. The adoption of a system, for national quarantine, with a well-equipped station at every port, would greatly promote the sanitation of the whole country, from the sea coast to the remotest interior. There is not much danger of cholera in San Francisco. The peculiar climate, the cool winds, and the pure water supply protect her. Nearly all Eastern cities, like Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, take their water from rivers or lakes, which sources of supply are polluted by the drainage from large populations surrounding them. Here, however, the water supply of the Spring Valley system comes from water-sheds almost uninhabited; hence there is little or no danger of cholera. But with the interior of California a different state of affairs prevails. Therefore we should not neglect the utility of well-ordered quarantine against contagion. The movement for the establishment of a sound system of national quarantine will be earnestly and ardently supported in this city and this State. There should be a chain of national quarantine stations from Maine to Texas, and from San Diego to Puget Sound. It is to be hoped that the Democratic House will not allow the ancient doctrine of "State's rights" to stand in the way of a quarantine for the whole country. With Asiatic cholera at our threshold, perhaps they may modify this musty Democratic doctrine.

We referred recently to the Melbourne Publishing Co. of Chicago, which printed a mutilated version of Charles Reade's great work "The Cloister and the Hearth." Another publisher, probably also from Chicago, has boiled down the three hundred and fifty thousand words of Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit" into a volume of a little over one hundred thousand words. Other ghoulies of the same class announce editions of the works of Dickens, Thackeray, Victor Hugo, and others, at twenty cents, all of them being mutilated. These publishers are frauds.

There is but one remedy for the evil, and that is for book-buyers to buy no books without looking at the imprint to see that they are published by respectable and well-known publishers. In buying a book which bears the imprint of the Appletons, the Harpers, or of other publishing-firms of the same rank, the reader is sure that he will get a book which is perfect and complete; his money is well spent. But to buy the cheap editions which are issued from Chicago presses, and sold on the cars at a few cents, is not only to throw money away, but to provoke anger when the fraud is discovered, and to do injustice to the reputation of the great authors of the age.

The situation at Sacramento to a thrifty legislator must be extremely irritating. Senatorial candidates fade away like phantoms in a spirit-shop. The *Examiner*, a well-known writing medium, succeeded by the exercise of great power in materializing the spirit of W. W. Foote, but as soon as the eager legislators pressed around to grasp the spirit's hand, he dematerialized with great rapidity. The shade of Jeremiah Lynch, reputed to have ghostly sequins clinging to its cerements, excited great interest at the senatorial *séance*. But the spirit of Jeremiah slowly dematerialized, and returned to its Egyptian shades. All attempts to invoke the spirit of Lloyd Tevis have failed, up to date. It looks as though the thrifty Democratic legislators would have to vote for White without being paid for it, and what makes this paltry proceeding additionally bitter is the fact that he is reported to be the railroad candidate.

A WOMAN SCORNF.

The Revenge of a Lima Lady upon her Fickle Lover.

From "Tradiciones del Peru," by Ricardo Palma.

Though Doña Veronica Aristizabal had seen thirty-five Easters, she was still, as all heretics and Christians would agree, both young and beautiful. She was the widow of the Count of Puntos, who, knowing her vivacious nature, had, before his death, appointed a guardian for his two little sons. The fortune which Veronica inherited from the count consisted of valuable city property and two magnificent haciendas in one of the fertile valleys near the City of the Kings.

As soon as the first months of mourning had passed, and after having fulfilled all forms required by social etiquette, Veronica abandoned the house in Lima, and, with multitudinous trunks and boxes, established herself in one of her country homes. Here she reigned a queen, and could give full sway to all her whims and caprices. That a slight conception may be formed of her power, it is sufficient to say that she had at call some two thousand slaves.

Among these there was a robust and graceful young mulatto, godson of the late count, who had always been treated with especial care and distinction. At the age of thirteen, the count, his *padrino*, had taken Pantaleon to Lima to enter upon the study of that quackery, pure and simple, which in those days passed for the science of medicine.

When the count considered his godson wise enough to correct even a prescription of Hippocrates, he brought him back to the hacienda. There he was employed as medico-apothecary; quarters were assigned him, with the control of a number of slaves. He was authorized to clothe himself in a manner befitting his profession, and permitted to occupy a seat at the table where ate the *mayordomo*, the overseer, and the chaplain.

The *mayordomo* was a Gallician, coarse as a cork-tree, and the overseer, apparently, was cast in the same mold. As to the chaplain, he was a chubby, mercenary friar, with a bull face and a nape the color of saffron. These three men accepted the situation readily, partly on account of the handsome doctor's spick-and-span appearance, the distinction of his manner, and his keen wit; partly because he was useful to them. To sum up, the young physician was attractive and sympathetic; very soon the slave became a constant companion, they treated him as an equal, and confided in him as an intimate friend. On the part of the less honored slaves there was much grumbling and jealousy.

When my lady, the countess, was fully settled in her country home, she found time dragging a little heavily on her hands. Accustomed till now to the gaiety of the most enchanting city of the Pacific—its bull-fights, theatres, and fiestas—the days seemed suddenly becalmed. Accustomed to the delirium of society and its kaleidoscopic exhibit of fresh faces, her present little domestic circle seemed tame and lifeless. The two Gallicians and the priest were perforce admitted to her salon, and she soon delightedly welcomed the slave. Had he not been her husband's godchild and protégé? Besides, he was a regular Don Preciso, and could prescribe a sedative or administer a potion for her imaginary ailments in the most sympathetic and gentlemanly manner.

Pantaleon not only pleased his mistress because of his attainments, but his courteous youthfulness, and vigorous, beautiful physique formed a pleasing contrast with the middle-aged vulgarity of the chaplain and the Gallicians.

Veronica was a woman, and, in saying that, we imply that her imagination was subtle and heightened the contrast considerably.

These great Peruvian haciendas, or ranches, are set in the midst of the coast desert like oases. Water for irrigation is brought from the far-distant mountains, and the constant labor demanded requires large numbers of servants—slavery in Peru has now ceased. To a traveler halting amid his weary, scorching, trackless ride across the desert, where, during many hours, he has seen neither tree, shrub, nor life, it is an enchanting sight—this home of ease and plenty. The white adobe walls, one or two stories high, encircling an inner court, at a little distance the charming garden of flowers, tropical plants and trees—the palta, olive, fig, and ferns—the tall, graceful cane, the dashing Spanish *caballeros* with their coarse but picturesque colored dress—all these are as tints in a landscape of beauty. But with all there is monotony and ennui. The leisure and isolation of life act wearily upon the always impressionable nerves of woman. She must needs take something to calm them. If the doctor who administers the needed potions be young, intelligent, and very handsome, the frequency and intimacy of his visits—what shall I say? It was soon evident that the countess was struck to the heart by one of Cupid's strongest darts.

The devil, you know, when he has nothing else to do, tries to kill flies with his tail, and—succeeds.

About a year after Veronica's appearance at the hacienda, there left one of the convents of Lima a little maid of sixteen Aprils, fresh as a sherbet, restless as a fairy, free as a new-year's gift. She was Veronica's favorite slave, her pride and boast. Before going to the convent to finish her education, she had been an adept in needle-work and other feminine craft. At school, she amply rewarded her masters for the care spent upon her, and the child had made such progress that there was not a more skillful player upon the harp in Lima. No voice was so pure and flexible, so gem-like in "Bella Aminta" and "Pastor Feliz," and no feet were swifter in the dance, no waist more slender and supple in the whirling measures of the *sajuriana*.

To describe beauty is impossible; pale would be the portrait which words could make of Gertrude. Enough if we imagine one of those refined Ceylonese types of spicy sweetness which have been well described in the couplet:

"Cinnamon and sugar was
The blessed Magdalena."

Gertrude's coming to the hacienda variously aroused the

passions of its inmates. She was the one young and lovely thing there—could any have resisted her? The chaplain and the doctor were soon inspired by the like passion; even the tough old Gallicians were a little touched, and Veronica doted on her. During mass or at the vesper hour when Gertrude opened her prayer-book, when low, pleading sounds came from her soft lips, the acute devotions of the doctor were distracted, and the chaplain almost ceased his chanting to listen. There were occasions, it is said, when the agitated friar, instead of his *pater noster*, intoned the elegant poem, beginning:

"Canela y azúcar fué
La bendita Magdalena."

The young doctor occupied his thoughts so exclusively with Gertrude that upon a certain occasion he administered jalap instead of gum-arabic, and he was in imminent peril of dispatching himself without ceremony or postilion to the field of skulls.

Some one has said that the eyes of a rival are like a telescope to discover wandering comets in the heavens of his love. However this may be, the chaplain was not slow to distrust Pantaleon. He came to the conclusion that between him and Gertrude there existed what in politics is called "criminal connivance." He felt enraged at the supposed success of his handsome antagonist, and determined to go to the countess with his story.

The unconscious Veronica received him graciously. After a short conversation on unimportant matters:

"Gertrude is too young a girl to be trusted so constantly alone with the slaves," said he.

"What do you mean?" inquired the countess. "I have always considered her a model of prudence."

"Ah, true," said the chaplain; "but when love figures upon the canvas, the colors glow. Prudence is but cold pigment."

Veronica colored slightly; prudence and love she strove to make companions.

"Speak more plainly," she said.

"Speaking plainly may offend," was the answer; "but duty bids me warn you that if matters remain as they are—if two slaves indulge vice unrebuked—it will be a great scandal and disgrace. Among the lower slaves it might not be noticed; but when it comes to Pantaleon and Gertrude—"

The countess's bosom heaved, but she did not speak.

It is probable that the priest, had he realized that Veronica had made of her slave something more than a physician, would not have accused him.

The countess had sufficient strength of will to govern herself, to suppress all outward emotion. She spoke calmly to the chaplain, requested particulars, asked his advice, thanked him for his Christian counsel, said ingeniously that she would know how to preserve decorum in her household. The friar retiring, Veronica flew to her room to give vent there to the torment which expanded her soul. She had so loved Pantaleon! She had descended from the pedestal of her pride to the level of a wretched slave—for love! A thousand torments distracted her when she considered the abasement of her love. She would never forgive the man, never pardon the slave! She hated him! She loved him! She would punish, she would forget—she raged and wept. Rising with a sudden thought, she smiled in her mirror, smoothed her hair, and adjusted her ornaments.

An hour later, with affected serenity of manner, Veronica walked slowly through the garden-paths, crossed the little bridge over the irrigating canal, and threaded the canebreaks. The tall canes swayed and rustled; her bosom rose and fell; her heart fluttered; but her fierce will, like the condor of the Cordilleras, was determined upon the destruction of its prey.

As she emerged from the brakes into an open space before the sugar-mill, a busy group of *cholos* on the right were feeding the roaring flames beneath a huge brass caldron. Veronica stood at a little distance and called sharply for Pantaleon, who was within with the overseer. Pantaleon came forward with a smile to where the countess stood in the shade of a pomegranate.

The descending sun slanted hot upon his black curls and gilded his fine, bronzed features. The woman's heart gave a leap, but her face was set the harder, and the young man's smile died away as he looked in her eyes. With severity she demanded why he was not in his office, and, without waiting for his reply:

"Where is Gertrude?" she said.

Pantaleon remained grave and silent.

"Where is Gertrude—do you hear me? You love her!" exclaimed the countess.

"Madame," said the slave, "Gertrude's beauty and gentleness make all love her."

Veronica, not heeding his words, continued:

"You are her lover. She has abandoned her virtue. You are worthy of disgrace—both."

"Madame," spoke Pantaleon, "you do Gertrude wrong; no angel is purer than she."

"But you are her lover, I say," repeated the woman, fiercely; "she is a disgraced girl."

"I swear, countess, that she is as pure as her patron saint."

The passion of the countess rose high. He denied his guilt, but not his love. She trembled violently.

"Slave!" she hissed.

Pantaleon, in his turn, trembled with sudden rage. Never before had this epithet been given him to his face. His godfather's consideration and Veronica's love had till now kept him from realizing his bondage. His eyes flashed, his breast heaved, but the inherited, ingrained respect of chattel for master kept him silent, and the despair of love forced no words from the heroic young man.

Veronica turned to the negroes, bade them bind Pantaleon and beat him. The slaves were nothing loth to show their hatred for one who had been so raised above them, and whipped him with cruel force. Veronica watched and suffered, but did not relent. The physician neither moved nor raised his eyes; the blows brought no answering groan; but

red stains, ever increasing in size on his fine white linen, showed that the delicate flesh responded. At the sight of his blood, the countess was seized with violent shuddering and bade them stop. Again Pantaleon stood before her, but drooping and spiritless.

The combat began once more:

"You love Gertrude; she shall suffer, too."

"Gertrude is a pure child; have mercy upon her."

A great wave of jealousy swept over the countess as she looked on the man who had been her lover; how she hated him! With exasperation, she cried: "If you do not confess your guilt, you miserable slave, I will have you thrown into that boiling sugar!"

A murmur of horror rose from the circling negroes. The yellow face of the overseer grew pallid white. Pantaleon alone seemed undisturbed.

Seized with a sudden transport of rage, she shrieked the command:

"Throw him into the caldron!"

As the slaves started to obey:

"Hark thee, Veronica," he cried; "a year from to-day at this hour I summon thee to appear before the tribunal of God."

"Insolent slave!" cried the now furious woman, and she struck his face with her little ivory crucifix.

"To the caldron with him—to the caldron!"

The horrible command was instantly obeyed, and five strokes rang out from the clock on the mill.

The countess was picked up from the earth where she had fallen when the sizzling scream had struck her ears. She was carried to the house in a state of complete delirium.

Months passed, but the adobe walls of the quadrangle still echoed her shrieks, and her cry: "I am summoned! I am summoned!"

Travelers crossing the desert, while yet far distant from the hacienda, were startled by the eerie wail of those pregnant words.

A year went by, and then came the fatal day on which the summons expired. Wonderful phenomenon! the countess awoke calm, self-possessed—without delirium.

An old woman, with whitened hair, looked at her from the mirror. She dressed herself in stately robes of black, and sent for the chaplain. The mercenary bad left long since; he could endure neither the eyes of Gertrude, nor the wail of the mad woman. His conscience bade him move on. The new friar, a truer man, entered.

Veronica fell upon her knees, and with the priest's hands upon her head, began her confession. When the words ceased, the countess lay prone, with her white hair on the monk's feet. He raised and pardoned her in the name of Him who is all-merciful.

Doña Veronica spent the ensuing hours in prayer and in consultation with Gertrude. This poor girl, whose fatal beauty had caused the tragedy, having faithfully attended her mistress, now, with a sum of money and a letter of liberty started for Lima, where she assumed the habit of a sister in the nunnery of Clarisas.

The remainder of the day passed tranquilly. Still in possession of her senses, the countess prayed or sat calmly listening, waiting. Toward evening being weary, she lay down, but with open, watchful eyes.

The great clock of the quadrangle gave its preliminary whirr, and the first stroke of five broke the silence.

Upon hearing it, Veronica leaped from her bed, and cried in a loud, clear voice: "Five o'clock! I am summoned! I come!" And so saying, Doña Veronica fell back dead. And may all jealous women pray for her soul.—Translated for the Argonaut by Elizabeth M. Thompson.

OLD FAVORITES.

Measuring the Baby.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall;
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall;
A royal tiger lily
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebird whistled
High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells,
His mouth like a flower unblown,
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay snuggling,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

—Emma Alice Brown.

SHOPPING IN PARIS.

"Sybilla" discusses the National Vice of American Women.

A long residence in Europe, spent in different continental cities, wherein I have mixed with many women of many minds and nationalities, has led me to the conclusion that the pastime—if so it can be called—of shopping *per se* is a peculiarity of the American woman. I do not mean to say that Frenchwomen, for instance, do not devote a great deal of time to it. But, although they are the best-dressed women in the world, it is only when they *really* want new clothes. Twice a year, in the autumn and spring, the Parisienne devotes a certain time to shopping. If she be rich, she repairs at once to her dressmaker *attitrée*, Worth, Doucet, Morin-Blossier—Worth's new and formidable rival—Félix, Rouff, etc., and there selects her winter or spring gowns and mantles. In the same manner does she resort to her *modiste* for bonnets, to her *lingère*, bootmaker, etc., and this over, excepting for new, unexpected occasions, when she wishes ball and dinner-dresses, her shopping, like the girl's spinning in Mrs. Browning's poem, "is all done." If she be not favored by fortune, then in like manner will she go to the Louvre, to the Bon Marché, the Printemps, and other shops of like description, and will get her winter outfitting, and both of them doubtless will then feel what Ralph Waldo Emerson writes a woman told him, "that the sense of being perfectly well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow."

But, "to go out shopping" just to see things, to turn and toss them over, to weary the already tired clerks, when they have not the slightest idea of buying anything, is essentially American and an "unknown quantity" in the French female character. Those Americans who live in Paris have constant back-breaking and head-splitting proofs of this fact when their American cousins and friends come over to pay a visit to the "Ville Ténérière." Only this autumn I had an experience of the kind. A fair friend arrived and claimed my assistance to help her buy ten thousand francs' worth of "pretty things," her "pa" having given her a check for that amount and purpose. She had hardly uttered the words when visions of aquarelles, bronzes, rare bits of antique silver, tapestries, and china danced before my eyes, and, as she had never been to Paris before, that very night I made out a plan for visiting the capital from its most intellectual and artistic point of view, and early the next morning I started off with Miss Smith for a first bird's-eye glimpse of the city of cities.

I took her at once to the Place de la Concorde, and showed her the great stone statues, seated round in glorious array and representing the principal commercial centres and strongholds of *la belle France*. I made her notice the wreaths of immortelles and the veils of crape that shrouded the statue of Strasbourg in proof of the nation's devoted patriotism. I stood with her at the foot of the old Egyptian obelisk, and told her how, on that very spot, rose the bloody guillotine of yore, where fishwives sat knitting warm socks for their "Sans Culottes," and dropping stitches to count the noble heads that fell in rapid succession under this wave of revolutionary madness. I made her turn and see Napoleon's Triumphant Arch on the distant hill that crowns the Avenue of the Champs-Élysées, and pointed out to her, in the opposite direction, the Louvre's grim, gray walls, beyond the Tuileries' fair gardens. To our right, across the river, stood the Chamber of Deputies; to our left, at the end of the Rue Royale, the Madeleine, that new Parthenon which should have been built on the heights of Montmartre; and, finally, the endless arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, beginning under the Ministère de la Marine, which framed in the picture.

We went sight-seeing for several days, and visited many interesting places, and, though my friend was pleased, I thought I detected an expression of weariness in her face; but I put it down to physical fatigue. One morning I said: "To-day we will go to the Louvre." And her whole countenance expressed such joy that I said to myself: "She was probably more fond of art than of architecture." As we entered the long gallery of sculpture, I was struck by such a peculiar expression of almost horror on her face, that I asked her what was the matter. Seizing my hand with a gesture of despair, she exclaimed: "Oh, take me away! I can't bear these historical things and museums any longer. I tried not to tell you; but what I want is the Louvre—the *real* Louvre—or the Bon Marché, if you prefer."

Need I add that from that day Miss Smith spent her time shopping, untiringly and unremittingly? Our apartments—for she was my guest—came soon to look like a shop itself. Every nook and corner was filled with boxes and packages, until the servants thought she was a "Commerçante Américaine" come to buy things to replenish her shop in America.

She had a trunk—indeed, I should say, a small bouse—built, in which to lay her dresses full length; she had boxes made expressly for her twenty-odd bonnets and hats, and no end of others to suit the shapes of the innumerable presents she was taking home to everybody she knew. When she arrived in America, she wrote me that "Pa and ma had gone to the steamer to meet her, and that her father was glad to get off with *one thousand dollars' duty* on the precious trash she had taken home."

Of course every American woman who comes to Paris is not a Miss Smith. But every second one is; and, as the *Herald* informs us that fifty thousand Americans, on an average, swarm over to Paris every summer, this would give us about twenty thousand shopping maniacs to overhual the Louvre and the Bon Marché.

Not later than last month I accompanied another American friend to the Bon Marché. We left her hotel at ten o'clock in the morning and got back at six in the afternoon. During the seven hours we spent in the shops, Mrs. J— bought only a spool of black silk for mending her gloves; but she tried on fifty-four cloaks (I counted them); she examined laces, priced ready-made dresses, looked at

every species of underclothes, tossed things over in a way to excite the displeasure of the clerks and head men; carried things from one counter to another, which is expressly against the rules, and naturally looked so suspicious that I soon perceived we were followed by a detective, when I emphatically refused to stay a moment longer, and left the place, glad not to have been arrested and searched on suspicion. This mortification was equaled on another occasion, when I caught my companion—a very pretty Western girl—deliberately flirting with the man who was trying on her gloves at the glove-counter! No wonder resident American ladies in Paris complain of the impertinence of these clerks, who do not always distinguish American ladies from American parvenues. And, indeed, as far as shopping goes, there is almost as much of it done by the higher class of Americans as by the *nouveaux riches*. In fact, it would be difficult to avoid it, as it has become an established fashion that all Americans should take home a European souvenir to every soul they know.

I remember hearing the late Mrs. J. J. Astor say that "her summer visits to Paris were often spoiled by the drag and fatigue of choosing presents." For a woman of her highly cultivated tastes, shopping had no attraction. Yet she was forced to it by this necessity of carrying back a present to every servant, relative, and friend that she possessed. Besides, Mrs. Astor's artistic tastes only increased her fatigue, as she could not be satisfied with such commonplace fancy articles as are bought wholesale by her compatriots. She always sought artistic trifles, and we all know what a difficult task that is. Besides, as a woman of such great wealth, she felt that she ought to take to her friends something that was new and that had not been seen before in New York, and this was a still more difficult point. On one occasion, she discovered some exquisite bits of china, manufactured by a new process. It was the week before her departure, and she bought a little cargo of them, composed of specimens of different models. As Mrs. Astor drove up Broadway from the wharf, she espied her own new porcelains in Tiffany's window. She stopped her carriage, got out, and bought one for herself as a souvenir of that summer's tour.

Another important shopping point to be noticed is the outlay at the dressmakers'. Here women almost die, and, this is not an exaggeration, "Les armes à la main!" At all the swell *couturières*, salts, and fans, and even brandy are ever in readiness, lest one or another of our delicate American beauties faint away while standing by the hour trying on the numberless dresses, cloaks, and tea-gowns they are to carry home. To be sure, they are in Paris for only a few weeks, and must take everything back themselves to avoid custom-house duties, and, as Parisian gowns keep fashionable for several years, our shoppers wish to have sufficient to last until they can return to Europe again. But by the time they have made their provision of clothing, they are sure to see some new gowns and cloaks which they immediately declare, with emphasis, they *must* have, and so it continues till the very eve of their departure, when Worth's, Laferrière's, and Doucet's bills and boxes come pouring in nearly all night long. And, besides, dressmakers, who have an excellent scent for detecting "good pay," tempt their customers with a "Madame need not mind about money—madame will send it when she gets home," which temptation throws down the last barrier to prudence, and nothing stops our shoppers after this. They continue spending to the last minute, until they grow intoxicated with it all, and do not recover their senses until they feel the first qualms of seasickness, when they are apt to declare they will dispose of the greater part of the unnecessary things they are taking home as soon as they reach their native hearth.

Zola gives us in his "Bonheur des Dames" a marvelous analysis of the phases that mark this peculiar state of moral intoxication, brought about by the sight of the quantities of pretty things as they are nowadays displayed on all the counters of our great shops—things we have only to stretch forth our hands to touch, to feel, to grasp at—things, perhaps, of which we are so sorely in need, that sometimes all sense of moral constraint is lost and human nature—especially the nature of the Latin races—falls a victim to the facilities offered to stealing! It sounds impossible—the greater number of my readers will, I know, not believe it—and yet it is sadly true that scarcely a day passes, in such great emporiums as the Louvre and the Bon Marché, without some poor creature being caught in a fit of momentarily kleptomaniac! Every now and then a real lady, oftentimes a wealthy one—generally a stranger, and, I am happy to say rarely an American—is overpowered by the atmosphere of the place and slips into her pocket a bit of lace, a handkerchief, a fancy article of some kind, which she generally returns the next day, if she has had the good luck not to be caught in *flagrante delicto*. In the contrary case, she invariably begins by denying the fact, and when the proofs have been brought forth, she falls into hysterics and is carried home.

A case of what I may call temporary moral insanity, happened not long ago to a foreign lady of rank. She refused to give her name, and was forced to spend the night in prison. At last, she became convinced that she would not easily be released, and sent for her ambassador, who gave all satisfaction concerning the Duchesse —, and mercifully told afterwards that the prisoner's first exclamation on seeing him had been: "Get me some breakfast first, and then take me away!" which last incident is not so meaningless as it would seem, for does it not prove the peculiarly physical instincts which must have existed in this curious specimen of humanity that wears a ducal coronet?

PARIS, December 16, 1892.

SYBILLA.

President Harrison has a chief-justiceship to fill, but the announcement will precipitate no rush for the place, as it is in Samoa. He has been asked by the other treaty powers (Great Britain and Germany) to make the appointment. Even the king's salary down there is in arrears.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Creighton Webb was recently thrashed at the door of Delmonico's by young Yeungling, the wealthy New York brewer. Cause—a row in the café.

Ex-Speaker Reed does not conceal from any one his opinion that Bourke Cockran is by far the ablest man "on the other side of the House," and Bourke Cockran expresses the same view of Mr. Reed.

Russell Harrison has been unable to induce the good people of Montana to supply the funds required to insure the existence of his newspaper, the *Helena Journal*, and the publication has gone to the wall.

Senator Vilas, according to a Washington dispatch, applied to the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate for Senator Gibson's chair as soon as he heard that the Louisianian was dying. It is usual for such requests to be made when a man dies, if his seat is in a desirable part of the chamber.

Mrs. Lease has given out a little information about her modest and retiring husband, of whom very little is known. His initials are C. H., and he runs a drug store in Wicbita. He does not have to devote much of his time to housework now, as the children are large enough to help themselves.

Garza is a small man personally, but he is a revolutionist with a large R. He has cost the United States Government over two hundred thousand dollars in military and judicial operations, has killed any number of Mexican soldiers, and is still doing business at the old stand, despite the regular troops on either side of the Rio Grande.

The cable brings us the news that Senator Jones is bothered almost to death by the French translators of his long speech in the Silver Conference. The bonanza senator from Nevada sits by his translators all day and far into the night. He insists that only pure Virginia City French shall be used, and that the translation shall be strictly accurate.

Colonel Nicholas Smith, the elegant son-in-law of the late Horace Greeley, who got himself disliked as consul at Three Rivers, Canada, by calling the place filthy, has been transferred to Liege, Belgium. He has sued Three Rivers for forty thousand dollars damages for libel, on account of the resolutions passed by the city council demanding his recall.

Many men have wondered what their fellows would say of them after their death. Jay Gould had this weakness. He once confessed it. "I don't think I ever had an ambition," he said, "except to break the world and to see what it will say about me when I am dead. No man will be cruel enough to say what he really thinks of me when I am dead." Jay was dead wrong.

Mr. Philip Armour received many congratulations in New York on the broad-gauge spirit of philanthropy which prompted him to build a manual training school in Chicago at the cost of \$100,000 and endow it with \$1,400,000. To one man Mr. Armour said: "That's all right; Chicago has done a lot for me. I'm paying some of it back." Good for Mr. Armour! Let us hear from the other millionaires.

Alluding to the fact that Jay Gould died before he was sixty the New York correspondent of the Portland *Argus* says Commodore Vanderbilt once told him that bad he died at sixty, the world would never have heard of him, for the great bulk of his money was made later. The same correspondent thinks that if Gould could have lived as long as Vanderbilt did, he would have left at least six hundred million dollars.

Bratfish, the noted Vienna cabman, who drove Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria to the château at Meyerling the night the prince met with his tragic death, died last week of apoplexy. He kept secluded for a long time after the death of the prince, not being permitted to live in Vienna. As the memory of the scandal faded out, however, he was allowed to return to the Austrian capital, and he was not again heard of publicly until his death was announced.

George J. Gould, since the death of his father, is said to have received an average of four letters of advice daily. All of the cranks in the country, forgetful of the facts that young Mr. Gould was associated with his father in business for twelve years and that he had almost entire control of affairs for the last two years, are eager to tell the young man how to manage the vast estate in his charge. A goodly proportion of these would-be advisers are anxious to have a share of the Gould millions diverted into religious and charitable channels.

There is said to be no truth in the report that De Maupassant has been deserted by his friends, and is in actual want. Even if his friends were to desert him, Maupassant would not starve, for his books produce a regular and ample income. One of the latest stories that have come to light concerning Maupassant is this: Early in life he was a clerk in the French admiralty. In that branch of the service a record is kept of the conduct, talents, and shortcomings of all government employees. A note on the *dossier* of Guy de Maupassant states that his principal defect in the eyes of his superiors was "want of style."

Colonel Robert Neville, who slapped S. S. Howland's face at the horse show in New York recently, has been reprimanded by the Metropolitan Club, of Washington, for having wagered fifty dollars, a greater sum than the club rules allow—it was the amount of this wager that precipitated the row—and has been suspended for a week for making public the correspondence about the wager between Mr. Howland and himself. The club was compelled to take cognizance of the affair by Howland's efforts to have Neville expelled on the ground that the latter had been convicted in a police court, and so was unworthy to associate with gentlemen. This is generally regarded as mean persecution on Howland's part, and he is being cut in consequence.

THE LUMINOUS SHIELD.

By Helena Petrovna Blavatsky.

[The following curious incident of travel is taken from the literary remains of the late Mme. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society and author of "Isis Unveiled." Up to the time of her death she was co-editor with Mrs. Annie Besant (who has been lecturing in this city) of the Theosophical magazine, *Lucifer, the Light Bearer*.—E.O.S.]

We were a small and select party of light-hearted travelers. We had arrived at Constantinople a week before from Greece, and had devoted fourteen hours a day ever since to toiling up and down the steep heights of Pera, visiting bazaars, climbing to the tops of minarets, and fighting our way through armies of hungry dogs, the traditional masters of the streets of Stamboul. Nomadic life is infectious, they say, and no civilization is strong enough to destroy the charm of unrestrained freedom when it has once been tasted. To guard my spaniel, Ralph, from falling a victim to this infection, and joining the canine Bedouins that infested the streets, was my chief care. He was a fine fellow, my constant companion and cherished friend. For the first three days, however, he behaved like a tolerably well-educated quadruped, and remained faithfully at my heels. At every impudent attack from his Mohammedan cousins, whether intended as a hostile demonstration or an overture of friendship, his only reply would be to draw in his tail between his legs, and, with an air of dignified modesty, seek protection under the wing of one or other of our party.

As he had thus from the first shown so decided an aversion to bad company, I began to feel assured of his discretion, and, by the end of the third day, I had considerably relaxed my vigilance. This carelessness on my part, however, was soon punished, and I was made to regret my misplaced confidence. In an unguarded moment he listened to the voice of some four-footed syren, and the last I saw of him was the end of his bushy tail vanishing round the corner.

Greatly annoyed, I passed the remainder of the day in a vain search after my dumb companion. I offered twenty, thirty, forty francs reward for him. About as many vagabond Maltese began a regular chase, and, toward evening, we were invaded in our hotel by the whole troop, every man of them with a more or less mangy cur in his arms, which he tried to persuade me was my lost dog. The more I denied, the more solemnly they insisted, one of them actually going down on his knees, snatching from his bosom an old, corroded metal image of the Virgin, and swearing a solemn oath that the Queen of Heaven herself had kindly appeared to him to point out the right animal. The tumult had increased to such an extent that it looked as if Ralph's disappearance was going to be the cause of a small riot, and finally our landlord had to send for a couple of Kavasses, from the nearest police station, and have this regiment of bipeds and quadrupeds expelled by main force. I began to be convinced that I should never see my dog again; and I was the more despondent since the porter of the hotel—a semi-respectable old brigand, who, to judge by appearances, had not passed more than half a dozen years at the galleys—gravely assured me that all my pains were useless, as my spaniel was undoubtedly dead and devoured, too, by this time, the Turkish dogs being very fond of their more toothsome English brothers.

All this discussion had taken place in the street at the door of the hotel, and I was about to give up the search for that night, at least, and enter the hotel, when an old Greek lady, a Phanariote who had been hearing the fracas from the steps of a door close by, approached our disconsolate group and suggested to Miss H——, one of our party, that we should inquire of the dervishes concerning the fate of Ralph.

"And what can the dervishes know about my dog?" said I, in no mood to joke, ridiculous as the proposition appeared.

"The holy men know all, *Kyrea* (madam)," said she somewhat mysteriously; "last week I was robbed of my new satin pelisse, that my son had just brought me from Broussa, and, as you all see, I have it on my back now."

"Indeed? Then the holy men have also managed to metamorphose your new pelisse into an old one, by all appearances," said one of the gentlemen who accompanied us, pointing as he spoke to a large rent in the back, which had been clumsily repaired with pins.

"And that is just the most wonderful part of the whole story," quietly answered the Phanariote, not in the least disconcerted; "they showed me in the shining circle the quarter of the town, the house, and even the room in which the Jew, who had stolen my pelisse, was just about to rip it up and cut it into pieces. My son and I had barely time to run over to the Kalindjikoulosek Quarter and save my property. We caught the thief in the very act, and we both recognized him as the man shown to us by the dervishes in the magic moon. He confessed the theft and is now in prison."

Although none of us had the least comprehension of what she meant by the magic moon and the shining circle, and were all thoroughly mystified by her account of the divining powers of the "holy men," we still felt somehow satisfied from her manner that the story was not altogether a fabrication, and since she had, at all events, apparently succeeded in recovering her property through the assistance of the dervishes, we determined to go the following morning and see for ourselves.

The monotonous cry of the *muezzins* from the tops of the minarets had just proclaimed the hour of noon as we, descending from the heights of Pera to the port of Galata, with difficulty managed to elbow our way through the unsavory crowds of the commercial quarter of the town. Before we reached the docks, we had been half deafened by the shouts and incessant ear-piercing cries and the Babel-like confusion of tongues. In this part of the city it is useless to expect to be guided by either house numbers or names of streets. The location of any desired place is indicated by its proximity to some other more conspicuous building, such as a mosque, bath, or European shop.

It was with the greatest difficulty, therefore, that we finally

discovered the British ship-chandler's store, at the rear of which we were to find the place of our destination. Our hotel guide was as ignorant of the dervishes' abode as we were ourselves; but, at last, a small Greek, in all the simplicity of primitive undress, consented for a modest copper backsheesh to lead us to the dancers.

When we arrived, we were shown into a vast and gloomy hall that looked like a deserted stable. It was long and narrow, the floor was thickly strewn with sand, as in a riding-school, and it was lighted only by small windows placed at some height from the ground. The dervishes had finished their morning performances, and were evidently resting from their exhausting labors. They looked completely prostrated, some lying about in corners, others sitting on their heels staring vacantly into space, engaged, as we were informed, in meditation on their invisible deity. They appeared to have lost all power of sight and hearing, for none of them responded to our questions until a great, gaunt figure, wearing a tall cap that made him look at least seven feet high, emerged from an obscure corner. Informing us that he was their chief, the giant gave us to understand that the saintly brethren, being in the habit of receiving orders for additional ceremonies from Allah himself, must on no account be disturbed. But when our interpreter had explained to him the object of our visit, which concerned himself alone, as he was the sole custodian of the "divining rod," his objections vanished and he extended his hand for alms. Upon being gratified, he intimated that only two of our party could be admitted at one time into the confidence of the future, and led the way, followed by Miss H—— and myself.

Plunging after him into what seemed to be a half subterranean passage, we were led to the foot of a tall ladder leading to a chamber under the roof. We scrambled up after our guide, and at the top we found ourselves in a wretched garret of moderate size, with bare walls and destitute of furniture. The floor was carpeted with a thick layer of dust, and cobwebs festooned the walls in neglected confusion. In the corner we saw something that I at first mistook for a bundle of old rags; but the heap presently moved and got on its legs, advanced to the middle of the room, and stood before us, the most extraordinary looking creature that I ever beheld. Its sex was female, but whether she was a woman or child, it was impossible to decide. She was a hideous-looking dwarf, with an enormous head, the shoulders of a grenadier, with a waist in proportion; the whole supported by two short, lean, spider-like legs that seemed unequal to the task of bearing the weight of the monstrous body. She had a grinning countenance like the face of a satyr, and it was ornamented with letters and signs from the Koran, painted in bright yellow. On her forehead was a blood-red crescent; her head was crowned with a dusty tarbouche, or fez; her legs were arrayed in large Turkish trousers, and some dirty white muslin wrapped round her body barely sufficed to conceal its hideous deformities. This creature rather let herself drop than sat down in the middle of the floor. This was the famous Tatmos, known as the Damascus Oracle.

Without losing time in idle talk, the dervish produced a piece of chalk, and traced around the girl a circle about six feet in diameter. Fetching from behind the door twelve small copper lamps, which he filled with some dark liquid from a small bottle which he drew from his bosom, he placed them symmetrically around the magic circle. He then broke a chip of wood from a panel of the half-ruined door, which bore the marks of many a similar depredation, and, holding the chip between his thumb and finger, he began blowing on it at regular intervals, alternating the blowing with mutterings of some kind of weird incantation, till suddenly, and without any apparent cause for its ignition, there appeared a spark on the chip, and it blazed up like a dry match. The dervish then lit the twelve lamps at this self-generated flame.

During this process, Tatmos, who had sat till then altogether unconcerned and motionless, removed her yellow slippers from her naked feet, and throwing them into a corner, disclosed, as an additional beauty, a sixth toe on each deformed foot. The dervish now reached over into the circle, and seizing the dwarf's ankles gave her a jerk, as if he had been lifting a bag of corn, and raised her clear off the ground, then, stepping back a pace, held her head downward. He shook her as one might a sack to pack its contents, the motion being regular and easy. He then swung her to and fro like a pendulum until the necessary momentum was acquired, when letting go one foot, and seizing the other with both hands, he made a powerful muscular effort and whirled her round as if she had been an Indian club.

My companion had shrunk back in alarm to the farthest corner. Round and round the dervish swung his living burden, she remaining perfectly passive. The motion increased in rapidity until the eye could hardly follow the body in its circuit. This continued for, perhaps, two or three minutes, until, gradually slackening the motion, he at length stopped it altogether, and in an instant had landed the girl on her knees in the middle of the lamp-lit circle. Such was the mode of mesmerization among the dervishes.

And now the dwarf seemed entirely oblivious of external objects and in a deep trance. Her head and jaw dropped on her chest, her eyes were glazed and staring, and altogether her appearance was even more hideous than before. The dervish then carefully closed the shutters of the only window, and we should have been in total obscurity, but that there was a hole bored in it, through which entered a bright ray of sunlight that shot through the darkened room and shone upon the girl. He arranged her drooping head so that the ray should fall upon the crown, after which, motioning us to remain silent, he folded his arms upon his bosom, and, fixing his gaze upon the bright spot, became as motionless as a stone image. I, too, riveted my eyes on the same spot.

By degrees, the bright patch, as if it had drawn through the sunbeam a greater splendor from without and condensed it within its own area, shaped itself into a brilliant star, sending out rays in every direction as from a focus.

A curious optical effect then occurred: the room, which previously had been partially lighted by the sunbeam, grew

darker and darker as the star increased in radiance, until we found ourselves in an Egyptian gloom. The star twinkled, trembled, and turned, at first with a slow gyratory motion, then faster and faster, increasing its circumference at every rotation until it formed a brilliant disk, and we no longer saw the dwarf, who seemed absorbed into its light. Having gradually attained an extremely rapid velocity, as had the girl when whirled by the dervish, the motion began to decrease and finally merged into a feeble vibration, like the shimmer of moonbeams on rippling water. Then it flickered for a moment longer, emitted a few last flashes, and assuming the density and iridescence of an immense opal, it remained motionless. The disk now radiated a moon-like lustre, soft and silvery, but instead of illuminating the garret, it seemed only to intensify the darkness. The edge of the circle was not penumbrous, but, on the contrary, sharply defined like that of a silver shield.

All being now ready, the dervish, without uttering a word or removing his gaze from the disk, stretched out a hand, and, taking hold of mine, he drew me to his side and pointed to the luminous shield. Looking at the place indicated, we saw large patches appear, like those on the moon. These gradually formed themselves into figures that began moving about in high relief in their natural colors. They appeared neither like a photograph nor an engraving; still less like the reflection of images on a mirror, but as if the disk were a cameo and they were raised above its surface and then endowed with life and motion. To my astonishment and my friend's consternation, we recognized the bridge leading from Galata to Stamboul, spanning the Golden Horn from the new to the old city. There were the people hurrying to and fro, steamers and gay *caïques* gliding on the blue Bosphorus, the many-colored buildings, villas, and palaces reflected in the water; and the whole picture illuminated by the noon-day sun. It passed like a panorama, but so vivid was the impression that we could not tell whether it or ourselves were in motion. All was bustle and life, but not a sound broke the oppressive stillness. It was noiseless as a dream. It was a phantom picture. Street after street and quarter after quarter succeeded one another; there was the bazaar, with its narrow, roofed passages, the small shops on either side, the coffee-houses with gravely smoking Turks. So we traveled with the picture until we came to a large building that I recognized as the palace of the Minister of Finance. In a ditch behind the house, and close to a mosque, lying in a pool of mud, with his silken coat all bedraggled, lay my poor Ralph! Panting and crouching down as if exhausted, he seemed to be in a dying condition; and near him were gathered some sorry-looking curs which lay blinking in the sun and snapping at the flies.

I had seen all that I desired, although I had not breathed a word about the dog to the dervish, and had come more out of curiosity than with the idea of any success. I was impatient to leave at once and recover Ralph; but, as my companion besought me to remain a little while longer, I reluctantly consented. The scene faded away, and Miss H—— placed herself in turn by the side of the dervish.

"I will think of *him*," she whispered in my ear with the eager tone that young ladies generally assume when talking of the worshiped *him*.

There is a long stretch of sand and a blue sea with white waves dancing in the sun, and a great steamer is ploughing her way along past a desolate shore, leaving a milky track behind her. The deck is full of life, the men are busy forward, the cook, with white cap and apron, is coming out of the galley, uniformed officers are moving about, passengers fill the quarter-deck, lounging, flirting, or reading, and a young man, we both recognize, comes forward and leans over the taffrail. It is—*him*.

Miss H—— gives a little gasp, blushes and smiles, and concentrates her thoughts again. The picture of the steamer vanishes; the magic moon remains for a few moments blank. But new spots appear on its luminous face, we see a library slowly emerging from its depths—a library with green carpet and hangings, and book-shelves round the sides of the room. Seated in an arm-chair at a table under a banging lamp, is an old gentleman, writing. His gray hair is brushed back from his forehead, his face is smooth-shaven, and his countenance has an expression of benignity.

The dervish made a hasty motion to enjoin silence; the light on the disk quivers, but resumes its steady brilliancy, and again its surface is imageless for a second.

We are back in Constantinople now, and out of the pearly depths of the shield forms our own apartment in the hotel. There are our papers and books on the bureau, my friend's traveling-hat in a corner, her ribbons hanging on the glass, and, lying on the bed, the very dress she had changed when starting out on our expedition. No detail was lacking to make the identification complete; and, as if to prove that we were not seeing something conjured up in our own imagination, there lay upon the dressing-table two unopened letters, the handwriting on which was clearly recognized by my friend. They were from a very dear relative of hers, from whom she had expected to hear when in Athens, but had been disappointed. The scene faded away and we now saw her brother's room, with himself lying upon the lounge and a servant bathing his head, whence, to our horror, blood was trickling. We had left the boy in perfect health but an hour before; and, upon seeing this picture, my companion uttered a cry of alarm, and seizing me by the hand, dragged me to the door. We rejoined our guide and friends in the long hall and hurried back to the hotel.

Young H—— had fallen down-stairs and cut his forehead rather badly; in our room, on the dressing-table, were the two letters which had arrived in our absence. They had been forwarded from Athens. Ordering a carriage, I at once drove to the ministry of finance, and alighting with the guide, hurriedly made for the ditch. I had seen for the first time in the shining disk. In the middle of the pool, badly mangled, half-famished, but still alive, lay my beautiful spaniel Ralph, and near him were the blinking curs, unconcernedly snapping at the flies.

NEW YORK'S NEW THEATRE.

"Flaneur" discusses the "Theatre of Arts and Letters."

I have been neglectful in not directing the attention of your readers to the opening of the new Theatre of Arts and Letters, which took place a fortnight ago. The opening was an event both in an artistic and in a social point of view, and people have ever since been discussing the question whether the new departure is likely to be a success or a failure. You, on the other side of the continent, may take the more interest in the problem because the gentleman who has taken the Theatre of Arts on his shoulders is a former San Franciscan, Mr. Henry B. McDowell, and his leading lady, Miss Kuhne Beveridge, has also been a resident of your city.

Mr. McDowell's idea was borrowed from the "Théâtre Libre" of Paris. That institution was started, nearly six years ago, by a M. Antoine, who was a clerk in a gas company and had no theatrical experience, for the purpose of producing the works of authors who had been shown the door by the regular managers. He proclaimed that he would receive and read any play which was offered him, and that he would not be prejudiced against it by the fact that it had been rejected elsewhere. Further, he announced that his troupe would not consist of regularly trained actors, but would embrace outsiders who seemed to possess histrionic ability. Those purposes he has carried out, and his theatre has been such a success that similar theatres have been opened in London, in Berlin, and in Copenhagen. He has produced the plays of thirty new authors, and the parts have been taken by artists who had no experience of the stage. The leading part in "Nikita," which was a success, was taken by an actor who had never set foot on the boards before. The parts in the "Tower of Darkness" were intrusted to seamstresses, servants, governesses, clerks, chemists, students, commercial travelers, and policemen. M. Antoine rejects all the established traditions of the stage. His performers do not make up. They wear their old clothes as most people do in real life. They talk with their backs to the audience. They use their ordinary tones in conversation and interrupt each other as people do in society. There are no footlights in the "Théâtre Libre." The parts are interchangeable; the girl who has been playing a lady's maid may be cast for a duchess and a "supe" may be ordered to play the walking gentleman. The names of the actors do not appear in the play-bills; the name of the authors do. All actors receive the same salary, and divide, besides, one-quarter of the profits of the enterprise. Sixteen new pieces are produced every season; no piece is allowed to run over a fortnight.

As the above brief account of the "Théâtre Libre" of Paris shows, it is an attempt to present the drama on a plane of impressionist realism, without a defiling thought of pecuniary profit. But it has been successful as a money-making enterprise, and a grand new theatre—all of iron—is being built for Antoine, under the supervision of the famous architect Eiffel.

It was this precedent which Mr. Henry B. McDowell had in his eye when he started his Theatre of Arts and Letters. He, like Antoine, proposed to open a home for "rejected addresses." He was going to produce plays which had been declined elsewhere, and which were written by authors of whom the world had never heard. He proposed to stage pieces which, though possessing literary merits, were so deficient in adaptability for performance that no manager would bring them out. And while he was glad to avail himself of the services of artists of established reputation, he intended to give an opportunity to unknown aspirants to theatrical honors to show what they could do.

He pursued a different plan from M. Antoine. His season is to consist of five nights, for which six hundred tickets have been sold at twenty-five dollars each. On each of these nights, new plays are to be given. The management of the finances is in the hands of a committee of seven—one of whom is our old friend John Drew—who are indemnified against any pecuniary liability they may incur by Mr. McDowell's personal bond for thirty thousand dollars. No adaptations from the French or other foreign stage will be produced; the plays will all be American. There will be no orchestra. No seats will be reserved. No lady will be admitted with a hat or bonnet which obstructs the view of the people behind her. If a sufficient number of seats are sold for the coming performances to make the enterprise a success, the experiment will be repeated on a larger scale next season, and the Theatre of Arts and Letters may blossom into a regular play-house, open every evening.

It must be admitted that the inaugural performance was not encouraging. Two plays were given, and they were both dull and trivial. No prudent manager could have produced either. They were played by artists who would have ruined a good play. One of them was in four acts, which seemed to end just when the stage-manager thought it was a good time to stop; as if the play, like the gowns of New England schoolmarm, had been constructed by the mile, and cut off in lengths to suit. But everybody was there, and was very glad to see everybody else. Between the acts, people chattered and laughed, and when the performance was over, people seemed to feel that they had enjoyed themselves. As some one said, it was a success of sociability.

The critics were fiercely down on it next day—which would matter more if their reputation stood higher. A notion prevails that a New York critic does not know a grand opera from a howling farce, and managers have grown indifferent to their praise or blame. They have a certain set assortment of stock phrases which they utter solemnly, as if they were pronouncing sentence of life or death; but nobody minds what they say, except foreigners. Reginald de Koven, the composer of "Robin Hood," who has lately joined the army of theatrical censors, and writes pretty sensible stuff, says:

"The value or utility to art in general, or to dramatic art in particular, to be derived from the public presentation of two such plays as those

chosen, presumably to illustrate the purpose and aim of the Theatre of Arts and Letters at its first public performance, seems a little hard to discover. . . . Impressionist methods may be all very well in painting, but they have no place in dramatic writing, if these plays are to be taken as an indication, for a duller entertainment, or one more devoid of either point or significance than that afforded by their representation, could hardly be imagined."

Some of the other criticisms contain amusing hits. In one of the plays, the actors were told to talk in ordinary conversational tones; they spoke in subdued undertones, as if some one had been dying in the next room. In order to give a thoroughly impressionist idea of the drawing-room of an English lady of fashion, a bottle of brandy and a box of cigars are placed upon her piano. Actors and authors were both suffering from an acute attack of anglomania, and, like most Americans who have derived their knowledge of England from a hasty summer trip, they have taken the slang of the English middle class for the ordinary conversation of well-bred Englishmen and Englishwomen. All this is very amateurish.

New theatres are always welcome. At the present time there are practically but three managers who sit in judgment on American dramatic art—Daly, Frohman, and Palmer—and of these the first is always adapting foreign plays himself, and Frohman has a natural love for second-hand goods. A new theatre, of the highest class, with an American management, an American troupe, and an American repertoire, ought to command success. But the manager would have to know his business. The audience which filled the Theatre of Arts and Letters, the other day, shows that the best people will patronize any novelty in the theatrical line, if only to meet each other. A *blasé* man of the world observed, on departing from that performance: "Dull, eh? Dull, you say? By gad, sir, it's not half as dull as the amateur performances we crane our necks to see when Mrs. A., or Mrs. B., or Mrs. C. invites us to witness that modern torture."

Whether a *théâtre libre* is the thing that is needed and M. Antoine is the example to follow, is an open question. But there can be little doubt that a new theatre, with a man like the late John Wallack at its head and devoted to the production of American pieces, would soon make itself a regular rendezvous for society, and people would go, as they go to the opera at Paris, not so much to see the performance as to see each other.

NEW YORK, January 2, 1893.

HENRY IRVING'S THEATRE.

"Piccadilly" tells its History and describes a First Night.

The Lyceum on a crowded night offers a spectacle at once rich and imposing. There is scarcely a more beautiful *salle*, and its decorations belong to a good era of taste and refinement. The boxes run in graceful curves, the coloring is warm, the upholstery is luxurious, and the whole has an air of drawing-room comfort—suitable framing for the operalike audience which fills it. On the revival of "Lear," the theatre, as might be expected, was crowded to its utmost capacity, and from stalls to gallery, during the whole performance, not a ripple of irrelevant laughter was heard, nor a suggestion of indecorum audible. The whole house followed the fortunes of the storm-tossed Lear intently, and if one thing more than another impressed one, it was the unmistakable understanding between actor and audience, which has long been characteristic of Lyceum habitués.

As the drop-scene fell, the interest in the stage ceased for a time, and the fevered hum of conversation buzzed in the stalls, while unwonted silence and orderly behavior among "the gods" amply testified to unusual respectability in the upper circle. As, of course, fashion is not considered to be in London just now, there was nothing very startling in toilets, and the attendance, on the whole, might be described as more intelligent than smart. Royalty was represented by Prince Francis of Teck, and the government by the home-secretary, while the Gackwar of Baroda, an Indian potentate at present among us, was one of the many who did all they knew to obtain a seat—without success. Lady Brooke was, perhaps, the prettiest woman in the house, though there was a reasonable quantity of good-looking dames present, while the clever Marchioness of Granby, Lady Dorothy Neville, Lady Jeune, with her daughters, Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, Sir E. Lawson, and Mr. McKinley were among the fashionable people in the stalls and boxes. Sir Edward Clarke, that most indefatigable of "first-nighters," was the centre of quite a host of eminent members of the bar, and a pleasing sign of the times was to notice the number of clergymen in the audience.

"King Lear" is the tenth in order of those Shakespearian revivals at the Lyceum which commenced with Irving's appearance in "Hamlet" in 1874. Not one of the series has been more brilliantly successful than that initial performance, which has been repeated again and again, both here and in the States. "Hamlet" was followed by "Macbeth" in 1875, "Othello" in 1876, and "Richard III." in 1877, and then, in 1879, came "The Merchant of Venice," in which Irving mitigated the harshest features of the portrait of Shylock which had been going on since Macklin first aspired to show "the Jew that Shakespeare drew." "Romeo and Juliet," in 1882, was not the happiest of ventures, and in August it gave place to "Much Ado About Nothing." "Twelfth Night," with Irving as Malvolio, in 1884, preceded a long period during which Irving was content to repeat his former triumphs, after which came the magnificent addition in the beginning of this year of "Henry VIII." Though these representations amount to little more than one-fourth of the plays that Shakespeare wrote, if we except "The Merry Wives" and "Coriolanus," the remainder fail to furnish equal opportunities to an actor of the first rank. Petruchio, however, was not disdained by Garrick, and it is also noteworthy that it was in this character that, just five-and-twenty years ago, Irving first acted with Ellen Terry. In his novitiate, Irving acted no less than thirty Shakespearian parts—mostly insignificant ones, however—and before his

Lyceum creation of the Prince of Denmark, in various provincial play-houses, in that fine tragedy he had already played in the characters of Laertes, Horatio, Guildenstern, the King, the Ghost, Osrick, and even as the churlish priest.

Of the three theatres which, during the days of restriction, were privileged to play the legitimate drama, the Lyceum now, in these days of dramatic free trade, is the nearest approach to a legitimate theatre in London. The Princess's occasionally has Shakespearian spasms, but it is the recognized abode of spectacular domestic drama; the Vaudeville has given some representations of high comedy which we could ill have spared, though only after the Haymarket had changed its style of entertainment; Covent Garden has ceased to be a dramatic bourse, devoting itself to grand opera instead; Drury Lane has retired altogether from poetic drama; while those once called the minor theatres adhere as strictly to their own peculiar style as when the law compelled them to do so.

If the Lyceum lacks somewhat the antiquity of Drury Lane, its story is all the more curious. The original building was erected, in 1765, as an exhibition-room for a society of artists. Three years later, divisions having taken place among the members—certain of whom went off to Somerset House, and there founded the Royal Academy—the body became insolvent, and the purchaser of the premises let them out for puppet-shows, balls, meetings, and any other purpose for which he could find a tenant. In 1794, the interior was rebuilt for theatrical purposes; but a license being refused, the building, containing as it did a large salon and several smaller rooms, besides the theatre, became the headquarters of several nondescript exhibitions. Musical and variety entertainments, circuses, phantasmagoria, and panoramas all made it their home, and it was used in turn as a school of elegance, a concert-room, a Roman Catholic chapel, the show-place of a white negro woman and of a porcupine man, while there it was also that Mme. Tussaud, the venerated of our country cousins, upon her arrival in England first exhibited her collection of wax-work figures. Not till 1809 did it become a regular theatre, and, four years afterward, it was rebuilt at a cost of \$400,000. The new house was computed to hold \$1,750, and, apart from being one of the first places of amusement to adopt gas, its great feature was a salon fitted up as a winter garden, diversified in character each season.

In 1830, the second theatre died the natural death of all theatres—by fire; and it was not until 1834 that the present building was completed and opened. By a curious omission, the gallery stairs were forgotten, and this extraordinary oversight not being discovered until the building was finished, a temporary wooden staircase—which, however, remained for several years—had to be put hastily up for the ascent of the deities to their Olympus. A series of checkered triumphs in Italian opera buffa, French plays, promenade concerts, national and German opera, brought it down to the appearance of Irving in "The Bells," in 1871; and, under his management, since 1879, the somewhat unlucky Lyceum has become the most prosperous theatre in London, and renowned more or less throughout the world.

Any notice of the Lyceum, however brief, would be incomplete without some reference to the "Sublime Society of Beef-Steaks," which, though not theatrical, was associated during fifty-five years with its walls. It was founded in 1735 at Covent Garden, but when that house was burned down, after a year at the Bedford Coffee House, it removed in 1809 to the Lyceum. When it was rebuilt after the fire, a couple of rooms—where Irving now sometimes holds the customary first-night banquet—were added for the members' special accommodation. During the hundred and odd years of the club's existence, many of the most celebrated men of these generations were members. It was rigidly laid down that the number of the associates should never exceed twenty-four, and exception was not made even for the Prince Regent—afterwards George the Fourth—who had to wait his turn. The members met each Saturday night to eat beef-steaks and drink port wine. At the end of the dining-room was an enormous grating in the form of a gridiron, through which the fire was seen and the steaks handed from the kitchen. Over this was the quotation:

"If 'twere done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
'Twere done quickly."

All were perfectly equal, and the last-made member, even were he of royal blood, was made the fag of the rest. There is a story told of this peculiarity of the society: On a certain occasion when a large and distinguished party had met, a wealthy and pretentious Liverpool merchant was among the guests. Something occurred to rouse his suspicions that the royal and titled persons were myths, and he communicated this to his neighbor, remarking it was a poor joke, and he saw through it. The idea was instantly seized, and the Beef-steaks, to keep up the delusion, resolved themselves into a Society of Tradesmen. Sir Francis Burdett told Whitebread his last cask of beer was sour, who accounted for it by saying that it had been left too long in the Tower. The Duke of Sussex reproached Alderman Wood for the tough steaks he had sent the last Saturday, who retorted on his royal brother by complaining of the ill-fitting stays he had sent his wife. Eventually a leaf had to be withdrawn to shorten the table, and in closing it, the chair of the Duke of Leinster, who was presiding, was overbalanced, and both duke and chair fell into the grate. No one moved, everybody laughed, and his grace scrambled to his feet as best he could, thus confirming the worthy merchant's skepticism, for he remarked: "There! if he had been a real duke, would you not all have run to pick him up?"

LONDON, December 15, 1892.

Chicago is worrying over the possibility that its police force will be inadequate to protect life and property next year. It may require most of the present force to protect the Rajah of Lahore alone, who, it is reported, will promenade about town wearing ten million dollars' worth of diamonds.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The January *Century* is strong in papers of out-of-the-way adventure or travel. Of these there are three: Mrs. Pennell's diverting account of the adventures of herself and Mr. Pennell among the Austrian gypsies, picturesquely illustrated by that artist; a paper of "Personal Studies of Indian Life," by Miss Alice C. Fletcher, on her life among the Omahas; and two papers on "The Great Wall of China," by N. B. Dennys and Romyne Hitchcock, giving graphic pictures in text and illustration of a wonderful construction.

A new novel by Marion Crawford, called "Children of the King," will be issued in February. It is a story of Southern Italy. Some parts of it are used by Mr. Crawford in his readings, but it has not been published in serial form.

There appears in the *North American Review* for January an article by Senator Dolph, of Oregon, on the question, "Does the Republican Party need Reorganization?" Senator, we think it do.

A little practical good sense is apparent in the critic of the London *Spectator*. He talks about "that supreme young humbug, Marie Baschkirtseff."

Mark Twain's new sketch in the January *Century*, "The £1,000,000 Bank-Note," is a wager between two Londoners that a man with nothing but a £1,000,000 bank-note could not live thirty days and keep out of jail. The story records the unique adventures of the man who tried the experiment.

Mr. Barry Pain is not far out of the way when he says that the habit of writing has spread and increased far more than the habit of reading.

For the January number of the *North American Review* the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst has written a paper entitled "Our City Vigilance League," in which he sets forth the methods and purposes of that organization.

In the late Jay Gould's sole literary work, "A History of Delaware County, New York," some of the most sensational sentences describe Mr. Gould the elder, with his little son, surrounded, in 1844, by Anti-Renters who had come to tar and feather the father. The writer says:

"We were that son. . . . Oh, the agony of my youthful mind as I expected every moment to behold him a lifeless corpse—fifteen guns poised within a few feet of his head."

The Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington has written for the *Century* "A Defense of Russia" against foreign criticism provoked by her treatment of the Jews, and other matters relative to her internal administration.

"Morocco As It Is," by Stephen Bonsal, Jr., will give an account of Sir Charles Evan Smith's recent mission to Fez. Mr. Bonsal accompanied Smith on the journey. The book will be an octavo of three hundred and forty-nine pages.

An article on "Insomnia and Recent Hypnotics" appears in the *North American Review* for January. It is written by Dr. Hammond, the celebrated neurologist.

Macmillan & Co. have sold their *English Illustrated Magazine* to Edward Arnold & Co., who will take possession in March. In this country, Macmillan & Co. will retain the management for several months longer.

In the January *Century*, editorial articles discuss "The Proposed Recession of the Yosemite Valley," for which many reasons are given.

The proprietorship of the London *Daily News* has hitherto been practically divided among three large owners—Mr. Labouchère, Mr. Arnold Morley, and Mr. Oppenheim. Mr. Labouchère has now sold his third share for a very handsome figure, which has, however, been exaggerated by the press. No new proprietors have been admitted, and Mr. Labouchère's shares have been divided between Mr. Morley and Mr. Oppenheim. Mr. Labouchère is understood not to have been quite pleased with the rather tepid attitude of his paper in the controversy arising out of his exclusion from office. He never, however, attempted to influence the policy of the paper.

"The Possibilities of the Telescope" is the subject of a paper that appears in the *North American Review* for January. It is written by Alvan G. Clark, the constructor of the Lick telescope.

A translation of Professor Mantegazza's "The Art of Taking a Wife"—a much smaller work than his "Physiology of Love"—will be published in London soon.

In the January *Century* are further passages from the correspondence of General and Senator Sherman, dealing in an untechnical way with the gloomy years of the war.

By the will of the late Thomas Nelson, his trustees are empowered to convert the business in Edinburgh, London, and New York into a limited liability company.

New Publications.

"Ninety-Nine Practical Methods of Utilizing Boiled Beef and the Original Recipe for Stewed Chicken," by Babet, with a preface by Mme. M. de

Fontclose, has been issued by John Ireland, New York; price, 75 cents.

"Ruth Marsh," by F. Bean, a story of life in the Maine woods, has been published by the United States Book Company, New York; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

The first part of "A Rational French Method," by A. Gautherot, a practical system based on the association of words, sounds, and ideas, has been published by William R. Jenkins, New York.

"Short Tales on Character Building," by G. T. Howerton, founder of a phrenological college at Buena Vista, Mass., has been published by the Fowler & Wells Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"American Mental Arithmetic," by M. A. Bailey, A. M., is a text-book of a method of performing the simpler mathematical processes without the use of superfluous words. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 35 cents.

A book that is being widely read and discussed is the "Autobiography of Henri Le Caron, the Spy: Clan-na-Gael Centre, Fenian Commander, Land League Orator, But Always a British Detective." Published in paper covers by the American Citizen Company, Boston; price, 50 cents.

"From Dusk to Dawn," by Katharine Pearson Woods—whose "Metzerott Shoemaker" was a success of last year—is a novel which is not without interest in the plot and in the characters; but it has so much religion, hypnotism, spiritualism, and even voodooism in it that it is anything but light reading. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Jane Field," by Mary E. Wilkins, is a novel of New England life, binging on a mother's efforts to save her only child from a consumptive's death. In it Miss Wilkins's power of describing and making the reader understand the strange mingling of tenderness and sternness of the New England character is as strikingly illustrated as in the short stories that have given her fame. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The six lectures on "Old English Dramatists" that James Russell Lowell delivered at the Lowell Institute in the spring of 1887, have been gathered together and now appear in a single volume. These essays stand as they were written, hastily and without the many extemporaneous passages that Mr. Lowell interjected during their reading; but they contain admirable and interesting criticism. After the introductory essay, they take up Marlowe, Webster, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger and Ford. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

The "Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott," edited by W. Minto, fills two large volumes, which are not so large, however, but that one could wish they contained more of the author's pleasant recollections. William Bell Scott was born in 1811, near Edinburgh, and passed his early days amid the scenes of "The Heart of Midlothian"; his earliest counselors in poetry were Professor John Wilson ("Christopher North") and Sir Walter Scott. At twenty-five, he went to London, and thereafter lived among the most notable painters and poets of the metropolis. He is neither a gabbler nor a maker of half-confidences, and his reminiscences add much to our knowledge of the circle of artistic and literary people in the British metropolis between 1830 and 1882. For illustrations, the two volumes contain portraits of celebrities and designs by celebrated artists, many of them etched by Mr. Scott. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$8.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The twenty-second volume of the *Century Magazine*, including the numbers from May to October, 1892, well deserves the title of "magazine." Its nine hundred and sixty pages contain a great amount of interesting and valuable reading matter and many admirable illustrations. In fiction the serials have included "The Chatelaine of La Trinité," by Henry B. Fuller; chapters of Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Characteristics"; Mary Halleck's Foote's "The Chosen Valley"; and chapters of "The Naulahka," by Rudyard Kipling and the late Wolcott Balestier; and Richard Malcolm Johnston, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Viola Roseboro, Thomas Nelson Page, Frank R. Stockton, and Maurice Thompson contribute short stories. Among the other articles are papers by Frederic Villiers, James Lane Allen, Frederic Schwatka, Emilio Castelar, Poultney Bigelow, Theodore Roosevelt, W. J. Stillman, Archibald Forbes, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Brander Matthews, George E. Woodberry, and Moncure D. Conway. The poetry, too, is generally of a high standard, some of the contributors being Louise Chandler Moulton, Aldrich, Edith M. Thomas, Graham R. Tomson, F. D. Sherman, Julian Hawthorne, R. W. Gilder, Clinton Scollard, Samuel M. Peck, Edgar Fawcett, Mary Ainge de Vere, E. C. Stedman, R. H. Stoddard, T. W. Higginson, and Louise Imogen Guiney. Published by the Century Company, New York.

"Lena's Picture: A Story of Love," by Mrs. Russell Barrington, is a novel just out in London, which is attracting attention. It is a rather weird

love-story, written by a lady of quick artistic perceptions and intense susceptibility to artistic influences. It is rather a sad tale, beginning with sorrow and insanity and ending with fruitless love and death. But the subtle emotions are so delicately portrayed and the chords which bind art and human nature so tenderly touched that it will charm every lover of music and painting. The keynote of the drama is supplied by an outburst of insanity in an English family of culture. A child and her mother both go mad, and have to be confined in an asylum. The mother has two other children—a boy and a girl, both grown up. They mingle their sympathies, and vow to each other that, in view of the obvious taint in their blood, they will never marry. Unfortunately, the girl—Lena—shortly afterward meets her fate in the person of a gentleman who is as enthusiastic a devotee of art as herself. It was one of those meetings in which love passes like the electric spark. In a fortnight, Lena is all the world to Gustave, and he all the world to her. He pours out his passion in incoherent phrase; she returns his love, but, with agony indescribable, she tells him of her vow, and they part. The remainder of the book is devoted to their efforts to suffocate their reciprocal flame, and they arrive, at last, at a somewhat mystical frame of mind, in which they find comfort in a communion of spirit, such as consoled Heloise for her separation from Abelard. This portion of the work may prove a subject of cavil among the hypercritical. A love which finds its supreme joy in separation eternal is not a love which this prosaic age can appreciate or approve. Gustave would have deserved better at the reader's hands if he had gently but firmly reasoned Lena out of her self-sacrificing notion, and the girl would have been better liked if she had remembered that she had no right to destroy her lover's happiness in her devotion to the principle of morbid berecity. This, however, is mere captious fault-finding. Lena, who will neither marry Gustave nor stop loving him, is released from her embarrassment by an attack of consumption, which carries her off, and Gustave takes the train to Cologne, having acquired "a perfect faith in the faith of another." All through the book are charming pictures of English life and English rural scenery, and the descriptions are written in a graceful, poetic style.

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This number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE contains a most interesting array of illustrated articles,—"The Great Wall of China," "The Kindergarten Movement," "Personal Studies of Indian Life," "The Story of Millet's Early Life" (by his younger brother), etc.; "Whittier," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; the beginning of a unique study of municipal reform told as a story, "The Cosmopolis City Club," etc. Ready on every news-stand, Saturday, December 31st, price 35 cents, \$4.00 a year.

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VANITY FAIR.

The young bachelor who looks forward with fear to the days when he will be an old bachelor should read these reflections by a writer in the *Bazar*: "The bachelor friend of the family is always sure that he will not be *de trop*, let him appear when he may. His advent is always greeted with smiles and vociferous words of welcome. Papa beams over his newspaper, and thaws perceptibly if he happen to have been a bit tart and out of sorts. It is good to have a comrade appear on the scene, particularly a comrade of one's own age, who brings in a robust atmosphere of good feeling and understands one's mood, only to dispel it, if it be not a pleasant one. Mamma extends a cordial hand. She is relieved that dear old Ned — has arrived; not that ineligible college student who is casting worshipful eyes on her bonny Marguerite; not the dreamy artist who always regards Christine as if she were a model for his next composition; not the vulgar *nouveau riche*, who, she hardly knows how, except by sturdy persistency and sheer pluck, has fought his way into society, as he fought it in finance. Ned is associated with the most agreeable memories of her married life. He is useful, servicable, obliging, ready to fill a gap, always available for escort duty, a safe, delightful, and perfectly satisfactory friend. As for the girls, the bachelor friend, especially if he be middle-aged or elderly, takes a brotherly place in their affections, with the single exception that brothers are generally less gallant, less courtly, more candid in criticism, more easily bored. Perhaps, if an old gentleman, the bachelor's position is more nearly like that of a favorite uncle—an uncle associated in the mind with everything generous, kind, and festive. There being no occasion for authority, for caprice, for any relation which is not free from friction, the bachelor on intimate terms with the household stands in the most delightful attitude possible toward the younger members of it. As for the bachelor himself, there is much to be said in favor of his customary environment. Having only his own bills to pay, he can never find fault with the extravagance of his family, as a married man now and then does. Having no shoes to buy for little feet, nor school accounts to settle, he can gratify to the fullest extent his taste for art, for beautiful bric-a-brac and drapery, for everything elegant and rare. Nothing in the way of music or the drama eludes the bachelor friend; he has time and opportunity for everything desirable, and so brings to the home circle the air of refinement and pleasure which belongs to the cultivated man of the world. If a traveler, used to many lands and scenes, the bachelor is apt to be a very desirable dinner companion. Who else keeps the ball of conversation rolling so briskly and so smoothly? Alas! it happens sometimes that the bachelor falls a victim to the bright eyes of some particular girl. He marries. He becomes the especial property of one woman. He founds a household of his own. That which is the gain of the bachelor becomes presently the loss of society, which depends largely for many of its easeful pleasures on the bachelors who adorn its walks."

The dance and the dinner seem to be more closely allied than ever in New York this year, and the latter almost invariably forms the prelude to both the big balls and the smaller dances at private houses. It is certainly a capital fashion, for there is nothing more dreary than the hour of waiting while the guests arrive, unless it is the first half-hour after they begin to assemble. A large dinner company obviates all the stiffness and gives *entrain* to the entertainment at once.

As the horse show in New York brings out what is the newest and smartest in outdoor costumes, and forecasts the coming fashions in that special direction, so the first Patriarch's ball shows what will be the prevailing and most fashionable attire in evening-gowns. As every one knows (says the *Tribune*), it has now become an unwritten law that this somewhat stately rite should be a sort of "drawing-room," where the debutantes make their courtesies to the queens of society and fashion. The display of pretty clothes, therefore, is both bewildering and striking, for it is the first official appearance of society, so to speak, after the long interregnum of spring, summer, and autumn, and really inaugurates the season. It was quite noticeable at this gathering, the other evening, that the most novel and *chic* ball-dresses were cut low on the shoulders. This is a decided innovation, for it is many a year since milady's shoulders have been bared in a straight line from the neck, the high-cut sleeves or sleeveless bodice cut round in the neck having held their own for more than a decade. As yet, however, those who have adopted this latest fashion are few and far between; but it is evidently to be the coming mode. A noticeable costume which has come straight from Paris has the neck cut very low, and gathered quite up to the top of the bodice was an arrangement of some diaphanous material, which was caught here and there by a cordon of roses to the fitted underdress of white satin. It was an exquisite arrangement to eyes feminine; but, alas for the obtuseness of the masculine intellect! "What did Miss — wear?" said a young man, on being asked about the costume of the new beauty. "Why, it was just a regular Mother Hubbard thing, cut low in the neck.

Very untidy looking, I thought it," continued this vandal, describing this last creation of Doucet.

Vassar College puts forth new claims to distinction. It has now been in existence very nearly a quarter of a century, and, overhauling its matrimonial record, it appears that, while Vassar girls have enjoyed excellent opportunities for marrying, there is no record of any divorce. This seems to prove either that the educational facilities at that college render Vassar girls exceptionally good judges of men, or it teaches them to make the best of circumstances.

The proprietors of one of the Boston theatres print the following notice on their play-bills:

"Will you aid the management in its work of hat-reform? Wear a small bonnet or remove your large hat during the performance. The theatre is well heated and protected from draughts.

Respectfully,
"ABBEY, SCHOEFFEL & GRAU."

It is reported that this reasonable, well-performed request has met with a large number of favorable responses, and since reforms never go backward, it is fair to assume that the time is approaching when all Boston women will either discard bonnets altogether at the theatre and the opera-house, or will wear only those so small as hardly to be observable to the naked eye. The notice in the above request to "wear a small bonnet" would seem to be maladroitness. For what one woman would regard as a small bonnet might strike the person sitting directly behind her as large enough to be in the way. Perhaps these theatre managers would have been wiser if they had declined to condone even "small" bonnets, but had made a bold strike for radical reform. The *Rochester Post-Express* states that "in almost every audience at the Rochester Lyceum now, there are a few women who have the sense and the kindness to remove their hats. When the audience is what the papers call 'brilliant' or 'fashionable,' this sprinkling of headless women is quite perceptible, and the number of those who wear bonnets so small as to be utterly unobjectionable is very great."

By way of protest against the manifest inconvenience of wearing a long and trailing skirt on the highway, an association of sensible young women in Nottingham, England, have adopted the fashion of short petticoats for their walks abroad. The women of England are persuading fashionable tailors to make short costumes for their outdoor expeditions natty and trim, and finished with a facing of soft leather, easily cleansed when splashed. This costume requires a well-fitting boot, since it necessarily leaves the foot exposed to view. It is to be hoped that the day of short skirts for outdoor wear will soon dawn for all healthy women. For the drawing-room nothing is so beautiful as the trained skirt. It conveys with it the traditions of the past, when queens stepped proudly over palace floors. Every fair woman is a queen in her own right, and her sweeping garments emphasize her stateliness in the house. But on a sloppy city street, or an abysmal rural road, what so forlorn as the lady clutching frantically at her dignity and the hem of her best gown, and vainly trying to keep up with her more fortunate brother or husband?

That section of journalism whose business it is to keep track of the tendencies of the time (says the *Illustrated American*), has recently been engaged in an animated discussion of club life and its consequences in the matter of marriage. During the last decade, clubs have become a confirmed institution, not only in large cities, but in every community where the business of life brings men of means together. The original idea and purpose of the club was to supply a rendezvous of an evening to unmarried men without homes. The entertainment was simple and general, and a single apartment served the modest diversions of the company. Within the last fifty years, however, the original purpose has been forgotten. The club is now a composite organization of the home, the hotel, and the office or mart. Men, both married and single, live in clubs. Cooking and entertainment rival the most splendid private establishments. The members are to be found in the spacious rooms every hour of the day and night. Business men make use of the club dining-room to feast out-of-town clients; high livers to secure seclusion and unrestrained festivity. Such a transformation has unquestionably revolutionized social conditions. The young clubman finds it almost impossible to relinquish the freedom, luxury, and unrestraint of this Sybarite existence for the more exacting obligations of marriage and home. This, in turn, has its effect upon the womanhood of the day. The club, engrossing men's leisure hours, leaves women virtually to their own resources for diversion, or the education that in other days resulted from the more sedulous co-union of the sexes. When the Populist propagandists have set other grievances right, we may expect a crusade against the club, as the enemy of the wife, marriage, and all that the race cherishes in the command to marry and multiply.

According to present indications, there will be large transfers of population between Chicago and the other large cities of the Union next summer. The Chicago women who are not identified with the various movements that their sex are undertaking are beginning to anticipate with dismay the hospitalities the great show will entail. These propose to let

their houses in Chicago for the summer months, and take lodgings in New York city or occupy cottages at the seaside. When such opportunities have been made known, people of other cities, who expect to visit the fair, have availed themselves of the chance of escaping the crowds at the hotels and the chances of boarding-houses. A group of people divide the time among them, succeeding one another in such installments as they may arrange, and, with their own servants, live as comfortably as if at home.

One of America's foremost sculptors said to the *Commercial Advertiser* man: "There are two fixed rules for proportioning the human form—just two. They are that eight heads (that is, skull lengths) make the total height of the figure, and that the invariable centre of the total length of the whole figure should be the front termination of the lowest part of the pelvis. Outside of those rules allowances have to be made, and various matters and conditions taken into consideration in appraising the approximate perfection of any living model. Generally, when you find almost perfect proportions, you will find imperfections of form, often amounting, in some one particular, to distortion. Small women are usually the most perfectly proportioned; tall women the most graceful—that's because their legs are longer. The Greeks always added an inch or two more length to the lower limbs in excess of the length of the torso. As regards Miss Rehan's figure, it is a beautiful one. Her form is not perfect, of course. For one thing, she is very flat breasted. She has posed for me several times."

To the venerable inquiry, why we have no salon in American society, a writer in the *Bazar* thinks there is an answering hint in the gloomy truth that men are becoming too busy to read, though a few still talk about reading. But a recent satire from Du Maurier's pencil offers probably a better suggestion. In this picture, two distinguished men, who have been invited to a dinner without their wives, are marching to the dining-room arm-in-arm at the tail of the procession. Now, in this country, distinguished men (not to mention any other variety) are not invited to dinner without their wives; when they are, they do not go. An American woman will cheerfully witness her husband's departure for a man's club. With certain reservations, she yields this privilege as belonging to him. She acts on a similar privilege herself, though not, of course, at one A. M. But she will not, in the twilight of this "so-called nineteenth century," suffer her husband to flutter unchaperoned around another woman, even though the woman be a genius whose gowns do not fit her. *Par consequent*, the salon dies. We have "teas" and we have "evenings." These are very pleasant. Some of us enjoy the substitution. But we have no salons.

The following paragraph is from *Vogue*, the organ of Society—with a big S—in New York. The tone of refined exclusiveness, so like that of the *Morning Journal's* Jenkins, and the delicate wit of the young lady must strike the ordinary reader as peculiarly characteristic of the Four Hundred: "One of the new engagements, or rather one of the fast approaching Anglo-American weddings, causing considerable interest, is that of Sir Philip Egerton, Bart., and Miss Wayne-Cuyler, of Philadelphia. She is twenty, he is somewhere in the thirties. They met at Dinard, and Miss Wayne-Cuyler was then supposed to be *épouse* of quite another party. Sir Philip Egerton is the 'darling' of the drawing-rooms, and rivals Chevalier in his inimitable 'Music Hall' character songs. Their first meeting was at a picnic, and the result was a *compte* to one lover, and an eager 'yes,' to the other. The American belle is very pretty—of a certain style. Large eyes, a good deal of manner, and what ultra-English people call 'very American.' She has three other sisters, very like herself; and one of her *bon-mots*, apt at the moment and widely quoted throughout Dinard, was her remark: 'Oh, yes, we are four; and papa is 'pas (sic) de quatre.''" To the *Argonaut* it would seem that this peculiarly Parisian pun is calculated to send shivers down the skeleton spine of the late Marquis de Calembourg.

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NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL,
February 13th, 1892.

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—AND—

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SOCIETY.

The Catherwood Cotillion.

The new year was ushered in very pleasantly at the residence of Mrs. Clara L. Catherwood, 1800 Pacific Avenue, through the medium of the cotillion given by her daughter, Miss Jennie Catherwood, in honor of Countess Festetics prior to her departure for Europe. Throughout the various rooms and hall there was a tasteful decoration of winter foliage, brightened by scarlet Cornel berries and vari-hued chrysanthemums and roses. The young hostess wore a very becoming gown, and greeted her guests most cordially. The earlier part of the evening was devoted to a number of musical selections. Miss Alice Ames, whose violin playing has become so popular, gave some selections in an excellent manner, while vocal numbers were charmingly given by Miss Catherwood and Miss Lillie Lawlor. After that came the cotillion, which was led by Mr. James Brett Stokes, who had Miss Catherwood as his partner. There were four figures, all of them being new and pretty, and they were excellently managed. Favors were distributed in each figure by Mrs. Favre. About midnight a delicious supper was served at tables arranged on the lower floor, and afterward dancing was resumed for several hours. The affair was a pronounced success in every way. Those present were:

Mrs. Clara L. Catherwood, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry, Mrs. L. M. Colt, Mrs. H. H. Crocker, Countess Festetics, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Gertrude Wilson, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Jennie Sherwood, Miss Tobin, Miss Delmas, Miss Beth Sperry, Misses Ethel and Bee Hooper, Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimond, Misses Ethel and Helen Smith, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Eugenia Chapin, Miss McKinney, Miss Irwin, Countess Festetics, Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mr. William S. Barnes, Dr. William G. Mizner, Mr. Pelham W. Ames, Dr. D. M. Delmas, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. F. W. Coon, Mr. Seligwick, Mr. Basil Ricketts, Mr. L. S. Adams, Jr., Mr. A. W. Clement, Mr. Joseph Clement, Mr. E. T. Messersmith, Mr. Worthington Ames, Mr. W. S. McMurry, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Samuel H. Knight, Mr. Van Ness, Lieutenant G. W. S. Stevens, U. S. A., Lieutenant John A. Lockwood, U. S. A., Lieutenant Charles P. Sumnerall, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Frank A. Wilcox, U. S. A.

The Bandmann Reception.

For almost a decade past, on each recurring new-year's eve, it has been a pleasant custom with Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bandmann to gather around them a number of friends to watch the departure of the old year and greet the new one with merriment and feasting. This was observed again last Saturday evening at their residence, 514 Lombard Street, and the pleasures of past years were reëxperienced. There were conversation, music, and dancing, and at midnight all were seated at the festal board before a bounteous supper. After the blare of trumpets that signaled the dawn of 1893, the supper was resumed, and several toasts were responded to. The festivities were kept up until early morning. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bandmann, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann, Mr. and Mrs. J. Percy Rothwell, Mrs. O. F. Willey, Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams, Miss Julia Mau, Miss Tillie Feldman, Miss Carrie Platt, Miss Madge Fairman, Miss Buckley, Mr. R. Porter Ashe, Mr. A. C. Bonnell, Mr. Frank D. Willey, Mr. Clement Elchen, Mr. Arthur Mau, and Mr. William H. Stinson.

The Dickinson Reception.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson entertained a number of their friends most hospitably in Sausalito last Saturday evening. First of all they gave a sumptuous dinner-party at the Pacific Yacht Club. Covers were laid for seventeen, and the menu was particularly elaborate. Afterward the party all adjourned to "Craig Hazel," the residence of the host and hostess, which adjoins the grounds of the club. There they were entertained by a minstrel performance and an olio. Dancing followed, and at twelve o'clock a delicious supper was served. It was a delightful affair from beginning to end. The guests were provided with ample accommodations at the residences of General Dickinson and Mr. J. N. Gregory, and remained until late on Sunday afternoon. Those in the party were:

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Field, of San José, Colonel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Gregory, Mrs. Henry Weatherbee, Miss Minnie Henderson, Miss Lillie Shipman, Mr. George S. Means, Major Charles T. Stanley, Major George Burdick, Mr. Cutler Bonestell, and Mr. Frank Warren.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Aileen Ivers, daughter of Mrs. Richard Ivers, of this city, and Mr. Edward Moore Robinson, of the banking firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., of New York city, will be married next Tuesday in New York city. Mr. J. W. Byrne, of this city, a cousin of the bride, will act as best man. Mr. Callaghan Byrne, of this city, and Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, of Honolulu, are now East to attend the wedding.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Alice Cooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. H. Cooper, to Mr. Thomas Dillon. They will be married on February 1st.

The wedding of Miss Adah Richards and Mr. C. T. Wendell will take place next Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. W. H. Richards, 2142 Post Street. Only relatives will be present.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Samson to Mr. Sidney Liebes, son of Mr. Herman Liebes, president of the North American Commercial Company. They will receive their friends on Sunday afternoon, January 8th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 421 Lott Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have issued cards for a reception, which they will give at their residence, on California Street, next Friday evening.

Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen will give a tea at their residence, 1018 Franklin Street, to-day (Saturday) from four until seven o'clock.

The first ball of the Monday Evening Club will be given on Monday night, January 9th, in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. It gives promise of being a brilliant affair.

Major and Mrs. William Cluff will celebrate the anniversary of their wedding by giving a reception at their home on Vallejo Street, on Monday evening, January 9th.

The members of the Cosmos Club will have a stag entertainment at the club this (Saturday) evening.

The reception that was to have been given by Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre last Wednesday evening was postponed, owing to the illness of Colonel Eyre.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth gave a delightful lunch-party recently at her residence, 1626 Sacramento Street, at which she hospitably entertained Mrs. Curtis J. Hillyer, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. George B. Williams, of New York, Mrs. Upson, of Sacramento, Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Belden, Mrs. Charles J. Torbert, Mrs. William S. Wood, Mrs. P. McG. McBean, Mrs. Robert Beck, Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mrs. Charles McCreery, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, and Mrs. Albert Gallatin.

Miss Edna Robinson gave a delightful matinee tea last Wednesday at her residence, on Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Jack, of San Luis Obispo, who is visiting her. The young ladies were assisted in receiving by Miss Mercado, Misses Josephine and Antoinette Delmas, Miss Breeze, Miss Alice Scott, and others. The residence was beautifully decorated and the callers were bounteously entertained.

The officers and ladies at the Presidio gave a dancing-party in the hop-room last Tuesday evening, and, as usual, it was well attended. The decorations of the room, the excellent floor, and the music of the regimental band combined in making the scene a bright one and the evening enjoyable.

The Concordia Club gave a new-year's eve ball in its club house on Van Ness Avenue last Saturday evening. Several hundred members and guests were present and passed the evening most pleasantly in dancing. An elaborate supper was served at twelve o'clock and the early hours of the morning were delightfully passed in dancing.

The opening of The Lenox, 628 Sutter Street, was celebrated last Thursday evening, when Mrs. B. A. Normand gave a pleasant dancing-party there. The guests and their friends were largely represented, and the affair was made one of much enjoyment. Excellent music was provided for the dancing, and a delicious supper was served.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford will leave for Washington, D. C., in a few days.

Miss Grace Taylor is visiting Miss Lulu Irwin at Mare Island.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst returned last Sunday from a prolonged visit to Europe and the Eastern States.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin will go East and to Europe in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis R. Mead have returned to the city, and have taken rooms at the Palace Hotel for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. O. F. Willey is contemplating a trip to Europe in the spring for the benefit of her health.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest La Montagne, *né* Catherwood, are expected here in a few weeks on a visit of several weeks. It is barely possible that Miss Catherwood will return East with them.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, accompanied by Mr. Alfred Parsons, the artist, have been enjoying a visit to Monterey and its surroundings.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. A. Talbot and the Misses Bowen have returned from a pleasant trip to Monterey.

Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker are expected to return from the East on Sunday.

The Misses Goad are visiting relatives in Colusa.

Mrs. George L. Bradley is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Bobb, in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. William A. Magee returned from Europe a week ago, and are at the Griffith Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton are now residing at 1506 Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith, who are passing a couple of months at the Palace Hotel, will go to Honolulu early in February on a pleasure trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. LeConte passed the holidays at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hallide have returned from a visit to their ranch near Redwood City.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace, who are traveling in Egypt, will remain away about two months more.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen and Miss Alice McCutchen returned from Monterey last Tuesday.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are occupying their home on California Street. Mr. James L. Flood is visiting New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Wood have returned to the city after passing the holidays at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill are now residing at 1812 Van Ness Avenue.

Misses Grace and Frances Pierce, of Santa Clara, are visiting their sister, Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver.

Misses Alice and Ella Hobart are visiting Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and her daughter are passing a few weeks at Monterey.

Mrs. A. M. Purrott, Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Douglas Dick have returned to the city after passing a couple of weeks at San Mateo.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl have returned from an enjoyable visit to Monterey.

Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Miss Bessie Shreve will leave on Sunday to pass several weeks in Southern California.

Miss Maud Morrow has returned from a pleasant visit to friends at Mare Island.

Mr. Joseph Auslin is improving daily, and will be up in a few weeks. The accounts in the daily papers were

exaggerated; the accident resulted in a fracture of the right knee-cap.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy and a party of friends passed the new-year holidays at the Pope villa near St. Helena.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Albert C. Blunt, U. S. A., were guests at the second of the New Brighton assemblies, which was held recently at the Hotel Castleton, St. George.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leo Lillenthal, Mr. William Haas, and Mr. William Gerstle left for Los Angeles last Thursday, and will be away a couple of weeks.

Major Frank A. Vail has been passing the week at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lockwood and Mrs. Moses Hopkins have returned from their visit to Southern California.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Among the books on musical topics published within a few weeks are the following:

No fewer than three are devoted to Chopin, following upon the heels of Niecks's admirable two-volume biography, "Frederic Chopin," by Charles Willey, a volume of three hundred pages, will be a good substitute for those who have not leisure to read Niecks's seven hundred pages. A little volume contains a translation and arrangement of the sketches of Chopin and the biographic material scattered through George Sand's "History of My Life" and "A Winter in Majorca," the island on which Chopin's immortal "Préludes" were written, amid the most distressing circumstances. A "Life of Chopin," with a list of his works, is also published in Brenan's "Petite Library"—a dainty little pocket-piece. "Student and Singer" is the reminiscences of the eminent English baritone, Charles Santley. A new edition is issued of Ehrlert's musical essays, "From the Tone World," translated by Mrs. Trethar. The essays are all concerned with modern music, from Mendelssohn to Wagner and Brahms. Several new essays have been added to this edition, the best being on Schumann and Chopin. "The Art of Singing," by Sinclair Dunn, is just out. Of technical and scientific interest are "A Noble Art," three lectures on the evolution and construction of the piano, by Fanny Morris Smith, and "Sound and Music," by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, a treatise on acoustics and the physical basis of musical harmony. Finally, there is "The World of Music," three volumes, by Anna, Comtesse de Brémont, on "Great Composers," "Great Singers," and "Great Virtuosi," short, chatty biographic sketches of the most eminent musicians, creative and executive, of the past.

Mr. Samuel Adelstein will give a mandolin musical in Metropolitan Hall next Thursday evening. He will be assisted by Mrs. Martin Schultz, Mrs. Lillie Birmingham, Mr. J. Fleming, Miss Lillian Nathan, Mr. M. Solano, Mr. Martin Schultz, Mr. H. Clay Wysham, Dr. A. T. Regensburger, Mr. Emil Greenbaum, and Mr. F. Dellepiane. Among the notable numbers will be Faure's "Chanté," sung by Mr. Fleming; a Bach-Gounod quartet for mandolin, harp, Boehm flute, and organ; Schubert's serenade by lute, cello, and harp; Sylvestri's "Fantaisie Caprice" by mandolin and harp; and Gastaillon's "Musica Proibita" by an instrumental sextet.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his final ballad concert of the first series next Friday afternoon in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. An interesting programme has been prepared. During the second series, the concerts will alternate on afternoons and evenings.

The next concert of the Carr-Beel series of Saturday Pops will take place this (Saturday) afternoon.

The Bandurria Club will give a concert on Thursday evening, January 26th, in Metropolitan Hall.

—PROF. CREPAUX, OF THE PARIS GRAND OPERA, has the honor to inform the public that he is now forming singing classes. Two lessons a week—per month—\$10.00. Vocal and scenic lessons in classes or private. Applications will be received at 1119 Sutter Street, bet. Larkin and Polk Streets, at the Larcher School of Languages.

The death of Leopold Morse, of Boston, recalls the trap which Major McKinley set for him in a tariff debate in Congress several years ago, when they were both members of that body. The Buckeye statesman secretly procured from the Bostonian's own store a ten-dollar suit of clothes, marked "all wool," and packed them away in his desk. He then enticed Mr. Morse into a discussion, and led him to say that under the tariff an all-wool suit could not be made and sold for anything like ten dollars. Thereupon Major McKinley fished out the garments and told where they came from. Much merriment ensued.

Fashionable Stationery.

When you intend buying paper for the purpose of fashionable correspondence, it is always best to trade with a firm that deals exclusively in the special papers that are required for such a purpose. In this respect, as in many others, Sanborn, Vail & Co., are the leaders. A visit to their vast establishment on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, will convince any one of this fact. In a long array of show-cases may be seen samples of the best grades of writing paper and the various tints that society people are now using. Paper that is smooth-surfaced or rough-surfaced may be obtained and as for colors they range from white and cream to the latest fad Russian blue. A special feature with the firm is its paperette boxes of paper and envelopes which they are selling at an extremely low price.

It is an absolute necessity for you to have your calling-cards engraved and printed from a copper-plate. When you are in need of this requisite of fashion, call on Sanborn, Vail & Co., and they will see that you are properly attended to. They also make a specialty of engraving invitations to weddings, receptions, teas, dances, and all occasions of festivity, and it would be well for you to see them should you require work in that line.

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SOCIETY.

The Barnes-Delmas Wedding.

The first notable wedding of the new year took place last Thursday afternoon when Miss Delphine Delmas and Mr. William Sanford Barnes were united in marriage. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, has been very popular at the cotillions and in society circles in general, and is highly accomplished and talented. The groom is the son of General and Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes. He is a graduate of Harvard College, a member of the Pacific Union and the Union League Clubs, and has just been re-elected district attorney of the city and county of San Francisco, which position he has occupied, with honor to himself, during the past two years. Mr. Barnes is a gentleman of sterling worth and has the esteem of all who know him.

The wedding was quietly celebrated at half-past one o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, 1299 Taylor Street. Only relatives of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, which was impressively performed by Rev. W. W. Davis, of St. Luke's Church. The bride's sisters, Misses Josephine and Antoinette Delmas, acted, respectively, as maid of honor and bridesmaid. The groom was unattended, and the bride was given into his keeping by her father. The toilets of the ladies in the bridal party are described as follows:

The bride was attired in a rich and becoming robe of white Duchesse satin, made with a long court train. The skirt was perfectly plain, and the bodice was high at the neck and trimmed with a collar and bow of point lace and a bow-knot of white satin, the ends of which fell to the waist. The long sleeves ended with a fall of point lace, covering the ungloved hands. In her collar gleamed a star of diamonds, a gift from her mother, which held in place the gracefully flowing veil of white tulle that fell to the end of the train. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley.

The toilets of the maid of honor and bridesmaids were similar in design and material, but differed in color. Miss Josephine Delmas appeared in pink and Miss Antoinette Delmas in blue. The skirts were of silk, made plain and in *en dent-train*, and the bodices were of brocade made high at the neck and with elbow sleeves. Their gloves of un-dressed kid matched their dresses in color, and they carried pink and white roses.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas wore a handsome robe of pearl-gray brocade, made with a long court-train and trimmed with point d'Alençon lace. Her gloves matched her toilet, and her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes appeared in a handsome robe of garnet-hued velours de Lyon, combined with brocade of the same shade, trimmed with golden colored embroidery and rare point lace. Her ornaments were diamonds.

At two o'clock the reception proper commenced and it continued until four o'clock and later. The tasteful decorations of evergreens, holly berries and lovely flowers combined in making a most attractive scene. During the hours of the reception the Hungarian Band played its best selections, and delicious refreshments were served under the direction of Ludwig. The majority of the ladies were attired in light colored calling-gowns and the variety of colors gave a particularly bright effect to the scene. Late in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Barnes left the house to take the train for Santa Barbara. They will visit all of the points of interest in the southern part of the State and will return to the city on January 20th, when they will reside on the south-east corner of Van Ness Avenue and Geary Street. The presents sent to the young couple were particularly elaborate and elegant in character.

The Friday Night Club.

The third cotillion given this season by the Friday Night Club was held last Friday evening, and was fully as successful as was anticipated. The hall was beautifully decorated in tones of pink, green, and white, and presented a most attractive appearance. In order to do full honor to the occasion, the young ladies had donned toilets that harmonized in color with the decoration, so the effect was harmonious throughout. Mr. George Almer Newhall was the leader, and he repeated the success he made on two previous occasions, when he so capably filled the same position. He led alone and introduced four figures, all of which attracted much attention. The first figure, instead of the customary "Grand Right and Left," consisted of five sets of the Virginia Reel, danced in the centre and four corners of the canvased ball room. The "Circus" figure was next, and in this there were four teams of four persons,

each with a driver for each team. The reins were of pink, green, and white ribbons, and the poles were white. Sleigh-bells were used, and the teams were driven through large hoops of tissue paper, variously designed in the three colors that were so prominent in the ball. The victorious teams received prizes of fancy articles. The third figure was the "Amazon March," fashioned after the famous one in "Ali Baba." The ladies carried spears and the gentlemen protected themselves with shields as they marched and counter-marched under the rays of the calcium lights. The "Wheel" was the fourth and last figure. Charming effects were produced as the participants, holding tarleton scarfs, revolved around the human hub. That ended the cotillion as it was midnight, so the merry dancers marched to the dining-hall where an elaborate supper was served under the direction of Ludwig. There was no dancing after supper. Particular praise is due to Mr. Newhall for his excellent leading, to Mr. Greenway for the general management of the affair, and to the Hungarian Band for its music. Those in the first set were:

Miss Jennie Hooker, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Miss Dimond, Mr. Harry Benson, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mrs. A. E. Wood, Lieut. W. H. Coffin, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Mr. Samuel H. Knight, Miss Alice Simpkins, Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Miss McNutt, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Miss Beth Sperry, Mr. L. D. Adams, Jr.

The Olympic Club.

The new building of the Olympic Club, on Post Street, was formally opened to the public last Monday, and, during the afternoon and evening, thousands of visitors inspected what is undoubtedly the most thoroughly equipped club of its kind in the world. The architectural features of the edifice are pleasing to a degree, and the interior arrangements, though not yet completed, are as perfect as could be devised. The offices, parlors, gymnasium, billiard-room, etc., are fitted with every necessity for either comfort or the pursuit of athletic training. A special feature to be noted is the immense natatorium into which a continuous stream of salt water will be pumped directly from the ocean. The tank is graduated in depth from five to thirteen feet, the water is to be tempered by pipes running along the sides, and the bottom is illuminated by incandescent electric lights.

To Mr. William Greer Harrison, president of the Olympic Club, particular credit is due for his inception of the idea of erecting the building and its successful accomplishment. He has worked hard and faithfully in the interests of the club, and the members highly appreciate his efforts. The officers of the club are as follows:

William Greer Harrison, president; Vanderlyn Stow, vice-president; H. B. Russ, treasurer; A. C. Forsyth, secretary; directors: Robert MacArthur (captain), Edward Kohl (leader), M. H. Weed, A. J. Treat, Charles S. Wieland, James McElroy, J. D. Redding, Kenneth Catton (assistant secretary), J. M. Hamilton (treasurer); instructors: Louis Tronchet, fencing master; Walter Watson, boxing instructor; DeWitt Van Court, boxing instructor; George S. Miehl, instructor of wrestling; Hugo Belau, general instructor of gymnastics; F. W. Huntington, swimming teacher.

On the afternoon and evening of the reception, entertainments were given in the gymnasium. Vocal and instrumental numbers were presented and interesting addresses were delivered. It is estimated that over ten thousand people visited the club.

The San Francisco Verein.

A most enjoyable entertainment was given last Saturday evening by the members of the San Francisco Verein to celebrate the coming of the new year. The spacious ball-room was used for the purpose, and it was crowded at nine o'clock, when the entertainment commenced. The performance consisted of a number of songs and recitations given by members of the German Theatre Company. Afterward the ball-room was cleared of chairs and dancing was participated in until about midnight, with Mr. Benjamin Arnold as floor manager. Then an elaborate supper was served, after which dancing was resumed and continued until about four o'clock. The affair was one of the most successful of its kind in the annals of the Verein.

Washington society note: "Congressman Cummings gave a luncheon in honor of Rose Coghan and Sadie Martinot in the House restaurant at Washington recently. Speaker Crisp sat at the right of Miss Martinot and ex-Speaker Reed sat at her left. Miss Coghan sat at the right of her host, and at the left was Colonel Fellows, radiant in a light suit and pink rosebud. The other guests were Representatives Dunphy and Chipman and John T. Sullivan. Ex-Speaker Reed had a delightful chat in French with Miss Martinot, who speaks French like a native."

If Napoleon the Third was a poor general, he was, at least, a first-class scrapper, and learned the manly art when he was a constable in London. The *Sticle* says that when he was in New York, a rowdy once pulled his long mustache, whereupon the future man of Sedan pulled off his coat, sailed into the fellow in John L. fashion, and knocked him out in short order. For this he was arrested and fined.

Baltimore is rightfully proud of the fact that she has a very good city hall, and prouder still that it was finished within the appropriation. In fact, of the half million appropriated twenty thousand dollars was returned to the city treasury.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late James Phelan, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate is valued at about \$13,000,000, and the executor and executrices are his son, Mr. James D. Phelan, his widow, and his eldest daughter, Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, who are to serve without bonds. Mr. A. H. Loughborough, of this city, and Mr. C. E. Hatch, of Oakland, were the witnesses to the instrument.

After revoking all previous wills, the testator provides that the residence at Seventeenth and Valencia Streets shall go to his wife, as well as the summer home in Santa Cruz, known as Phelan Park, and an annuity of \$30,000, to be paid in monthly installments. To secure the payment of this annuity, the lands in Santa Clara County owned by the deceased are charged. All furniture, plate, books, pictures, statuary, and live stock at the two residences also go to the widow.

The Phelan block on Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue is bequeathed to James D. Phelan.

The lot of land on the south-east corner of Sutter Street and Grant Avenue is given to Alice P. Sullivan, wife of Frank J. Sullivan and daughter of the deceased.

To Mary L. Phelan, a daughter, is given the pieces of land located on the north-west side of Market Street, south-west of Battery, the lot on the south-west corner of Washington and Drumm, the lot on the west corner of Fourth and Jessie Streets, and the lot on the easterly corner of Fifth and Jessie Streets, fronting on the first-named thoroughfare, and the home property on Valencia and Seventeenth Streets after the death of the widow.

Kate Duval and Mary I. Kelley, sisters of Mrs. Phelan, are bequeathed with \$10,000 each; George Duval, a brother-in-law, is bequeathed \$5,000; George Duval and Louis L. Duval, nephews of Mrs. Phelan, receive \$1,000; Frederick Denman, Ignatio Denman, and William Denman, nephews of the widow, \$500 each; Alice L. Denman, \$1,000; Annie Duval and Alice Dunne, \$500 each; Nannie Mulhall and Maggie Cuddy, \$500 each; Margaret Sheppard and William Cuddy, \$1,000 each; Sarah Cuddy, John Quinn, William Quinn, Joseph Quinn, and Michael Quinn, \$500 each; John M. Phelan, \$1,000.

The employees and friends of the late millionaire are remembered as follows: Theresa E. Flood, \$100; James M. Robinson, \$500; Anne Doyle, \$250; Thomas Mahoney, \$2,000; Robert McElroy, \$2,500; Louis Doehltz, \$1,000; C. B. Delaney, \$500; Eliza D. Phelan, of New York, \$200 a year during her life; Mrs. Edward Lord, \$200 a year during her life; and the seven children of John H. Roser, \$250 each; St. Joseph's Asylum, \$1,000; Sisters of Mercy in St. Mary's Hospital for the benefit of the Old Ladies Home, under their care, \$5,000; Youths' Directory, \$2,500; St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, San Rafael, \$2,500; hospital and asylum under the care of the Sisters at Virginia, Nev., \$1,000; St. Francis Church at the Mission Dolores, \$2,500; to the Roman Catholic bishop at Sacramento for the poor of that city, \$2,000; Archbishop Riordan for the new cathedral at O'Farrell Street and Van Ness Avenue, \$10,000; St. Ignatius College, at Van Ness Avenue and Hayes Street, \$5,000; Presentation Convent, on Taylor and Ellis Streets, \$2,500; Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, at South San Francisco, \$5,000; Sisters of the Holy Family, \$2,500; The Technical School, at the corner of Geary and Gough Streets, \$1,000; Church of St. Canice, in Abahoe, Queen County, Ireland, \$1,000; and to the poor of that district, \$1,500; Presentation Convent, at Stradhally, Queen's County, Ireland, \$1,000; Hebrew Orphan Asylum of San Francisco, \$5,000.

All the residue of the estate is to be divided between the children, James D. and Mary L. Phelan and Alice P. Sullivan.

By the will of the late E. H. Miller, Jr., formerly secretary of the Southern Pacific Company, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate is valued at \$500,000. The testator gives his entire estate to his daughter, Mrs. M. E. Holton, and she is named as executrix, to serve without bonds. The deceased left two illegitimate sons. One was found in a letter addressed to his daughter and the other was found among his papers. They are both alike.

A Sentimental Tragedy.

I.
DEAR MR. BROWN—
—Yours sincerely, M. ROBINSON.

II.
MY DEAR MR. BROWN—
—Always yours very sincerely,
MINNIE ROBINSON.

III.
MY DEAR—JACK (!)—
—Yours always, MINNIE ROBINSON.

IV.
MY DEAREST JACK—
—Yours, MINNIE.

V.
MY DARLING JACK—
—Lovingly yours, MIN.

VI.
MY DEAREST JACK—
—Lovingly, MINNIE.

VII.
MY DEAR JACK—
—With love, yours, MINNIE.

VIII.
DEAR JACK—
—Ever yours, MINNIE ROBINSON.

IX.
MY DEAR MR. BROWN—
—Your sincere friend, MINNIE ROBINSON.

X.
DEAR MR. BROWN—
—Yours sincerely, M. ROBINSON.

XI.
Silence.—Ex.

Two professional men of Milan, Italy, who had repaired to a frontier village to fight a duel, were prevented from doing so by an enormous St. Bernard dog, which appeared on the scene just as the would-be duellists were taking their places. Several attempts to begin operations were made, but the dog interfered each time. Finally the ridiculousness of the situation dawned upon the principals, and they shook hands and returned to Milan together.

—DR. HOMER B. SPRAGUE HAS REMOVED HIS school from Peralta Hall, Berkeley, to 2124 California Street, where it is to be merged in the Sprague-Poulson Conservatory—a new enterprise—under the management of Dr. Sprague and Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson.

—CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS THE latest styles in full-dress shirts, fine underwear, and neckwear.

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender Skins are literally On Fire with Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the



CUTICURA

Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fail in your

duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Get "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



PAINS AND WEAKNESSES

Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cents.



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128 KEARNY STREET, THURLOW BLOCK.
No Imitation Goods Sold.

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THE FINEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD

and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity. None genuine without trademark G. B. & Co. on label. Price: per Bottle, \$1.50; per Doz. \$12; per Gal. \$15; per 3 gal. \$35.00, securely packed. We ask a trial order. For sale by all druggists or COLBURN, BIRKS & CO., Sole Agents, 23-24 St., Peoria, Ill.

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BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

A REVERSIBLE SCANDAL.

How a Waiter told One Tale to two Persons.

The Hon. James Eddystone was attached to the Foreign Office. Not so much attached to it, though, that he did not enjoy his holidays when they came. Circumstances had forced him to take his vacation late, and it was far into September when he found himself at Lucerne, on his way back from Italy. The season was over at Lucerne, and one or two of the big hotels had already shut up for the winter. Some of the others were only waiting impatiently for their present visitors to depart to close their shutters and go to sleep for a few months.

"We haf rooms got," said the waiter, who received Eddystone in the hall of one of the minor hotels. He was not a Swiss—few people are in Switzerland. He spoke a little crossly and looked now and again at the clerk, who could be seen through the glass window of his office dozing. "We haf rooms got; but we go soon to glose de hotel."

"Well, well," said the Hon. James, impatiently; "I suppose I can stay here to-night?" "Certain," said the waiter, with a look of relief—"for to-night, yes. You leave for Pa-ris to-morrow, sare, eh?"

Eddystone said he proposed to do so. The clerk woke up, and the waiter smiled and remarked that it was ver' fine vedder, and added that there was one lady (ver' nice young lady) staying in the hotel already.

When Eddystone came down-stairs for dinner, he found the lady at the other end of the long dinner-table. They looked at each other furtively through a long vista of glass, and silver table ornaments, and of white napkins. The waiter attended to both with considerable cheerfulness and obvious gayety. When the young lady rose, the Hon. James politely rose, also, and bowed to her at a distance of forty yards as she left the room. Then he finished his dessert and smoked his cigar.

The piano in the reading-room sent music gratefully to the ear of the Hon. James. It was well played, and from it came snatches of Mascagni, and snatches of Cellier, and snatches of Sullivan. The cachuca from "The Gondoliers" made the Hon. James throw away his cigar and start up.

"I'm going to have a chat with this damsel," he said to himself.

The damsel seemed not sorry to be interrupted. She was a very charming girl, with quiet gray eyes, and tiny slippers, and—it was, of course, very rude of the Hon. James to look, but he could not help it—a well-turned, silk-stocking ankle.

"It depends on to-morrow's post," she said, "when I leave. My aunt, Lady Betty Ffytche, is detained at Florence, and if she comes on here I think I shall wait for her. If she goes straight to London I shall start to-morrow."

"Not afraid to travel alone?" inquired the Hon. James.

The young lady lifted her eyebrows and laughed a little.

"Oh, no," she said; "I can take care of myself." The Hon. James thought that so pretty a damsel might well take care of somebody else. As he stood at the fire he looked at her as she turned again to play, and thought what a delightful companion she would make.

"Good-night, sare," said the waiter the last thing. "You go by airly train in morning, eh?" "Well, no," said Eddystone thoughtfully, as he stood at the door of his room; "not early. In fact, I may stay here a day or two."

The waiter nearly dropped the candlestick in his amazement. He went down-stairs, and had, first, a long and earnest talk to himself, then an excited altercation with the clerk. When Eddystone was in bed, a knock came to his door. He was thinking of the delightful evening he had spent, and wondering whether the young lady herself was thinking of him. It would be very jolly to stay here a day or two and have a look at the Rigi and—another knock.

"Come in!"

The waiter entered. He was profuse in his apologies, and "so ver' sorry to disturb; but might he speak von leedle vord?"

"Fire away," said the Hon. James.

"Consigning this lady," explained the waiter; "ver' pretty lady, yes; ver' nice lady, yes; ver' pleasant lady, yes; but—"

"Well, well?" said the Hon. James, impatiently, from his pillow.

"Vell," explained the waiter, "she vos here airly in the soomer and caused gr-r-r-eat scan-del" (the waiter, with his hands, described a large circle to give some idea of the enormity of the offense).

"Oh, shocking, shocking, shocking!" The waiter was so much disturbed that he could scarce give the details; but there was, he said, this lady (checking them off on his fingers), and an officer, and an indignant wife who shot at the officer. "Nearly killed him through the heart, joost here," said the waiter, making a click with his mouth, to represent the report, and sending his fist against his chest.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Eddystone; "do you mean to tell me that this is the same lady?"

"Ver' same lady," said the waiter, cheerfully; "excuse de telling you, sare. Ynu like to know, e?"

"Get out of the room, you grinning jackanapes!" cried the Hon. James.

The waiter said "Pardon," and went to the door. "You no stay late to-morrow, don't it?" he inquired.

"Late? No!" said the voice at the pillow; "first train, confound you!"

The next morning the Hon. James Eddystone walked over the bridge separating the town from the station at Lucerne. He had slept little, for he could not help thinking of the wickedness of the girl with whom he had fallen in love. He stood at the station and watched for the hotel bus. As it came along with his luggage, he saw that inside was the little lady; seated next the coachman was the waiter. The waiter was dressed for traveling, and looked very radiant. As the young lady stepped out of the back of the bus, she caught sight of the Hon. James, and, flushing, passed by him without acknowledging his involuntary how. The waiter, in his tweed suit, found compartments for each of his departing customers.

"You off?" inquired the Hon. James, as he gave him a final tip.

"Yes, sare. I go to-day to Chaux de Fonds to be married."

"Married, eh?"

"Yes, sare." The waiter smiled as if possessed of a joke that he could not keep to himself. The engine whistled. "Dot vos for vhy I dell you last night some leedle stories. I wanted you to go airly thees morning. Excuse me, sare, daking grade liberty, but it was ver' important for me dot hotel should glose, and—" The train went off.

At Pontarlier, the Hon. James went to the other compartment and explained everything.

"Do you know," said the pretty niece of Lady Betty Ffytche, "he told me the same tale, only he said that you—you were the officer."—*St. James's Gazette.*

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

The Tilt Over a Lover Between Ethel and Rose.

ROSE—Ethel, what made you behave so oddly last night? I thought you were mad! Poor Mr. Amesbury looked so miserable when he put us into the carriage that I felt sure you had quarreled.

ETHEL [*indifferently*].—We had. I gave him his *congé*, that's all.

ROSE—What, in the few moments you were together before we left! You had scarcely spoken to him before then.

ETHEL—It doesn't take long to do that kind of thing.

ROSE—But why did you do it? What had he done?

ETHEL—He was cross and rude because—well, because of various things—and I said I despised narrow-minded men and didn't want to see him again, and that our engagement had better be broken off, as it was evident we should not suit each other.

ROSE—And what did he say?

ETHEL—Jim? Oh, I didn't wait to hear what he said. I had had my say, and that was sufficient.

ROSE—I really wonder he did not dismiss you first, you richly deserved it, for you have really behaved disgracefully!

ETHEL—What nonsense! I don't see why a girl should not amuse herself because she happens to be engaged; and, for my part, I should not care if Jim were to flirt with all the women in the country!

ROSE—Perhaps not if he flirted with them all, but what would you have said if he had devoted himself to one for the whole evening, and sat out with her as you did with that Mr. Douglas? It was too bad of you, because you know how much Jim dislikes the man.

ETHEL—Pure prejudice, my dear, and I hate prejudice; it's so commonplace! I like men to be broad in their views, and able to see the good points in other men.

ROSE—If they possess them. Well, I think Mr. Amesbury was right to be angry; I would not care one little bit for a man who did not assert himself—I couldn't respect him!

ETHEL—That's all very well for you; you prefer to be driven, I like keeping the reins in my own hands.

ROSE—Well, take care you are not bolted with some day; it will serve you right!

ETHEL—My dear, you are certainly the kindest girl in the world, and the very cleverest. You are always trying to do your friends good turns—but you won't do any good here. I have quite made up my mind—Mr. Amesbury and I are apart forever, and not even you are clever enough to bring us together.

ROSE [*aside*].—I am not so sure of that.

ETHEL—What are you saying, dear?

ROSE—I was saying nothing—but I was thinking.

ETHEL—And what were you thinking?

ROSE—Nothing. Oh, nothing—you love Mr. Amesbury still, Ethel, don't you?

ETHEL—Certainly not. A man who can be rude, cross, unjust, overhearing, and who dares to lecture me!

ROSE—Had he time to be all that? How clever of him!

ETHEL—You little know men!

ROSE—Perhaps not, but I think I know women!

ETHEL—You little know me, if you think I am going to make it up.

ROSE—What, never at all? You are quite, quite sure?

ETHEL—Never!

ROSE—Oh, Ethel! [*taking her hands*] I am so glad, so very glad!

ETHEL—You are glad now. You odd girl!

ROSE—Don't laugh, it is so serious to me. Oh, if I could only have known a long time ago—how lightly your love lay on you—I should have—well, I should have been so different in some things—in one thing.

ETHEL [*puzzled*].—I don't a bit know what you mean.

ROSE—No, how should you? and you mustn't ever try to guess. But—but do you think any woman is justified in sacrificing her own happiness—perhaps only the dream of her own happiness—for the sake of another person?

ETHEL—No, I don't, and that is why I'm so determined not to sacrifice mine to Mr. Amesbury.

ROSE—Oh, Ethel, dearest, kiss me and forgive me. You have made me so happy.

ETHEL—Have I? I don't see how; but I'm very glad, all the same.

ROSE—Listen. You are quite sure you don't love Mr. Amesbury one little bit?

ETHEL—Not one fraction of a little bit.

ROSE—How differently you used to talk once!

ETHEL—Yes, indeed, once—I had not found him out then!

ROSE—And really he is very nice—so good-looking, so delightful in every way, so clever—such very good form—

ETHEL—And such a temper!

ROSE—Nonsense! I won't have him abused. No really nice man ever had a good temper! You shan't abuse my friend!

ETHEL—Your friend!

ROSE—Yes; did you not know we were ever so long in the country together last August? [*Excitedly*] He is not your friend now! He is nothing to you! He is my friend, and you shan't abuse him!

ETHEL [*with calm deliberation*].—Do you mean to tell me, Rose, that you, my own friend whom I trusted, have—have played me false? You dare to tell me to my face you are glad he and I are parted, and that you—whom I once thought so loyal—that you love Mr. Amesbury? You flirt with him habitually, no doubt, when my back is turned!

ROSE [*half-sobbing*].—I confess nothing, Ethel.

ETHEL [*bitterly*].—Ah, I see it all now—yes, you danced twice with him yesterday!

ROSE—I did—while you danced four times with Mr. Douglas.

ETHEL—It is no excuse!

ROSE—Fortunately, you don't care for Jim.

ETHEL [*stamping her foot*].—You shan't call him Jim, and I do care for him—you know I do! I can't bear it—I—I—think your conduct—why, what are you laughing at?

ROSE—At you, I am afraid.

ETHEL [*after a pause*].—Do you really mean—

Yes, I see. Well, you can act, Rose! But you were ever so long in the country with him? You said so.

ROSE—Only two days; but it seemed "ever so long," for he talked of nothing but you.

ETHEL [*after a sudden pause—then laughing suddenly*].—Well, now, Rose, I daresay you think yourself very clever; but what would you say if I told you that I had seen through you all the time?

ROSE—I should not believe you, dear!

Don't Believe It.

No matter what people may say to the contrary, constipation is easily and thoroughly curable. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters gives complete relief. Use it promptly, persistently. Avoid drastic purgatives. They gripe, weaken, necessitate increasing doses, disorder the stomach. Not so the Bitters. This thorough medicine is also a preventive of malaria, and removes biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and kidney trouble.

A Social Manual.

"Our Society Blue Book," shortly to be issued by Mr. Charles C. Hoag, rooms 175 and 176, Crocker Building, will be a fine work of art. It will be printed on delicately tinted, gilt-edged paper, elegantly bound, with a handsome design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The work has been carefully compiled, and will include only the names of persons of recognized social standing. It will contain a numerical arrangement, by streets and avenues, of the residences of society people—an entirely new feature here. The book will be superior to any of its character ever published on this coast, and the equal of any work of the kind ever issued in the United States or abroad. All communications concerning the publication should be addressed as above.

Miss Passy—"I dread to think of my thirtieth birthday." Miss Budd—"Why, what happened?"—*Puck.*

Serofula's most potent enemy is undoubtedly Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"Did you make any Christmas presents, Barton?" "No; I bought what I needed."—*Puck.*

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Soup is the medicine of the convalescent, a chief dish

COWDREY'S SOUPS.

of the luncheon, one of the usual introductory courses of the dinner.

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 Flesh, } 2
 Brunette. } 3
POZZONI'S All Druggists
 Fancy Stores. **TINTS**



The comedy now running at the Baldwin bears evidence of a very French origin. W. Gillette may "tamper" with it, as the play-bill announces, but he can not hide that it comes from Gaul.

Mr. Gillette adapts from the German better than from the French. "All the Comforts of Home" and "The Private Secretary" were a great deal better comedies than "Settled Out of Court." It may be that American actors are more suited to comedy as understood by Germans than comedy as understood by the French. We all know that our comedians have not the lightness of touch, the delicacy of expression, that is the pride of the French comedian. And this may be the reason why the humor of "Settled Out of Court" becomes so heavy and monotonous toward the close of the play. A light hand at comedy is as rare, and as necessary for good work, as a light band at pastry.

Innumerable situations, and plots, and underplots, all of the stereotyped humorous class, go to the making up of the three acts of farce entitled "Settled Out of Court." There are the elderly married pair and the juvenile lovers; there are the jealous wife and the husband who makes her jealous; there is the old man who thinks himself irresistibly charming; there is a low-comedy parlormaid, with a feather duster; there is the man who takes the character part; and there is a red-faced yokel, in a white smock-frock. And rumors permeate the play of a female, of entrancing beauty and powerful muscle, who never appears.

Most of the trouble in the play is all on account of this beautiful sylphid, whose name is Laura Ravenelli. Laura appears to have been a professional strong woman—one of her greatest feats having been to hold a medium-sized man up in each hand while two infants sat upon a board between her teeth. The interlocutor here interrupted to ask if the infants were between her teeth; but her husband assures him it was not the infants but the board, and continues his tale of woe.

Laura's husband was Daglatere, the Human Man-Fish, who entranced audiences from Australia to Scotland by remaining under the water for seven minutes at a time. During his immersion he smoked a cigar, ate a carrot, added up a sum, and peeled an orange. For several years he and Laura led a life of unruffled domestic felicity. The happiness of their existence was perfect. Laura was devoted to her art, and many times of an evening, in their humble domicile, would go through the most wonderful feats of her repertoire. One of these was to hang, head downward, from a trapeze, and, holding her husband by a belt with her teeth, twirl him round in mid-air, a hundred revolutions to the minute.

But these happy days of confidence and love were destined to end. The fickle Laura turned against her Man-Fish and fastened her affections upon the Norwegian Giant. This was more than the proud spirit of Daglatere could stand, the blood of the Man-Fish rose, and broken-hearted but resolute, he sought freedom in a divorce. He also wished to marry a Young Person, whose father was in the grocery line and was a man of means.

This story of himself, told with a crisp and precise clearness by the Sub-Aquatic Wonder, the narrative accentuated with stiff gestures of a pair of small hands in brown gloves, was one of the cleverest things in the whole play. It was not exactly farcical, and the broadness of the humor was toned down by the admirably serious manner of the Man-Fish. There was about him a delightful assumption of importance and a professional ornateness of address that was irresistibly funny. It was a performance that was keyed to just the right pitch. Nine actors out of ten would have been induced, especially in a comedy so close to farce, to overdo the part and bring it to the farce line. But Mr. Abbe did not overact for a moment.

From the first moment of the introduction of Laura Ravenelli's name into the play, the complications begin. This muscular lady causes all sorts of trouble to everybody. Without even putting her foot on the boards, she has every one in the cast by the ears. It is rather a swindle that we are not permitted to see her. When one hears so much about a person, one has a natural curiosity to see what she looks like. Perhaps the author, having made nearly every man in the play rave over her beaming beauty, was shy about putting her in the cast for fear the part would be taken by an ugly woman. He liked better to be sole guaranty for the beauty of his heroine, as Bulwer was so fond of telling how his hero "answered with his customary brilliancy" and then negated it to put down what he said.

Laura Ravenelli, outside the scenes, only to be

known of by hearsay, is the most interesting woman in the cast. She is like the *ignis fatuus* that dances before you and you never catch. Next to her comes Mrs. Plunkett, Mr. Plunkett's third wife. Mrs. Plunkett is a lady who, under a cold and indifferent exterior, hides a heart bubbling with love. She also—but this might go without saying—is misunderstood. The owners of hearts that bubble with unclaimed love are always misunderstood. Hence, when an unknown correspondent, signing himself "Robert," pours out his heart to her in a series of humbly adoring letters, Mrs. Plunkett's unclaimed love immediately fastens itself upon Robert, and she in return writes him answers to his letters that pass from the one beginning "Dear Sir" to the one which bids him address her no more, as she is the wife of another.

Any one who has seen Mrs. Drew-Barrymore act will know that she would be excellent in such a part, absurd though it is. The Drews are all actors by birth and by inheritance. They have acting in their blood; they come from a family that has been an ornament to the stage for generations. Old Mrs. John Drew—who was once not only famous as a capital actress, but as the possessor of the most beautiful figure on the stage—gave her last performances of Mrs. Malaprop last winter in New York. Her age was—as one says of the ages of sensitive maiden ladies—"uncertain," her appearance was superb, and the way she "made her points," the splendid confidence and ease and style of her, showed her to be a veteran who knew the stage as the Puritans of New England knew the Bible and the Blue Laws. "Graceful as a young gazette!"—the way she said that one little sentence brought down the house.

Mrs. Drew-Barrymore has the real Drew style, at once brusque and elegantly bored, and the real Drew face, which is intelligent, aristocratic, and somewhat haughty, with a cold, hawk eye and a drooping lid, a high nose, such as one is fond of ascribing to the ancient Roman senators, and a small, proud mouth that looks always rather scornful and discouraged, with thin lips and a droop in the corners. She is as like her brother as Viola was like hers, and has just his tricks of expression and manner, his way of replying with an off-hand, careless shortness, his manner of looking at the person to whom he is talking, with a wild-eyed, cold, staring intentness; his singularly natural style of diction without a suggestion of staginess or elocution about it.

Mrs. Barrymore's strong point is humor. She is not half the artist that her brother is, but she has real comic talent. She has inflections in her voice, little thin, high notes of inquiry, low groaning tones of disappointment and mock despair that are delightfully funny. She does nothing in "Settled Out of Court" as absurdly comic as her celebrated leap on the sofa in "The Senator," but her whole performance is healthily and honestly humorous.

Her appearance in her old-gold and brown velvet dress, the one that "Robert" commended, with her hair done up in high curls, among which a fretted gold comb is stuck sideways, is very stunning. She looks altogether too aristocratic to have such a down-at-heel servant-girl to usher in visitors, as the one Minnie Titell personates. This is a regular lodging-house slave, the sort that F. B. used to conjure to bring up his morning chop in the days of his out-at-elbows poverty. Minnie Titell does the slavey well, but no such fine lady as Mrs. Plunkett, in old-gold and brown velvet, or in green and white striped gauze and silk, would have endured such a minion as anything but a scullery-maid.

Taking it all in all, the people in "Settled Out of Court" are too good for the play. The last act drags and is very dull. The heaped-up incidents and innumerable comic complications become extremely wearisome. Less funniness and more naturalness would benefit the play immensely. There is material enough in the piece to make two or three comedies of the farce class. The dialogue is fairly good, especially where the Man-Fish comes in. But even the Man-Fish toward the close becomes a weary thing. The last act of "Settled Out of Court" resembles the last acts of numerous frothy comedies. The author seems to have got tired of his work before he got that far, and to have thrown together the end in any sort of half-hearted way to get rid of an uncongenial task.

At the theatres during the week commencing January 9th: Charles Frohman's comedians in "The Sportsman"; the Tivoli Company in "Faust"; "The Old Homestead"; Schilling's Minstrels; and "The Magistrate."

The twenty-seventh annual exposition of the Mechanics' Institute, with the preliminary World's Fair Exhibit of California, will open at the Mechanics' Pavilion on Tuesday, January 10th. In addition to the usual features of the fair, there will be the annual exhibition of the Northern Citrus Fair Association, six large aquariums, and a variety of other novel and interesting exhibitions.

The Duke of Edinburgh's musical enthusiasm, as well as his reluctance to disappoint the public, led him to travel from St. Germain to Plymouth in the guard's van of a fish train, recently, rather than not be in time to play as one of the first violins at a performance of the "Dream of Jubal."

For a disordered Liver try BEECHAM'S PILLS.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Hugo Toland, who has been spending the holidays in San Francisco, has been specially engaged to appear in "The Magistrate."

"Faust" will be sung at the Tivoli Opera House during the coming week, with the following cast:

Faust, Ferdinand Schuetz; Mefistofele, E. N. Knight; Valentino, George Olmi; Wagner, Phil. Branson; Margherita, Lillie Salinger; Siebel, Lizzie Annandale; Marta, Grace Vernon.

"The Sportsman," which the Frohman Company perform for the first time in this city on Monday night, is a new comedy by Lestocq, the French dramatist from whose original "Jane" was taken. Sydney Grundy's "Arabian Nights" will be given during the third week, and a week of "Mr. Wilkinsons' Widows" will conclude the engagement.

Minna Gale-Haynes has returned to the stage—she said that her marriage would not keep her from her career—and has achieved a really notable success in her revival of "The Hunchback" in New York. Her new stage-name and her success are shown in the phrase of a noted critic: "The triumph of Mrs. Gale-Haynes was positive and brilliant."

The Bostonians were to have produced a new opera by Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith during their engagement in New York, but "Robin Hood" was so popular that they decided not to withdraw it. The new opera, "The Knickerbockers," was produced at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston, last Tuesday night—with what success is not yet known here.

Agnes Huntington has left a legacy to the stage that will be a more enduring monument than her lyric and histrionic fame. Her suit for refundment of duties paid at the New York customs house on the costumes of her chorus-girls has just been decided in her favor, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals having determined that theatrical costumes are "tools of trade."

Lillian Russell is back in New York, repeating her early success in "La Cigale." The secret of that success lies, perhaps, in the fact that she received a hearty welcome. She certainly was received in San Francisco with less cordiality than curiosity, and her coldness is accounted for, if not excused, by her own statement that "it is not necessary for a prima donna who is paid eight hundred dollars a week to make a reputation every night."

At a recent dinner of the American dramatists, Bronson Howard submitted to the approval of his brother playwrights a model contract that had just been signed by a New York manager. It bound the manager, not only to pay royalties, but to print the author's name in certain type; to keep the play on the boards till the author was sure it had had a fair chance; to produce no other piece until the popularity of the play in question was exhausted; and to do many other things that would have shocked a manager of olden days into paralysis or paresis.

All the talk about the Montana silver statue of Ada Rehan has drawn attention to the fact that she is an actress who enjoys her privacy and has never sought to "boom" herself by advertising methods. In New York she was so stared at wherever she went that she had to give up riding in the elevated and go about in a carriage. Out of the metropolis, she wanders about more at ease; in this city she has been seen strolling along, gazing in the shop-windows and looking at the people, as unconcerned as the latest imported traveler. As to her gowns, though they are often marvels of beauty and richness, they are never heralded in advance. The newspapers know nothing about them until the first night, and contain columns of description for days afterward.

DCLXXXVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, January 8, 1893.

Mullagatwny Soup.
Fried Sole, Mashed Potatoes.
Beefsteak à la Bordelaise.
Mushrooms. Celery Sauce Blanche.
Roast Mallard Ducks. Currant Jelly and Lemon Sauce.
Lettuce.
Pistache Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Coffee.

PISTACHE CREAM.—Half an ounce of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine, two ounces of powdered sugar; melt the gelatine in a gill of water, then add the sugar, a glass of sherry, and a glass of kirsch. Whip half a pint of thick cream solid, and when the gelatine is cold and beginning to thicken, stir the cream to it very lightly, and, at the same time, two ounces of pistachio-nuts, blanched and chopped fine, with enough vegetable-green coloring to make the cream a shade or two lighter than the nuts. This cream must be stirred lightly on ice, after the nuts are added, till thick enough for them not to sink.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Ask your grocer for it. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johnstown, N. Y., will bring you cook-book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

A burglar conceived the idea of increasing his receipts by furnishing to a newspaper "beats" on his exploits. After each burglary he sent a full account to the paper, and collected pay for the articles in the usual way. But the editor became suspicious and gave information to the police. The burglar-journalist is now in jail.

—H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Painless filling.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

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KRELLING BROS. PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

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A TRIP TO THE MOON!

Monday, January 9th.

FAUST!

Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents.

MANDOLIN MUSICALE

—GIVEN BY—

MR. SAMUEL ADELSTEIN

Solo Mandolinist and Luteist.

At Metropolitan Hall, Fifth St., bet. Market and Mission Sts., Friday Evening, Jan. 13, '93.

—ASSISTED BY—

Mrs. Martin Schultz, Soprano; Mrs. Lillie Birmingham, Contralto; Mr. J. F. Fleming, Bass; Miss Lillian Nathan, Mandolin; Mr. M. Solano, Harp; Mr. Martin Schultz, Organ; Mr. H. Clay Wysham, Boehm Flute; Mr. Arthur Regensberger, Cello; Mr. Emil Greenbaum, Violin; Mr. F. Dellepiane, Accompanist.

ADMISSION, — 50 cents.

Seats may be reserved at an extra charge of 25 cents at the music store of Sherman, Clay & Co. on January 11th, 12th, and 13th.

Twenty-Seventh Industrial Exposition

—OF THE—

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

—AND—

Preliminary World's Fair Exhibit of California

Opens January 10, 1893.

Closes February 11, 1893.

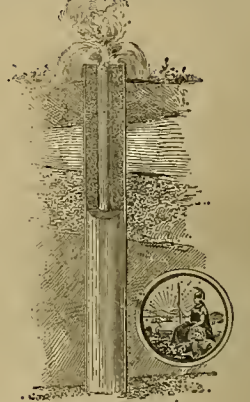
NEW FEATURES!

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS!

Among which will be the annual exhibition of the Northern California Citrus Fair Association, a grand display of natural products of the various counties of the State, the largest collection ever seen in this city of valuable statuary and paintings, an orchestra of fifty musicians, including noted soloists and Miss May Cook, the young Californian cornetist, six large aquariums, machinery in motion, objects of art, industry, and manufacture.

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The meaning of the word advertisement, "to make known," explains its importance. Make known what you have to sell or what you wish to buy. The benefits are so far-reaching that you can not tell where they will end. Like the ripples of water caused by a stone, they extend far beyond the sight.—Kookuk (La.) Gate City.

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Receives deposits subject to check and allows interest at the rate of two per cent. per annum on daily balances. Issues certificates of deposit bearing fixed rates of interest.

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Wills drawn and taken care of Without Charge.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Anglo-Indian—"Meat high in India, sir? Why, jamme, sir, we have to use *carbolic* instead of pepper, sir!"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"Isn't Miss Bolivar aging rapidly?" "Yes; but she had to catch up, you know. She was twenty for thirteen years."—*Basar*.

Tom Bachelor—"I wonder if there's any truth in the idea that married men live longer than unmarried." *Married host*—"It seems longer."—*Life*.

Miss Caustic—"I hear you got married the other day." *Mrs. de Koter*—"That's my business." *Miss Caustic*—"I thought so. This is your third, isn't it?"—*Puck*.

Miss Cutter—"You have not been in society long, have you?" *Miss Planter*—"No; but I remember of hearing about you when I was a mere child."—*Frank Leslie's*.

"How is it you never have anything in the *Gazette*?" "Because I think the editor's judgment is so bad that when I write anything he is willing to print, I withdraw it."—*Basar*.

Old friend (playfully)—"And so you married a Boston girl? Can you always understand her when she talks?" *Mr. Gotham*—"Um—not when she talks to the baby."—*New York Weekly*.

Like its pop: "Was the house furnished aesthetically, my dear?" "Oh, yes; everything was antique, except the baby." "Well, that, of course, was a reproduction."—*B. K. & Co's Monthly*.

Butcher—"I need a boy about your size, and will give you three dollars a week." *Applicant*—"Will I have a chance to rise?" *Butcher*—"Yes. I want you to be here at four o'clock every morning."—*Life*.

"What does Larrington see in Harrington's personal appearance to admire so much? He is always talking of 'handsome Harrington.'" "Why, don't you know?—they are said to look very much alike."—*Puck*.

Dingle—"Well, which side won the foot-ball game?" *Mr. Clovertop*—"I reckon the game was postponed, for I never had a glimpse of the ball, and there was a big fight going on out in the field when I left."—*Inter-Ocean*.

First actress—"Well, dear, what sort of a part are you to have in the new piece?" *Second actress*—"Oh, I've only got to look pretty, I believe, as usual." *First actress*—"Fancy! You do work hard."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Sher—"Mr. Trotter has been sitting over in that corner all the evening. I wonder why he doesn't come and talk to me?" *He* (Trotter's rival)—"I told him that his trousers bagged at the knee, and he dare not walk across the room."—*Basar*.

Business man (down South)—"I have positive proof that Colonel Gore forged my signature to these checks." *Friend*—"If I were you, I'd say nothing about it. Colonel Gore is a dead shot and very touchy about his honor."—*Puck*.

Woman (on railway train)—"Hush! hush! There! there! Baby bye! . . . I don't know what in the world to do sometimes. The more I work with him, the worse he cries." *Quiet passenger* (benevolently)—"Have you—ever tried chloroform?"—*New York Weekly*.

Managing editor—"Have you written that bunch of funny paragraphs, Mr. Sadman?" *Subordinate*—"Not yet—I can't think of anything." *Managing editor*—"Then write an editorial on 'The Decline of American Humor'—you've got to earn your salary, somehow!"—*Puck*.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

RELIEVES INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, ETC.

Dr. Henry Irving has just made a curious addition to his collection of relics of Edmund Kean. It is not generally known that Kean, on October 7, 1826, was elected at Quebec a chief and a prince of the Huron tribe of Indians, by the name of Alanienouidet. An engraving is extant of Kean fully attired as a warlike Indian. Recently the original costume—feathers, tomakawk, and all—was discovered among the effects of the late Mrs. Leigh Murray, and was secured at once by Mr. Irving.

False Economy

Is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
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Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs, Colds, and all other Throat Troubles.—"Preeminently the best."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher*.

INTAGLIOS.

At the Church Gate.

Although I enter not,
Yet all around the spot
Ofttimes I bower;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes, I wait
Expectant of her.

The minister bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and bumbling;
They've hushed the minister bell;
The organ 'gins to swell;
She's coming! coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here—she's past—
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts untruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
Angels within it.—*Thackeray*.

Identity.

Somewhere, in desolate wind-swept space,
In twilight-land, in No-man's-land,
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the gleaming light,
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"—*T. B. Aldrich*.

The Romaine of the Rose.

Poor rose! I lift you from the street—
Far better I should own you
Than you should lie for random feet,
Where careless hands have thrown you.

Poor pinky petals, crushed and torn!
Did heartless Mayfair use you,
Then cast you forth to lie forlorn,
For chariot wheels to bruise you?

I saw you last in Edith's bair.
Rose, you would scarce discover
That I, she passed upon the stair,
Was Edith's favored lover.

A month, a little month, ago—
Oh, theme for moral writer!—
Twist you and me, my Rose, you know,
She might have been politer.

But let that pass. She gave you then—
Behind the oleander—
To one, perhaps, of all the men
Who best could understand her.

Cyril, that, duly flattered, took,
As only Cyril's able,
With just the same arcadian look
He used last night for Mabel.

Then, having waltzed till every star
Had paled away in morning,
Lit up his cynical cigar,
And tossed you downward, scorning.

Kismet! my Rose! Revenge is sweet—
She made my heart-strings quiver—
And yet, you shan't lie in the street;
I'll drop you in the river.—*Austin Dobson*.

Out of the Window.

Out of the window she leaned and laughed,
A girl's laugh, idle, and foolish, and sweet—
Foolish, and idle, it dropped like a call,
Into the crowded, noisy street.
Up he glanced at the glancing face,
Who had caught the laugh as it fluttered and fell,
And eye to eye for a moment there
They held each other as if by a spell.
All in a moment passing there
And into her idle, empty day,
All in that moment something new
Suddenly seemed to find its way.
All through and through the clamorous hours
That made his clamorous, busy day,
A girl's laugh, idle, and foolish, and sweet,
In every bargain found its way.
And through and through the crowd of the streets,
At every window in passing by,
He looked a moment, and seemed to see
A pair of eyes like the morning sky.

—*Nora Perry*.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills stimulate the appetite and regulate the bowels. Try them. Have you seen Ayer's Almanac?

The announcement is made that the new Episcopal cathedral in New York, over which Bishop Potter presides, will have cost, when done, grounds and all, \$10,000,000.

—GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER STREET, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Made with Boiling Water.
EPSP'S COCOA.
Made with Boiling Milk

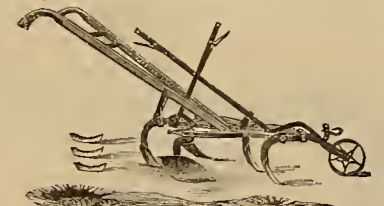
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Money

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Farming

Not if the farmer throws it away.
Not if he spends an hour on a row
Of onions, which the "Planet
Jr." Wheel Hoe would do
better in six minutes.
Not if he takes half an hour to
"set" his old cultivator,
when he could change a
"Planet Jr." without stop-
ping his horse.



Not if he wastes his seed in sowing thick, and then his time in thinning, when he might save both with the new Hill-Dropping Drill. Money lies in raising double the stuff at half the cost. It can be done.

The "Planet Jr." Catalogue costs nothing. Doing without it is expensive. Write for the latest.

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like taking care of yourself this cold winter weather. For 30 days wear nothing but our fine pair of Ladies', Boys', Men's, or big Girls' Shoes, a pair of men's foot-holds, 6 to 10, free. They're worth 50 to 75c. everywhere. Add 10c. if to mail—Children's Shoes, all kinds, from 40c. up, or Ladies' or Boys', if preferred, we'll send a pair of Misses' Rubbers, foot-hold style, FREE (if asked for), sizes 11 to 1 1/2, worth 80 to 85c. elsewhere. Add 6c. if for mail. We have no other give-away sizes or kinds. Read carefully.

Ladies' Regular Rubbers

4 pair for \$1.00, or fine Rubbers, 8 pair for \$1.00, sizes 8 to 7. No spring heels, no size 8, at these broke prices—Child's 6 to 10 1/2, at 5 pair \$1.00; or Misses', 11 to 1 1/2, 4 pair for \$1.00, at Smith's, 404, 416, 418 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now partially or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier left neither widow nor child, provided soldier died in service, or from effects of service, and they are now dependent upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.

Thousands of soldiers drawing from \$2 to \$10 per month under the old law are entitled to higher rates under new law, not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, whether due to service or not.

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in regular army or navy since the war are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors and their widows, of the Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee, and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.

Mexican War soldiers and their widows also entitled, if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent. Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

Rejected claims reopened and settlement secured, if rejection improper or illegal.

Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

Send for laws and information. No charge for advice. No fee unless successful. Address,

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dividend Notices.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-half (4 1/2) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, cor. Market, McAllister, and Jones Sts., San Francisco, January 3, 1893.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1892, free from all taxes and payable on and after January 3, 1893.
R. J. TOBIN, Secretary.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
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DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28 1/2-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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Undivided Profits.....3,317,485 11
September 30, 1892.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The recommendations of Governor Markham on the subject of prisoners and criminals will command the less attention because he advocates the abolition of capital punishment on the ground that the proportion between executions and convictions has been diminishing since 1850; which is tantamount to contending that because the laws are not rigidly enforced, therefore they had better be abolished altogether. It is probably an error to assume that, because governors have indiscreetly exercised the prerogative of mercy, the public are growing more lenient toward crime. We believe, on the contrary, that public sentiment leans the

other way, and that in this, as in some other States, the feeling is growing that the best thing to do with a bad egg is to smash it.

Governor Markham's views are not so well worth perusal as the paper lately published by Mr. Altgeld, the well-known penologist, who has just been elected governor of Illinois, on the subject of prison labor. With Mr. Altgeld this topic has been a life-long study, and he has brought to bear upon it a logical mind and common-sense instincts. He thinks our system is erroneous throughout. It involves a waste of labor and it stands in the way of the reformation of the criminal. In those States which farm out their prison labor, the price paid by contractors will average about fifty cents per man per day, and some one loses the difference between that sum and the sum which the prisoner would probably earn if he were free. The same results are reached in States which employ their convicts without leasing them. It costs about thirty cents a day to keep, clothe, and guard a convict. His earnings will not vary far from an average of forty cents a day. The difference enables some States to boast that their prisons are self-supporting; but to attain this result the prisoner, having no incentive to labor, does only about half as much work as he would do if he were free, which is a loss of fifty per cent. of the labor he ought to contribute to society, and adds so much to the burden of his fellow-citizens. Furthermore, he acquires habits of slovenly work, which impair his earning capacity when he is released. Mr. Altgeld thinks that convicts should be paid the prevailing rate of wages; that out of their earnings, the State should deduct its outlay for housing, feeding, guarding, and clothing them; and that the balance should be applied to the support of the convict's family if he has one, and if he has not, should be passed over to his credit to support him while he is looking for work after his liberation.

It goes without saying that our penal system stands in need of reform. According to the census tables, there were in 1890, 45,233 prisoners in penitentiaries. There were probably a larger number in county and city jails, so that it is probably no exaggeration to assume that 100,000 people were lodged at the expense of various States and counties. According to the governor's message, there were, at the close of last year, 2,740 inmates of State prisons in this State. Mr. Porter could find only 2,051 in 1890. But even the smaller of these numbers is appalling. It is frightful to think that two out of every thousand persons in the State are in the penitentiary, and probably other two in county or city jails. So excessive a volume of criminality implies a defective method of dealing with crime.

And the defect stands revealed on the surface. Our prison records show that over sixty per cent. of the convicts in penitentiaries are serving their second, or third, or fourth terms. It is evident that their previous terms of sentence have had the effect of hardening instead of reforming them. May this not arise from the natural effect of long periods of enforced idleness? The two thousand odd hundred convicts in this State are only half employed. A certain number of convicts are supposed to be kept at work on the jute mill, in spite of the protests of the labor unions. But the visitor to San Quentin Prison does not need to be told that they are precious careful not to tax their strength by overwork. Their labor is, in fact, another term for idleness. They play at working. Is there no form of work at which they could be employed without taking the bread out of the mouths of honest workmen?

Wherever it is proposed to set the convicts at work on any productive industry, the union of the free workers in that industry files a protest. Thus, in this State, the prison wardens are forbidden to employ their prisoners in making clothing, though clothing made by Eastern convict labor is for sale in the clothing stores. In New York, an act passed in July, 1888, forbade contract labor, and practically all other forms of labor in the penal institutions of that State. This was a concession to the labor unions. It was, however, shown at the time that the product of convict labor, in comparison with that of free labor, was so small that it could not possibly affect the market price of the goods pro-

duced or the wages of the free laborers who produced them. There were but eight products in which convict labor cut any figure at all. These were hoots and shoes, bricks, brooms and brushes, chairs, clothing, harness and saddlery, hosiery, stoves, and wagons, and the convicts engaged in making these products compared in number with the free laborers engaged in the pursuits in the proportion of 4.7 to 100, 1.5 to 100, 20.3 to 100, 31.3, 4.7, 8.3, 4.5, and 3.1, taking the products in the order above given. The total amount of prison labor in the United States is about half of one per cent. of the total free labor—a proportion too small to create competition.

The unions, however, carried the day in New York, and their influence has been felt in other States in the same direction. The consequence is that a condition of things has been produced in our penitentiaries which is subversive of prison discipline, and fatal to the reformation of prisoners. If it is sought to check the supply of returned felons at the prisons, convicts must not be compelled to spend their terms in idleness, and they must be supplied with the usual incentive to work—a hope of reward. Any other plan defeats the usefulness of a prison as a reformatory.

In some States of the Union, notably in Tennessee, Arkansas, and other Southern States, the system of leasing out convict labor still prevails, though its abuses have been frequently pointed out. The object of the system is to lift from the shoulders of tax-payers the burden of supporting the prisons. But it is abundantly clear that the brutalities to which the leasing system gives rise must generate a supply of crime which furnishes an endless stream of convicts, so that, in the end, the leasing system probably proves more expensive than the system of handling convicts through State officials.

In many of the interior cities, persons convicted of misdemeanors are put on the chain-gang and forced to work on the streets. It might be a good idea to see if the plan could not be extended to penitentiary convicts, and to experiment with them as road-menders. The high-roads of most of the States are in a shocking condition, owing to the imperfect manner in which the road laws are carried out. By employing forty or forty-five thousand convicts at road-mending, the highways of the United States could be put and kept in good condition, which would be a substantial gain. The convicts would be employed at healthful labor and would not compete with the members of the labor unions. As to the objection that an undue number of convicts would escape, that would be refuted by the argument of the shot-gun in the hands of a guard who knew enough to shoot to kill. A few examples of straight shooting would cure convicts of the desire to wander.

Prior to 1866, the general provision of the constitution for the choosing of senators of the United States by the State legislatures prevailed throughout the Union. In each State the legislature chose the senators at its own preferred time without directory statute of Congress. But in 1866 Congress passed the law still in force, which directs:

"Each House shall, by a *viva voce* vote of each member present, name a person for candidate for senator on the second Tuesday after the meeting and organization thereof. On the day following, the Houses shall meet in joint assembly, and, if the same person shall have received a majority of all the votes cast in each House, he shall be declared duly elected senator of the United States; but if not, then the joint assembly shall proceed to choose, by a *viva voce* vote, a person for the purpose aforesaid, and the person who shall receive a majority of all the votes of the joint assembly, a majority of the members of each House being present, shall be declared duly elected. If such senator is not elected on the first day, the joint assembly shall meet and take at least one vote per day during the session of the legislature."

The law also provides similarly in the event of no election by the sitting legislature, or in case a vacancy shall happen, notice of which shall have been received during the session. The constitution provides:

"If vacancies happen, by resignation or otherwise, during the recess of the legislature of any State, the executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies."

It has been held that the neglect or failure of the legislature to elect a senator is not a vacancy, which is

resignation, or death, or removal from office by action of the legislature, as in the case of Senator Hugh Lawson White, of Tennessee, 1840; or expulsion from the Senate, as in the cases of William Blount, senator from Tennessee, 1797, and of Senators Simmons, of Rhode Island, and Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, 1863. In conformity to the law of 1866, the legislatures of several States have already made election of senators to serve from March 4th ensuing for the prescribed term. The election of United States senator by the legislature of California will occur January 17th. The elections of senators this winter are specially important, inasmuch as the entire complement of senators is necessary to determine the relative strength of parties in the United States Senate, and to decide whether the Republicans shall continue in control of the upper branch of the national legislature, or whether the Democrats shall have domination, as they have in the executive department.

The passage of the law of 1866 was precipitated by the contest over the election of a senator in New Jersey, 1867, in which Senators Stockton and Cattell were immediately involved, and to obviate the difficulty encountered and practiced in some of the States—notably Indiana, Iowa, and Oregon—in securing a joint convention of the legislature for the purpose of electing a senator, and thereby depriving the State of its due representation in the Senate of the United States. James Harlan was by such means defeated in Iowa for the senatorship in her early Statehood, and in 1845 and again in 1855 Indiana had only a single United States Senator. California was without her allotment of two senators by the failure of the legislature to elect a successor in 1851 to Senator John C. Fremont, and again in 1855 and 1856 by the failure to elect a successor, either year, to Senator W. M. Gwin. As the governor of the State was without authority to appoint the senator temporarily in either case, California had only one senator during those three years. Because of vacancies by the death of senators subsequently, temporary appointments were made by the governor in subsequent years—as that of Judge Hann, to occupy the seat of Senator Broderick, to which the succeeding legislature elected Milton S. Latham, and that of George Hearst, to take the place made vacant by the death of General Miller until the legislature elected as senator A. P. Williams. Likewise, in Oregon in 1864, Governor Whiteaker temporarily appointed Benjamin Stark to the vacancy made by the death of Senator E. D. Baker, which the succeeding legislature filled by the election of Benjamin F. Harding.

The situation at Sacramento is such that it looks at present as if Stephen M. White had the inside track. All his Democratic opponents have withdrawn. The story about his leading rival, W. W. Foote, being offered a Cabinet position by Cleveland is preposterous. Another story about Foote's withdrawal is much more probable. It is to the effect that the Roman Catholic wing of the Democratic party, led by the Young Men's Institute, put the screws on Foote, and compelled his withdrawal, in order to leave a clear field for White, who is a Roman Catholic. From this it would seem that the Church of Rome is taking a hand in filling the seats of our highest legislative body, the Senate of the United States.

The clangor of the pending controversy between Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, and Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota, reminds the reader of an episode in the early history of Canada. It was in the time of *le roy vaillant*. Huguenot ministers and Roman Catholic priests had emigrated side by side to Quebec, and they deafened the garrison with the clamor of their controversies. One day a priest died, and that evening one of the most obstreperous of the predicants died, also. Throw the pair, said the commandant, into one grave; they never could agree in life, let us see how they will get along side by side in death.

In the little town of Faribault, Minn., the irrepressible conflict between common schools and parochial schools was adjusted by an agreement by the Roman Catholic priest that children of his faith should attend the common schools on the condition that, after school, priests should be free to administer to them religious teaching in the school-room. This compromise was sanctioned by Archbishop Ireland, and subsequently ratified by the Pope. But it was, before Papal ratification, violently condemned by Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, who, having a large Irish constituency to look after, has no idea of suffering their children to attend the public schools on any condition if he can help it. He allowed it to be understood that, in his opinion, Archbishop Ireland was no better than a heathen pagan, and that the curse of St. Patrick should light upon his head. To this the friends of the archbishop of Minnesota suffered it to be whispered that, in his opinion, Corrigan was an old fool, who believed he was living in the seventeenth century, whereas, in fact, he was cumbering the end of the nineteenth.

To restore peace between the two, the Pope sent to this country a smooth Italian churchman, of fine diplomatic

skill, named Satolli. And it seems that Satolli, taking Corrigan's measure at a glance, wrote to Rome that he was devoid of sense, and was likely to do mischief to the church by his intemperate and narrow-minded zealotry. Furthermore, being charged by the Pope to adjust the McGlynn controversy, Satolli restored that eloquent and popular preacher to his congregation without condition; observing, with a smile, that he knew of no law of the church which obliged priests to be sound on questions of political economy.

Satolli's proceedings seem to have exacerbated beyond endurance the gentleman of Hibernian descent who presides over the archdiocese of New York. His feelings reached the explosive point, and a pamphlet appeared showing that Archbishop Ireland was an emissary of the devil, bent on destroying the church. Papers were flooded with communications assailing him, and with him the Papal ablegate Satolli. The *Catholic World* let Ireland have it hot and heavy. A literary bureau was retained on Corrigan's side, which even procured the insertion of assaults on Ireland and Satolli in French and Italian papers. All this time the Minnesota prelate was lying low, hiding his time. At last a letter in Archbishop Corrigan's handwriting, requesting the recipient to procure the insertion in a Chicago paper of an anonymous article assailing Satolli and Ireland, found its way into the hands of the archbishop of Minnesota. Then he acted promptly. He formulated charges against Corrigan, and transmitted them to Rome. Thus he alters the relative position of the combatants. The last time he and Corrigan had their battle royal at Rome, the Minnesotan was defendant and the Irish-American plaintiff; now the enemy of Dr. McGlynn and of the public schools is on the defensive. He will have to justify his attempt to defame a brother churchman in an anonymous communication in a newspaper. He may not find that so easy as he thinks.

Such men as Corrigan are as much out of place in our modern civilization as a living Pterodactyl would be in San Francisco. He evidently belongs to that sect of churchmen which holds that the world has made no progress since the days of Pope Boniface. If the law allowed, he would burn Giordano Bruno and incarcerate Galileo. To-day, Archbishop Ireland, who is in touch with the people, knows that the attempt of the Roman Catholic clergy to maintain their clutch upon education in an age when priests are not allowed to be teachers in any Roman Catholic country in Europe, is merely courting defeat and provoking obloquy. Really intelligent Roman Catholic clergymen do not concur with the policy of the church on this question. They hold, very justly, that the church places itself in a false position by running counter to public opinion on a subject which lies so close to the American heart as the common schools, and they rejoice when accident throws in their way a plan which affords them an honorable retreat.

Corrigan and his class are the *prêtreaille* who seem to live for the purpose of making Roman Catholicism odious. They never learn anything nowadays, and of the things which they learned in their youth, the only things which they remember are those which they should have forgotten. It never enters their heads that religion is a progressive science, like other sciences, and that doctrines which were safely preached when Philip the Second lived in the Escorial must be ignored or kept in the background to-day. The best thing the Pope can do with Corrigan is to remove him and appoint him to the care of some country parish in Ireland. There his madness will not be noticed in him, for all the people are as mad as he. It is sad to think of such a limited creature filling the post which was occupied for so many years by the enlightened churchman, stalwart patriot, and perfect gentleman—Archbishop Hughes.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Garrett, a wealthy woman of Baltimore, has just given the sum of three hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of endowing a Woman's Annex to Johns Hopkins University. It is stated that the design of the donatrix is that the annex should take the form of a medical school, in order that young women might there acquire a profession which should make them self-supporting.

This brings us to the consideration of a curious fact—how little is done for women by women. How rarely do we hear of wealthy women leaving, in their wills, funds for the assistance of their sex.

In searching through the records of curious wills in England and this country, many instances of testamentary provision for numbers of women are found, but, curiously enough, the testators are nearly always men. Under the reign of George the First, in England, a wealthy brewer named Raine, who had founded an institution for the education of forty poor girls, created a fund by which every year one of them was chosen by lot and dowered with one hundred pounds sterling, which was quite a marriage portion for the wife of a workingman. The fund is still in operation, and every year six girls, who would otherwise have gone empty-handed to their husbands or would have remained

single, are placed in possession of a sum which, at any rate, enables them to furnish modest homes. Yet we have never heard of Raine's example being followed by wealthy women.

Why should it not be tried here? Why, especially, should not our rich unmarried women think of their less fortunate sisters? Such millionairesses as Miss Shipley, of Wilmington, Del., Miss Coleman, of Washington, D. C., Miss Wentworth, of Chicago, Miss Jacques, of Boston, Miss Thompson, of Detroit, Miss Tootle, of St. Jo, Miss Allen, of St. Louis, Miss Turner, of Philadelphia, Miss Denny, of Pittsburgh, the Misses Bruce, the Misses Butler, Miss Conkling, and ever so many others in New York, to say nothing of a number of wealthy unmarried women in this State, could well afford to create funds to provide needy young women with modest dowers. It would be hard to find a more noble use for their surplus money. When the statute of the Forty-Third Elizabeth was passed, to prevent devises of property to the church, several charitable uses were specifically enumerated as not being included in the purview of the law. One of these was "for marriages of poor maids." Englishmen were forbidden to leave their money to any sect or religious congregation. But they were permitted—nay, encouraged—to employ it to promote the marriages of poor maids.

The *Argonaut* will make a suggestion which may be read as a postscript to the article published in last week's issue on the subject of marriage. In that article it was shown that the chief cause of divorce is poverty; that more marriages turn out badly because the young couple can not live on their income than from any other cause. And the inference was drawn that a young man who marries without seeing his way to support a wife without privation, commits a crime. It has been suggested by some readers of that article that its tenor makes against marriage generally, and, therefore, against good morals; that any considerable diminution in the number of marriages would be an encouragement to vice and a detriment to the community.

To this the *Argonaut* retorts that the deduction of its critics is not a necessary conclusion. By the exercise of a little foresight and thrift, young people may be placed in a position in which candidates for matrimony shall not necessarily be paupers. This is actually done in at least two of the leading countries of the world—France and Germany; and it is done, to some extent, in this country and in England, by the use of the Tontine form of life insurance. In consideration of an annual premium, life-insurance companies will agree to pay to a girl who marries, on her wedding-day, a sum of money which will be equivalent to a dowry. Such insurances are not general, partly because the premium charged is high and partly because the system is not universally understood. But policies of the kind are issued every year, and they have the effect of enabling poor girls to marry men who have nothing but what they earn, without absolutely courting destitution and the divorce court.

In Germany, the custom of dowry associations is firmly rooted. When a girl is born, her parents enter her as a member of one of these associations, and agree to pay on her behalf a small annual subscription. If the girl belongs to the working class, she assumes payment of the subscription herself, as soon as she is able to earn wages. When she marries, the association pays her a sum down by way of dowry. If she dies before marriage, her subscriptions are forfeited to the association. In this way German girls always bring their husbands something which helps to keep the pot boiling.

In France, the duty of setting aside a certain sum annually for the *dot* of a daughter or daughters is sacred, and the father who neglects it is said to be shamefully improvident. Every French girl brings her husband a sum which ekes out his earnings, so that when the marriage turns out badly the disaster can hardly be traced to poverty.

This country and Great Britain are the only leading nations in which no comprehensive provision is made to endow marriageable girls of poor extraction. How admirable, then, would be the act of the wealthy spinster who would leave a large sum for such a purpose. We speak only of unmarried women, for those who are married generally have children, and it could scarcely be expected that a woman, with her strongly affectionate nature, would will her wealth away from those she loved. But spinsters have greater freedom in drawing up their wills.

Take the case of Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, for example, who died in New York some years ago, leaving a fortune of several millions. Suppose she had taken the bulk of her fortune, and created with it a fund for dowering deserving girls, a certain number every year. What better use could she have made of it? And whatever view Miss Wolfe may have taken of matrimony, the plan would still have been entirely admirable. If she believed that living her lonely and loveless life as a spinster was better than a loving and possibly quarrelsome life as a wife, all the more reason that girls should have a dowry, enabling them, like herself, to choose a single life in-

stead of matrimony. If, on the other hand, Miss Wolfe felt that she had wasted her life through having lived it alone, all the more reason that she should prevent other women from following in her footsteps and repeating her mistake.

The trial of the Panama officials at Paris begins in a way which indicates that justice is going to be done. The rebuke of the presiding judge to the public prosecutor, when the latter warned Charles de Lesseps not to implicate third parties, means that the authorities have nothing to conceal.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that at this juncture the American press should be supplied with information from sources which are plainly biased against M. Carnot, and, indeed, against the officials of the republic generally. The correspondents whose dispatches appear in the daily papers probably belonged to the class which habitually blackmailed the Panama Company; they naturally seek to make it appear that they sinned in good company. Some of them are English, and hence prejudiced against the French Republic and Republican institutions on general principles. Their telegraphic letters have represented the crisis in an entirely false light.

The situation is exceedingly simple. The Panama Company was at the end of its resources. To save itself from bankruptcy, De Lesseps from disgrace, himself, his family, and his friends from ruin, and the mass of the French people from the loss of the enormous sum of 1,400,000,000 francs, it was absolutely necessary to get money from some source. Hence the preposterous schemes of financial prestidigitation which were devised; such, for instance, as the lottery. To the sharp eyes of French speculators, these devices revealed the true condition of affairs, and they fell upon the company, demanding backsheesh under threats of attack. The press followed. Every paper in Paris insisted upon being subsidized under penalty of exposure. What could the directors do? They did as every man does when a road-agent at the end of a shot-gun bids him hold up his hands. They paid; every one—deputies, boursiers, editors, reporters, political and literary bandits alike. Such transactions could not remain a secret. The rascals who had bled the company exchanged confidences with each other about the amount of their loot. The division of the booty was one of those open secrets which are secrets only for people who are out of the world. The police knew all about it, the government knew all about it; the stubs of the checks that were paid as bribes were in the possession of the secretary of the interior three years ago. The trial of the Panama people would have taken place then, if it had not been for the Paris Exposition.

Last fall M. Carnot decided that the time had come to strike the blow. He had warned his friends, three years before, that they had better be careful of their ways. There is not a development of the pending trial which will be news to him or to his advisers. They have known all along who got the money; how, where, and why the company paid it out, and what public men had wrecked their future for the sake of Panama coin. M. Carnot coolly weighed all the consequences of the scandal before he let the ministers of justice act, and he was satisfied that, whoever was drowned, the republic would ride triumphant through the storm.

Americans who go so much to Paris ought to understand the French better than they do. They ought to try to form their own opinions of such affairs, instead of letting English writers do their thinking. Our papers are just now abounding in discussions whether the French Republic is not going to pieces because De Lesseps was blackmailed by hungry editors and politicians. They might just as well have despaired of American institutions when the star route frauds were exposed or the Credit Mobilier investigation going on. It is an indication of strength, not of weakness, to probe political rottenness; it is only the government which dares not do so that is in danger.

The *Examiner* has lately been engaged in urging the newly elected supervisors to cut down the water rates. This apparently disinterested effort on the part of the *Examiner* becomes open to suspicion when looked into. Why is the *Examiner* interested in water rates alone? There are many other enterprises besides the water company which are worthy the attention of a high-minded public journal like the *Examiner*. There are plenty of people here who would prefer to pay only one dollar per thousand for gas. Why does not the *Examiner* right the outrage perpetrated on an inoffensive people by the gas company? The various electric companies here have made a combination and put up the rates. Why does not the *Examiner* pitch into the electric companies? It is a notorious fact that there is an insurance compact, and that the rates of insurance here are exorbitant. Still the *Examiner* is silent on insurance. The insurance companies advertise in the *Examiner*. The Western Union Company charges rates for telegraphing, which, to many people, absolutely forbid the use of the wire. Yet the *Examiner* (which has a special rate over the West-

ern Union wires) says nothing about this giant monopoly. With all these wrongs to right, why confine the assaults to the water company? That corporation, by the way, is made up of stockholders who have the same rights as other citizens. One of their rights is to invest their money as they choose, and to get a fair interest on it. They think that is all they are getting now. The Spring Valley Company is economically administered. Its operating expenses are carefully looked after. Its officials receive moderate salaries. There is no incorporation in the country of equal size which has so moderate a salary list. With this economical administration, and no leaks, the stockholders receive six per cent. on their investment. If the *Examiner* thinks they will be satisfied with less, it is mistaken. If any attempt is made to reduce the rates below a figure which will bring in a reasonable interest on the investment, the supervisors will run up against a decision of the United States Supreme Court, made in March, two years ago. In that decision the court said: "If a company is deprived of the power of charging reasonable rates for the use of its property, it is deprived of the property itself without due process of law, and in violation of the Constitution of the United States." Obviously, if the supervisors follow the *Examiner's* advice, there is nothing for them to do but to overrule the Supreme Court of the United States.

Grover Cleveland seems to be disposed to rule the country according to his own will. He appears determined to emulate the example of General Jackson, who was, in the Presidency, the idol of his party. His undaunted personality and incorruptible integrity are revered by many American citizens who worshiped his great rival, Henry Clay. But Grover Cleveland is not an Andrew Jackson. This fact, we think, will soon be impressed upon his mind. Since the printed letter of Cleveland, with reference to the election of Edward Murphy, of Troy, as United States Senator from New York, there have arisen seditious cries from Democratic throats. They menace Dictator Cleveland. That letter warned the Democrats of the New York legislature that another than Murphy must be chosen senator; that he, President-elect Cleveland, did not want Murphy in the Senate of the United States. But, notwithstanding the warning letter, it appears that Murphy will go to the senate. The Democrats of the legislature are neither complaisant nor submissive, but are resolute and defiant. Revelations are made which show Mr. Cleveland in a very unenviable light, as insincere in personal conduct and in politics. A prominent Democrat of New York city characterizes him as "a man who willingly avails himself of the counsel and services of political managers, and then, after these have resulted in his election, turns his back upon them." The instance of Mr. Whitney, formerly of his cabinet, and who gained him the nomination at Chicago, is in point. The sentiment of Tammany toward Mr. Cleveland is more terse and damning: "He will use you, and then betray you." It is recalled that Cleveland, as President, turned from the councils of Samuel J. Tilden—who was chiefly instrumental in making him governor of New York and placing him in nomination as the Democratic candidate for President in 1884—and that he stubbornly refused to accede to the one or two appointments which Mr. Tilden requested. It is not forgotten that he declined to appoint a postmaster for whom Vice-President Hendricks solicited the place, and that he refused his personal attendance at the funeral of that distinguished statesman. His ingratitude to Tilden, his attitude toward Tammany, his snub to Hendricks, the antagonism of Hill, his changed conduct since the last election toward Whitney, and his unparalleled letter to prevent the election of Murphy as senator from New York, are evidences of a dramatic tendency on Cleveland's part to pose as a second General Jackson. But Cleveland should recall the remark of Senator Douglas to President Buchanan, when the latter defended some acts of his by parallels from Jackson's life. "Yes, Mr. President," said Senator Douglas, "but General Jackson is dead."

Since Dr. McGlynn has been taken to the weather-beaten bosom of Mgr. Satolli, and again admitted into the fold of mother church, the doctor has experienced a change of heart. He denies that he ever spoke disrespectfully of the church or of the Pope. We are sorry that the doctor should have so poor a memory. The *Argonaut* has followed the McGlynn-Corrigan controversy too closely to be mistaken. We reprint a number of the sayings of Dr. McGlynn during the last few years, in his addresses at Cooper's Union, New York city:

"There is a vast gulf between truth and holy sacrament and the errors, stupidity, blunders, and crimes with which the history of the church for one thousand years and more is filled on every page.

"Nowhere is the church more hated than in the so-called Catholic countries. There he (the ecclesiastic) is shunned as though unclean. The sight of his shovel hat and sleek face at the window of a car empties the whole compartment and gives it to him alone.

"So long as Catholic people give the Pope to understand that he can do what he pleases with them, and allow an archbishop in New

York to forbid an American priest to make a political speech or attend a political meeting without first obtaining the consent of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, which does not know but what Florida is a suburb of New York and Mobile a street in San Francisco—so long as Catholics let the Roman machine, of which the Pope is the mere puppet, do this, that machine will use Paddy in Ireland, and German Paddy, and American Paddy as pawns on the political chess-board, to be sold out at any time for what it can get in return.

"Peter was surely as great and good a Pope as is Leo the Thirteenth, yet we seek in vain in the epistles of this first Pope for anything like the incredible assertions of the last of the Popes—I should say the latest Pope.

"The Pope in politics has been the curse of every nation. Bismarck carried on a flirtation with the old lady—that is just what he looks like—and they exchanged pictures, and the old lady was highly flattered at being noticed.

"Is it not time for us to protest that it is no part of our religion to engage in adulation of a poor old bag of bones, seventy-eight years old, with one foot in the grave?

"You know there are various ways of bribing people. You can make them presents. And when Cardinal Antonelli gives to his brother, the banker, forty thousand dollars in a single year for investment, people will wonder how he can save so much on a salary of eight thousand dollars a year.

"I still hope for a democratic Pope, and I'll take back all I said about the stovepipe hat, and let him wear any kind of a hat he chooses if he will devote his energies to smashing his temporal throne so that it could not be rebuilt in a thousand years."

Altogether, there is rather a difficult task before Dr. McGlynn and Mgr. Satolli. How McGlynn can make people believe he did not say these things, and how the Pope can absolve him if he did, are questions beyond the layman's mind. At all events, the doctor has formally retracted his celebrated and blasphemous wish, that he "hoped one day to see the Pope of Rome walking down Broadway in a plug hat."

The Democratic demand for an extra session of Congress is not at all unanimous outside of the South and West. It has comparatively few advocates in New England and the Middle States. Mr. Cleveland has not, so far, expressed his determination in the matter, and it rests with him. Eastern manufacturers who simply want raw material free of duty, with protection maintained for their manufactures, do not wish general free trade, and are, therefore, opposed to an extra session. The same is true with the money magnates of the East, who fear the influence of the West and South with the incoming Congress, and dread the unlimited free coinage of silver. Among the other important issues of national interest before Congress, in which party policy is not involved, are the construction of the Nicaragua ship canal, to be forever under control of the government; the establishment of national quarantine, in immediate view of the invasion of Asiatic cholera; and the restriction of the swarming steerage immigration from Europe. There is almost universal agreement of the people on these subjects, without reference to party affiliation or sentiment—especially in relation to the exclusion of obnoxious immigration. Since the great Civil War, the flow of immigration from Europe has enormously increased and the general labor situation has correspondingly changed. Foreign miners and other workmen, by the introduction of European methods, manage to rule the local craft. By their organization they inhibit and exclude native-born youths from apprenticeship in the workshops, the more surely to maintain their own mastery of occupation and rates of wages. Employers are coerced to submission to their arbitrary demands, with the damaging alternative of strikes or boycotts. The workingmen of the United States are most directly and disastrously affected by this increasing influx. As it increases, their wages will slowly but surely fall.

J. J. McDade, who was the candidate of the Young Men's Roman Catholic Institute for sheriff of San Francisco, has appointed his underlings. The list is as follows:

A. B. Maguire, Matt I. Sullivan, Timothy Fitzpatrick, John A. Fenton, T. J. Lowney, William Harrington, William Barry, James Cronin, D. J. McCarthy, J. J. McTiernan, Timothy Donovan, Jeremiah Rooney, John O'Brien, Peter Curtis, Thomas J. Clancy, John R. Morton, William Connolly, John Burns, Martin Hughes, Thomas Martin, David Wagner, George Webb, James Hanrahan, J. Finn, James Harkins, J. Adams, J. Plunkett, B. Killelee, J. White, Thomas R. Gagan, A. Levy.

This one lone Levy coming at the end of the Sullivans, O'Briens, Mulcahys, and Maguires, has the effect of a mournful trombone blast in a Wagnerian lied. How did this solitary member of the chosen people get lost among so many Milesians? Apropos of this Celtic deluge, it is related that the new boss of the Democracy, the Rev. Jeremiah F. Sullivan, called together his county committee the other day, and proceeded, with bell, book, and candle, to aoint, exorcise, and eternally fire out of the Democracy Mr. Gavin McNab. Mr. McNab, although a Democrat, is a Scotchman, a Protestant, and dislikes the Pope. This was one reason for his expulsion. Another is that Mr. McNab had remarked that half of the city offices had been filled with relatives of the Rev. Jeremiah Sullivan, and that the other half would also have been so filled had not a number of them failed to arrive in time, owing to the fact that on her way from Ireland the steamer *Umbria* broke down.

A QUIET LITTLE BREAKFAST.

How a Bather Met a Venus Rising from the Sea, and the Result.

The tide was unusually late that morning. I hate bathing on a falling tide, particularly at Boulogne; but as everybody was beginning to clear out from the sands, it must have been past twelve. I do not think there were more than fifty people in the water; and in the little wooden office the young woman who handed me my complete costume, as it is called, my two towels, and a ticket for the bathing machine, and took my one franc fifty centimes in exchange, remarked that it was very late. I jumped into the first machine, which stood at the edge of the surf; there was no necessity to order it to be dragged further out, for the tide rises so very rapidly at Boulogne. By the time I had undressed and methodically folded my clothes, and placed my watch in one of my boots and my purse in the other—for I am a very careful man, and like to provide against possible contingencies—the water was at least a couple of feet deep at the foot of the steps of my machine. I stepped down into the sea, expanded my magnificent chest, strode out into the deep water at once, and commenced to swim. I swim particularly well—that's one of the reasons I hate bathing late, because there is no gallery to applaud my performance. I am always perfectly at ease in the water; in sea-water I can go on swimming without inconvenience for several hours; and I always get considerably more than my one franc fifty's worth out of the Etablissement des Bains. Like the swan of the nursery rhyme, I had swum out to sea, and then, also like the swan, I proceeded to swim back again. And then I saw a Venus Anadyomene in pink and white. Don't be alarmed, reader. I don't mean that she was like Hans Breitmann's "Maiden mit nodings on," for she wore a delicious bathing costume of pink and white stripes, and her pretty head was surmounted by a little Tyrolese straw hat, which contained the magnificent wealth of her raven hair. You may naturally ask, bow did I know that she had a magnificent wealth of raven hair? I don't mind confessing that I had met the lady before. Where? Well, at the Casino at the Cercle des Plongeurs, on several occasions even, I had had the pleasure of sitting next her, and I had admired her pluck, for she planked down her napoleons—aye, and lost them, too—with a dignity worthy of a Cleopatra.

What arms she had! what magnificent, delicious, plump white arms! and how well she swam, too! Of course I shouldn't have done it if we'd been on shore, but here were two people of congenial tastes who had met before, mind you, and it would have been absolutely rude if I hadn't acknowledged her presence in some way or other.

"Bon jour, madame," I said.

She returned my salutation, and then she added in English: "You will not think me indiscreet, monsieur, if I ask you to keep near me, for I begin to have fear," and her great black eyes looked at me with a sort of piteous entreaty.

"Is your strength failing you at all, madame?" I asked, anxiously. "It is nearly a quarter of a mile before we can get into our depth."

"Monsieur is strong and brave," she replied; "his presence renders fear impossible."

"If madame will kindly place one hand upon my neck," I said, "and go on swimming with the other hand, we shall be able to get on perfectly well, I think."

"And the conveniences?" said the lady, and there was a twinkle of fun in the lovely black eyes. "Why, we haven't even been introduced."

But she put her hand upon my neck, all the same. A sort of electric thrill passed through my frame, and I went on swimming strongly, but, perhaps, a little more slowly; for I don't mind confessing that I rather liked the situation than otherwise, and that I was in no particular hurry to reach the shore.

"I shall never forget the kindness of monsieur," said the lady. "I don't mind telling you that I had already begun to fear that the breakfast which I have ordered at the Casino would never be served to me."

"I, too, am breakfasting at the Casino," I said. "Would it be an impertinence, madame, if I suggested that we celebrate this morning's adventure by breakfasting together?"

"There is no favor that I could refuse monsieur," said the lady, softly, "since he has saved my life."

And then, in a few moments, my foot struck the hard sand. We walked hand in hand together for some yards through the water, and then she flung herself into my arms, kissed me upon the cheek in a passion of enthusiasm and gratitude, and, sobbing upon my shoulder, she thanked me again for saving her life.

How I wished that it had only been a couple of hours earlier, when the sands would have been crowded by two or three thousand bathers! My heart beat wildly in this moment of my triumph; but, alas! there was no one to observe my heroic deed, no one except the bathing-men. A lady can't stand sobbing and resting her head upon a gentleman's shoulder forever.

"Give me your arm, monsieur," she said; "I tremble. My machine is number 93."

I did as I was bid, and again the pressure of the plump little hand sent an ecstatic thrill through my heart. We reached machine number 93.

"Au revoir, madame," I said, and I hastened to find my own dressing-room on wheels.

"Par ici!" shouted one of the bathing-men, indicating the one numbered 184.

But 184 was not the machine I had left, and I told the fellow so.

"Monsieur deceives himself," said the man, with a shrug of his shoulders; "he is the last of the bathers."

I expostulated, I raged, I stormed, but all in vain; the man only went on shrugging his shoulders and pointing to the machine.

I said to enter it. Thank heaven, there was a suit of clothes! What was I to do? I couldn't go and make an

official complaint clad only in my tightly fitting combination suit of blue and white, so I rubbed myself dry, and put on the clothes as rapidly as possible. They fitted me fairly enough, fortunately, but they were dreadful clothes—a tweed suit of a particularly large and vulgar pattern, a brown billycock hat, a peculiarly high collar, a blue-silk necktie, with yellow foot-balls on it. And then I hastily searched the pockets—a clay pipe, a plug of tobacco, fifteen francs, and the return half of an excursion ticket from London, available for three days, by the General Steam Navigation Company's boat. A cold perspiration broke out upon my face. Here was a horrible position. I was to entertain the lady whose life I had saved at breakfast at the Casino upon fifteen francs! My luggage, and even my hand-bag, were on board the Folkestone mail-boat, and I was practically penniless; for I had paid my hotel bill that morning, registered my luggage for London, and left my hand-bag in charge of the steward, and then I had walked down to the Casino, read the paper while I waited for the tide to rise, meaning to have my bath and then come back and breakfast at the Casino, which would have left me a quarter of an hour to get comfortably on board the mail-boat, which, as I say, left for Folkestone at one-thirty. Clad in my hideous garments, I sprang from the bathing-machine, and came at once face to face with the lady whose life I had saved. Her maid was standing by her, carrying her bathing-costume in a net in one hand and the little Tyrolese hat in the other.

"You can go, Justine," she said to the maid, carelessly; "I shall breakfast, and monsieur will reconduct me."

"Oui, Mme. la Baronne," replied the maid.

My heart almost stood still. She was married, then, and a baroness; here was an adventure. I felt a pardonable pride when I reflected that I had saved the life of a female member of the French nobility. I forgot for the moment that I had lost my luggage, that I was wearing another man's clothes, and that all the money I had in the world was fifteen francs; and I offered my arm to the baroness with a graceful effusion that Louis the Fourteenth himself might have envied.

We walked slowly along the sands toward the Casino. I gazed in my companion's lustrous eyes, and read in those sparkling orbs a world of gratitude. The sand was deep; whether it was the depth of the sand or the intensity of her gratitude I can not tell, but the baroness leaned heavily upon my arm, and I made violent love to her till we got to the Casino. As we entered it, I heard three loud whistles from the mail-steamer. Good heavens! they brought me back to the commonplace at once, and I remembered that the mail-boat was actually starting! I conducted the baroness to a seat; I begged her to excuse me for a single instant. I rushed on to the platform of the Casino, past which the mail-boat was slowly steaming at half-speed; she wasn't thirty yards off, and, upon the hurricane deck, I saw a hideous young man, with red hair, dressed in my clothes; my massive watch-chain glittered on his—no—my waistcoat, and he was helping himself to one of my special Pomposo Vanagloriosos from my ivory cigar-case. He evidently recognized his clothes at once, and kissed his fingertips at me with cool effrontery. What could I do? I couldn't stop him. There was nothing else but to grin and bear it.

I reentered the restaurant of the Casino, and I sat down at the little table, facing the baroness as if nothing had happened. In for a penny in for a pound, I thought. I had never entertained a baroness before.

"What shall we begin with?" I said with ferocious calmness.

"Let us have oysters," said the baroness; "one can always eat oysters after a sea-bath."

"Oysters? Monsieur will, of course, prefer Ostend oysters? And Chablis—monsieur will assuredly drink Chablis?" said the obsequious waiter.

I tapped the fifteen francs in my waistcoat pocket with the air of an Alexander. "Chablis—a bottle of the best Chablis," I replied, somewhat faintly.

The bath had evidently given the baroness an appetite. She laughed, she talked, she showed her pretty teeth, and she picked the wing of a chicken with a delicious grace. Then we had an omelette au rhum; and when the flaming delicacy was put upon the table, she gave a pretty little scream of affected terror, and under the influence of a bottle of sparkling Moselle, I went on improving the occasion. Whether it was love or the effects of the Moselle, I can not say, but for the first time in my life I was able to speak the French language fluently. I had possessed myself of the baroness's hand; I proposed the toast of "Absent friends and those we love," and we were in the act of going through the pretty French ceremony of clinking our glasses together prior to drinking the toast, when I saw the baroness suddenly turn pale; she dropped her glass, and it was shivered into a thousand pieces upon the marble floor. She rose hurriedly.

"Henri!" she gasped; "who would have expected you?"

"Evidently not my wife," said a deep bass voice.

I turned, and I saw an unprepossessing man, excessively well dressed and of ferocious appearance, standing in a Napoleonic attitude behind my chair.

"I have not the honor of monsieur's acquaintance," continued the intruder, ominously grasping his cane.

Friendless, penniless in a foreign land, I was evidently about to be personally chastised. And why, forsooth? Because I had saved the life of a prepossessing young baroness. And then the baroness burst out into a long account of our adventure of the morning; but her husband—for he was evidently her husband—only made a clucking noise with his mouth, like an irritated parrot.

"Madame," he said, as he offered her his arm, "your imagination does you infinite credit."

What could she do, poor thing? She cast one look of hopeless longing and entreaty at me, and the pair left the restaurant.

"I will return anon, sir," hissed the baron, in a fiendish whisper to me.

Where had I met him before? I distinctly remembered his face, and the dress, too, seemed familiar: braided traveling-coat with a hood, ink-pot hat with brim ferociously turned up, blood-and-thunder colored nether garments, a scarlet tie, shiny boots and white gaiters, and a little red rosette in button-hole, while a mustache and imperial completed his noble, semi-military, and altogether truculent appearance. I ransacked the dark caverns of my memory, but in vain. And then it suddenly came back to me. The baron was a horrible mixture of Macari in "Called Back," a professional murderer, and Château Renaud in "The Corsican Brothers," a professional duelist.

Drops of cold perspiration burst out upon my massive forehead. Why should I wait for the baron? Just at that moment I caught the waiter's eye, and also a grin, which suddenly disappeared from his face, and I remembered that flight was, alas! impossible; for I hadn't the wherewithal even to pay my bill. Besides, if I ran away, what would the baroness think of me?

"Garçon!" I exclaimed in a lordly manner, "bring me a cup of black coffee—let it be hot and strong—and some Chartreuse—green Chartreuse," I added.

If he had only brought me the Chartreuse in a glass! But he didn't; the villain brought a bottle of it.

There is nothing that raises the courage so much as green Chartreuse. After the third glass my feelings changed altogether. I would meet the baron; I would lay him dead at my feet, and then I would entreat the baroness to fly with me. Had she not told me but two short hours ago that there was nothing she could refuse to the man who had saved her life? I would take her at her word. And then I swallowed another glass of Chartreuse, and waited anxiously for the baron's arrival. I even planned the particular means I would employ to kill that jealous French nobleman, and I determined to resort to the *coup de gendarme*. As the challenged party, I should, of course, have the choice of weapons; I would choose small swords, and the instant our weapons crossed I would have recourse to the celebrated *coup*.

You don't know what the *coup de gendarme* is? Then you have never seen "Barbe Bleu." It's delightfully simple. You suddenly call out: "There's a gendarme." Your adversary naturally turns and lowers his weapon, and then you "stap his vitals."

At that moment the baron entered the restaurant. He was smiling blandly. He raised his hat politely, as if he were accosting an old friend.

"Monsieur," he said to me, "it is our duty, as men of honor, to baffle the vigilance of the bystanders, in order that the meeting which is bound to take place may not be interrupted by the authorities. Monsieur, I know everything," he said; "the maid of Mme. la Baronne has confessed to me the fact of your meeting with her mistress in the water, by appointment. You will not deny this?"

"M. le Baron," I replied frankly, and with a genial smile; "I confess everything."

The baron seemed to jump in his chair.

"Then, perhaps, monsieur," said the Frenchman, "you will inform me if it is necessary that I should personally chastise you, or where I may send you my *témoins*?"

"Sir," I said, in the callous tones of a heartless rout, "these little *contretemps* are of frequent occurrence with me. I will await their arrival here."

"Monsieur, I have the honor to salute you," he replied; and, making me a low bow, he left the restaurant, and I gave a heartfelt sigh of relief.

The effects of the Chartreuse had passed away; the glamour of the lovely black eyes of the baroness had faded. Oh, if I were only safe on board the Folkestone boat! I couldn't sit there in the restaurant without consuming something, so I told the waiter, who never appeared to take his eye off me for an instant, to bring me a good cigar. "Your best," I added, as if my pockets were full of sovereigns.

"Ambassadors, at two francs each," said the waiter obsequiously, as he handed me a box of brown monstrosities, each eight inches long at the very least.

I carefully selected one, and lighted up; and then I minutely examined once more the pockets of the objectionable young man with the red hair. Fifteen francs, the clay-pipe, the plug of tobacco, and half the cheap excursion ticket. Absolutely nothing more. The wretch didn't even carry a pocket-handkerchief. I read the printed matter on the excursion ticket mechanically; it contained the following notification:

"Excursionists are informed that the *Falcon* will leave Boulogne Harbor at four o'clock precisely on Monday afternoon, that being the latest moment at which the tide serves; and that this return ticket is only available for the return voyage of the *Falcon*, and not by any other of the company's steamers."

I looked at the restaurant clock, it was exactly ten minutes to four. At that moment I heard the warning whistle of the excursion steamer, which blew twice. I knew that she lay at the pier within a couple of hundred yards. Oh, if I could only have paid my bill!

And then two French officers, in full uniform, entered the restaurant. They advanced to my little table and introduced themselves as the emissaries of the outraged baron. I insisted on shaking hands with both of them, much to their astonishment.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I am a stranger here, a foreigner, a soldier, like yourselves. I am anxious to throw no obstacle in your way; will you then oblige me by also acting for me in this affair? You perceive that otherwise a hostile meeting can not take place."

"Monsieur," said the elder of the two officers, a grizzled veteran of sixty, "as you have informed us that you are a brother-in-arms, we waive ceremony, and will do as you wish."

"Gentlemen, permit me," I said, politely, "if I follow our English customs in these matters. Waiter," I said, "a bottle of champagne."

They were too much astonished to object. The wine was

brought; we drank to each other. I looked up at the clock, it wanted three minutes of the hour. Now was the time to effect a master-stroke and escape—now or never.

"Gentlemen," I said, looking up at the clock, "you will give me ten minutes' grace?"

They both bowed mechanically. I put on my hat—that is to say, the red-haired young man's hat—I raised it courteously, and I left these two bloodthirsty French officers in pawn for my breakfast—I mean for our breakfast. Directly I got outside the Casino, I ran like a lamp-lighter; I flew nimbly across the plank which separated the good ship *Falcon* from the pier. At that moment three shrill whistles were given in rapid succession, and the screw commenced to revolve.

As we glided slowly by the Casino, I went up on the bridge. At that very moment my two military acquaintances appeared upon the platform of the restaurant. They commenced to shout and gesticulate wildly; and then the impatient waiter joined them, and all three executed a sort of frantic *pas de trois*.

"Excitable chaps, these Frenchmen," said the captain to me, indicating them with his thumb.

I nodded and carefully filled the clay-pipe from the scoundrel's plug tobacco, and I felt the truth of the statement that there is a sweet little cherub which sits up aloft.

But as the town of Boulogne slowly faded from my view, I thought once more, with a sort of melancholy hankering, as the Americans term it, of the great soft black eyes of the baroness—I shall never forget those eyes.

* * * * *

If this should meet the eye of the gentleman with the red hair, and he should feel inclined to return my property, my address is No. 13 Austin Friars, E. C. Even if it should meet the revengeful baron's eye, I don't care.

C. J. WILLS.

A NEW REIGN OF TERROR.

"Parisina" talks of Puling Murats and Suckling Robespierres.

It is difficult for any one away from Paris to picture to himself what an excitement the Panama affair has caused here. Paris is bubbling over with excitement. Every other matter is of secondary importance. Of course people go about their ordinary avocations, but their thoughts and interests are centred in the commission of inquiry which sits daily at the Chamber. Some of the papers bring out four and five editions in the course of the twenty-four hours; a young man of a speculative turn of mind declared to me the other day that, if he were only the proud possessor of a few hundred dollars, he would bring out a political journal immediately. The present generation of young fellows rather enjoy the shindy than not; they horrify their elders by prophecying a new Terror, and crack up Robespierre and the men of the First Revolution as heroes, or they wonder curiously what the anarchists are about that they do not blow up the whole concern and make a clean sweep of all the bribery and corruption with dynamite. Your pusillanimous *bourgeois* shivers when he hears a voice give such sentiments, and pities himself for living in a time so out of joint as the present.

For those who belong to no particular party, and who have friends and acquaintances among them all, it is curious to note the different conversations in the various salons they frequent. The noble Faubourg, taking its cue from the chiefs of the Moparchist party, is simply disdainful—a trick of manner to cover an unholy delight at the turn things have taken. They think they have only to cross their hands and wait. In Radical opposition circles the joy is no less keen; but it is more apparent, it is even boisterous in its exuberance. Those who make the least stir are, perhaps, the financiers—the men of the Bourse—who, if they dared to say so, would declare that it is all much ado about nothing, because every one who is not a fool ought to know every man has his price. In their heart of hearts they have the greatest disdain for the deputies who sold their votes for a paltry thousand or so, whereas Reinach and Cornelius Hertz, who dealt in millions, have their sympathy as well as the administrators of the Panama, now in durance vile. Nevertheless, they do not feel very comfortable; if those who corrupt are going to be shut up at Mazas like Charles de Lesseps and Marius Fontane, they must mind their *p's* and *q's*. It is not pleasant to be called at seven o'clock and to have to make one's own bed and sweep one's room, and eat off pewter when you have been accustomed to a retinue of servants and to silver-plate; nor is it nice to take a daily drive in a prison-van to and from the Palais de Justice.

Under any circumstances toothsome scandal always will be talked in Paris; and, while public accusations of corruption in all its forms are being brought against Rouvier, Floquet, and Roche—who were cabinet ministers yesterday—and against no less than one hundred and four of the deputies of the Chamber, their private misdemeanors are canvassed pretty freely in all the drawing-rooms in the city. We are informed that A. has his villa at Neuilly, where he is wont to retire after the heat of the day to the companionship of ladies of loose reputation; that B. spent most of his ill-gotten gains on a dancer; that C. frequents the worst slums in the city after office hours; and so on, and so on. Once give the rein to calumny, and it is impossible to say where she will land you.

PARISINA.

PARIS, December 23, 1892.

The Boston *Globe* offered five dollars a week for life to the person who made the closest guess to the popular vote cast for Cleveland and Harrison. Louis M. Woodbridge, a bookkeeper, is the winner. He made ten thousand guesses, and in one set Cleveland's vote only sixteen higher than the official returns give him, and Harrison's only twenty-five lower than the same returns accord to him.

DINNER-DANCES.

"Flaneur" discusses a Popular Social Ceremonial.

The dinner-dance has come to stay. It has, what is more than some people have, an excuse for its existence. The ordinary dinner-hour in New York is seven; grand feasts begin at eight, and aristocrats, who follow the fashion set by Queen Victoria, enter the realm of the butler at half-past eight. But fathers of families, who have some claim to be heard on the subject of dinner, as they pay for it, have always objected to be kept waiting after seven, and if the soup is not ready at that hour, they are apt to be crusty. It is not good form, nowadays, to sit at the meal over an hour and a half; Napoleon the Third always left the table, with the empress on his arm, after three-quarters of an hour devoted to gastronomy. Thus, at half-past eight, guests invited to a ball had two hours to kill before the carriage rolled up to the door. The time was none too long for young ladies to prink in, to have their hair dressed, and to make a comparison of bouquets; but time hung heavily on the hands of fathers and guardians, and was more than dowagers needed to adorn their elderly charms.

Hence, when it was proposed to combine two festivities in one, and to have the dance follow the coffee, the innovation found many apologists. It enabled fashionables to discharge two debts on the same night, a duty to themselves at the dinner and a duty to fashion at the ball. Ward McAllister stamped his approval on the custom by prefacing the Patriarchs' ball with a magnificent banquet, and his example has been followed. The rules are few and simple. The dinner hour is eight, and the service is regulated so that the coffee is not finished till ten. By that time everybody is ready for a dance. If the latter takes place in the house where the dinner is given, the guests move from the drawing-room into the ball-room; if Mrs. A. gives the dinner and Mrs. B. the ball, carriages convey the guests from one house to another, so that they arrive on the battle-field by half-past ten. Ladies begin to dress between five and six, and are in their full war-paint and feathers in ample time for the oysters.

The marriage of dinner and ball is a modern innovation. Until our days, dinner was so serious a business that dancing after it was out of the question. Your three-bottle men would have cut a queer figure in the german. In the days of the Georges and the early Victorian era, men sat down to dinner at seven or half-past—if they were at a country-house in England, after a hard day in the hunting field. If they left the table to join the ladies before twelve, it was said that they must be hard hit by one of the fillies upstairs. There was no hunting here, but there was about as much good eating and drinking, and male guests clung to the mahogany until it was too late to dance. A century before that time, society dined at three in the afternoon, and there was time to sleep off potatoes before the dancing-hour. We have improved our habits and our morals since then. If men want to drink until they try to open the hall-door with a penknife and to sharpen a pencil with a latch-key, the clubs afford the repair they desire; they have no business in ladies' society. Thus the modern dinner at eight turns out its men fresh and steady for the waltz at ten or eleven; if their spirits have been keyed up a note or two by the champagne, so much the more agreeable partners do they prove.

Another charm of the dinner-dance is the opportunity which it affords for arranging for the german. A dexterous girl will secure at the dinner, or in the delicious five minutes which precede and follow the meal, the partner she has had her eye on, and she will plan the little meetings in which the light skirmishes of flirtation are conducted. A man is never so open to conviction as when he is moderately charged with terrapin and Burgundy; when Chamberlain enters the mouth, prudence flies out of the soul. A pretty girl is never so pretty as when she clinks a champagne-glass against her pearly teeth, and a tender haze, like the breath of an Indian summer, floats over her eyes. A trained belle knows the uses of dinner. She will never starve a man over his soup. He must not be diverted from the consumption of that restorative. With the fish, she may timidly hazard a remark which should be a request for his opinion on some simple question, as, for instance, whether he likes truffles? With the *entrées*, he will probably enter into action, and she may engage with her light cavalry, and by the time the *rôti* is being served, she will probably find him so demoralized and so good-natured that she may unlimber her heavy guns.

Invitations for dinner-dances are now fired at long range—often a month in advance of the event. This precludes excuses on the ground of prior engagements. A man must answer: "If I am alive, and in this country, I shall have much pleasure," etc. Men who are much run after complain that they do not want to commit themselves so far ahead. But they must say yes or no, and it is so hard to say no when the dinner is going to be worthy of Lucullus and the most delicious flowers of society are to be at the ball. A man who is the rage, of course, can decline and take his chances of being re-invited. One young fellow, who hung like the Peri round the gates of Paradise, for two or three years, and was suddenly discovered to be a Beau Brummel, is said to have actually answered an invitation, bidding him to a festivity a month distant, in a note saying that he really could not tell what he would do at that remote period of his life.

It is apropos of this Adonis that the story runs of two young members of the Four Hundred calling on a lady of fashion. When the door was opened, an Irish maid, who thought she was as good as the butler, having been dispatched to reconnoitre the visitors, stepped forward and cried: "Be atber of yez Mr. Blank?" mentioning Adonis's name.

Both gentlemen explained that they did not have the good fortune to be Mr. Blank.

"Thin," said Biddy, "she's not in, and it's no good yer waitin'."

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 7, 1893.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ex-Speaker Reed is reputed to earn three thousand dollars a year by his pen. It is this income that insures him the comforts and luxuries of life, for he has no other income besides his salary as congressman.

Peter Hart, who will always retain a name in American history as the man who nailed the stars and stripes to the broken staff on Fort Sumter during the bombardment of 1861, recently died at Williamsburg, Kings County, N. Y. He was formerly on the New York police and was a veteran of the Mexican War.

It is likely that Marion Crawford will prolong his lecture tour, and consequently his visit to his native land. He expected at first to give but two or three readings, but the demand for his presence in various towns has increased, and it is probable that altogether he will give thirty readings before he returns to Italy.

During his sojourn in England, Paderewski managed with a close-cut head of hair. Before his departure for his tour in this country, however, his managers insisted on his allowing his locks to resume the wanton luxuriance that attracted so much attention and comment on his first visit here. As a consequence, he comes back to us in capillary splendor.

Count Hartenau, better known to American readers as Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, is about to procure a divorce from his wife, formerly the singer Mlle. Loisinger, for whose sake he jilted Emperor William of Germany's eldest sister. The breach has been caused by the countess's extravagance. She is the daughter of an Austrian general's valet and cook.

William Ewart Gladstone is now eighty-three years old and hale and hearty. He has always been a bard worker, but never given to excesses. He was graduated at Oxford in 1831. The next year he entered the House of Commons. When he was elected, William the Fourth was King of England, and the great reform bill of 1832 had just passed the peers and become a law. Five years later Victoria became queen, and the electorate of Hanover passed away from the crown and went to the Duke of Cumberland.

The first novel of the late T. Adolpbus Trollope was written in twenty-four days, in order to obtain the money to give his wife a change of air ordered by the doctors. He was a diligent worker, and stood at his desk from eight A. M. to two P. M. His after-luncheon cigar was usually accompanied by a glass of milk. Much of his life was spent in Italy, and he was absent from England from 1843 to 1886. Among books of biography none is more pleasing than "What I Remember," two large volumes written by the robust, cheery author when he was an octogenarian.

Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-of-Arms, whose death occurred recently in Dublin, was an interesting figure in Dublin Castle, where his office in the Bermingham Tower was very well known to pedigree-hunters. The "Peerage," of course, was Sir Bernard's great work; but he has also written some chapters on the vicissitudes of ancient families. He commenced life at the English bar, and he acquired some reputation in peerage and genealogical cases, drifting, finally, into the study of his taste. Mr. Farnham Burke, who is Deputy-Ulster, will take his father's office.

The pathway to literary success is not always smooth. The greater part of the first edition of Ibsen's maiden effort in literature, his tragedy of "Catiline," was sold for a trifle to a grocer to use for wrapping paper; and even when the dramatist was well started on his career, his chief source of support was the stipend of two hundred and twenty-five dollars a year he received as "theatrical poet" at Bergen. Ibsen showed great talent as a schoolboy—so much, in fact, that his master, supposing him guilty of plagiarism because of the maturity of thought exhibited in his school-room compositions, attempted to chastise him.

William S. Holman, whose mission in life is to reduce congressional appropriations to the lowest possible limit, was seventy years old last September, but he works away in Washington as if he were under fifty. He scorns the labor-saving devices of stenography and type-writing, and laboriously copies out with his own hand, in pencil, all the vast amount of writing he has to do. He takes almost no recreation, and is busy from breakfast to bed-time six days in the week. It is nearly fifty years since Mr. Holman entered public life as a probate judge in Indiana, and he has been in Congress for more than a third of a century.

Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of Mr. Labouchère's *Truth*, writes: "Baron de Reinach was my neighbor and I often met him *dans le monde*. The baron kept a close eye on the bureaux of the war office and on the judges. Commissariat contracts were to be had at the one place, and immunity was to be secured by the friendship of the other. He understood business as being *l'argent des autres*. Outside of business he was a jovial sort of person, and his bluff manners hid his singular keenness. Like most financial men, he was polygamous. In his last letter to an ex-director of the Opera House he begged of him to 'kiss the darlings of the corps de ballet.'"

Victorien Sardou has a remarkably fine collection of souvenirs in his apartments in the Rue de Madrid, Paris. There are decorations which came from the home of Cavour, the Italian statesman, and others by Van Blarembeghe and Fragonard; there is an original design by Fredenord; a *chef-d'œuvre* in Florentine marble, representing a church angel of the sixteenth century holding a gold chandelier. At his summer villa at Marly, M. Sardou has a still finer collection, including a statuette of Voltaire, from Ferney; some beautiful tapestries by famous artists of the last century, and a clock which Louis the Fourteenth had at Fontainebleau. At both houses, M. Sardou has Louis the Fourteenth furniture of the purest style, of workmanship the most delicate, and made of woods the most precious.

TWO WOMEN.

"The word by which they both were slain.
She that was loved, and she that loved in vain."
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

[MISS MARGARET INNSLEY'S little brougham stops at the door of one of the better-class houses in the tenement quarter. Having purposely left her groom behind, MISS INNSLEY opens the door herself and steps out upon the pavement. As the sunlight strikes full upon her—on her dainty dark dress, the mass of curling fur about her throat, her braid of red-gold hair—the children on the sidewalk stare at her with open mouths, and there is something in her face that makes even the street gamins refrain from hooting at her as is their usual wont.]

MISS INNSLEY [to the coachman]—You need not wait, Martin. I shall walk home to-day. [The man lifts his hat and drives clatteringly away, and his mistress enters the doorway. As she mounts the narrow, badly lighted stairs:] I wonder if I could help her better if I were older, and wiser, and kinder? She is so pretty, and so white, and so unhappy! How should I dare to enjoy all the richness of my own life if I did not try to help somebody else? And she is so lovable. [Knocks at a door on the upper floor. A young woman opens it quickly, on her face a look of painful expectancy, which, as she recognizes MISS INNSLEY, dies away into a faint smile of welcome.]

MISS INNSLEY [giving her hand a soft pressure]—Were you expecting somebody else, dear?

THE GIRL—Ah, I am only looking for some one who will never come. You are such a good substitute.

MISS INNSLEY [sitting down]—But no substitute, however kind, can fill the place saved for another, can she?

THE GIRL—No, perhaps not; but she helps one to forget.

MISS INNSLEY—I don't think you forget, ever. [As THE GIRL looks up quickly, half startled, MISS INNSLEY moves her chair nearer. THE GIRL'S eyes fall and are fixed steadily upon her work.]

MISS INNSLEY [speaking very quietly]—Agnes—let me call you so, please—I have been coming here many weeks, haven't I? At first, because I had the very youthful idea that I could and ought to help other girls like myself, and—

THE GIRL [interrupting]—Not quite like yourself, Miss Innsley.

MISS INNSLEY—Yes, Agnes, like myself. Not so fortunate as I in externals, perhaps, but often much better, and braver, and stronger in all that goes to make a real woman.

THE GIRL [bitterly]—You don't know them as well as I do. It's just your own goodness shining back at you that you see. After you've gone, they're as black as ever.

MISS INNSLEY—You can't make me believe that, for you are a constant refutation yourself. You have these poor, barren little rooms pretty with a few simple things, and all day you sit caged here, like a tiny brown bird, not soouless like it, but brave and patient.

THE GIRL [speaking half to herself]—A bird with a broken wing.

MISS INNSLEY—Agnes, when I grew to know you better, I grew ashamed of my patronizing ideas; but I kept on coming, because I could not help it, because you were helping me, and now—if you will, I wish you would try to love me in return, for I love you, dearly.

THE GIRL [very quietly]—I'd lay down my life for you.

MISS INNSLEY [impulsively]—And yet you call me Miss Innsley; you will not come to my house, nor ride in my carriage, nor let me carry even the least bit of your burdens. You may wrap them up tight and tie them with yards and yards of string—I won't even try to peep at them—but do give me one end to carry.

THE GIRL [dropping her work in her lap and looking earnestly at her companion]—Your coming here is enough. It's like a free gift, and I am thankful to "whatever gods may be" for it every day. It is all the dearer for my undeserving. But I could never be anything but my poor best before you. I am so tempted to impose upon your goodness, just to let things go on and on, not to let you discover the real me at all, hoping that by and bye you will be so wholly my friend that no fault of mine can separate us. Oh, I can read you a little. I know that you are one whose "only remedy for love is to love the more." When I read that first in Thoreau, I did not know what it meant, but I was soon to learn. But I've seen for a long time that I must tell you the common little history that I believed in my pride and misery was at least different, but which I know now is just a modern instance. When you have heard it, you will not come here again.

MISS INNSLEY—Oh, what an accusation! I know myself, and I promise you that I shall.

THE GIRL—Yes, you may. From duty or pity; but [with a sudden fierceness] if I am unworthy, I am proud, and I won't have either pity or duty-like. [Her voice softening.] Not after a glimpse of something better.

MISS INNSLEY—Wouldn't it be better not to prejudge me?

THE GIRL—Yes, forgive me. I know there are hundreds of good, sweet girls like you; but, after all, you are different, you are so clear, so sincere, so independent, as if, indeed, you "saw life straight and saw it whole." Dear Matthew Arnold, that's his phrase.

MISS INNSLEY—I am so glad you read him. He is so kind and so understandable. His thought makes one think, but one does not have to hunt through obscurities for the idea.

THE GIRL [glancing at her shelf of books]—There are more of my friends there, but none like him. Some one long ago taught me to know him, and he has double worth now, though then I cared only for the friend's sake. Now I love and depend upon my few books so that I sometimes they were sentient and could feel my gratitude. I had

no school after I was fifteen, and they're all my education since. But see what a coward I am, trying to avoid the inevitable. I'll be good now, and begin. [Rising and taking a chair a few feet away.] I can't quite face you. You look too friendly upon me.

MISS INNSLEY [smiling]—Ah! I shall be very cross, indeed, then. Begin at the beginning.

THE GIRL—There wasn't any beginning until three years ago. I was twenty then, but I was a child still. My head was full of mature ideas, gotten from books of all kinds, but nothing was assimilated. I was blown about by every wind of doctrine or romance, and filled with emotion, intense and ephemeral. My mother died before I knew her, and I was allowed to grow up by the best of maiden aunts, a woman whom I was obliged to respect for her goodness, but whom I honestly despised for not having a soul above the chronicling of small beer. My father came to visit us, once in a long while—a man used to the woods and open fields, and restless as a caged animal in my aunt's orderly little house, and impatient of even her scanty refinements of living. You don't know what it is to live such a life, Miss Innsley, nor how I had to fight myself daily not to break out against them and fly away, I knew not where—to the vast land of my idle dreams, at the end of the rainbow.

MISS INNSLEY—Who was your mother, dear?

THE GIRL—The daughter of an old-fashioned New England minister, and as delicate as one of the tiny wind-flowers that grow there. I believe that she died of starvation—not for food for the body, but for the mind. My father adored her as long as he lived. On one of his rare visits, he seemed suddenly to see my likeness to her, and, patting me kindly on the cheek, he said: "Aggie, don't you want to leave all this and come with me? I'll be good to ye, my girl." I shrank back, half frightened, half indignant, and shook my head. I never saw him again. Now that he is three years buried, I know he loved me, and understand better how I must have hurt him. Miss Innsley, how can fathers and mothers endure the wounds their children give them?

MISS INNSLEY [softly]—Perhaps there is compensation somewhere.

THE GIRL [remorsefully]—When the telegram came, telling us that he had been instantly killed by the fall of a tree in his own woods, there was only one being on earth for whose life I cared—and while he was safe, I minded nothing else. [THE GIRL sits silent a moment and then begins again, with an effort at control.] How idle, how useless it is to try to tell you! I might weary you with talking and the words would only be miserable sounds. If you have ever loved some one so completely that beyond and outside of him there was neither heat, nor light, nor existence, nor any great globe at all—but you wouldn't be so abject. You would always keep on your own high, white, self-respecting way. I—I did not.

MISS INNSLEY—You have suffered so much?

THE GIRL—One must when one loves like that. The gods are jealous, and I gave him all—all that I did not give to father, or mother, or friend. [Turning her face fully toward MISS INNSLEY, and speaking quickly.] We can but love the highest when we see it, and to me he was the highest—so kind to my ignorance, so forbearing to my faults, so far above me. He seemed to lead me to high mountains and show me the kingdoms of this world, all that was latent in that magic word Life, that had puzzled me so long. Then when he began to ask some return, to want me—ah! what an ecstasy of gratitude and joy filled my heart! It was a free gift, that neither law nor priest could make more sacred. Later, when I had learned how pitiful a thing it is to be a woman, I could realize how fatal, how reckless I had been, but I could not feel wicked. Even now I could do no otherwise. It was written that I must put my all of happiness upon one throw, only to lose all—all, at least, that the cruel world will accept as honesty and goodness. It is not enough to say—to be so sure as not to need to say—I shall lose once and always, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, and when death parts us these hands shall close my dying eyes; this face be the last glimpse of earth to me. No, it is not enough! The words must be said before a priest, with book and altar, or shame must follow—for the woman. And yet—I am not self-despised.

MISS INNSLEY—And a man could throw such love away?

THE GIRL—He grew weary of me. He said it made him ill at ease and bored him. There was something too much, and I had not learned to give grudgingly.

MISS INNSLEY—Could you not learn to forget, to be indignant?

THE GIRL—I did not blame him—and love is not love that alters when it alteration finds. That is the test of its truth, its only exculpation.

MISS INNSLEY—Then he left you!

THE GIRL—No; I left him. I would have shared a felon's cell with him gladly, had he wished it, but I could not remain after he had ceased to love me, after his heart was closed to me.

MISS INNSLEY [tenderly]—My poor Agnes!

THE GIRL—I shouldn't have cared to live, except for one hope—that some day, when he is older and sadder, and has learned that the world isn't too full of friends, he will remember her who had no wish but to serve him, and come back to me.

MISS INNSLEY [regretfully]—Ah, Agnes, would you return to him? Could you?

THE GIRL—I have never been far away in spirit. [After a brief silence.] That's all there is to tell. I am what your word—and his world—calls an outcast—but—

MISS INNSLEY—But of such is the kingdom of heaven. [Kneeling beside THE GIRL and putting her arm about her shoulders.] Dear, I want to make you a little confidence and to ask you a little favor. Don't promise until you hear what it is. I've been brought up carefully, wisely, and strictly as you know, and temptation has never come near me. I am going soon to be married to a man who I know loves me, and whom I believed I loved in return. But you show me a new meaning to the word. I can think for my-

self dear, and if the unthinking can point a finger at you, it is because, and only because, he whom you loved was so low a thing. To me your poor bowed head has a martyr's halo. Let me love you still. [Kisses her on the cheek.] And now for the favor. I do not ask it for the sake of society or so-called morality, but for your own solely. I won't insult you by talking of any conventional future, but there is a future. A future of work, blessed healing work, among those who, more wretched far than you, have had no thought of the highest, but have sought the abyss. You are dying here. I've seen you growing whiter and weaker day by day. Come out with me into the sunlight, away from walls and books, away even from yourself, and when you die, years from now, you will look back contented upon years of sweet recollections of good done here and there and everywhere. I see your promise already upon your lips—but wait yet a moment, there is a hard but necessary condition. You must promise me never to speak to that man you love still again. If it could make you really happy, I would find him and bring him to you myself, I swear it. But it would not. It is natural and womanly that you should hope that one day he may need and turn to you; but, dear, the hope is vain, all lovable as you are. The world is full of those who will love him. Do you think he will retrace all the paths to you, when he can find another at his very door?—another not so noble, so good, but as trusting. [With sudden bitterness.] To have to sit and think what perdition lies in that word trust! Do you promise? It is hard, but it must be.

THE GIRL—Ah, I can not, I can not!

MISS INNSLEY—It seems ungenerous, but I must ask you, then, for my sake. I can see clearer than you, and I know that no health, either physical or moral, can come to you but by work—and by putting this false hope away. It will only make your heart sick. Promise—for my sake.

THE GIRL [pushing MISS INNSLEY away at arm's length, and looking at her at first fiercely and then tenderly]—For your sake, yes. But it is like the dividing asunder of the soul and body. [With a pathetic, childish eagerness.] But, perhaps, you know him. Then you would tell me about him—how he looked, well—and happy—

MISS INNSLEY—Of course; but don't think of that now.

THE GIRL—Ah, but I must. Then I must tell you his name. [Bends down and whispers a name in MISS INNSLEY'S ear. MISS INNSLEY gives a quick cry and grows pale to the lips.] Ah, you do know him? He is a friend of yours?

MISS INNSLEY [mechanically]—He is the man I am going to marry.

THE GIRL—You! So, then, it is you who have taken him from me! Ah, forgive me! I do not know what I am saying. I only know that I have, indeed, lost him forever—and you, too.

MISS INNSLEY [regaining her self-possession]—Agnes, dear girl, do not speak so. You have done me a service, and if there was a debt between us two, it is paid. I suffer, too; but my wound is not mortal, like yours. [As she looks up, her eyes fall upon a little clock overhead. A sudden panic seizes her.] Quick, quick, dear; let me go. I asked him to come here for me, and he will be here in a moment. I can not see him now—but I will come back. [She hurries to the door, and there glances back before going out. THE GIRL sits looking away, one hand clenched upon her breast.]

MISS INNSLEY [running back to her side, and putting her own hand gently over that of THE GIRL'S]—Remember your promise, and that I believe in you always. [Goes out.]

THE GIRL [starting up and pacing wildly up and down the room]—Ah, I did not know till now how great my hope had grown. My heart bleeds so to tear it out. Here! He is coming here in a moment! and I must not even speak to him! Ah, I see—she guessed it all the time; she made me promise to rob me of my last chance of life. She will forgive him and despise me, as I would in her place. [As she passes the mirror, she catches sight of her own face in it, distorted by anger and despair. She confronts the image silently for a moment.] So, there you are, you creature, you, who was but just prating of loving the highest, and now you are reviling the one creature on earth who trusted you, and who neither shrank from you nor reproached you. She spoke the truth to me—about him. Ah, I will do right—now that I know it. [A step is heard upon the lower stair. Before it has reached the door, THE GIRL has turned the key and flung herself upon the floor at the threshold.] Oh, God! if you are there, if you can hear, help me now. Help me to remember what she said: "I believe in you always." [A knock is heard at the door, and, as no answer is given, it is repeated.]

A MAN'S VOICE [outside]—This is surely the right number. May I come in? [As he speaks, THE GIRL'S hand touches the lock. Her fingers clasp the key.] Miss Innsley! Margaret! [As she hears MISS INNSLEY'S name, THE GIRL drops her hand and covers her ears with her fingers, repeating mechanically under her breath: "I believe in you always." THE MAN turns away and is heard descending the stairs.]

THE GIRL—He has gone—and I did not speak, nor open the door. [Tries to rise, but suddenly slips down, her hand pressed to her side. The words come faintly, with silences between.] I've given—you—my—miserable—life. You—believed—in me—always.

* * * * *

To MR. PAUL CHANNING, the Albemarle Club—I should have told you earlier why I have not been at home to you for so many days—why I shall never be at home to you again—but I have taken time to think. Agnes Wynn had long been my friend before I knew her story—for which I loved her more. You can do her neither justice nor injustice now, for she is dead. I know that if her sweet spirit could speak from the void where it has gone, it would be to forgive you; but I can not. Perhaps it is because I do not love you enough. Be that as it may, my friend's grave lies between us. I wish neither to judge nor to reproach you, but I wish never to think of you nor to see you again. If you think me cruel, let that be your best excuse for forgetting me.

MARGARET INNSLEY.

DOROTHEA LUMMIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1893.

THE NEW BRITISH RUSTICS.

Hodge in a Cutaway Coat, Mary Ann in High-Heeled Shoes.

One of the most striking signs of the times is the steady decay of a distinct type of British peasantry. Villagers, farm-laborers, and rustics generally, as they are illustrated in old prints and described in old books, are gradually, indeed speedily, becoming things of the past. You seldom see a smock-frock on a countryman, except he be an old man, and even then what by the younger fraternity is derisively termed an old-fashioned chap. Instead, you will find the majority of the aged, and all of the young men, clad in the common, every-day dress of the towns, save that the clothes are more ill-fitting and clumsily made. Time was when a clean-shaven English "Hodge" was the rule, his only attempt at hirsute appendage being small, neatly kept whiskers from ear to chin on each side of his jaws, a joining together in a fringe underneath being sometimes permissible. Such a thing as a beard or mustache (certainly never the latter alone) was unheard of. But now! Why, your plowman looks for all the world like a dragoon in plain clothes, and plain clothes of the latest style.

Only this afternoon, while walking along a Hampshire road, on one side of which the late autumn plowing had been carried forward into the almanac's first day of winter, I was accosted by the plowman, who stopped his smoking team for a moment while his attendant plowboy scraped the clinging, chalky soil from the share, and asked the time of day. He wore a narrow-brimmed, stiff "Derby" (to use an Americanism unknown in England), a short-waisted, cutaway black tail-coat, loose trousers, and colored flannel shirt. His hair was neatly cut, and he sported a dark and well-shaped mustache (his only facial hair), which would have done credit to an officer of light cavalry. Nor did he use a syllable of dialect.

"Can you tell me what o'clock it is, sir?" was all he said. And there was over a hat-touch accompanying the request, let me observe. No doubt his father would have pulled his forelock and said: "Wot be toime o' day, maester?" But he would have worn a snow-white smock, tight cord breeches, and leather leggings, an unbleached calico shirt, hob-nail boots, a loose red handkerchief round his neck, and either a high beaver or a soft, wide-brimmed felt hat, or, may be, a knitted cap.

Nor are the women behind the men in such matters. In place of sun-bonnets, red cloaks, linsey-woolsey petticoats, blue-yarn stockings, and large, heavy shoes, such as their mothers and grandmothers wore, you will see beflowered, and befeathered, and beribboned straw or felt hats, tight-fitting jackets, fashionably made gowns, cashmere "hose," and as fashionably shaped and as well-made boots as the nearest town's shoe-shops can provide. Where yarn "mitts" used to satisfy all requirements against the cold of winter, now even in summer kid gloves are the rule.

I was visiting at the house of a lady friend in one of the larger towns of a southern county, not long ago, and, among other topics of conversation, we were discussing the very subject of this letter—the decadence of the British peasantry as a type. At the time I was not so positive in my views as I am now, and so expressed myself to my lady friend, who had very decided opinions in favor of the affirmative of the proposition. While we were talking, the footman came into the room and handed a letter to his mistress, which she read.

"Very well," she answered; "I'll ring when I want to see her." Then turning to me, as the maid departed, she said: "I'm sure we shall find an illustration of what I claim, if you won't mind staying in the room while I see a young woman who has applied for the situation of my kitchen-maid. This is a note from the rector of her parish, highly recommending her. She comes from a village about four miles out in the country, and" (looking at the letter again) "is the daughter of the head gamekeeper on Lord Babbicombe's estate, Mottistone Towers. You know it?"

I told her I did not; but that did not signify, as I should be glad to see the young woman, all the same.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Dugdale—so let us call her—"I'll have her in. You know, I always see my servants before I engage them. I won't trust the housekeeper. I only hope her mother has come with her," and she rang the bell for the young woman to come in.

"Pardoo me," said I, while we waited. "Why do you hope for the presence of the mother of this young person?"

"Why, to let you see the contrast, of course. So that you may observe the great—But, hush. Here she is."

The footman threw the drawing-room door open with a flourish, but without a syllable of speech accompanying it, and pompously ushered in a tall, slight, handsome young girl of about nineteen, dressed in a blue serge skirt and tight acket, which fitted her small waist closely; a pair of neat, though not very small, high-heeled shoes exhibiting themselves beneath the broad hem of her striped under petticoat, with an inch or two of fine-ribbed, cashmere black stockings showing above them. A cock's-feather boa was knotted round her neck, and she wore brown kid gloves, with broad black stitchings (they were meo's eights, it is true), while a wide-brimmed black-felt hat, with red feathers, sat jauntily on the top of the coils of her carefully arranged chestnut hair, which fell in a "fringe" over her forehead. A black-lotted veil was tightly drawn across her nose. She stalked in with a confident stride, and giving Mrs. Dugdale a smiling nod, stood looking her over from top to toe. Following her closely came a small woman of between fifty and sixty, bare-headed and shambling, a large, old-fashioned black-straw bonnet, with a "curtain" covering her head, and a gray-woolen shawl held together by one hand over a plain, tottoo gown. In her free hand she clutched the handle of a square wicker basket with a lid, and she dropped a courtesy as she crossed the threshold. Mrs. Dugdale gave a quick glance of mixed frown and smile from one to the other, and then elevated her eyebrows to me. She then began the usual preliminary questioning, to which the young woman

replied with a series of simpering, affected "yes'm's," while she wriggled her shoulders, pushed on the fingers of her gloves, or adjusted her veil, her mother looking anxiously on, apparently eager to get in a favorable word for her daughter, but held in check by admonitory side glances from the latter.

"And you understand kitchen work?" said Mrs. Dugdale, doubtfully.

"Oh, yes'm," wriggled the girl.

"She be a rare 'un for cookin', mum. That she be," hurried out the mother, unable longer to restrain her tongue.

"Quiet, mother," whispered the daughter, with a scowl.

"Aod your name?" said Mrs. Dugdale.

"Blanche Geraldine, 'm."

"That is quite enough," Mrs. Dugdale replied, ringing the bell quickly. "You oeedn't trouble to see Mrs. Simmons."

"Then you be goin' to engage her," beamed the mother, hopefully. "I be that glad, I do. I hopes as how she'll keep this place, mum, for she don't find no place to suit her, mum."

"I'm not surprised at that," answered Mrs. Dugdale, dryly. "No, I'm sorry to say that she must add this to her list of places that wo't suit her. At all events, she won't suit the place. Good-day to you. That will do," as the footman appeared to show them out.

The young woman tossed her head.

"I told 'ee how 't would be! I know'd it!" cried the mother, as, first dropping another courtesy, she turned and followed her daughter, who flounced defiantly out into the hall. "It's all along o' them there furbelows, an' feathers, an' tight stays. I know'd it. That I did. I know'd it."

"What do you say to that?" said Mrs. Dugdale to me, as the footman closed the door.

I think I may ask the *Argonaut's* readers the same question. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, December 21, 1892.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Light Woman.

So far as our story approaches the end,
Which do you pity the most of us three?—
My friend, or the mistress of my friend
With her wanton eyes, or me?

My friend was already too good to lose,
And seemed in the way of improvement yet,
When she crossed his path with her huntlog-noose
And over him drew her net.

When I saw him tangled in her toils,
A shame, said I, if she adds just him
To her oise-aod-ninety spoils,
The hundredth, for a whim!

And before my friend be wholly hers,
How easy to prove to him, I said,
An eagle's the game her pride prefers.
Though she snaps at a wren tostead!

So I gave her eyes my own eyes to take,
My hand sought hers as in earnest need,
Aod round she turned for my noble sake,
And gave me herself indeed.

The eagle am I, with my fame in the world,
The wren is he, with his maiden face.
—You look away and your lip is curled?
Patience, a moment's space!

For see, my friend goes shaking and white;
He eyes me as the basilisk:
I have turned, it appears, his day to night,
Eclipsing his sun's disk.

And I did it, he thinks, as a very thief:
"Though I love her—that, he comprehends—
One should master ooe's passions (love, in chief),
And be loyal to ooe's friends!"

Aod she—she lies in my haod as tame
As a pear late hasking over a wall;
Just a touch to try, and off it came;
'Tis mine—can I let it fall?

With no mind to eat it, that's the worst!
Were it thrown in the road, would the case assist?
'Twas queeching a dozen blue-files' thirst
When I gave its stalk a twist.

Aod I—what I seem to my friend, you see—
What I soon shall seem to his love, you guess.
What I seem to myself, do you ask of me?
No hero, I confess.

'Tis an awkward thiog to play with souls,
And matter enough to save ooe's own:
Yet think of my friend, and the burning coals
He played with for hits of stoe!

One likes to show the truth for the truth;
That the woman was light is very true:
But suppose she says—Never mind that youth!
What wroog have I done to you?

Well, anyhow, here the story stays,
So far at least as I understand;
And, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
Here's a subject made to your hand!

—Robert Browning.

Two Chicago policemen were held up by highwaymen while the confederates of the latter robbed the passengers on a street-car, and, two days later, the following advertisement was inserted in the city papers: "Just stolen, from in front of the city hall, my large bay horse and side-bar top buggy. R. W. McClaghry, Chief of Police." Chicago is tough, and no mistake.

Kate Field throws cold water on the hopes of those who expect great things from being permitted to enter the government service. Miss Field says the opportunities for advancement are worse than none, and that the longer a man stays in it the less fit he is for anything else.

A writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* defines a widow to be one who has hurried her husband, and a grass-widow to be one who has simply mislaid him.

FLIRTING WIVES.

"There is no Salvation in the Order of Matrimony."

If some good and thoughtful woman who died fifty years ago could return to this world, what in our present life would most astonish her? This question is asked by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr in the *North American Review*. Would it be the wonders of steam, electricity, and science, the tyranny of the working classes, or the autocracy of servants? No! It would be the amazing development of her own sex—the preaching, lecturing, political women; the women who are doctors and lawyers; who lose and win money on horses, or in stocks and real estate; the women who talk slang, and think it an accomplishment; who imitate men's attire and manners; who do their athletic exercises in public; and, perhaps more astonishing than all, the women who make marriage the cloak for much profitable post-nuptial flirtation.

For her own sex, engaged in business, she might find excuses, or even admiration; and even for the unfeminine girls of the era, she might plead Mrs. Poyser's opinion, that "the women are made to suit the men." But for young wives notorious for their flirting and their "followers," she could have nothing but unqualified scorn and condemnation. For the sentiment demanding absolute fidelity in a wife may be said to have the force of a human instinct; in all ages it has exacted from her an avoidance of the very appearance of evil. Therefore a good woman, in the presence of a frivolous, flirting wife, feels as if a law of nature were being broken before her eyes.

Without any exaggeration it may be said that wife-errantry is now as common as knight-errantry once was. The young men of to-day have discovered the personal advantage and safety there is in the society of another man's wife. They transpose an old proverb, and practically say: "Fools marry, and wise men follow their wives." For, if the husband be only complacent, it is such a safe thing to flirt with a pretty wife. Young girls are dangerous and might lure them into matrimony; but they have no fear of bigamy. They can whisper sweet words to a gay, married flirt; they can walk, and talk, and dance, and ride with her; they can lounge in her dusky drawing-room or in her opera-box, and no one will ask them their intentions.

Suppose a beautiful girl to be wooed and won by a man in every way suitable to her desires. She has accepted his love and his name, and vowed to cleave to him, and to him only, till death parts them. The wooing has been mainly done in full dress, at balls and operas, or in hours tingling with the expectancy of such conditions. The aroma of roses, the rustle of silks and laces, the notes of music, the taste of bonbons and sparkling wines, were the atmosphere; and the days and weeks went by to the sense of flying feet in a ball-room, or to enchanted loiterings in green-houses, and behind palms and flowers on decorated stairways. The young wife is unwilling to believe that marriage has other and graver duties. She has been taught to live in the present only, and she is, therefore, cynical and apathetic concerning all things but dress and amusements. The husband has to return to husihood, which has been somewhat neglected; arrears of duty are to be met. He feels it necessary to attend to the question of supplies; he is, likely, a little embarrassed by the long holiday of wooing and honeymooning, and he would be grateful for some retroachment and retirement, for the purpose of home-making. The young wife has no such intentions; she reverts and contradicts them on every occasion; and, after the first pang of disappointment is over, he finds it the most prudent and comfortable plan to be indifferent to her continued frivolity. He thinks that his wife is no worse than A's, and B's, and C's wives; that she is quite able to take care of herself, and that in a multitude of adorers there is safety.

Thus, in a majority of cases, begins the career of the married flirt. There is no salvation in the Order of Matrimony; no miracles wrought at the altar of Grace Church, or at St. Thomas's. She that is frivolous, giddy, and selfish is likely to continue frivolous, giddy, and selfish; and marriage merely supplies her with a wider field and greater opportunities for the indulgence of her vanity and greed.

She reenters society with every advantage of youth, beauty, wealth, and liberty; released from the disabilities under which unmarried girls lie; armed with new powers to dazzle and to conquer. No longer a competitor for a matrimonial prize, she is a rival ten times more dangerous than she was. Setting aside the wrong done to the sacredness of the conjugal relation, she now becomes the most subtle enemy to the prospects of all the unmarried girls in her set. What is the hud to the perfect rose? The timid, blushing maiden pales and subsides before the married siren who has the audacity and charm of a conscious intelligence. It is not without good reason that special balls and parties have come into fashion for social buds; they are the necessary sequence to the predominance of married sirens, with whom is a mixed society no young girl can cope. They have the floor and the partners; they monopolize all the attention, and their pleasure is of the greatest importance. And their pleasure is to flirt—to flirt in all places and at all hours.

In vain will some young aspirant to marriage display in the presence of the married flirt her pretty accomplishments. She may sing her songs, and play her mandolin never so sweetly, but the young men slip away with some one or other of the piquant brides of the past year.

Vanity in the first place leads young wives to flirting, but grosser motives soon follow. For whatever other experiences matrimony brings, it generally stimulates a woman's love of money; and the married siren soon makes her "followers" understand that she is "a very practical little woman, and does not care for a sonnet, or a serenade, or a bouquet of fresh flowers." A summer's cruise in a fine yacht, a seat on a coach, an opera box, a jewel, dinners, drives, and luocheons, are the blackmail which the married flirt expects, in return for her sighs, sentiment, and ad-

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Mountney Jebson, well known in connection with Mr. Stanley's expedition in Equatorial Africa for the relief of Emin Pasha, has again appeared as an author; this time with a book called "Stories Told in an African Forest" by the grown-up children of Africa. Mr. Stanley always kept Sunday as a "day of rest"—at least from toilsome avocations—and devoted it to scientific experiments in the soap manufactory, or boot-making line, or what not. And in the afternoons, under the shadow of a great tree, the whole camp would meet; and here the "stories" were told. The *raconteurs* were the leading men among the Zanzibaris; and full of rich fancies and happy expressions are most of their tales. By the way, Mr. Jebson is reported as engaged to marry Miss Anna Head, a San Francisco girl.

Two new novels, by distinguished authors, are soon to be published in France. One is by François Coppée, and will be entitled "Rivals." The other is by Victorien Sardou, who appears very fond of his revolutionary studies. It will be called "The Terror," and, of course, deals with the passions and politics of 1793.

Sir Edwin Arnold's dramatic work, "Adzuma; or, the Japanese Wife," will be ready near the end of this month.

Herbert Spencer, according to M. Crofton in *Lippincott's*, "speaks with great gusto of a letter he received not long since from a publisher in the Far West, asking how much he would take for the exclusive right to publish his poem 'The Faerie Queen' in the United States."

The Washington *Post* charges that the valuable historical papers purchased by the government, and preserved in the archives of the State Department, are virtually under the control of a New England literary clique, of which Henry Cabot Lodge and Henry Adams are the chiefs. Mr. Lodge emphatically denies that he has been accorded special privileges, and declares that the charge has been made by a personal enemy for political effect.

Mr. Swinburne has written a long poem on Grace Darling. His early life was passed in the locality which was the scene of her heroism, and he knew her father.

A new book, "The Real Thing and Other Stories," by Henry James, is in the press.

Promised books by novelists of note are R. D. Blackmore's "Pearly Cross," Henry James's "The Real Thing, and Other Stories," W. Clark Russell's "List, Ye Landsmen," and Marion Crawford's "Pietro Ghisleri."

"Poseidon's Paradise," a romance by Mrs. Birkmaier, of Alameda, is receiving very flattering notices from the press. The critic of the Boston *Times* writes of it thus:

"Elizabeth G. Birkmaier's story is 'the romance of Atlantis,' the island discovered by Plato and Ignatius Donnelly. Upon that which others have asserted, a vivid imagination has aided her to rear a striking structure. She has constructive ability of a high order; her style, though at times a little florid, is extremely picturesque; and her book is as well worth reading as any recent essay in this field."

An Eastern house will publish at an early day Mr. Freeman's posthumous "Studies of Travel in Greece and Italy," and Dr. A. Jessop's "Studies by a Recluse, in Cloister, Town, and Village."

Thomas Hardy recently passed through a severe illness, from which he is now fully recovered.

Of Zola, who has gone into seclusion for several months to work on "Docteur Pascal," his new novel, which is to complete the Rougon-Macquart Series, we read:

"The novelist's method of composition is interesting. He begins with his scheme well arranged and sticks to it steadily. There is no sudden enthusiasm about his work, no changes of plan, no alteration. His manuscript is very clean, showing no erasures and no 'writing in.' The novel is to contain few characters, and the plot will be very simple. In order that there might be no anachronisms in it, Zola carefully re-read the 'Curée' and the 'Abbé Mouret,' two early volumes of the series, having found that he had almost forgotten them."

"Children of the King," a tale of Southern Italy, by F. Marion Crawford, is one of his books that has not been published serially.

Mr. F. J. Stimson is about to publish a new volume of short stories to be entitled "In the Three Zones." A new edition of his former volume of short stories is also in progress. One of the stories in this volume, "Two Passions and a Cardinal Virtue," formed the basis of Mr. Stimson's play, "Mary Maberly," lately brought out at the Theatre of Arts and Letters.

Mr. Howells is said to be at work upon a series of autobiographical papers, in which he will trace the origin and development of his literary career.

A firm of Boston publishers have just issued the first four numbers of "Famous Composers and their Works," edited by Professor J. K. Paine, Mr. Theodore Thomas, and Karl Klausner; of it, it is said:

"This work, when completed, will contain articles by twenty-five European and American critics on all the famous composers of the past and present, with articles on music in America, Russia, etc., together with representative pieces of songs by each composer, selected by Mr. Thomas, and hundreds of portraits, fac-similes, etc., selected by Mr. Klausner."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that only a considera-

tion of the fitness of things prevented the setting-up in this country of the type used in printing the new Border Edition of Scott's novels.

The twentieth edition of "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates," which will be issued early this year, has been revised and brought down to the fall of 1892.

Bishop Hurst's "Short History of the Christian Church" will be published next month.

When a thousand copies of the memorial volume on the centennial celebration of Washington's inauguration have been disposed of, the plates will be destroyed.

There is no end of histories of Mary Queen of Scots, but M. Martin Philippon attacks the subject with as much zest in "Histoire du Règne de Marie Stuart" (3 vols, Bouillon: Paris), as if he were the first of moderns to investigate the subject. He rejects the stories of her many immoralities, and only allows that she was an impulsive woman, who fell in love with Darnley and Bothwell, but did no wrong with the latter until she became a widow. Her worst act, according to Professor Philippon, was weakness in permitting the conspiracy against the life of Darnley to gain head without active protest. He regards her flight into the clutches of Elizabeth as the result of physical fear at the menaces of her own subjects.

New Publications.

"Where Duty Lies," a novel by Silas K. Hocking, F. R. H. S., has been published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Life and Death of Jay Gould, and How he Made his Millions" has been issued in paper covers by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents.

"The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," one of J. T. Trowbridge's excellent stories for boys, is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Naiad: A Ghost Story" has been translated from the French of George Sand by Katherine Berry de Zéréga, and is published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Her Friend's Lover," by Sophie May, and "Mostly Marjorie Day," by Virginia F. Townsend, have been republished in the Good Company Series issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents each.

"In Health," by A. J. Ingersoll, M. D., is an exposition of the author's application of faith-cure to certain ills that beset women, especially New England women. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Medicine Lady," by Mrs. L. T. Meade, is the story of a physician's wife, who, at her death, takes up his work among the poor of a great city. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"The Fallen Race," by Austyn Granville, a story on the lines of Rider Haggard's "She," in which the hero penetrates the mysterious interior of Australia, and there discovers a people whose form is globular and who look less like men than sun-fish look like fishes. Published by F. T. Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"A Woman's Philosophy of Love," by Caroline F. Corbin, is announced as the result of thirty-five years of thought, study, and experience, and in it love is considered as the divine life of the universe, as embodied in home, and in its world-wide relations. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A second part of "The Land We Live In," consisting of illustrated extracts from books and articles descriptive of the United States, its physical characteristics and industries, has been issued in the Picturesque Geographical Readers edited by Charles F. King. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 64 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"An Artist in Crime," by Rodrigues Otolengui, tells how a man lays a wager that he can commit a crime and thereafter avoid arrest for a twelvemonth. That the wager is overheard by a detective lessens the hero's chances and calls upon the author for most ingenuity. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Real and Ideal in Literature" is the title of a volume containing a few poems and a dozen essays on "The Classic and the Romantic," "The Modern Novel," "The Art Conscience," "The Science of Thought," and kindred topics, in which the author opposes the materialistic tendency of the times. Published by the J. G. Cupples Company, Boston; price, \$1.50; for sale by William Doxey.

In "Half Brothers" Hesba Stretton has written a story based on the familiar theme of a man's youthful marriage to a peasant girl, his desertion of her and remarriage to a woman in his own sphere, and the meeting in after years of the man's two sons by these marriages. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

Margaret Deland has written a charming story of a little girl in "The Story of a Child." Her little

heroine is Ellen Dale, a girl who is so highly imaginative that she can scarcely distinguish the facts of the world about her from the fancies of her own creation, and the result is that she is always tumbling into trouble. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Well-Dressed Woman," by Helen Gilbert Ecob, is a study in the application to woman's dress of the laws of health, art, and morals. It rehearses the old arguments with new force, and suggests for the present corseted modes others which are certainly more healthful, artistic, and moral, and are, some of them, quite as pleasing to the convention-bound observer. Published by the Fowler & Wells Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Under the title of "A Noble Art," Fanny Morris Smith has published three lectures on "The Evolution of the Piano," "Scientific Construction of the Piano," and "The Artists of Piano-Making." The text is illustrated with cuts of the sound, or boat-shaped harp, the clavichord, the harpsichord, hammer-clavier, and other predecessors of our modern piano, and with diagrams and pictures showing the working of the leading makes of pianos. Published at the De Vinne Press, and for sale by G. Schirmer, Union Square, New York.

The nineteenth volume of *St. Nicholas*, containing the monthly issues of that admirable young folk's magazine from November, 1891, to November, 1892, is bound in two volumes, which are more easily handled than the single bulky tome of earlier years. In text—including fiction, descriptive articles, poetry, and various interesting departments, all written by experienced and entertaining writers—and in the illustrations a high standard has been maintained, and the two volumes constitute a never-failing fund of amusement and instruction for children of all ages. Published by The Century Company, New York; price, \$4.00.

Charles Carleton Coffin, the author of "The Boys of '76" and several other books of the same kind, has written a biography of "Abraham Lincoln," which is uniform in size and style with his other recent works for young readers. The present volume is not so much a biography of Lincoln as a history of the events in which he took part; but it is also a strong picture of the man. Personal acquaintance with his subject is one of Mr. Coffin's special qualifications as a biographer, for he, as correspondent of a leading journal, first met Lincoln in Springfield the night following his nomination for the Presidency, and he saw much of the President in the troubled years that followed. The book is copiously illustrated. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A new edition of "A Short History of the English People," by the late J. R. Green, M. A., is now being issued under the editorial care of Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate, of which the first volume has already appeared. In the text, a few changes have been made in accordance with the historian's later views as expressed in his larger history. The distinguishing characteristic of this new edition is the insertion of a great quantity of illustrations, which add much to the text. The frontispiece is an excellent portrait on steel of the historian; other pictures are taken chiefly from sources contemporaneous with the period they illustrate, and are described specially in twenty-six pages of notes. The five chapters in this volume fill nearly five hundred pages, and in paper, type, binding, and like details, the edition is a very handsome one. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$5.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The New York advertising agency of J. H. Bates, so long and so favorably known to advertisers and to newspapers, has changed its name. It will hereafter be known under the name of Bates & Morse. The agency of Mr. J. H. Bates has long stood at the head in volume of business. Mr. Lyman D. Morse has been the manager of Mr. Bates's business for several years, and has conducted it with marked ability. He has now become a partner in the agency. All who have done business with Mr. Morse have found him a square-dealing and honorable gentleman. The *Argonaut* extends to him its best wishes.

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VANITY FAIR.

The postponing of marriage and the education of woman has brought into existence a class which did not exist before—namely, that of so-called girls between eighteen and thirty. These girls are bright, educated, capable women who are awaiting marriage, and instead of being given an interest in life and provided with something to do, they are launched into society with the idea that the proper thing for them to do is to give themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure. One result is that we have women after marriage taking very unkindly to the necessary slowness of domestic duties. They live for thrills, sensations, and excitements. As these can not be obtained from their husbands, they resort to expedients which, even if they do not land them in the divorce court, are absolutely fatal to real marriage. The upper-class girl is becoming a miserable, self-indulgent creature, who spends the very prime of her life in an incessant round of amusement. The great leisure class of cultured women can not be beld guiltless if it evades individual responsibility and squanders the benefits of birth and education on its own amusement.

The Patent Office on December 28th granted a patent on a device worthy of the ancient Greeks. It is a system of finger-tapering and joint-reducing bands. The idea is to make thimble-shaped bands of thin and pliant aluminum, in sets of various sizes, to fit the fingers and thumbs, and, by wearing them at night, gradually produce the slender and tapering digits so much admired by the fashionable half of the world. The aluminum bands are provided with rings, which are crowded down on the outside so as to compress the fingers and drive the blood back to any desired state. The letters-patent do not state whether the use of the new device is attended with pain or not.

With every season comes the ever-recurring question as to providing ball-room partners for girls, without all the fuss and anxiety which seems to be the usual concomitants of the winter's round of gayeties for nearly every mother and daughter in the social swim. There is more anxiety than pleasure in taking a girl out under the existing conditions of society. Unless she happens to be provided beforehand with a partner for the cotillion and supper, she is simply frightened to death. What should be a delightful anticipation becomes a veritable trial and dread, and, on arriving at the ball, her one thought is to secure an invitation for the german; all other sensations are merged in this all-absorbing anxiety. If she by any chance happen to be left out, she and every other unhappy damsel in a like predicament fly off to the dressing-room, and there they wait until their carriages come to fetch them home. Of course this is all ridiculous; but what is a girl to do? Custom has decreed that she must have partners or be "out of it"; that she must wait for the man to ask her; and that she can not have a good time with her own self at an evening entertainment.

The latest atrocity in the interests of beauty (writes a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* reporter) is a corset for the foot, and it is no longer logical to deride the Chinese for tight bandages, iron bands, and other devices designed to keep the feet abnormally small. The new instrument of torture is made so as to enable a size smaller shoe to be worn than would be otherwise possible, and it consists of a strong, though thin, band or web, which is fixed around the instep while the foot is off the ground, and hence not spread out with the weight of the body. When in place it is comparatively easy to put on a shoe which is altogether too small, and the pressure being on the corset instead of the shoe, the latter does not spread or stretch out. As an aid to beauty, the new device is, doubtless, a success, and as an instrument of torture it is absolutely beyond criticism, even the slight relief from the stretching of the leather of the shoe being denied the unfortunate victim.

Paris has not been so brilliant as it is this year since the palmy days of the empire (writes Mrs. E. C. Crawford in the *Tribune*). Enormous crowds of well-dressed people and luxurious equipages fill the streets, while the theatres are vying with each other to attract a choice and fastidious public. Dinners, balls, suppers, soirées, and receptions succeed each other in bewildering rapidity. Some of these entertainments, however, are too *fin de siècle* in their extravagance, and may inspire a doubt as to whether the *gommeux* have not taken leave of their senses. For instance, the young Count de F., a well-known member of the Epatants Club, issued invitations for a midnight supper on new-year's eve, whereat every guest appeared in the costume attributed to the figure of death—namely, draped in loose robes of sable, and wearing masks representing grinning and hollow-eyed skulls, which, by an ingenious contrivance, are so arranged that they can be kept on during the process of eating. The company certainly presented a most cheerful and delicately humorous appearance when seated around the festive board, which, in order to be in keeping with the mournful feast, was covered with black velvet, fringed with silver. Instead of lamps, great bowls of burning alcohol and salt threw a livid light on this extraordinary scene, and a Danse Macabre,

executed by all those present, fitly terminated the evening.

A domestic or social terror, of which all Europe is just now in dread, is the reappearance of hoop-skirts and crinoline. A stray remark from Worth sounded the alarm a few weeks ago, and the English newspapers especially are full of lamentations on the subject. It is even said that anti-crinoline societies were in process of organization; but to-day comes a reassuring announcement that the original monstrosity of a generation ago is not to be introduced again. It is made known that all that the arbiter of fashions intended to convey is that skirts are to be full next year, both at the hips and around the bottom, and that horse-hair will be used to keep the folds from becoming entangled about the feet.

The following paragraph is from the Boston *Gazette*. It may strike many Western women who paint their faces as odd that the use of such an aid to beauty may tend in Boston to raise doubts as to the virtue of those thus decorated: "The fact that Boston women are 'making up' more this season than usual is now recognized. This practice originated among the society women who have been much abroad, where a 'smart' woman makes up as regularly as she dresses herself. The practice is spreading here now among the younger girls, so that it is now sometimes difficult to tell at first sight whether a woman be a lady or not. One of the belles who came out a few seasons ago looks like a china doll, her cheeks being all too rosy. It seems a shame to find young married women and girls of twenty turning to rouge and powder."

Mr. Besant asks why women no longer faint in fiction or in fact. Down to the time of Miss Austen, young ladies fainted much and often in novels—if a spider fell on them, if a rude fellow stared too hard at Ranelagh, and on a thousand lesser occasions. Nowadays, a novel with a swooning heroine would be absurd, and in daily life, too, women refrain from going into faints. Mr. Besant conjectures that it may be because women's lives are healthier in these days; they eat and drink more sensibly, and possess more restraint over their emotions. This may well be the reason, but it may also be because it is no longer the fashion for women to be pretty weaklings, to weep at a tender word or to faint at a frown.

In the December number of the *Fortnightly* there is a serious paper on "Society," in which the "smart set" is treated as the flower and fruitage of nineteenth-century civilization. By the "smart set" the writer means the restless rich, the people who are always rushing after expensive amusements. The "smart set" is not unknown in this country. Its affiliations are world-wide. It not only reigns in many of the noble houses of England, or in the Jockey Club of Paris—it glistens in its dissipated course through Vienna, Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg, Cairo, and Hong Kong, and it passes sumptuous and useless hours in New York. Even Boston knows it, and Philadelphia is far from being a stranger to it. No one with a sober mind, or with a love of what is best in humanity (*Harper's Weekly* declares) can have anything to say by way of protest against the criticisms leveled at the restless, hard, selfish, and corrupting modern blooms of fashion. There are no people, perhaps, in the world's history more worthless than those whom the writer in the *Fortnightly* undertakes to describe. In this country, as abroad, their lives are devoted to pleasures that are mostly irrational, and often worse. The best society now seeks quiet corners into which are admitted only the best of the "smart set"—those whose native minds make their redemption possible. The "smart set" retains its place in the public eye because it is always on exhibition, but it no longer holds the very best we have. The best attracts less notice than was accorded to it in the earlier day, because the amount of good in the world has vastly grown.

The French have a trite saying: "Il faut qu'une bonne maîtresse de maison soit un peu gourmande, un peu frileuse, et un peu coquette." So shall she minister most wisely to the comfort of the man of the household, so shall she keep her charm and fascination by prolonging the wooing after the wedding, and never quite giving assurance of absolute possession to the liege lord of her heart. It is ever that which is not quite our own, just out of reach that charms; or, as the men more practically express it, a man does not chase a car after he has caught it. It seems to require greater tact and grace to keep a husband than to get one, not entirely because men are hopelessly fickle, but also because women too often consider that the great achievement of life is accomplished when the wedding-ring is gained, and that they have nothing more to do but to sit down and enjoy the result, with time for a nap in the afternoon, and no more effort to be pretty and captivating, while really the serious business of life is just begun. It is one thing to convince a man that you are the fairest woman in the world, when he sees you only once a week in your freshest gown, with the lights turned low and soft music playing, and the magic of the courting gilding the most prosaic things with golden radiance. It is a kind of an army contract to keep that man thinking the same thing for twenty or thirty years of every-day life in the cold, merciless

light of early breakfasts, through house-cleaning and sick babies, and cooks perpetually on a strike, maids always with followers, and all the rest of the friction. And yet some women, not by any means beautiful, have managed to do this so cleverly that the men never suspected the effort they made, for if the effort is apparent, that seems to destroy the result. Perhaps the reason there seems to be so many failures is that marriage is a profession open to all women, whereas many of the best women in the world have no predilection for it and never can master the first principles of success.

The freak of fashion in London is now leveled at the voice. Formerly one of the characteristics of a lady was her voice; it was soft, low, well modulated; poets and novelists bestowed this charm upon their heroines. But now the fashionable voice of the day is high, shrill, and strident; an exaggerated imitation of American intonation would best describe it. These voices come not from the outer ring of the circle, but from the charmed inner ring, the highest in rank being foremost in taking the lead in this respect. True, American voices are naturally on these lines, formerly regarded as a defect; but quaint Americanisms and American wit, allied to the tones in which they are uttered, give them a distinct originality; and without the one the other falls worse than flat on the ear, and the general complaint among men now is that the girls of the day have "such very ugly voices."

Queen Marguerite shares with the Empress of Russia the claim to be the best-dressed royal lady in Europe. The following group of toilets prepared for her in Paris was recently on view to a favored few: An "audience" dress was in satin of a deep shade of electric blue, the train half long and perfectly plain, and the skirt parting in front over a narrow panel in cream-white velvet, with a row of narrow bow-knots in blue satin, the ends finished with gold aiglonettes set down at the centre. On either side of this row of bow-knots was a band of embroidery in gold thread and colored beads, representing tiny baskets of flowers tangled in a gold net-work. The Louis Seize corsage had a deep waistcoat front prolonged over the skirt and edged with a narrow embroidery in gold. A deep collar in fine lace of the epoch completed this exquisite costume. A very striking carriage-dress was in moss-green mirror velvet, cut "princesse" and lined throughout with seal-brown surah. It was trimmed with narrow, white guipure lace and with narrow bands of brown ostrich feathers. Over this is to be worn a full Henri Deux cape reaching just below the waist, and composed of velvet of a darker shade of green, finished at the throat with a high collar and small, pointed cape of a third and darker shade of green, the whole profusely trimmed with narrow brown ostrich trimming and lined throughout with green satin. Two of the evening toilets were in pale-tinted brocade. One of these was in a lovely shade of pale green, with clusters of large wheat-ears in white silk scattered at wide intervals over the satin ground. Those on the two front breadths were embroidered with gold and silver thread and beads. The long, rounded train and the two sides of the skirt front were bordered with ostrich-feather bands of the same shade as the material. These front widths parted over a narrow panel in white brocade, with a cluster of three white ostrich-feathers set in its centre, below which fell an elaborate arrangement of wide old point d'Alençon intermixed with silver *passementerie*. The queen's opera-cloak is a long, ample garment in old-rose satin, figured with a Louis the Sixteenth pattern in mignonette velvet and lined throughout with chinchilla. The back breadth from neck to hem is in full folds of mignonette velvet. Over the shoulders falls a long, full-pointed cape in antique Venetian guipure, interwoven with gold furnished by the royal lady herself from her superb collection of old artistic laces.

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SOCIETY.

The Robinson-Ivers Wedding.

There was a brilliant wedding in the Church of Heavenly Rest, in New York city, last Tuesday noon when Miss Aileen Ivers, daughter of Mrs. Richard Ivers, of this city, was united in marriage to Mr. Edward Moore Robinson, son of Mrs. J. Hood Wright, of New York city. The bride is well known as a former belle here, and is a handsome and bright young lady. The groom is the step-son of Mr. J. Hood Wright, who is a member of the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., the well-known bankers.

The church was beautifully decorated, and every seat was occupied when the ceremony was performed. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by Hon. William G. Irwin, of Honolulu, and was attended by the groom's sister, Miss Bertha Norris Robinson, as maid of honor. Mr. J. W. Byrne, of San Francisco, a cousin of the bride, acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Mr. Horace Brooks, Mr. J. B. Townsend, Mr. James Brown Lord, Mr. John Markle, Mr. G. Wheeler Leeper, Consul Manuel de la Cueva, Mr. Temple Bowdoin, Mr. Bushrod Rust Bayne, Mr. Arthur Pemberton Sturges, Mr. A. Lanfear Norris, Mr. J. Sewell Tappan, and Mr. William H. Smith, Jr. The favors given them were enameled silver match-safes, with the monogram of the recipient in gold. The toilets of the bride and her maid of honor are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a Worth robe of white satin, made in the Florentine style and draped with point de Venise lace, a present from her aunt, Miss James Irvine, of this city. The veil was of rare point lace fashioned in the Watteau style, and over it was another veil of white tulle, fastened with a beautiful Prince of Wales feather of diamonds, a gift from the groom. Her wrap, which she wore in the carriage, was a gift from Mrs. William G. Irwin and was made in China. It was of white crepe de Chine, with a deep De Medici collar of ermine and a quilted silk lining. Over the surface was an embroidered design in delicate traceries of the bamboo-tree.

Miss Robinson wore a Henry the Second costume of pink satin, embroidered with silver, and a large black velvet hat, with black ostrich plumes.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was given by Mrs. Richard Ivers at the Hotel Victoria, and covers were laid for about forty friends and relatives. The presents were particularly beautiful and of great value. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson went to Canada to pass their honeymoon, and when they return will reside at the Palermo on East Fifty-Seventh Street in New York city.

The Wendell-Richards Wedding.

A very quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. W. H. Richards, 2142 Post Street, last Wednesday afternoon when her youngest daughter, Miss Adah E. Richards, was married to Mr. Clarence T. Wendell, a young business man of this city. Only relatives and very intimate friends were present at two o'clock when, in the handsomely decorated parlors, Rev. W. W. Davis, of St. Luke's Church, read the marriage service. The bride and groom were unattended and stood beneath a tastefully arranged bower formed of bamboo poles and connected by long ribbons of red and white silk, from which hung baskets of Christmas berries and foliage. The bride looked very pretty in a becoming traveling-suit of brown cloth, and, with the groom, received the sincere congratulations of their friends. Afterward delicious refreshments were served, and the many elegant wedding presents were viewed. Late in the day Mr. and Mrs. Wendell left on a brief Southern trip, and will return in about a week. They will receive on Fridays in February at 2142 Post Street.

The Drexler-Kelley Wedding.

Mr. Louis P. Drexler, president of the California Jute Milling Company, was married on January 4th to Miss Elise A. Kelley at the home of the bride, in Mendocino City, Cal. The affair was quietly but pleasantly celebrated. Mr. and Mrs. Drexler are now enjoying a tour of the southern part of the State. When they return, they will occupy their residence on Van Ness Avenue for a few months, and then go East and to Europe.

The Cluff Reception.

Major and Mrs. William Cluff celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of their wedding by giving a reception last Monday evening at their residence, 1916 Vallejo Street. About sixty of their intimate friends were invited, including several from Sacramento, and they were entertained most hospitably. There was dancing in the beautifully decorated parlors, varied occasionally by musical numbers, and at midnight an elaborate supper was served in the large hall downstairs. Numerous toasts were given and responded to in a felicitous manner. It was about three o'clock when the festivities ended, and the guests departed with very pleasant memories of the affair.

The Crocker Dinner-Party.

Mr. George Crocker gave an elaborate dinner-party last Tuesday evening, at his home on California Street, in honor of his cousin, Mrs. F. L. Steadman, who is here on a visit from the East. The dining-room was decorated in exquisite taste, and a string orchestra played concert selections during the service of the repast. Afterward a couple of hours were pleasantly passed in the parlors and art gallery. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Green, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Green, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs.

Edgar B. Carroll, Mrs. F. L. Steadman, Miss Deming, Colonel C. Fred Crocker, and Mr. George Crocker.

The Barron Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Edward Barron gave a charming lunch-party at her home, 719 Geary Street, last Wednesday, in honor of Miss Fanny Loughborough. Covers were laid for eighteen at a handsomely appointed table, and a delicious menu was served. Those present were:

Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Marie Lane, Miss Laura McKelvey, Miss M. C. DeMolay, Miss Kate, Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Misses Reed, Misses Dean, Miss Welch, Miss Thompson, Miss Wethered, Miss McPherson, and Miss Mulhall.

The Breeze Matinée Tea.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and the Misses Breeze gave a matinee tea on Thursday, at their residence, 1330 Sutter Street, and had the pleasure of receiving and entertaining several hundred friends. The parlors, reception-rooms, and hallway had their floors canvased, and each apartment was ornate with bright-hued flowers and the greenish tints of winter foliage and tropical plants. The hours of the reception were from four until seven o'clock, but there were many who remained much later and participated in an informal dance. Refreshments were served as desired under Ludwig's direction, and the hospitality of the hostesses was bounteous.

The Bowen Matinée Tea.

A particularly pleasant affair was the matinee tea given last Saturday by Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary E. Bowen at their residence, 208 Franklin Street. There were about four hundred callers in all, a few remaining in the evening to enjoy dancing. The guests were bounteously served with refreshments under the direction of Ludwig, and in every way were well entertained. The ladies who assisted the hostesses in receiving were: Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, Miss Mary Breeze, Miss Annie Buckbee, Miss Marian Ransom, and Miss Maude O'Connor.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John P. Jones has gone to Cannes, France, to visit Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow, who are passing several months there.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker is going East this week in his special car, by way of the Southern route, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. John De Witt Allen has gone East.

Mr. D. B. Gillette, Jr., left for the East a week ago on an extended trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Misses Mamie and Olive Holbrook, and Mr. H. M. Holbrook left last Saturday to visit Southern California for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James Baird left last Tuesday to make an extended Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Anderson have returned from a pleasant visit to relatives in Portland, Or., and are residing at the south-west corner of Geary and Leavenworth Streets.

Mrs. George C. Boyd will receive on Fridays in January at the residence of her mother, Mrs. N. G. Kittle.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and Miss Mamie Burling are visiting Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. J. W. Byrne, and Mr. Callaghan Byrne attended the Robinson-Ivers wedding last Tuesday in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bohlin will soon leave to visit Coronado Beach for a month, and, in the spring, will go to Ross Valley to occupy the Barber cottage, which they have leased for several months.

Miss Thompson, of Menlo Park, is visiting her cousin, Miss Salie Huie, at her residence, 2010 Jackson Street.

Mrs. James F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Miss Bessie Shreve left last Monday to make a prolonged visit to Southern California.

Miss Emmeline Sieberst is visiting Miss Lillie Parks at her home in Amador.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin are enjoying a visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. Philip Wooster will return to his coffee plantation in Mexico early in February, after a three months' visit here.

Mr. Arthur Banks is visiting Southern California for a few weeks.

Mr. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. Louis Spreckels, and Mr. B. J. Hoffacker left last Sunday to visit the City of Mexico.

Miss Kate Clement, of Oakland, has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Sacramento.

Miss Nellie Jolliffe is visiting Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at her residence in New York city.

Mrs. William B. Bourn will receive next Wednesday at her residence on the south-west corner of Gough Street and Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes, née Delmas, will return from their wedding trip next Friday.

Hon. and Mrs. George H. Sanderson left last Thursday to visit Southern California for several weeks.

Mr. Arthur B. Shattuck has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kittle and Miss Lucia Kittle are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hinkle have removed to 1608 Sutter Street, and will receive on Mondays.

Captain and Mrs. Millen Griffith will remain in New York city during the remainder of the winter.

Mr. William S. Tevis is confined to his residence by illness.

Miss Jennie McMillan has gone to San José to visit friends for a month.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., is now convalescent after her recent attack of pneumonia, and will leave soon to pass several weeks at Los Angeles and Coronado for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. Russell E. Smith and Miss Maude Smith have returned from a prolonged visit to the Eastern States and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Fisher, née Berry, will leave soon to make a tour of Southern California.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson are passing the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Major Frank A. Vail left last Thursday to pass a few days in Los Angeles.

Mr. William Gerstle has returned from a week's visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann and Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., returned last Wednesday from a six weeks' visit to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith left last Monday on a two months' visit to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Moses went East a week ago, and will be away three months.

Mr. E. Y. Judd has returned from a prolonged visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery, of Alameda, returned last Monday from a pleasant visit to friends in San José.

Hon. and Mrs. William Beckman, of Sacramento, have been passing several days here during the past week.

Mrs. Frank L. Coombs returned from Japan last Sunday

on the steamer *Rio de Janeiro*, and is visiting relatives in Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll, of Sacramento, paid a short visit here during the week.

Mrs. J. S. Cone and the Misses Josephine and Mary Cone came down from Red Bluff last Tuesday, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Dr. William Martin, U. S. N., who has been on a leave of absence for several months owing to illness, left last Thursday for Washington, D. C., to undergo a course of medical treatment.

Captain B. F. Day, U. S. N., has been ordered to command the *Boston*, and will leave here on February 3d, for Honolulu.

Lieutenant J. H. C. Coffin, U. S. M. C., has returned from his Eastern trip and is at Mare Island.

General Alexander Perry, U. S. A., has decided to reside permanently in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Leonard A. Lovering, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been assigned to the charge of the Sisseton and Wapeton Indian Agency, in South Dakota.

Captain Edmund L. Zalinski, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted two months' extension on his leave of absence, owing to continued illness.

Captain Robert G. Armstrong, First Infantry, U. S. A., has had an extension of three months granted on his leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Dayton, U. S. N., has been detached from the receiving-ship *Vermont* and ordered to command the *Petrel*. He will leave here on January 24th for the Asiatic squadron.

Commander and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., have taken possession of their new and comfortable home on New Hampshire Avenue, in Washington, D. C.

Dr. G. Rottgager, U. S. N., Lieutenant A. Gleeves, U. S. N., and Mrs. J. P. Parker, wife of Lieutenant Parker, U. S. N., arrived here from the Asiatic station last Sunday on the steamer *Rio de Janeiro*.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Egbert Judson, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate is estimated to be worth \$1,000,000. Henry C. Judson and Charles C. Judson, nephews of the deceased, were appointed executors to serve without bonds. The devisees are Henry C. Judson, Charles C. Judson, Charlotte A. Lynch, and Sophia C. Benedict, nephews and nieces of testator and children of his deceased brother, James Judson. The executors are directed not to file any inventory or appraisement, and are given permission to dispose of the property as they see fit. They are directed to manage the property for ten years after testator's death and from time to time divide the income among the devisees. At the end of ten years, the property can be divided, share and share alike. The executors are to continue, jointly with J. L. N. Shepard, the business in which testator and Mr. Shepard were associated. There is a codicil which directs the executors to continue for ten years the various enterprises that testator had under way at the time of his demise. The will was executed September 11, 1886, and was witnessed by C. P. Ellis and Ogden Hoffman. The codicil is dated October 5, 1889.

DCLXXXIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, January 15, 1893.

Tomato Soup.
Friend Flounders.
Braised Sweetbreads. Potato Croquettes.
Spinach. String Beans.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
Mince Pies.
Coffee.

BRASSED SWEETBREADS.—Take a pair of sweetbreads, lay in salt and water for an hour, then blanch. Press slightly between two dishes; when cold remove all skin, fat, and gristle; cut up very fine a small carrot, a turnip, and an onion; put them in the stew-pan with the sweetbreads, pour over them a pint of stock, lay a piece of buttered paper over them, and cook carefully for half an hour. Take them out of the stew-pan, put them in a small meat-pan, boil the liquor rapidly a couple of minutes, then baste the sweetbreads with it several times; put in a quick oven to brown, serve on slices of fried bread, pour half a pint of Spanish sauce, and garnish with mushrooms.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Ask your grocer for it. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johnstown, N. Y., will bring you cookbook, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

The Mechanics' Fair opened on Tuesday, and has become, as usual, a favorite resort for ladies and children in the day-time and for everybody in the evenings. The exhibits are unusually interesting in all departments, and the new features have proved decided attractions. The music, too, is exceptionally excellent, and it is safe to say that this twenty-seventh exhibition will be even more successful than those of any preceding year.

For Constipation

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. J. R. FORTSON, Kiowa, Ind. Ter., says: "I have tried it for constipation, with success, and think it worthy a thorough trial by the profession."

It is said that fifteen hundred dollars is now quite a common price for bull-dogs, and an even higher figure was given by Count Potocki for a splendid bull-dog, which he made a present to the Grand Duke Alexis just before he left Paris for St. Petersburg.

Ripans Tabules banish pain and prolong life. Your druggist will supply them, if asked.

Uccio Cappuccio, the King of the Neapolitan Camorra, died the other day. For twenty years, he and his band of a few hundred conspirators paralyzed the movements of the law and the police whenever they chose to do so.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Bilious and Nervous Ills.

—J. W. CARMAN, 25 KEARNEY STREET, HAS the late shades in neck-wear. See the Bagdad scarfs.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Educational.

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Classes in advanced studies for post-graduates.

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MR. H. J. STEWART,

Professor of Singing, Pianoforte, Organ, and Harmony,

—WILL RESUME TEACHING—

Tuesday, January 3, 1893.

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MRS. H. J. STEWART,

Professor of the Pianoforte,

Will resume Teaching Tuesday, January 3, 1893.

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HENRY WILLIAMS, Vice-President,
J. DALZELL BROWN, Secretary.

This company is authorized by law to act as administrator, executor, guardian, assignee, receiver, and trustee, under the supervision and direction of the courts. Executes trusts for married women, in respect to their separate property, and acts as agent for them in the management of such property.

Receives deposits subject to check and allows interest at the rate of two per cent. per annum on daily balances. Issues certificates of deposit bearing fixed rates of interest.

Receives deposits in its savings department from \$1.00 upwards, and allows the usual rates of interest thereon.

Rents safes inside its burglar-proof vaults at prices from \$5.00 per annum upwards, according to size. Valuables of all kinds may be stored at low rates.

Wills drawn and taken care of Without Charge.

SOCIETY.

The Crocker Reception.

Ooe of the most elaborate and enjoyable affairs of the winter season was the reception and hall given on Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at their beautiful home on California Street. There were over three hundred invitations issued, and it was quite evident that illness alone prevented the attendance of the few delinquents. There was but a slight attempt made at decorating, for the rooms are so thoroughly attractive that further embellishment would seem to mar the harmony of their arrangement. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker were assisted in receiving by Miss Beth Sperry, and their guests were most cordially received. The ball did not commence until after ten o'clock, but, once started, it continued until early morning, with an intermission at midnight, when a sumptuous supper was served under the direction of Ludwig.

The Monday Evening Club.

The first party of the Monday Evening Club was held in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel last Monday night and was an unqualified success. The club is composed of residents of the hotel, each of whom had the privilege of inviting a few friends, all names being passed upon by a committee of six.

The Maple Room was used for dancing, the Marble Room adjoining for promenading, and the reception-room at the end for the non-dancers. No decorations were required as the rooms are sufficiently attractive as they are, and the only attempt in this way was in the corridor where tropical plants were arranged. Dancing, to the music of the Hungarian orchestra, commenced at nine o'clock after the grand march which was led by Mr. William H. Chambliss and Miss Mabel Estee, who were a becoming gown of blue nun's veiling, trimmed with point lace. There were several debutantes present, and all of the young ladies were new and modish toilets. Light refreshments were served from a buffet during the evening, and the affair ended at midnight. It was successful in every way, and the next party before the Lenten season will be anxiously awaited.

The Jarboe Dinner-Party.

Mr. John R. Jarboe gave a dinner-party on Friday evening at his residence, 917 Pine Street. The guests were invited to meet President David S. Jordan, of the Leland Stanford Jr. University. The gentlemen present were:

Mr. John R. Jarboe, President David S. Jordan, Professor Martin Kellogg, Hon. Ralph C. Harrison, Colonel William R. Shafter, U. S. A., Professor George Davidson, Professor C. M. Gayley, Dr. George M. Richardson, Mr. W. S. Goodfellow, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Charles L. Ackerman, Mr. E. J. Molera, Mr. Charles Page, Mr. Charles P. Ellis, Mr. William Thomas, Mr. Valentine S. Gadsden, Mr. Samuel H. Knight, and Mr. Paul R. Jarboe.

Notes from Japan.

Information has just reached here, by mail, of the recent doings of Mr. Theodore Wores, the artist, in Japan, and as he is so well known here they may be of interest to his many friends.

Mr. Wores returned to Yokohama in December, after passing the summer and autumn in Kioto, where he painted an ambitious subject, entitled "A Dancing-Girl of Kioto." It is in oils, measuring six feet by four, and shows a young girl dancing on the matting floor of a hotel, her pose being graceful and her dress characteristic. Two other female figures are also seen, one playing the koto and the other the flute, while there are a few interested spectators in front. From the balcony a distant view of Kioto is seen, with groups of trees as a background. It is said to be a most striking picture and one of the best efforts of the artist. It was painted expressly for exhibition at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and arrived here on the last steamer.

In order to allow his friends in Yokohama to see the painting before its departure, Mr. and Mrs. de Rascon gave an afternoon tea there at the Mexican legation, and invited all of the notable Japanese of the capital, as well as the diplomatic corps, to attend. The imperial band played, and the affair was a great success. Apropos of this it may be mentioned

that Mr. de Rascon is the Mexican Minister to Japan, and his wife will be remembered here by many as Miss Cora Townsend, of New Orleans, who visited friends here before her marriage. She was a great belle then, and several amorous swains endeavored to convince her that she ought to remain in San Francisco. Their efforts, however, were in vain, and she returned to her Southern home. Soon afterward she was married to Mr. de Rascon, who is very wealthy, and since then they have lived in Japan.

Mr. Wores will pass the winter in Yokohama, and then go to Tokio to paint pictures of the "flowers that bloom in the spring." It is possible that he will return to America in June or July.

A Charity Foot-Ball Match.

A most interesting foot-ball match will be played at Central Park, Saturday, the twenty-eighth instant, at quarter to three in the afternoon. It will be a contest between a team representing the army and an eleven known as the University Eleven, which is made up of the best players of the universities of Berkeley and Palo Alto and the Olympic Club. The proceeds of this game will be given to the Armitage Orphanage of San Mateo and the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, two worthy charities. The sides will most likely be represented by the following gentlemen:

The Army.—Lieutenants Wilcox, Flaglor, Wood, Wilcox, Ricketts, Code, F. Taylor, Sherrard, Nolan, Potter, and Wilson.

The University Veterans.—Messrs. Benson, Tobin, Clemans, Pierce, Porter, Brewer, D. McLain, W. L. McLain, Whitehouse, Graham, and Harrison.

These gentlemen have very kindly given their services for this good cause. As both teams are made up of good players a very close and exciting game will be held. The affair should attract a large attendance.

The Olympic Club.

The Olympic Club, having been solicited to renew its gymnastic classes for ladies has, through its president, Mr. William Greer Harrison, issued a circular in which it is stated that this will be done provided that ladies form clubs of one hundred each, and that each lady subscribes for a fifty-dollar bond, so that five thousand dollars will be raised. Then the club will make arrangements by which the gymnasium and the entire swimming and bathing system will be placed at the disposal of the ladies twice a week between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock in the morning, each lady paying two dollars a month as a fee for the accommodation. Proper instructors will be provided, and the ladies will be entitled to all of the privileges of the club during the hours mentioned.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ella Hurd, of New York, to Mr. Frederick Griffith, of Los Angeles.

Mrs. William W. Morrow has issued invitations for a matinee tea which she will give in her home in San Rafael, on Monday, January 16th, in honor of Mrs. Howison, wife of Captain Henry L. Howison, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall entertained a number of friends at dinner last Tuesday evening, at their residence 1819 Jackson Street.

Mrs. Horace Davis gave an enjoyable lunch-party recently at her residence in honor of Miss McDowell, of New York. Among others present were Mrs. William Norris, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. J. F. Swift, Mrs. E. M. Block, Mrs. Farr, Miss M. B. West, Miss Emelie Kirketerp, and Miss Ella Adams.

Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver gave a delightful matinee tea last Tuesday at her residence, on Hyde Street, in honor of Miss Frances Pierce, of Santa Clara. Quite a number of the friends of the hostess called to meet the young debutante and were hospitably entertained.

Miss Charlotte Moulder gave an enjoyable dancing-party recently, at the residence of her parents on Bush Street, in honor of her cousin, Mr. Oher-teuffer, of Philadelphia, who is visiting this city.

Mrs. Norman D. Rideout gave an enjoyable matinee tea on Friday at her residence, 1950 Washington Street, and entertained quite a number of her friends.

Mrs. William Romaine gave a charming lunch-party at her residence last Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Ellery Biggs, of Sacramento.

The members of the San Francisco Verein will give a masquerade ball in the club on Saturday evening, February 25th. The affairs of this kind given by the Verein years ago will be remembered as having been especially pleasurable, and it is anticipated that the coming one will be equally enjoyable.

The German Benevolent Society will hold its annual charity ball on Saturday evening, January 21st, in Odd Fellows' Hall. These affairs are always largely attended, and are very enjoyable.

The California Womeo's Hospital, the Fruit and Flower Mission, and the Maria Kip Orphanage each received five hundred and eighty-one dollars as their share of the net proceeds from the base-ball game played in December between the nines from the Pacific-Union Club and the Bohemian Club.

Rubinstein's great Biblical opera, "Moses," will be produced during the winter at the Stadt Theatre of Berlin, and the composer himself will conduct at the first representation.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Adelstein Musicale.

A mandolin musicale was given in Metropolitan Hall last Friday evening by Mr. Samuel Adelstein. He was assisted by some of our best local talent and was greeted by a large audience. The following interesting programme was presented:

Organ solo, "Grand Offertoire de St. Cecile in D," Batiste, Mr. Martin Schultz; bass solo, "Charité," Faure, Mr. J. F. Fleming; mandolin solo, "Souvenir de Firenze," Bellenghi, Mr. Samuel Adelstein; soprano solo, "Merrily I Roam," Schleiffarth, Mrs. Martin Schultz; instrumental quartet, "Meditation," Each-Ound, mandolins, Mr. Samuel Adelstein, harp, Mr. M. Solano, Boehm flute, Mr. H. Clay Wysham, organ, Mr. Martin Schultz; contralto solo, "Persian Love Song," De Koven, Mrs. Lillie Birmingham; instrumental trio, (a) "Serenade," Schubert, (b) "Harp Sounds," Jungman, lute, Mr. Samuel Adelstein, cello, Mr. Arthur Regensburger, harp, Mr. M. Solano; vocal duet, "Repeat Again," Badda, Mrs. Martin Schultz and Mr. J. F. Fleming; instrumental duet, "Fantasie Caprice," op. 17, Sylvestri, mandolin, Mr. Samuel Adelstein, harp, Mr. M. Solano; vocal trio, "Barcarola," Campana, Mrs. Martin Schultz, Mrs. Lillie Birmingham, Mr. J. F. Fleming; instrumental sextet, "Musica Proibita" (first time in this city), Gastaldon, mandolins, Miss Lillian Nathan, Mr. Samuel Adelstein, flute, Mr. H. Clay Wysham, violin, Mr. Emil Greenbaum, cello, Mr. Arthur Regensburger, harp, Mr. M. Solano.

The Saturday Popular Concert.

The twenty-sixth concert in the series conducted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel took place on Saturday afternoon, January 7th. The audience was a large and appreciative one, and heartily enjoyed the various numbers. Mrs. Olive Reed Bachelder was to have been the vocalist of the occasion, but she was unexpectedly kept away at the last moment, and Mr. Osgood Putnam sang in her place; and the executants were Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, Mr. Hother Wismer, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, and Mr. Louis Heine. The programme—excepting the vocal numbers—was as follows:

String Quartet, op. 18, No. 4, (1) allegro ma non tanto, (2) andante scherzoso, quasi allegretto, (3) minueto, allegretto, (4) allegro, Beethoven, Messrs. Beel, Wismer, Jaulus, and Heine; Chaconne (for violin alone), Bach, Mr. Sigmund Beel; Trio, op. 32, (1) allegro, (2) tempo di minueto, (3) andante quasi adagio, (4) allegro vivace (by desire), Godard, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine.

The Wilkie Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave his final ballad concert of the first series last Friday afternoon in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. A large audience was well entertained by the presentation of the following programme:

Madrigal, "In the Merry Spring," T. Ravenscroft (A. D. 1613), Mrs. Brechemin, Mrs. Nicholson, Messrs. Hughes and Wilkie; song, "The Bell-Ringer," Wallace, Mr. C. H. Hues; lullaby, "Oh Hush Thee, My Baby," Macrone, Mrs. L. Brechemin; violin and piano, "Rondo Russe," De Beriot, Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen and Miss Blanche L. Bates; Scotch ballad, "Jessie, the Flower of Dumbland," Tannahill, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; song, "Douglas Gordon," L. Kellie, Mrs. Lena Carroll-Nicholson; duet, "The Moon has Raised her Lamp," Benedict, Messrs. Wilkie and Hughes; solo, piano, "Aufschwung," Schumann, Miss Blanche L. Bates; part song, Mrs. Brechemin, Mrs. Nicholson, Messrs. Hughes and Wilkie, R. Fletcher Tilton, accompanist.

Mr. Wilkie will give his second series of concerts on the afternoons of February 14th and March 17th, and the evenings of February 1st and March 2d.

—PROF. CREPAUX, OF THE PARIS GRAND OPERA, has the honor to inform the public that he is now forming singing classes. Two lessons a week—per month—\$10.00. Vocal and scenic lessons in classes or private. Applications will be received at 1119 Sutter Street, bet. Larkin and Polk Streets, at the Larcher School of Languages.

Fashionable Stationery.

In order to be fashionable one must have all of the accessories that fashionable people have. As this is true with dresses, bonnets, and shoes, it also is with stationery. Too much stress can not be laid upon this point, and it is a vital one for society people. When one receives a note or a letter on soft-toned paper, inclosed in an envelope to harmonize in color and of just the proper size, it certainly stands to reason that you can not send a reply except with paper and an envelope as dainty as the one you received.

When you have arrived at the proper conclusion on this point, we would suggest that you visit the large establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. This firm has a large and varied stock of everything that is new in fashionable stationery, and always keep up with the times. The popular papers now are Crane's kid-finish note-paper and Hurd's Royal Gray and Russian Blue, with envelopes to match. There are a variety of delicate shades that will suit the most fastidious. They also have some beautiful *papeterie* boxes that they are selling for only half a dollar.

Another thing it will be well to hear in mind is that Sanborn, Vail & Co. do all classes of copper-plate engraving and printing. As they employ only the most skillful engravers, their work is of a higher class than is done elsewhere, while their prices are more reasonable. It is, of course, eminently the proper thing to have your calling-cards engraved, while invitations to weddings, parties, teas, and other social affairs should be done likewise. Sanborn, Vail & Co. have courteous attendants to show samples of their work and give prices.

Not long ago the Chicago hotel men were making a persistent effort to induce the railway managers to announce an important reduction in prices of travel to and from the World's Fair. Since the *Railway Age* suggested that the managers of the railways meet and discuss the reduction of hotel rates during the fair, the hotel people have apparently lost all interest in the matter of lower railroad fares.

Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents the hair from falling, and restores gray hair to its original color. Ayer's Almanac, at your druggist's.

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How to Cure Skin Diseases mailed free.

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WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS, With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.



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HER HONOR AND HIS.

A Tale of a Wife, a Husband, and a Friend.

To Derracott, sunk in his extreme dejection, time had passed like a bird on the wing, and he was already within eye-shot of his bouse. But now the passage of those footsteps in his wake roused in him a certain vague wonder. He realized that they had seemed to pursue him for some time down the solitary streets; and a little beyond his doorway he halted in the darkness, and turning, awaited curiously the approach of his follower. From his post he saw a figure in evening-dress pierce the darkness, move sharply into the lamp-light, and run lightly up the steps of his own portico.

Struck with an amazed alarm, he watched the man insert a pass-key in the lock and, opening the door, vanish without a sound into the region beyond. The door clicked behind the invader, and Derracott was left staring.

This, then, was to be his welcome from a journey so dismal, and in a mood so desperate. Had he come upon the morrow, as he had anticipated, this house had been smiling for him, his wife bright with a false radiance.

But the miscalculation of one day had sufficed to rob him of this decent refuge; and plunged into debt, embittered with failure, there was now no longer, as it seemed, love to forgive him, neither faith nor courage to inspire and strengthen. And yet of her at least he had been certain, though his world else was rumbling in his ears. His gaze besieged the house as though to tear the walls asunder and peer into its shameful secrets.

His blood ran now at a charge. Walking precipitately across the road, he marched up the steps with a thumping heart. As he closed the door, the dark silence of the hall dropped like a cloak upon him. His feet made no sound upon the heavy carpet; in his own bouse he stole with the air and cunning of a thief.

At the top of the first flight, he stopped a moment before his wife's drawing-room, rapped gently with his knuckles, and opened the door slowly.

The room glowed in a soft, red light, which illuminated, also, two stricken faces in the background. The man had risen to his feet and clutched the back of a high chair, his eyes set hard upon the incomer. But it was upon the woman that Derracott's glance fell first. She kept her seat, crouched in the hollow of a large arm-chair, her face rigid to the lips, her chin twitching to her short breaths, her eyes wild and staring. Mortal terror never sat upon features so spectral; meaningless noises issued from her mouth. Derracott, his cheeks blanched, his muscles strung as upon wires, stepped into the room, and upon this company.

"I have surprised you, my dear," he said, quietly. "Ah, Harland!" and he nodded to the man.

The woman gave him no answer; but Harland lifted his hand from the chair, sank into a seat, and laughed with uneasy harshness.

"Yes," he returned. "I'm afraid Mrs. Derracott is startled. She—I'd no notion you were away, and looked in a few minutes ago to see if you'd give me a game."

"I saved a day, and so I'm here," explained Derracott. He stood before the fire and warmed his hands, his white face stooped to the blaze. The woman recovered herself with a short, indrawn gasp, rose, and moved uncertainly toward him.

"Why, Teddy," said she, tremulously, "you have given me a—a start. But you've got your coat on," and she laid a hand upon his shoulder.

He turned about, but his eye avoided her.

"Yes," said he, "I was going to ask you whether you would allow me to disrobe in your boudoir."

She laughed hysterically.

"Teddy, of course!" she cried, and fetched up in a spasm of silence.

He pulled off his overcoat deliberately and turned again to the fire without a glance at his companions. He had to them the look of preoccupation. The silence struck a fear into the others, and presently drove Harland to speech.

"You're not very lively, old fellow," he said, with elaborate cheerfulness; "had a had journey?"

Derracott turned at last; his brain was moving.

"No," he replied, after a pause, and with painful deliberation; "pretty fair, but I am somewhat tired. I had a long day yesterday."

"Poor Teddy!" said his wife, caressingly, and put out a frightened hand to him.

For the first time since that exchange of glances upon his entrance, Derracott's eyes rested momentarily upon her face. An obscure and furtive terror lingered there, and, as his gaze dwelt steadily upon her, flashed swiftly into open panic. Her head drooped slightly forward, poised over against him as a bird before a serpent; his glance passed on and touched the man. Harland was fingering his mustache; he pulled out his watch. "By Jove!" he exclaimed; "I'd no notion it was so late." Mrs. Derracott, you must forgive me. Well, old chap," and he made as though to rise, "you're too tired, I suppose, to have a game, so I'll be off; I won't keep you up."

Derracott's muscles softened; his body breathed with warm life again.

"Not yet," he said; "I'll give you a game before you go. Only my wife had better go to bed. Come, Lucy; it's beyond your hour."

The woman, straightening herself in her chair, regarded them both with frantic eyes; terror had sat upon her visage since last her husband had looked upon her. She rose with difficulty and opened her mouth. Some cry hung unuttered on that tongue; some prayer was contained inarticulate behind those scarlet, trembling lips.

She moved mechanically to Harland, with an outstretched hand, stopped, sighed deeply, and left the room without a word. Harland, from the edge of his seat, watched his host with doubt, but the gray face of the latter and his veiled eyes spoke of nothing but great weariness.

"We will drink first," he said. He filled two glasses from the decanter upon the table. Harland's hand shook at his lips, but he drained the glass and laughed.

"Now for this game, my boy," he said, cheerfully. Derracott, whose fingers were playing with his brimming wine-glass, made no response, and Harland examined him anxiously.

"You're very much depressed, old chap," he said, after a space of silence; then he hesitated and his eyes suddenly lightened. "It's not money?"

"I don't mind your knowing," said Derracott; "I owe you close on five thousand, and there's some twenty thousand elsewhere."

"Derracott," said Harland, leaning toward his companion with insinuation, "cross out that five, and I'll stand in for the twenty."

The ashes of the fire collapsed in the silence that ensued; Derracott's face never moved; he turned the shank of the glass between his fingers.

"That's a generous offer," he said.

"Generous be damned," returned Harland, gayly. "It's nothing to me, and we're old pals and—"

"Twenty-five thousand, as the market goes, is, I suppose, a generous price for honor," broke in Derracott, with an air of meditation.

The vestiges of color ran from Harland's cheeks; their eyes encountered across the table; no words passed, but in that mute question and its vacant answer, as it were, the position of the combatants was acknowledged and defined. With a thin breath, almost of relief, Harland waited for the other, whose eyes were still upon him. Derracott squared his elbows on the table.

"Yes," said he; "and now for this game."

Beneath the calm surface of his manner, Derracott was at the white heat of fury. Pent by his fierce jealousy, his mind converging full upon this sudden horror, he sat, with quiet eyes and face of stone, stalking ever nearer to his fluttered quarry.

"I think," he resumed presently, "that I ought to make my own rules in this game." His voice rang with a note of unconcern, even of pleasantry. Harland shrugged his shoulders. "I have nothing to say," said he.

Derracott rose softly, took some note-paper from a writing-table, and scribbled some seconds upon it. Then he handed the paper across the table. What Harland read was as follows:

"I, Edward Derracott, being in the full possession of my senses, have decided to put an end to my life. It has become too much to bear. My debts have involved me too deeply, and I am tired of the struggle. I have no strength to go on. May God help my wife. Forgive me, Lucy. I have tried, but there seems no way out but this. Let others take warning by my fate. The turf is accursed. God help me."

Harland inquired of the writer with his eyes, and the latter pointed at the pen and ink. "Write one like it," he said, "but with your name and according to your circumstances."

Harland's jaw dropped suddenly; he took up the pen. When he had finished, he passed the paper to Derracott, who nodded and rose.

"Put it in your pocket," said he. "At this hour, the park will serve our purpose."

He drew a brace of pistols from a drawer, and, motioning to his companion, descended the stairs. The chill December moon shone frostily upon the crisp grass of the square as the two made their way in silence to a central bower of evergreens, the haunt of children at their hide-and-seek throughout the afternoons.

"I think," said Derracott, in his suave, passionless voice, "that here is the proper theatre for our little comedy."

He handed a pistol to his adversary.

"Twenty-five thousand!" he murmured. "There is no need of superfluous witnesses. We two can play our own hands. Twenty-five thousand was a generous offer."

His hand, with its weapon close grasped, hung at his side.

"If you are resolved to end this thing in this way," said Harland, hoarsely, "there's no help for it. What are you going to do?"

"According to my idea of the game," said Derracott, softly, "we should have the option of firing at twelve paces or approaching at the signal. You may have observed it was on the stroke of one when we left. Perhaps you will be good enough to take the church-hell as a word of command."

Harland made no answer, but took his station in the open; Derracott put his back against a tree and waited. The faint sound of a remote clock rose from the distance and vibrated on the stillness. Harland steadied his arm before him, but Derracott stirred not. A moment intervened of dreadful silence—to Harland a space of hours—and then a heavy bell boomed from the clock tower of the church. A

pistol cracked, and a withered branch snapped on the tree by Derracott's head. He himself laughed gently and marched slowly forward to the spot where stood Harland waiting for his death. Smilingly he regarded his victim.

"Twenty-five thousand!" said he. "It was a notable bid. But I think my solution was the better. My good sir," he said, "the exigencies of this game demanded that I should be free of all corners' courts; hence the confession of suicide in your pocket."

He held out the pistol; Harland, his face sickly white, made a gesture of impatience. For a second he looked into Derracott's eyes. Derracott wavered for a breath of time; and then, clapping the barrel to the man's heart, pulled the trigger.

The body sank in a heap at Derracott's feet. He watched it buddle limply among the damp and yellow leaves, noted its open eyes and its pallid, moonlit face. He bent over the dead man; his pulse throbbed riotously.

"Twenty-five thousand," he muttered, in a thin, dry whisper; "a generous offer for my honor." He laughed. "He might have told me before he went how much he gave for hers."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Type-Writer's Lunch.

Mary had a little lamb
And a piece of apple-pie,
And got a check for fifty cents,
Which she considered high.—Puck.

Talking Through Her Hat.

"Mamma, mamma, who is that
Talking through your winter hat?"
"Hush, my darling child, he still—
'Tis your papa with the bill."
—New York Recorder.

A Modern Solomon.

For years I have toiled among my books,
And, having read them all, I find
That every thought I have been
The product of some other mind.—Life.

Precept and Practice.

He wrote a book on "How to Get Rich,"
Which really was a snorter.
Last week he met me on the street,
And wanted to borrow a quarter.
—Detroit Free Press.

A Married Man Speaks.

I like a woman and a salad, too;
I hail them as a double-distilled blessing.
But I enjoy them more, I must admit,
When some one else can furnish me the dressing.
—New York Herald.

A Perfect Understanding.

He hovered around her and watched her eyes,
And hung on each musical word—
And she was aware of his stifled sighs
And the throbs of his heart she heard;
And though nothing was said between these two,
He knew she knew that he knew she knew.
—Puck.

Too "Progressive" for Him.

I am something of a vet'ran, jest a-turmin' eighty year—
A man that's hale an' hearty an' a stranger tew all fear—
But I've heard some news this mornin' that has made my
old head spin,
An' I'm going tew ease my consuns if I never speak agin!
I've lived my four-score years of life, an' never till tew day
Wuz I taken fer a Jackass or an ign' rant kind o' Jay.
Tew be stuffed with such durned nonsense 'bout them
crawlin' bugs an' worms
That's a killin' human hein's with "Mikroskopis germs."

They say there's "Mikrobes" all about a-lookin' fer their
prey—
There's nothin' pure tew eat nor drink an' no safe place
tew stay—
There's "Miasmy" in the dew-fall, an' "Malarly" in the
sun—
'Tain't safe to be out doors at noon or when the day is
done.

There's "Bactery" in the water an' "Trikeeney" in the
meat—
"Ameeby" in the atmosphere, "Calory" in the heat—
There's "Corpusculus" an' "Pigments" in a human bein's
blood—
An' every other kind o' thing existin' sence the flood.

Terhacker's full o' "Nickerteen," whatever that may be—
An' your mouth'll all git puckered with the "Tannin'" in
the tea—
The butter's "Olymargareen," it never saw a cow—
An' things is gettin' wus and wus from what they be jest
now.

Them bugs is all about us jest a-waitin' fer a chance.
Tew navigate our vitals an' tew 'naw us off like plants;
There's men that spends a life-time huntin' worms, jest like
a goose—
An' tackin' Latin names to 'em an' lettin' 'em loose.

Now, I don't believe sech nonsense an' I'm not agoin' tew
try—
If things has come tew sech a pass I'm satisfied tew die—
I'll go hang me in the sullar, fer I won't be sech a fool
As to wait until I'm pizen'd by a "Annymalcul!"
—Lurana W. Sheldon.

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Impaired Digestion,
Liver Disorders and
Female Ailments.

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which is absolutely
pure and soluble.
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the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
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tals of Paris for the cure of

ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DIS-
EASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE,
and POORNESS of the BLOOD.

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gentle, in its effect, is easily administered,
assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the
gastric juices, without deranging the action
of the stomach.

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weapons employed in the art of curing.
Iron is the principal of our blood, and
forms its force and richness. Cinchona
affords life to the organs and activity to
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in an intimate acquaintance
with their several qualities.

Suppose you mix a little

common sense with sentiment in gift-making this Christmas. For instance in buying a watch, get a Fahys 14 Karat Monarch Gold Filled Case. An expert cannot tell it from solid 14 karat gold. It's more durable and costs much less, yes, very much less, and the maker guarantees it. Your jeweller will tell you that what we've said is so.

Fahys

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mme. de Maintenon once asked Lord Stair why it was that the affairs of government were so badly managed in France under a king and so well managed in England under a queen? "For that very reason," replied the English ambassador; "for when a man reigns, the women rule him, and when a woman reigns, she is ruled by men."

A most eminent professor of divinity at Edinburgh used to tell how he had gone to a meeting of a ladies' missionary society in that city, at which an immensely stout and very repellent speaker began his address with the sentence: "My dear young ladies, I loathe you very much." The feeling was not reciprocal. And, having ended his address, he said, in a loud voice: "Let us pray." And the eminent theologian would add, with emphasis: "And he did pray."

A pert young Scotch advocate, whose case had gone against him, had the temerity to exclaim that "he was much astonished at such a decision," whereupon the court was about to commit him to jail, when John Scott, afterward Lord Eldon, the counsel on the other side, interfered in his favor: "My lords, my learned friend is young; if he had known your lordships as long as I have done, he would not have expressed astonishment at any decision of your lordships—an apology which seemed to satisfy the court."

The recent utterances of Boston clergymen in reference to the statement of Mr. Moody that the steamer *Spree* was saved by prayer, recalls an incident that happened many years ago on a steamer running to Prince Edward Island from Halifax. There were a large number of clergymen on board, going to a church synod. The weather became so rough that the greatest anxiety was felt by all on board as to the safety of the boat. When the storm was at its worst, one of the clergymen approached the captain, and asked him if the danger was very great. "My dear sir," was the answer, "all we can do is to put our trust in Providence." "Good heavens!" said the parson, in the greatest dismay; "has it come to that?"

Just before the November election (says the *St. Louis Republic*), the President called a Cabinet meeting and expressed the desire that every member be present. At the hour fixed, every secretary was on hand, except Uncle Jerry Rusk. The President waited and waited for him before proceeding with business. Finally Mr. Rusk was seen coming up the walk, and Secretary Noble went down the steps to hurry him on. "Well, at last," said Mr. Noble, as the two came within speaking distance, "the tail end of the administration comes wagging along." "The tail end, eh?" replied Mr. Rusk; "I'm the tail end, am I? Well, by—sir, I'll let you know, sir, that it takes a—good tail, and a big tail, and a bushy tail to keep the flies off this administration!"

In the House of Commons, one famous fighting night, a noted Irish member rose to denounce a speech which had been delivered from the treasury benches. He desired to say that the statements made by the government's representative were not altogether accurate, but his impetuosity led him to phrase the accusation rather strongly. "Order! order!" said the speaker of the house, as he rose in all the majesty of full-bottomed wig and silken gown. His Irish colleagues did not wish him to be "suspended," and they hinted so by tugging vigorously at his coat-tails. The indignant yet good-humored honorable member recognized the command of his party and sat down, delivering this Parthian dart: "Very well, sir; I obey your ruling, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe."

Among the first patients of a young hospital nurse was a young man with a broken arm and an attractive appearance (says a Philadelphia journal). The demure, white-capped nurse began to take an unusual interest in him, and, after a time, asked him if there was nothing she could do for him—no book she could read, no letter she could write. The patient gracefully accepted the latter offer, and the nurse prepared to write from his dictation. He began with a tender address to his "dearest love," and the little nurse felt slightly embarrassed. But she continued through the most ardent declarations of all-absorbing affection to the end, where he wished to be subscribed an adoring lover for all time. Then she folded the letter and slipped it into its envelope. "To whom shall I direct it?" she asked. The wicked young fellow said amiably and even tenderly: "What is your name, please?" They have been married a little more than a year now.

The Odessy *Listok* is responsible for the following story of the halcyon days of the Roumanian court: "Queen Elizabeth of Roumania was informed that three of her maidens of honor were in a delicate condition, which might have been a source of great happiness to them had they been in the bonds of wedlock. As it was, however, 'Carmen Sylva,' being of a rather romantic turn of mind, promised them

that the ones responsible for their condition should be made to espouse them. Accordingly, on the evening of a great court ball, 'Carmen Sylva' called up one of her woe-stricken ones, and, pointing to a group of brilliant young officers, asked her if her particular one was there. She bashfully indicated a handsome and dashing youth. The queen, thereupon, called up the second erring damsel, and requested that she, too, should pick out the one who had injured her. What was the consternation of 'Carmen Sylva,' however, when she pointed her finger at the same youth! The third stray one was now called, and the queen, in some trepidation, asked her likewise to point out the destroyer of her happiness. The maid looked around carefully and then indicated that terrible youth, also. The queen very nearly fainted away. The three maids were sent to their respective homes, while the handsome officer went off to one of the Danube posts, where there was said to be fine fishing."

During the Turko-Russian War, a correspondent was among the Hungarians who had stood in a Constantinople street to watch the march-past of a regiment of Zouaves. When they were all gone, there came by an old *hoja* (a holy man), dressed in green robe and *caftan*, and wearing yellow slippers—self-proclaimed as one who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He was followed by a very small donkey, laden with paniers. On the foot-walk stood a Circassian, who had been flourishing in the air, while the troops went by, a formidable-looking yataghan. This man was now standing, with an admiring crowd about him, licking the back of his wrist and shaving off the hair that grew there by way of showing the edge and temper of his weapon. It must have been set as finely as a razor, and, like a razor, it was head-backed and finely beveled. Just as the old *hoja* went by, and the placid little donkey followed at his heels, the Circassian stepped into the horse-mad, gave the weapon a haggard swing, and at a single blow cleanly divided the head of the poor little ass from the body. The head fell plump; but for a second or two the body stood, spouting a vivid streak of scarlet from the neck, and then toppled over. The old green-clad *hoja* turned at the noise made by the crowd, saw the blood-stained sword waving behind him, understood at a glance what had happened, and fled as fast as his yellow pantlofes would carry him.

Here are some of the curious answers to examination questions collected by an English teacher: Esau was a man who wrote fables and who sold the copy-right to a publisher for a bottle of potash.—Titus was a Roman emperor—supposed to have written the Epistle to the Hebrews—his other name was Oates.—Oliver Cromwell was a man who was put into prison for his interference in Ireland. When he was in prison he wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress" and married a lady called Mrs. O'Shea.—Wolsey was a famous general who fought in the Crimean War, and who, after being decapitated several times, said to Cromwell: "Ah, if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age."—Who was Henry the Third? A zealous supporter of the church, and died a Dissenter.—What is a Papal Bull? A snort of cow, only larger and does not give milk.—Perkin Warbeck raised a rebellion in the reign of Henry the Eighth. He said he was the son of a prince, but he was really the son of respectable people.—Phoenicians: The inventors of Phoenician blinds. Bacchanal: A native of Bechuana, in South Africa. Chimaera: A thing used to take likenesses with. Watershed: A place in which boats are stored in winter. Gender: Is the way whereby we tell what sex a man is. Cynical: A cynical lump of sugar is one pointed at the top. Immaculate: State of those who have passed the entrance examination at London University. Hydromatics: Is when a mad dog bites you. It is called hydromatics when a dog is mad, and hydrostatics when a man catches it.—Briefly describe the heart and its function or work? The heart is a conical shaped bag. The heart is divided into several parts by a fleshy partition. These parts are called right artery, left artery, and so forth. The function of the heart is between the lungs. The work of the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute.—What is a volcano? A volcano is a very powerful rock.—What is the meaning of *mer de glace*? Mother of glass.—What fossil remains do we find of fishes? In some rocks we find the fossil footprints of fishes.—What are the metamorphic rocks? Rocks that contain metaphors.—Explain the words fort and fortress: A fort is a place to put men in, and a fortress a place to put women in.—What is a Republican? A Republican is a sinner mentioned in the Bible.—The two chief volcanoes in Europe: Sodom and Gomorrah.

Letter from Cyrus W. Field, Jr.

8 EAST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK, May 8th, 1893. Several times this winter I have suffered from severe colds on my lungs. Each time I have applied ALCOCK'S PARROT PLASTERS, and in every instance I have been quickly relieved by applying one across my chest and one on my back. My friends, through my advice, have tried the experiment and also found it most successful. I feel that I can recommend them most highly to any one who may see fit to try them. CYRUS W. FIELD, JR.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, November 1, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 11:40 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:55, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 1:25, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10:25 A. M. Mondays
9:00 A. M. Week Days	Tocaloma,	12:15 P. M. "except
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes,	Monday
	Tomas,	10:25 P. M. Daily
	and Way	
	Stations.	
	Howards,	
	Duncan Mills,	
	Cazadero,	
	d Way	
	Stations.	

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomas, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomas, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Jan. 16th, SS. San Blas; Jan. 25th, SS. City of Sydney; Feb. 6th, SS. San Jose. Note—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched the following Monday.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama. Steamers leave San Francisco on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—Jan. 18th, SS. Starbuck; Feb. 3d, SS. Acapulco.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East India, Straits, etc.

City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Saturday, February 4, at 3 P. M.
China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Saturday, March 4, at 3 P. M.
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 2 o'clock P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893. Gaelic.....Tuesday, January 24

Belgie.....Thursday, February 23
Gaelic.....Tuesday, March 14
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. Geo. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Dec. 16, 30, Jan. 13.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers. Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Teutonic.....January 25th
Germania.....February 1st
Majestic.....February 8th
Britannic.....February 15th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Mastic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent, 29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Ramsey, Sacramento.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	12:15 P.
8:00 A.	Niles and San José.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	6:15 P.
9:00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
9:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
10:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
10:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
11:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and El Paso.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:30 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:15 P.
2:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
2:30 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Vacaville.	12:45 A.
5:00 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
6:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
7:30 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 A.
8:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	10:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:37 A.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	9:47 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

If his advertisement be so brief and so pointed that a glance will absorb the whole of it, or absorb enough of it to make the reader remember it, then the advertisement has accomplished its mission.—M. C. Fowler, Jr.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M. Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M. From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M. Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M. From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M. Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

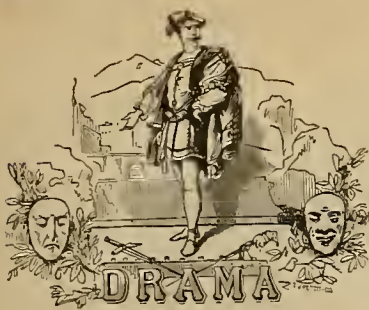
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	7:30 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.			
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	7:30 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sosoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	7:30 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	7:30 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Sarratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Caho, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usl, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$8.00; to Guerneville, \$9.75; to Sonoma, \$11.50; to Glen Ellen, \$12.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$7.00; to Guerneville, \$8.50; to Sonoma, \$10; to Glen Ellen, \$11.50.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager. PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 29 New Montgomery Street.



The questions and arguments as to the position of the actor in society must be extremely amusing matter to the actor himself, who, as a rule, feels toward society as Dr. Johnson felt toward the Punic Wars.

Of all the artists, the actor is the one that outside world of fashion and money, which sits on the opposite side of the footlights, is slowest to recognize socially. The painter, the musician, the author, once successful, are the prey of Mrs. Leo Hunter and her myrmidons. From these three arts the lions that make the London season glorious are caught, and led from drawing-room to drawing-room by their proud captors.

But the actor and the actress still hold the position of the artist who is outside the pale. They are the players paid to amuse. Their pecuniary position is a good deal better than it was in the days when actors were strolling players who passed in vagrant bands over the face of the country, playing at a castle or a chateau here and there, and requesting a night's lodging in some draughty wing—but their social position is not radically changed.

Among the French, the player, as an artist, stands as high as the painter and the writer. The drama, in France, is a serious art, taken seriously—not, as with us, a trivial amusement. In France and Italy, an audience insists on and uses the right to condemn poor acting by whistling and hissing. In this country, we would sit tamely and look on at acting of the most egregious wretchedness without for a moment thinking of demonstrating our disapproval.

And yet in France, where the successful actor and actress add as much to the nation's glory as the great artist or the great musician; where the new debutante's talent is on every tongue; where a change in the ministry is of hardly more importance than the retirement of Mme. Bernhardt from the Français to the Port St. Martin; where fine ladies imitate the dress, the voice, the manner of the stage queen of the moment—the actor and actress are socially as unrecognized as they were in the days of Adrienne Lecouvreur.

At receptions and conversaciones, the artist is hired—at a prodigious price, generally—to come in and recite. The recitation over, the hostess and a few men murmur congratulations to the professional, who very shortly withdraws. The line between the reciter and the audience is a Rubicon not to be passed. The artist has been admired as an artist; but as man or woman finds no meeting-ground with the men and women of their audience. The French have to perfection the art of admiring artistically where they can not know socially.

On the other hand, the English, the most *bourgeois* of people, "the race of shopkeepers" of Napoleon, with their immovably Philistine middle class, and their ranks of British matrons—who raise a cry of horror at the exhibition of such a painting as Calderon's "Penance of St. Elizabeth of Hungary"—are more inclined to extend the right hand of fellowship to their brother of the lime-light and the tinsel than Frenchmen, Germans, or Americans.

But the English are a people of fads, also indefatigable lion-hunters. When they become possessed by the idea that anyone is a lion, let the lion's morals be of as dark a hue as Indian-ink, they will overlook them and take the lion to garden-parties and receptions. They have none of the ability of the French to appreciate artistically those they will not recognize socially. London is the only great city where Sarah Bernhardt was ever received by people of good standing. Smalley, in one of his letters, described a dinner where she was present, and how she fascinated every woman at the table till they hung round her like the love-sick maidens round Bunthorne.

But in England the pendulum swings far. As it produces the most stiff-necked Philistines, it also produces the most liberal children of light. Shelley sprang from a line of those conservatives that some one describes as having wanted "to undiscover America and abolish the use of steam." The air that was breathed by the British matron that Hawthorne described was the same as that which blew about Emily Brontë's head when she roamed the Yorkshire moors alone with her tremendous fancies. The nation which refused to buy George Meredith's books for twenty-five years, then suddenly proclaimed him the greatest of geniuses, and hunted him from drawing-room to dinner, and from opera to ball, may be expected to indulge his fantastic caprices in "taking up" the his-panic lion for a season, hanging on his roar while it is fresh in their ears, but when custom has staled its infinite variety, refusing to listen any longer, and taking no more notice of the lion, will suddenly become dull and ordinary.

This was the fate of Colonel Cody. One season,

kings and chieftains and captains of the host rode round the arena in the Deadwood coach. One season, the gallant scout was the recipient of the favors of princes, and royalty said it could not rest until it was introduced to him. The next, Colonel Cody becomes the idol of the great masses, who pay well and applaud loudly. But the classes have forgotten all about him, and have gone on a mad chase after other and newer gods. It was all the same to Colonel Cody, who was there for money, not for the smiles of princes. But Henry Irving, to whom the lion-hunting world has now and then turned its attention—when a lapse in the supply of cowboys, young writers, and sensational painters have made society dull—will not permit himself to be hunted. He is an actor toward whom the world of fashion has made overtures that have been politely rejected.

When we come to our own stern and rock-bound coasts, we find a spirit prevailing toward the lights of the stage that is more like that of the French than the English. The small class which makes up what is roughly known as society, though it is distinctly servile in its inclination to follow the English, can not divest itself of the dislike to all that pertains to the stage which has come down to it from the days of Cotton Mather and the Blue Laws. The spirit of the Puritan still overshadows his frolicsome descendants, who would fain shake off the influence of that stern forebear. To the Puritan, the stage was a thing of horror. His descendants look upon it as an amusement, and the actors and actresses that strut and pose upon it as interesting people, who are, however, not to be known.

In New York, where most of the stage celebrities congregate, a little, fluttered proffer of fellowship has been extended to the more celebrated members of the craft from people in the walk of life which is called, for want of a better word, "fashionable." The professionals, as a rule, find the society of the fashionables boring to a degree, for the latter can have no fellowship with them, look upon them as strange, queer beings of an outside world, and are given to standing about and staring at them rather than interchanging ideas with them. To be sure, the fashionables are not, as a rule, overburdened with ideas to exchange, and the few they do have, they generally keep for each other.

The Kendals, with the rumor of their flawless respectability preceding them, also a belief that the drawing-rooms of Great Britain now and then were distinguished by their presence, were, on their arrival in New York, bidden to several receptions. They came, and found crowds of curious people collected to glare upon them. Mrs. Kendal's plain manner of dressing was commented upon in numerous papers, and the guests from the reception went home exchanging criticisms on her appearance and style. Mme. Modjeska has also been the recipient of some invitations to grace various entertainments with her illustrious presence. As a rule, being a friendly and agreeable lady, she goes. The people who meet her feel that, having pressed the hand of and murmured a word of greeting to a celebrated actress, they have entered the enchanted and perilous realms of Bohemia.

The country in which Mrs. Trollope described people incasing their piano-legs in muslin wrappings, and in which Mrs. Phelps-Ward had a friend, who, though she constantly patronized the theatre and opera, always averted her eyes when the ballet came on, can not be expected to get readily over its prejudice against the stage and the inhabitants of stage-land. Even when Mary Anderson returned from her English tour, with the halo of English success—social and histrionic—round her head, the anglo-manics of New York did not make the least effort to extend hospitalities to the returned wanderer. She was not even offered the small civilities that were so timorously extended to Mrs. Kendal.

In New York, Miss Anderson found herself in the position of the paid mountebank who amused, was well paid for amusing, but whose position—socially speaking—was below the salt. In London she had found herself greeted on every side with friendliness, admired, sought after—a *Gionne*, in fact. Naturally, Miss Anderson preferred the latter position to the former, and deserted a country which turned upon her a very cold shoulder for a country which held out a welcoming hand.

Even the French custom of having the actor or actress recite at the entertainments of fashionable people is not attractive to the American. It has been tried, but never with brilliant success. Carmencita has danced, and Lottie Collins has sung, but generally in studios, club-houses—such as the one at Tuxedo—or halls hired for charity entertainments. Lilli Lehmann once or twice sang at the Vanderbilt houses on Fifth Avenue. She received an enormous sum of money, and went away shortly after the end of her song. One summer, at Newport, there was a fluttering of the dove-cotes when, at a large musicale given by a Mr. Van Alen, it was announced that Lillian Russell was to sing. The buxom prima donna was imported from New York to give two songs. She came, sang, was applauded, was taken to a dining-room, given champagne and salad, and sent home to the hotel. The experiment of importing professionals to sing at the Newport cottages was freely commented upon, and was not repeated.

With regard to the actors, they are no colder to the world of society than the world of society is to them. A veiled but mutual hostility is maintained

between them. No actor could be elected as a member of either the Union or Knickerbocker Clubs. Even John Drew—whose character as a professional and a private citizen is irreproachable—could not aspire to such a dizzying honor. The Players' Club—Edwin Booth's club, which was his gift to the profession and where he retains an upper story for himself—is patronized only by the greater lights of the drama and by such literary stars as Brander Matthews, Laurence Hutton, and Bronson Howard. The Players' Club is celebrated, outside its distinguished roll of members, as the club which black-balled Rudyard Kipling, thus calling forth from that irate genius the remark that New York was "a long, narrow pig-trough," and other pleasant comments of a similar tone. Being debarred from participation in the solemn joys of membership in the two clubs mentioned above, and not being sufficiently distinguished for the Players', the second and third-rate actor has to content himself with the Lambs and the Lotus, where he may flock with birds of a similar feather.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing January 16th: Frohman's comedians in "Mr. Wilkison's Widows"; the Tivoli Company in "La Belle Hélène"; George Osbourne in "Mr. Barnes of New York"; "Peck's Bad Boy"; and "The Old Homestead."

It seems to be pretty well settled that Ada Rehan will be a star next season.

Courtenay Thorpe is to retire from Rosina Vokes's company in the near future. The cause assigned is his dissatisfaction with the lightness of the rôles that have been given him in the new pieces.

Louise Thorndyke-Boucicault had an unpleasant adventure at a place called Manunka Chunk recently. Manunka Chunk is an eating station on a railroad by which she was traveling to Philadelphia, and when the train arrived there, she had not time to dress. So she threw a large cloak over her night-dress, and went into the dining-room. In the midst of her meal, the train started off and left her. She had to take the next train and go on to the Quaker City as she was.

While Minna Gale-Haynes has been playing Julia in "The Hunchback," Ada Rehan appeared as Rosalind. Then they changed about, and Mrs. Gale-Haynes wandered through the woods of Arden in doublet and hose while Miss Rehan enacted Sheridan Knowles's heroine—but only for one night, for the Daly Company are now playing Mrs. Cowley's "The Belle's Strategem," preceded by a one-act piece, "The Knave," in both of which Miss Rehan had the leading rôle.

The latest extraordinary scheme in New York theatricals is the proposed change in Proctor's Theatre. There is to be a continuous performance of comic opera from half-past twelve in the afternoon to half-past ten at night, with admission prices ranging from fifteen to fifty cents. The idea is that women will drop in, while on shopping tours, for a half-hour's rest and relaxation, and to that end a room is provided where they may leave their wraps and packages free of charge.

The Milan correspondent of the London *Times* writes that Verdi's new opera, "Falstaff," the libretto of which is drawn by Boito from Shakespeare's "Henry IV." and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and the production of which is awaited with great interest, as the first attempt of the composer at comic opera, will be produced in February. He says further:

"The information hitherto given is mostly conjectural; but I am able to state on authority all that will be made known prior to the conclusion of the preparations. There are ten principal parts—namely, two sopranos, one mezzo-soprano, one contralto, three tenors, two baritones, and one basso. The singers have all been chosen by Verdi, and are, for the female parts, Nines, Zilli, Stehle, Guerini, and Pasqua, and, for the male parts, M.M. Garbin, Mauri, Pinicorti, Paroli, Pelegi, and Arimondi. Some of them have already studied their parts with Verdi at Genoa. Boito, in whose artistic judgment the composer has great confidence, assisted at the studies. Verdi will arrive at Milan on January 25th, and will personally direct all the studies and the rehearsal, but he will permit nothing of the *mise en scène* to become known, and the press will be excluded from all rehearsal and partial representations."

"The New South," the play which Clay M. Greene and Joseph R. Grismer wrote in collaboration, and in which Mr. Grismer and Phoebe Davies made their debut in New York a few days ago—it was practically a debut for Grismer, for he had not been seen on the New York stage for up to a dozen years—was received with uproarious applause, and displeased the critics in proportion. These wise men of the papers agreed that the play had good points, but almost all of them called it "silly" and "blood and thunder." Two of them expressed sympathy for Grismer apropos of Greene's statement, in a little speech in response to repeated calls for the authors, that he had merely written out the story Mr. Grismer had imagined. But that the play won the entire gallery and much of the parquet there, can be no doubt. As to the acting, Mr. Grismer was not rated high, while Miss Davies's shortcomings in the lighter scenes were forgiven on the score of her nervousness, and her emotional scenes were generally commended.

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STATEMENT.

STATEMENT OF THE ACTUAL CONDITION AND VALUE OF THE ASSETS AND LIABILITIES OF

PACIFIC BANK

San Francisco, Cal., at the close of business hours on the 31st day of December, 1892, the assets all being situated in the City and County of San Francisco, the Counties of Alameda, Contra Costa, Los Angeles, Marin, Santa Clara, San Diego, and Tulare, in the State of California, and in the County of Genesee, in the State of Michigan.

ASSETS.

Solvent bills receivable	\$3,107,738 67
Banking-house and other real estate	321,219 86
Sundry stocks and bonds	573,741 32
Due from solvent banks and bankers	314,191 30
Money on hand	806,475 30
	\$5,123,366 45

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus fund	800,000 00
Undivided profits	79,354 07
Due depositors	2,071,603 04
Due banks and bankers	1,136,273 34
Due dividends	40,136 00
	\$5,123,366 45

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.
R. H. McDONALD, Jr., Vice-President, and FRANK V. McDONALD, Cashier of Pacific Bank, do make oath and say, that the foregoing statement is true to the best of their knowledge and belief.

R. H. McDONALD, Jr., Vice-President.
FRANK V. McDONALD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of January, A. D. 1893.

(Seal.) E. H. THARP,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

STATEMENT.

STATEMENT OF the amount of Capital of PACIFIC BANK, San Francisco, Cal., at the close of business hours on the 31st day of December, 1892.

AMOUNT ACTUALLY PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN, \$1,000,000.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.
R. H. McDONALD, Jr., Vice-President, and Frank V. McDONALD, Cashier of Pacific Bank, do make oath and say, that the foregoing statement is true to the best of their knowledge and belief.

R. H. McDONALD, Jr., Vice-President.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Chollie—"What do you think of my mustache, Maud?" *Maud*—"Out of sight."—*Truth*.

Dashaway—"I have just been up in the mountains for a little shooting." *Cleverton*—"Any luck?" *Dashaway*—"One guide."—*Life*.

"I can't imagine why he should, but he wants to marry me." "He told me he admired you for the way you extracted a proposal from him."—*Life*.

Dashaway—"Stuffer must be dead." *Cleverton*—"Why?" *Dashaway*—"I invited him to dine with me at seven, and it's five minutes past."—*Life*.

Mrs. Wabash—"How did you come to marry your divorced husband, Helen?" *Mrs. Lakeside*—"It was the only way I could get my alimony."—*Truth*.

"It's a good thing we can't see ourselves as others see us," said Mawson. "That's so," said Witherup, complacently; "how conceited I'd be if we could!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

Miss Wagner—"Give me a nice, big bologna sausage, Mr. Cutlets." *Mr. Cutlets*—"Shall I send it home for you?" *Miss Wagner*—"Oh, no; I'll just take it along in my music-roll."—*Judge*.

"Will you kindly shut that door behind you?" "Yes, certainly. I always do." "Ah, that's just my luck. I always ask those who always do, and every one I don't ask leaves it wide open."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"There is one thing I dread," remarked Johnson, "and that is a premature burial." "Don't worry about that," replied Brown; "the thing is impossible; there's no danger of your being buried too soon."—*Ex*.

Old brute—"There is but one way to get the best of a woman in an argument." *Young brute*—"What is that?" *Old brute*—"State your side, and then laugh so loud that she can't make herself heard."—*Puck*.

"Why, John, what is that awful spot on your coat?" asked the bride, as the carriage rolled off. "My hated rival couldn't find any rice to throw at me," said John, "so he helped me with some cold oatmeal mush."—*Bazar*.

"Well, you know, Mr. Winters," said Miss Bosbyshell, airily, "a girl of eighteen is quite as old as a man of twenty-one." "Oh, frequently," retorted Winters; "I knew an eighteen-year-old maiden who was born in 1862."—*Bazar*.

Stockton Bond (breathlessly)—"Don't think much of those elevators." *Nat. Banks*—"Why?" *Stockton Bond*—"Got on at the top floor and tried to sit down." *Nat. Banks*—"Well?" *Stockton Bond*—"Didn't till we reached the bottom."—*Puck*.

Repartee: *First passenger* (irritably)—"Where are your eyes, anyhow?" *Celtic passenger* (pleasantly)—"In me head." *First passenger* (warming up)—"Well, can't you see my feet?" *Celtic passenger* (more pleasantly)—"No; yez have shoes on."—*Puck*.

Highwayman—"Your money or your life!" *Lawyer*—"Here's all I have." *Highwayman*—"All right. Now get out." *Lawyer* (taking him by the button-hole)—"Wait a minute, friend. Don't you want to engage counsel to defend you in case you should be arrested for this affair?"—*Ex*.

Binks—"Did you hear about Watson's whiskers?" *Jinks*—"No; what was it?" *Binks*—"Why, they looked so homely that all the neighbors signed a petition asking Watson, as a matter of public policy, to shave them off." *Jinks*—"Well, did he do it?" *Binks*—"Yes; he did it." *Jinks*—"Well, what then?" *Binks*—"Why, the very next day the neighbors signed a petition asking Watson, as a matter of public policy, to let them grow again."—*Somerville Journal*.

Landlord—"Good morning, sir; hope you enjoyed a good night's rest, sir?" *Traveler*—"Yes, thanks; pretty fair." *Landlord*—"Saw nothing of the ghost that is said to appear from time to time in the room you occupied?" *Traveler*—"Ah, yes; I did, though." *Landlord*—"And how did you get rid of the intruder?" *Traveler*—"I offered him a glass of your wine, when he vanished with a gesture of supreme disgust." *Landlord*—"Oh! Ah! Well, I never!"—*Familien-Wochenblatt*.

An Army of Ailments

Lies in ambush for persons who postpone reforming a disordered condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels. For unhealthy conditions of these organs, Hostetters Stomach Bitters is a sovereign remedy, and against the ills to which they give rise an adequate defense. Be on time if you are troubled with indigestion, liver complaint, or constipation. The Bitters will cure these, as well as malarial, nervous, and kidney ailments.

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Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

They are talking in Washington of pensioning Jefferson Davis's widow; not, however, for his services to the Confederacy, but on account of his imprisonment in the Mexican War.

Mme. Diaz, the wife of the Mexican President, will, at her own expense, send to the World's Fair this year a woman's band of forty-five musicians. It will comprise the most expert musicians in Mexico.

At a charity bazaar in Vienna, an Englishman offered five thousand dollars for a single kiss from the Marchioness Pallavicini. He got it, and planked down a thousand-pound Bank of England note to pay for it.

Miss Dorothy Dene, the fair English actress who is connected with the Theatre of Arts and Letters of New York, was once the model of Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, in London. Her face and figure appear in many of his most famous pictures.

The Empress of Germany recently celebrated her thirty-fourth birthday and the christening of her only daughter by giving the maternity homes of the empire one hundred sets of baby clothing. The emperor released four hundred women imprisoned for various offenses.

Family jewels are not necessarily a source of unalloyed pleasure, as the following paragraph shows:

The magnificent pearl necklace so often worn by the present Duchess of Devonshire will not be seen for many long years, as by the will of the Duke of Manchester (her first husband), these precious pearls are to be preserved for special need, and to insure against any possible loss they will remain at the bank. The pearls will suffer by being shut up in the dark, as is well known, but in these days the responsibility of having such treasures in use is terrible when they are put in trust as these are.

Mrs. Singleton (Violet Fane) is probably best known as a poet to the general public as the author of "For Ever and For Ever," which, with Tosti's pretty melody, was at one time in every mouth in every drawing-room. To other readers she first became known by the somewhat compromising distinction of being the reputed original of Mrs. Sinclair in Mr. Mallock's "New Republic"—therein described as "a sort of fashionable London Sappho."

Apropos of the diamond necklace allegation against the wife of the French President, a correspondent writes:

"Mme. Carnot has been described as a splendid type of the Frenchwoman of the transition period from the monarchy to the republic—sagacious, self-contained, graceful, and distinguished in manners. Mme. Carnot is, unfortunately, deaf; but so admirable is her composure, so acute her perception, that many find her a delightful *vis-à-vis*, never perceiving by her manner that she had heard every word."

Perhaps the only woman who was ever buried like a warrior, with the stars and stripes for a winding-sheet, was the late Mrs. Cutler. At the battle of Fort Donelson, she snatched the colors of her husband's regiment from their fallen bearer, and rushed through the smoke with the flag in one hand and a sword in the other. After the war, she made the care of veterans and their families the charge of her life. She is buried among the soldiers in Arlington cemetery.

A case of a woman who was elected to office by men and rejected by women is thus recorded in the *Kansas City Times*:

"In Bloomington, Ill., Miss Sarah Raymond has been for years, under appointment by the school board, superintendent of schools. The voting males of the community elected the school board, and Miss Raymond held the position with the approval and encouragement of the opposite sex. Not long ago, the suffrage in school elections was conferred upon women. A member of the board did not please some of the women, and they secured the nomination of another man, worked for him, and triumphed. The board then had a majority against Miss Raymond, and she was fired."

Princess Marie of Edinburgh, who is known to be a brilliant linguist and musician, has completed a book which is very shortly to be published. No indication is given as to what the book is to deal with; but it is said that the princess, though only seventeen, has developed considerable literary ability. In that case, she will be the first of the queen's grandchildren to become an author, the "Cruise of the Bacchante" having been merely a compilation by Canon Dalton from the rough notes made by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George during their journey round the world.

The sad experience of a Christmas shopper, overcome by the temptations laid round about her by wily merchants, is detailed in the following dispatch:

Miss Eugenia Dutcher, daughter of Millionaire Isaac V. W. Dutcher, who was arrested in St. Louis for shoplifting at five different stores, spent the night at the police station. Miss Dutcher is twenty-five or twenty-six years old, pretty, and accomplished. She was overcome with grief and shame, but sent for her father, who is seventy-five years old. Miss Dutcher looked supremely miserable when she was arraigned in court, and fully ten years older. "I don't know why I took the things," she said; "I couldn't help it. I didn't need them. There are no children in my father's house. I thought that I would give them to any little children that I knew. When they arrested me, I didn't know what to do. I wanted to give a wrong name, but couldn't, because I wanted to send for my father. I had never been away from home a night, before in my life, and he would have been greatly alarmed."

Rheumatism, which is a blood disease, is radically cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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Dividend Notices.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 326 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.
GEORGE TOURNEY, Secretary.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-half (4 1/2) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

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Mostly stripes, some plaids and figures. Nice for dresses, wrappers, children's wear, men's shirts—everything.

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Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus.....1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits.....3,317,485 11
September 30, 1892.

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THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier

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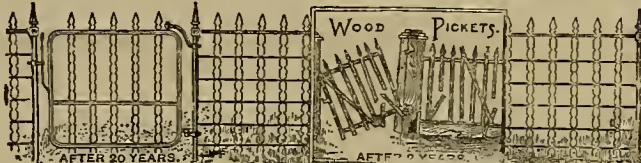
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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These he tremendous days for the brethren of the Holy Roman Catholic Church in the United States of America. The sound of the fighting is heard over continents and seas, and Ireland herself stands aghast with fear and admiration—fear for the faith, and admiration of the ferocity of the fray, which even one of her own fairs could not excel. To the eye of the average American on-looker, to the American press which is giving so many pages to the news of the war, and, indeed, to most of the combatants themselves, the battle seems to be merely one between contending factions, each headed by a little group of archbishops; but it goes far deeper than that, and out of it all great things will certainly be won for modern progress. There is excellent authority for the conclusion that a house divided against itself can not stand, and the Roman Catholic Church in this country is

divided widely, profoundly. By the Pope's imperious command, the sound of the strife may be stilled for a time; but no real peace can exist while it remains within his power to issue such commands. The war is not really between Archbishop Corrigan, on the one side, and Archbishop Ireland and their clerical followers, on the other, but between the spirit of the age and the ancient faith and the ancient discipline. The Pope may give the victory to one side, and the other may formally yield obedience in the customary ecclesiastical phraseology of abjectness; but in this free country, in this year of grace, few men are able in their hearts to yield submission to Roman authority. Patrick Corrigan may accomplish the slavish feat, for he has but a small mind to lay at the Pope's feet; but not many of his followers can bring themselves to imitate his slavishness. When a popular priest like McGlynn may from a hundred platforms hold language toward the Pope that in the good old days would have brought him to the rack and stake, and then he restored to his office, practically without conditions, we have an index of tremendous significance as to the weakened grasp of the church upon the minds of its masses. The form of Roman authority endures, but the soul is going out of it.

Taking the immediate view of the situation, every American outside the church, and every man within it who responds to the influence of American ideas, must rejoice in the triumph that has been given the liberal Ireland and his adherents over Corrigan, *et als.*, with their monkish mediævalism. This triumph is complete; it could not be more smashing or humiliating. Corrigan fought hard, and after his kind. He had behind him all the ignorance, and prejudice, and crawling piety of the peasant Irish in America. These swarm in New York, and constitute Tammany, which governs the city and lays its treasury open to the church. At a public meeting, Tammany's mayor went upon his knees and kissed Corrigan's hand when that monarch interrupted the proceedings by entering the hall. Small wonder that Corrigan, knowing himself supreme—politically and spiritually—in our richest and most populous city, should deem himself supreme, also, beyond the borders of his Irish kingdom and seek to set himself up as the Pope of America. His arrogant suppression of Priest McGlynn for daring to oppose Tammany in a local election and his grotesque presumption in laying down the law on what is and is not good in political economy, were perfectly natural expressions of the belief of Archbishop Corrigan that there were no limits to his power. And he was confirmed in that belief by the approval which the fearless and high-minded secular press of the United States, with few exceptions, gave to his acts! The Vatican, too, approved them—that fact is to be remembered, in order to understand the change that has come over its policy; McGlynn was unfrocked and his political teachings condemned by the Vatican.

Fortunately there were in the American hierarchy men of larger minds and more modern spirit than Corrigan. Foremost among these stood Archbishop Ireland and Cardinal Gibbons. They sympathized with McGlynn and declined to take from Corrigan their views on what should be the church's permanent attitude toward the public schools. They comprehended, if he did not, that so long as Catholicism should continue to mean a blind hostility to State education, the American people would remain hostile to the church. Ireland's Faribault experiment of mixed schools precipitated the conflict. With Ireland was every rational, progressive element in the church; with Corrigan, everything bigoted and unpatriotic, including the German Catholics, stout adherents of Cahensleyism. The quarrel was carried to Rome; the Vatican was flooded with memorials and besieged by visitors. In the end, the Pope sent over Satolli to view the field and make peace. Then it was that General Corrigan committed the grand blunder of his campaign for imposing upon the United States of to-day the Catholicism of Spain of the sixteenth century and of Ireland of the nineteenth. He fought Satolli instead of seeking to win him. His fight was not open and manly, but secret and sneaking. With words of respect and courtesy upon his

lips, he set his literary bureau at work, and the Pope's delegate found himself denounced in American secular newspapers as an Italian interloper, whose wisest course would be to pack up and carry his impertinent person home. Letters were written, letters were stolen, and a slander mill kept going. The Corrigan forces stopped at no meanness. Satolli appears to be a man of sense. He discovered that on one side to the quarrel he was dealing with men of ideas and judgment, and on the other with petty bigots better fitted to be hidden away as village priests than to hold places of power in the church. His first act of importance was to declare in favor of compromise on the school question. This was a hard blow to Corrigan and the Cahensleyites. To the latter, indeed, it meant simple extinction of their cause, provided the Vatican should approve. Corrigan continued his campaign, and was rewarded by the restoration of McGlynn—an act done by Satolli under such circumstances of contempt that the first news of the incredible insult reached the archbishop through the astonished New York newspapers. He protested to Rome, and has been rewarded by having the Italian interloper placed over him in permanence. And he has been obliged, too, to eat this colossal humble pie in public by giving to the press a letter in which he is required to say that, since it is the Holy Father's will, he likes it.

The appointment of an apostolic delegate in the United States naturally awakens an interest that extends beyond Roman Catholic circles, and will be variously construed. To some it will mean a strengthening of the church's organization, and therefore power, which is to be regarded with alarm by Americans. But this view is offset by the consideration that the first occupant of the office is one whose advent has signaled the elevation to supremacy in the church of its liberal prelates, who come as near to being Americans as Catholics can; who stands for the abandonment of the church's traditional attitude toward the public schools, and the suppression of narrowness and brutal intolerance in ecclesiastical government. Others, again, will think that it betokens a lively realization by the Pope that if the church is to be held in obedience to the Vatican, it must be governed in American fashion, and by deputy in America. Still others see in it the possibility of the ultimate rise of an independent church and independent Pope in the United States. To this it is sufficient to say that when the church here arrives at the point of revolting from the Pope of Rome it will be done with popes altogether. The *Argonaut* is strongly inclined to commend the Holy Father for giving us an apostolic delegate of our own. The innovation adds at once to the dignity and independence of the church in America—in a manner of speaking, it raises the church from the territorial condition to Statehood. Besides, we who are heretics will know better with whom we are dealing. Washington is much nearer than Rome, and it will, consequently, be much easier to hold the church to responsibility. In all likelihood the broadest and best effect will be to Americanize the church. That may not be good for the church, but it will be good for the country.

The intrigues and counter-intrigues of the Panama Railroad Company and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company are beginning to be confusing to the ordinary reader. A pretty vigorous attempt is being made by the Transcontinental Pool to make it appear that patriotic considerations are involved, and that, in this controversy, Panama represents France, and Pacific Mail the United States. An appeal is understood to have been made to the President to stand up for his country, and if the newspaper correspondents are to be believed, it has not fallen on deaf ears. There would be a ludicrous side to an intervention of the government at Washington on behalf of a corporation which has never figured at the national capital except to beg for a subsidy; but the ways of politicians are mysterious, and it may have occurred to the friends of the administration to cover Mr. Harrison's retirement into private life with a fire of patriotic pyrotechnics.

The simple fact is that neither of the warring corporations

has the least claim to congressional or Presidential favor. The Panama Railroad, built as an American enterprise, long ago passed into the hands of foreigners, who accepted money to conspire with a steamship company against the natural extension of American trade. On the other side, the Pacific Mail accepted money from a combination of transcontinental railroads to enforce a schedule of freight rates which hampered intercourse between the two sides of the continent and traffic between its terminals on the Pacific and intermediate points. There is nothing to choose between them. If the Panama was guilty in conspiring to restrain trade, the Pacific Mail was doubly guilty in allowing itself to be bought off by the railroads, and then in suborning the isthmus route to join in the conspiracy. No considerations of national interest swayed either of them. Both were on plunder hunt, and it was immaterial to them whether the plunder was American or foreign.

What American interests require is that intercourse between the two coasts of the continent should be as free and as cheap as possible. Those interests were contemptuously disregarded by the Pacific Mail when it charged more money for carrying passengers and freight from San Francisco to San José de Guatemala than it did from San Francisco to New York, and when its freight tariff prevented the people of Central America from buying in this market the machinery they require. They were ignored by the Panama Railroad when it combined with the Pacific Mail to prevent the establishment of rival steamship lines between New York and this port by way of the isthmus. Neither corporation has established a claim to favor at the public hands; both are entitled to strict justice, and no more. As to dragging in national questions on one side or the other, the idea is simply ridiculous.

The freight market between this port and New York is completely demoralized. Rates have been cut by the clippers, by the Pacific Mail, and by the transcontinental railroads; and, as usual, when rate-cutting occurs, no carrier feels bound to adhere even to the cut-rates. Of course, in the long run, the carrier who can do the business for the least money will make the rates for the others, due regard being paid to the time consumed in transportation. Neither the continental railroads nor the isthmus route can be expected to follow the clipper rates to their full extent. Time is money; a shipper can not be expected to get as low rates from a carrier which consumes but one month on the journey as he gets from a carrier who takes four months. But the difference between the two rates will be that which the natural laws of transportation dictate, and not that which artificial arrangements, based on cupidity, prescribe. Find the actual cost of carrying freight round the Horn, and add to it a proper allowance for three months' delay, and the product will be the rate which the transcontinental roads and the isthmus road will have to accept.

We are witnessing the breakdown of an elaborate system devised to defeat natural laws. The Transcontinental Pool built up an ingenious contrivance by which the price of transportation was not to be governed by its cost, with a fair profit added, but by what carriers could exact by a close combination. It answered for quite a long time. At the head-quarters of the railroad pool, the clippers, the Pacific Mail, the Panama, the American Transcontinental lines, and even the Canadian Pacific were told what they must charge for carrying freight from New York to San Francisco. For several years this unnatural device answered its purpose, and the interests of this State were sacrificed to the greed of the carriers. But in such arrangements a cardinal vice is always present, and after a time it will tell. No chain is stronger than its weakest link, and in this case the weak link was the bargain by which railroads which had little or no share of interoceanic traffic were bound to pay their share of the subsidy to the Pacific Mail. There came a time when they pulled out, and the whole edifice came tumbling to the ground. When the Northern and Union Pacific insisted on a reduction of their contribution to the subsidy, the Transcontinental Pool went to pieces; this stopped the subsidy altogether; that terminated the secret compact between the steamship company and the Panama; that set the isthmus railroad free to deal with other steamship lines; and that, together with the increased clipper service, compelled a cutting of rates all round. We are merely witnessing the collapse of an artificial system, which was bound to go to pieces some day, and the end will be to place interoceanic transportation on a natural footing.

The indications are that Congress will go no further at the present short session in amendment of the immigration laws than is forecast in the measure presented by Senator Chandler from the Senate committee on immigration—which is for the exclusion for one year of European immigrants, and this mainly on account of the danger of Asiatic cholera. Although the exclusion proposed is lamentably inadequate, still even this restrictive term is antagonized by some in Congress

and by prominent men and influential newspapers in portions of the country. To make the law with simply one year exclusion is not the eradication of the evil; it is simply a temporary expedient and very insufficient. Congress has the authority to compel the emigrant steamship companies to desist from landing the human freight upon these shores. The exclusion could be made effective. It requires simply the action of Congress to put prompt stop to the flow of the evil in this direction. The imposition of head-tax—one hundred dollars or any other sum—is ineffective and absurd. The United States does not need the money, nor does the country want the immigrants. With the term of exclusion fixed at five years, following the long prohibition, there would come the changed condition which would largely work as a deterrent to such immigration. Better still, it would work such revolution of spirit throughout the United States as to impress upon the great mass of the people the wisdom of continuing the exclusion. The United States does not want further indiscriminate immigration from Europe. The classes who largely come in swarms are certainly neither desirable nor beneficial to the country in any aspect. Besides their detrimental and mischievous effect in fields of labor and their degrading influence in every community, there is the constant menace to the peace and order of the commonwealth and the heavy aggregate cost of maintaining thousands of them as paupers and other thousands as criminals. The larger proportion of the inmates of almshouses, lunatic asylums, reformatories, and prisons throughout the country, are aliens. The labor strikes that are most damaging in every aspect are mainly owing to alien workers. The boycott and the atrocious use of dynamite are due to aliens. Labor organizations, composed mainly of alien mechanics, nurture idleness, vice, and crime among the youth of the country by forbidding their employment as apprentices, and maintain their alien supremacy over American wage-earners by and through their own imported rules and methods in Federated Trades organizations, which proscrib and violently persecute non-conforming workmen, and compel employers to regulations that impair or destroy fair management of business and impose restrictions which are inimical to the employer's just right of control. The most oppressive of all trusts is the combined labor trust, which weighs down every industry, enterprise, and business. Asiatic cholera is an infrequent terrible scourge, spanned by only one or two years' ravage. The pestilential pour of unceasing and unrestricted immigration is far more to be dreaded. Exclusion for one year is insufficient; it should be enforced for five years at least.

Among the cablegrams which flashed under the ocean this week, telling of toppling cabinets, epidemics, wars, and rumors of wars, there is probably none which so excited the feminine mind as this:

LONDON, January 16th.—The coming of the crinoline is the talk of the day. John Strange Winter (Mrs. Stannard) writes that she has placed herself at the head of an organization to keep out that evil. Fathers of families sign secret oaths pledging themselves to stamp out the first appearance of the hoop-skirt in their own families, and ministers inveigh in the pulpit against it. As a last resort, a deputation is about to ask the Princess of Wales to issue, under her own royal hand and seal, an edict against the cage of wire which threatens to imprison half of the community.

When all is said and done, the chances are that there will be no crinoline after all. The big dressmakers in London are not sure that it will come, and are inclined to think that this year we shall escape it. Worth, of Paris, was interviewed yesterday.

"All we know of it," said he, "is from a lot of talk from London. We do not believe it will really come; but everything is possible. Let me impress upon you that we not only launch and direct fashions, but we accept them when they rise to the society surface. That is what we should have to do if we found a growing woman suffrage in favor of hoops. It might even benefit us materially, for our silks and other accessories are our own, and crinolines would mean more stuff, more money spent."

"Can you account for the threatened revival?" he was asked.

"I think I can," he answered. "The fact is, the tendency to sheath the women like arrows in their quivers and umbrellas in their cases was stretched to such a point that a reaction was unavoidable."

From this disquieting rumor it would seem that if the crinoline comes, it will probably arrive next summer with the cholera. The country shudders at the possible advent of the cholera, the female shudders at the possible advent of the crinoline. If it came to open choice, she would probably choose the cholera, which has the advantage of gradually killing its victim, while the crinoline disfigures; and this, of the two evils, is, to the feminine mind, undoubtedly the worst.

Who having noticed the submission of the modern woman to the mandates of fashion, will deny that she is a docile creature? Who having seen her wear unbecoming colors, disfigure herself with ugly costumes, torture herself with fashions unsuitable to her particular style and make, will deny her right to a place in "Fox's Book of Martyrs"? Tall and short, fat and thin, brown and fair, the slaves of this great cause know no duty but submission. As the African inserts oblong pieces of wood into the lobe of her ear, the Malayan endures the operation of having her teeth filed into

points, the fat Caucasian with no neck wears a high collar that induces strangulation, and a tight corset to which the tortures of the hoot of Louis the Eleventh's day were mild and hearable sensations.

But the submission of the woman of fashion is even more beautiful to contemplate in the matter of the personal becomingness of her adornments. She sacrifices her beauty to the demands of her god with a lovely self-forgetfulness that Thomas à Kempis would commend. When she is a chunky, little woman, with all the lines of her anatomy short and sharply curved, she will wear, with a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye, a pair of sleeves that come up round her ears and make her look neckless and as if her head had been driven into her thorax by the blow of a pile-driver, thereby exaggerating those very defects that true self-love would prompt her to conceal. When she is short and squat in build, with the broad hips and short legs of the dusky daughters of Jerusalem, she will nobly trample out her smoldering vanities and put on a long coat that reaches to her knees, and so cut off three inches from her height and add two to her breadth. When she has a round, moon face, with full, rosy cheeks, she will perch a little hat, like a butter-plate, on the top of her frizzled head, and go abroad for men to see how she dares to wear, in the broad light of day, the head-gear of all others that is calculated to destroy whatever beauty of face she may possess. And when she is thin, and the still, small voice from Paris proclaims that the styles are to be rigidly plain, then uncomplainingly does she strip off every little rag and frill of trimming that concealed osseous angles. Her skeleton is no longer kept in the closet, but goes forth boldly into crowds and populous places revealed in clinging skirt and smooth-fitting bodice. The days of keeping bony out-crops as family secrets are over for her—happy days, like those of Becky Sharp, when she was not innocent of the bony out-crop, but was not found out! Now since the still small voice from Paris has whispered "Crinolines!" those days of hare, relentless revelation are passed. Once again fashion will allow her to deceive. The skeletons may go back to their closets, while their owners are left to hope that Shakespeare spoke true when he said that "men are men, the best sometimes forget."

Every self-respecting woman lives only to make herself beautiful to any man who will be kind enough to look approvingly at her. This is the reward of merit for the trouble of having had to make a good father or husband pay much money for a new gown. To be regarded with an eye of favor by some particular man, or all men, or any itinerant man who may happen to be browsing about, is what the really sensible woman, who knows what her position is in the scheme of creation, ought to regard as quite enough happiness to be expected in this mortal state.

Unfortunately, the average female, unformed in mind and ill-regulated in opinion, will not accept this point of view. If she did, she would probably rebel against fashions which made her look uglier than Queen Elizabeth in her paniers, or Mrs. Browning in her side curls. Women dress for other women. A man's commendation on their beauty they will accept; but a man's commendation on their dress is as worthless as Chicago's praise of French art. The esoteric joy of being in the fashion, the soaring sense of being well dressed—*i. e.*, in the mode, not becomingly—is an artistic pleasure rising from the sense not that it will meet with the appreciation of a brother-man, but that its effect on a sister-woman will be to make her "rip the Tenth Commandment up the back."

The acceptance by the Regents of the University of the Searles mansion as a home for the Art Association closes, in a satisfactory manner, a controversy which had given rise to some anxiety. It disposes of a property which was an elephant on Mr. Searles's hands, and it provides the Art Association with a local habitation, which was sorely needed. The donation was princely, and its value is enhanced by the agreement of the donor to supplement it with an income of five thousand dollars a year, to be spent on alterations and betterments. The building is so cut up into small rooms, and the light is so excluded by gables and eccentricities of roofs, that some expenditure will have to be made before it is fit for the purpose for which it is designed.

It now remains to be seen whether the Art Association will know how to make the most of their good fortune. To accomplish its purpose, the building should be furnished at once with *unmutated* casts and copies of the works of art which, by common consent, are admitted to be masterpieces. For purposes of education, a plaster cast of a statue and an exact photograph of a picture are almost as valuable as the originals. Pupils can learn from either the principles by which the master was guided and the motives which inspired his chisel or his brush. The genius of Gérôme is revealed in the photographs of Pollice Verso, and the soul of Michael Angelo stands out in the reproductions of his terrible Moses. To turn these copies to account, the association should establish art-classes under a competent

instructor—competent to point out to the student the excellences of the great works of the past, so that they may be able to discern the difference between a Millet and a picture by a promising scholar in a young ladies' academy. These classes would naturally lead up to the class which draws from the nude. No copy in plaster or crayon can take the place of the study from life. Until a student has learned to reproduce the human frame as it is when it is pulsating with life, and the muscles are vibrating under the impulse of the will, he is still in the rudimentary stage of art apprenticeship.

Whether the new Art Association will become a real cradle of Pacific Coast art depends on the public. Copies and classes are all very well. But to plant art on this coast, its votaries must have a gallery of art, containing really great originals, both in painting and sculpture. That gallery can only be built up by private donations. It is beyond the power of the State to equip it with pictures. But if each of our millionaires would give one good picture or one good statue every year to the art gallery, the collection would have assumed respectable proportions before the end of the century. Let us see which of them will set the example.

A bill has been introduced into the California legislature to abolish consent marriages. There seems to be no reason why it should not pass. In the early days, when ranchers were sometimes two and three days' journey from a magistrate or a minister, young people sometimes would take each other for husband and wife by the simple formality of mutual consent. There is no excuse for any such loose practice now, when every one can reach between sunrise and sunset some official clothed with the power of solemnizing marriage. The recognition of consent marriages at the present day merely opens a door for the schemes of adventuresses.

It is essential for the interest of society that marriage should be environed with grave forms and elements of seriousness. It is the most important act in a young man's life. It converts him from a waif and stray into a responsible member of the community in which he lives. And if marriage is serious business for the man, how much graver it is for the woman! Her whole life's happiness depends on her entering into the marriage state under proper conditions. It is necessary that the State should hedge marriage round with such forms and ceremonies that young people shall realize how serious it is, and not rush into it blindly and recklessly under the impulse of calf love or girlish whim. Public interest requires that a young couple seeking to become man and wife should be made to feel how grave a business they are undertaking by being confronted with a magistrate.

One of the legacies which modern society got from ancient clericalism is the solemnization of marriage by priests. This was ingrafted upon the polity of Christendom at a time when the church was fastening its clutch upon the heliever at the three essential epochs of his life—at his birth, at his marriage, and at his death. This practice entails obvious inconveniences in a country where new religious sects hatch out yearly, like mosquitoes, and a man who calls himself a minister to-day and enjoys the privilege of solemnizing marriage, is to-morrow a horse-dealer in a distant State and the pages of his marriage-register in the grocery to wrap up cheese.

The union of two people in marriage is the business of the State. Marriage is a civil contract, which changes the relations of the two parties to each other, of both to the community, and of the community to them. Nearly all of the transactions of life, such as the conveyance of real property, are affected by marriage. Therefore, as we say, it is the business of the State. If people entering into matrimony look upon it as a sacrament, or as something other than a mere civil contract, let them have another ceremony according to the creed which they profess. This is done in many countries—notably in France. But the State here, as there, should demand that the civil contract be executed before one of the State officials.

In the millennium, when we shall all be wise and intelligent, the solemnization of marriage will be guarded with as much care as the transfer of real estate. It will be entrusted to public officials only, and these officials will be bound to keep a register of the marriages they solemnize, with a photograph of the parties to the same. Those registers will be evidence in courts of record, and will settle finally the questions of legitimacy and inheritance, which now give the courts so much occupation. Under this system, no such questions would arise as the disgraceful inquiry now pending at Sacramento, whether a minister of the gospel did or did not celebrate a marriage between two persons to whom he issued a certificate. The register and the photograph would speak for themselves.

It is hardly probable that the legislature now in session will undertake to frame a new marriage code. That is a matter requiring more study than a sixty-day session can find time for. But it might not be a bad idea to amend the bill

for the abolition of consent marriages, by adding a section intrusting to a commission the duty of framing such a law on the subject, to be laid before the legislature in 1895. Several States, including New York, are considering the subject, and a bill for a uniform law of marriage has been introduced into Congress. It might be well for California to set an example which could commend itself to enlightened minds. Our past marriage scandals seem to impose such a duty on the legislature. It is a delicate and a difficult duty. Restrictions designed to increase the difficulty of obtaining divorces are desirable, and so are stricter rules regarding the celebration of marriages. But if we make it too difficult for young people to marry, they will dispense with the ceremony, as they do in Sweden and other countries; and if we block the path to divorce, couples will live together in strife, and will often relieve themselves from embarrassment by a resort to crime.

An overhauling of the pension lists and investigation into the conduct of officials and the practices of attorneys connected with the pension system, will be prominent among the work of the present session of Congress. The pension fund is now of enormous magnitude—nearly two hundred millions of dollars per annum, more than one-third of the entire expenditures of the government, six times the cost of the army, four times the cost of the navy—new steel steamers, monster guns, and all; and greatly in excess of the sum appropriated for internal improvements and coast and harbor defenses. It is reasonable to suppose, in view of the exposures made in other bureaus of the government in respect to irregularities, defalcations, and financial crookedness, that in this vast yearly expenditure there is occasional dishonesty. It is alleged that the pension roll hears the names of thousands who have no right upon it; that a very large number are allowed pensions much beyond justice; and that pension attorneys are acquiring riches by exorbitant fees which the government secures to them by extraordinary means and against every principle of right. There is a total of 676,160 names on the pension-rolls, and in the Pension Office are 928,438 claims, of which 559,027 are of persons not on the rolls. An estimate of the probable yearly sum required to meet the demands of the bureau in a few years more, at the rate of enrollment going on, swells the total to a round \$200,000,000. The expenditures of the government are above \$420,000,000 annually. This would bring the pension fund to nearly one-half of the entire cost of the government. It is this condition of things in the bureau that excites alarm and causes investigation. There is no intention of interfering with the rightful pensioners or interposing obstacles to prevent just claimants from their dues under the law—these will be protected and secured in full payment. It is the great mass of frauds and impostors, who are drawing extravagant monthly payments, that should be stricken from the rolls. Many millions of dollars will be annually saved by this process. Numerous rascals receive the bounty of the government. They never saw service in the field, received no wounds, suffered neither sickness nor privation in the cause of their country. Thousands of them are robust and in the enjoyment of good health, sound of body and limb; other thousands served only as clerks and subordinates in non-hazardous employments, and a large number were drafted, but escaped service in the ranks. All these, however, have managed to get their names upon the pension rolls, and regularly draw the allotted amount. The assistance of pension attorneys and the connivance of officials in the pension bureau have enabled these frauds and impostors to obtain the enrollment which secures them pensions. The gross wrong has grown to such magnitude, and involves such enormous expenditure, that investigation is required and correction of the abuse is demanded. It should be thorough and exemplary. The fraud robs the nation, and does injustice to worthy veterans. The matter has no political significance; it is not a party question.

The steady increase in the number of apartment houses in this city is raising the question: Is the time coming when no man will occupy his own house? Six or eight years ago, the fashion was to build two-story houses, with six rooms and a kitchen, to rent for forty to sixty dollars a month, according to locality. Now the houses which capitalists are erecting are seventy-five to ninety feet deep; each floor is an apartment, separate from the others, containing about the same rooms as the old two-story houses, and renting for fifty to eighty dollars a month. In fact, we are drifting into Paris fashions, and presently the man who occupies a whole house will call it a hotel, as they do in Paris.

The new fashion has its drawbacks and its advantages. It is utterly irreconcilable with our present flimsy style of building. In Paris, the floors and ceilings are deafened, so that a tread overhead is not necessarily heard below. Here the occupant of a flat is made aware by his ears of the exact

moment when the lady above him takes off her boots. People in France are brought up to apartment life, and adjust themselves to its exactions. Here, the occupant of a flat never regards it as a home, but merely as a stopping-place where he is temporarily sojourning. Even in Paris, where everybody lives in a flat, Zola has vividly described in "Le Bonheur des Dames" the enforced intimacies and unpleasant contacts which apartment life involves. In this country, where the *concierge* is an unknown institution, each occupant of an apartment is necessarily dependent on his neighbors for information touching callers and for the interchange of matches and kindling-wood.

Still, apartment life, or coöperative housekeeping, is becoming quite general at the East, and will doubtless make similar headway here. It is found that more display, and, in some respects, more comfort, can be attained in apartments for the same money than is possible in separate houses. Fewer servants are needed. Gas, coal, water, and electricity are bought at wholesale, and distributed without extra charge among the occupants of the apartments. Sociability is promoted. A family may hire a fine house in New York and may be as lonely in it as if they were on the alkali plains, unless they have friends to beg the neighbors to call. But the lady occupant of an apartment can not well help knowing the ladies above her and below her. Some of the new apartment houses in New York are provided with a common kitchen and a common café. In this way the cost of housekeeping is reduced.

These are some of the advantages which have prompted New York capitalists to spend large sums of money in building and outfitting such apartment houses as the Berkeley, the Kensington, the Victoria, the Cambridge, the Bristol, the Brunswick, the Buckingham, the Holland, the Westminster, the Grosvenor, the Belgravia, the Grenoble, and a score of others. These have as denizens many of the swell New Yorkers.

Altogether, it would seem as if the cost of housekeeping were driving even wealthy people into hotels and apartment houses. This is an age of display—not to say an age of sham. Many people attempt to live beyond their means. And, for such, housekeeping is a yawning financial gulf.

Since his reconciliation with Rome, Dr. Edward McGlynn is inclined to retract some of his public utterances. In an address at Cooper Union some days ago, he denied that he had ever called the Pope an "old lady," an "old woman," or a "poor old hag of bones." But the spoken word as well as the written word sometimes remains. Here is the report of Dr. McGlynn's utterances as reported in the New York Herald of Monday, January 9, 1888:

"We want to see the day when we shall have a Pope who will kick in the mouth literally the man who is so debased as to come to kiss his foot. . . . One of the greatest humorists of the age, Prince Bismarck, had a quarrel with Spain about the Caroline Islands. The great humorist, wanting to get out of it gracefully, sent somebody to know if 'His Holiness' would kindly be the arbiter in this 'awful dispute.' And the Pope, the successor of Peter, was actually flattered by Bismarck and he fell in love with him, and there was actually a flirtation between Bismarck and the old lady. [Laughter.] Yes, the old lady—his very costume proclaims him as such. [Laughter.] . . . Let us not indulge in that brutal, fulsome, disgraceful flattery of a poor old bag of bones, seventy-eight years old, a poor, tottering, absent-minded old man, with one foot in the grave."

Here is an extract from the report of the Sun:

"The Pope in politics has been the curse of every nation. His power was revived lately in the Caroline Islands dispute, but it was a sort of opera-bouffe revival. Bismarck carried on a flirtation with the old lady—that is just what he looks like—and they exchanged pictures, and the old lady was highly flattered at being noticed.

"Is it not time for us to protest that it is no part of our religion to engage in adulation of a poor old bag of bones, seventy-eight years old, with one foot in the grave?"

The report of the Tribune contained the following:

"The Pope was flattered by the attention of Bismarck, and he fell in love with Bismarck. [Laughter.] There was a decided flirtation [laughter] between Bismarck and the old man—the old lady. [Laughter.] He would look more of a man with that stove-pipe hat and that frock-coat than he looks with his old white cap and gown, so that the average child, looking at his picture, would be very much tempted to say: 'Who is that old lady?' [Laughter.]

"Is it not time to say that it is no part of our religion to acknowledge all this outrageous, fulsome adulation and deification of the poor old bag of bones, seventy-eight years old, with one foot in the grave."

And the reporter of the World set down these words:

" . . . The Pope of to-day is flattered by the attention of that great humorist, Bismarck, who asked the Pope to be the arbiter of the opera-bouffe war which Bismarck had provoked with Spain. That figure, which looks like an old woman, was piled high with flattery, until he was made to think that he was holding the balance of power in the whole world. . . . Flattery had been piled on an inch thick all over that poor old bag of bones, seventy-six years old—a poor, absent-minded old man, who is made to think that he is the greatest of the Pontiffs."

Newspaper reporters are not, as a rule, very accurate, but Dr. McGlynn will find it difficult to explain away all of these reports of his utterances. The matter is not a very important one, but the Argonaut takes a keen interest in the truth of history.

"THEM TWO TWINS."

The twins were having a great time of it in their own Apache way. The world may seem big to a white boy of ten, but it is all out of doors to the brown boy of the desert, and especially if there are two of him; and most especially after a raid such as there had been that morning, when the white folks' blood had flowed as freely as water. For be it known that, because of the raid, there were wonderful new things to play with—the things that the white children's father had bought for his little ones last Christmas.

It was evident that the whole Thacker family had been "cleaned out." The Thackers had known that Geronimo had left the reservation and was tearing off scalps all over the country; but they had watched for him until they had grown weary; and in the early morning, when one sleeps so soundly on the desert, they had been set upon with true Apache fairness, and had, to all appearances, been wiped off the face of the earth—the whole six of them.

Of course the twins had not actually participated in the slaughter. They had been over the ridge with Squaw Mary, their mother, when it happened; but Father José had had a big bloody hand in it, so it was all in the family. And when the loot began the twins were not far away, and they scampered in among the ruins with the rest of the braves and took what they wanted.

So now they were making merry in Coyote Cañon, half a mile from the ash-pile that had once been the Thacker cabin, tooting little dead Johnny's trumpet and shaking the baby's rattle, while they flung bits of poor Mrs. Thacker's finery to the breeze. A strip of the dead woman's pink ribbon was tied around each bare, brown waist, and to it hung a silver-plated table-knife.

And they danced, yelled, and tooted, and rattled as only ten-year-old Apaches can, telling each other, over and over again, that the white folks were all dead—all dead, and that the brave Indians ruled the whole world.

But they were not all dead—not quite. Up behind that rock, twenty feet from where they stood, lay John Thacker himself, with a bullet in his leg and a great black hate in his heart, that alternated there with a terrible rawness that was the rawer because it was so very new. It was all so frightfully fresh, this awful scourge that had made raw his heart—all so frightfully fresh and new. If it were only the end of next month. But it was now. It must still be present to him, and perhaps forever, that awful picture. It was still before his eyes—he could see nothing else.

"And it ran down her side—poor dead Barb'ra's side—the blood of the poor little baby. And then they—they're all dead now—all five of my darlings."

Oh, how eye-searing was the picture, all set in red. Even when he covered his eyes, there was still before them that red. The whole world was red.

The sun crept around the edge of the rock and stabbed down upon his naked head and neck. He moved a little further aside, and, moving, the corner of his eye took in the twins. They were so near at hand and so unmistakably Apache that another shiver shot through him. It was only for an instant that his vision cleared, and then the red danced before him in great waves and blotches, and it was some little time before he could see the small Indians again. But unwinking stares and keenly shot glances did clear things up again, and he saw that the dread enemy was before him, making merry after their feast of blood.

"Why, it's them two twins of old Mary's," he said.

Then his leg drew up suddenly, for a great throb of pain shot through it and made him wince and groan.

"Wal, they're jest ordinary, common Apaches," he remembered, "and it won't be more'n a year or two before they'll be shootin' and cuttin' white folks."

He slid the barrel of his rifle over his body, turned a little on his left side, his elbow resting on the ground. The black, stubby barrel grated along the lip of the rock, sidling and dipping until the pin-point sight stood precisely on a fine imaginary line running from the man's right eye to the nearest twin's brown breast. The boy was blowing the trumpet in a desultory way, the newness of the thing having worn off. His black eyes were dancing under the tangled mat of black that crowned his ugly little head. In those eyes, the man behind the rock saw the same light that he had seen in the eyes of the slayers that morning, and his cheek hugged the butt of the rifle lovingly, while his forefinger reached forward an inch and hovered about the trigger. That the boy should still have stood there unharmed at the end of a minute was as astonishing to the man as it would have been to any on-looker who knew what was in his heart and could see the raw of it reflected in those blood-shot eyes. It was only the crook of a finger and the boy would be out of the way, and another bullet would be ready for his brother. But even as the tip of the finger moved the fraction of an inch and rested lightly on the trigger, there was a sharp whirr in the bunch of sage by the Apache's side, and the thick head of a rattlesnake circled slowly out and stopped in the centre of its coil, like the tongue of a Q.

"Just ready to strike," thought Thacker, "and save me the trouble and the—— But 'Paches generally knows 'nough to keep out of the way of rattlers. The trumpet must have drowned the warnin'."

The snake's head swayed a little, and a breeze moved the leaves of the sage-clump lightly. Then a figure stole across the cañon and drew near to the boy. The young savage saw it, but he paid no heed. It was only his mother, and he held her in the contempt that all Apaches hold women. Squaw Mary was as squat and dirty as any desert native, and her stone jug of a face could be read no easier. But something of expression had come to her as she sprang over the gray sand. She had seen the rattlesnake.

The man behind the rock saw that look, and saw that the flame of death would flash from the sage-clump before she could snatch the boy away, for he seemed deaf to all signs, and was bent only on showing his mother how he could shiver the air with that wonderful horn.

By moving the muzzle of the rifle a quarter of an inch, it covered the fangy knob that stuck from out the coil. Thacker knew that the death-stroke would come the instant the boy should move his foot, and that all the mother's effort would go for naught. She was close on now, panting and holding out her hands, while the big bead-eyes under the thick, black bang were full of mother-love and mother-fear.

"Zip!" went Thacker's lead, and down fell the "rattler's" head, while the coil writhed in the sand.

Squaw Mary grasped the boy's arm and shook him as if rousing him from sleep, glancing meanwhile toward the rock from which the rifle-smoke drifted sharply away. Then she reached for the other twin, and, knocking their black heads together in her rush, she ran them down the cañon and out of sight behind a wall of rocks.

And then Thacker saw what he had done, and knew that his life hung on an Apache's sense of gratitude. Well, he had snatched a human being out of a deadly danger, and—again the picture took on that awful red. His darlings, his own—all dead.

The afternoon wore away, and the welcome darkness in which he would drag himself forth and away to Ranch 13 was gathering at last. Yes, he could go even now, for there was a deep shadow on the side of the cañon where he lay, and it would be hard even for Apache eyes to see a man in dark clothes crawling along on the brown rocks. He buckled on his cartridge-belt, took another twist in the improvised tourniquet he had fastened so tightly to his leg just above the bullet-hole, grasped his Winchester, and raised himself upon his knees. Then he paused. Could they see him? He might be a human blur on the side of the rock, but that would be enough for a "sight"—all an Apache needed. The mere blur, the mere scratch, was enough for a "sight."

"Shaw! I'm gettin' as skeery as a woman. It's all nonsense," he thought.

He put one hand out upon the sand to crawl forth. The sharp voice of a rifle spoke abruptly, and he felt a brisk pinch in his shoulder, where the bullet struck. He dodged down again behind the rock, but not too quickly to see dark forms rushing toward him. He pressed closely down against the earth and tried to slip his rifle to his shoulder, but the right hand was heavy as lead and as prickly as if it clutched a battery-pole. His left hand—that was free, and it grasped the handle of the revolver in his belt.

But there was a tight grip on his arm, and an Apache knife glittered before his eyes. How large it seemed, how keen of edge. Just as it was drawn across his throat, a bead bent over from behind the dark forms that held him down, and he saw in the starlight the stolid, stone-jug face of Squaw Mary.

At her side stood the "two twins." F. B. MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1893.

An interesting series of observations of dreams, by two persons, formed the principal topic of an address by Dr. E. C. Sanford, of Clark University, before the American Psychological Society recently. He said in effect:

The observers during six weeks had three hundred and fifty dreams, of which they took notes. The records showed that most of the dreams occurred after four o'clock in the morning; that the most vivid, long, and connected occurred in the morning; fully ninety per cent. were concerning the affairs of the day, while the remainder were fanciful. Only ten per cent. could be attributed with certainty to external stimulation, and there appeared to be no difference in the character of morning and evening dreams. Visual imagery dominated over auditory imagery to the proportion of ten to six. Dr. Sanford found no justification for the belief that reason, will, and attention are dormant during sleep. The two observers differed as to the emotions dominating their dreams, one of them having uniformly pleasant experiences, while the other's dreams were generally disagreeable. The speaker concluded that "we dream most of those things which we have actually experienced;" and that the sensory element is the largest, a small associatory element being built up from it. In the discussion which followed, a comparison of experiences brought out the fact that none of the auditory dreams observed were musical in character. Another series of experiments was made at the psychological laboratory of Clark University to test the daily variations of the human intellect by committing syllables to memory. The measurements showed mental force to be strongest before breakfast in the morning, in the middle of the morning, afternoon, and evening, in the order named. Before the noon and evening meals intellectual energy sank low, recovering gradually afterward. At ten or eleven o'clock in the evening it was at its lowest ebb.

The reason why there are more blonde than brunette type-writers is because the descendants of those who came from northern countries, or the northern provinces of central countries—Germans, Scotch, Swedes, north country English, Danes, Normandy or Flanders French—are usually better educated than those from the south, the prevailing color of hair in which is dark. It is not because dye is cheap or any improvement in appearance is necessary.

The prevalent idea that the oldest university is in Europe is incorrect. In the tenth and eleventh centuries, the university at Fez, Africa, was almost the only seat of Arabic and Christian learning in the world. Before universities existed in Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Padua, or Bologna, students flocked to Fez from Andalusia, France, and even England, and Fez is to-day the principal western seat of Mohammedan theology.

Dr. Henry G. Byer, surgeon in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., tested the breathing capacity and the leg, arm, and back strength of five foot-ball teams, and made a formula for the strength of each team, and he concludes that the result of the game is determined by the absolute strength of the team. On the strength of this it may be assumed that skill is of little consequence in foot-ball.

The Vatican has just declined to receive as the new Minister from Spain the author Juan Valera, well known to Washington and to American readers at large, on the ground that his novels, "Doña Luz" and "Pepita Ximenez," heretical books, contain attacks on religion.

OLD FAVORITES.

Ad Chloe, M. A.
(Fresh from her Examination.)
Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
And your nose;
And your brow is like the snow,
And the various things you know,
Goodness knows.
And the rose-flush on your cheek,
And your algebra and Greek,
Perfect are.
And that loving, lustrous eye
Recognizes in the sky
Every star.
You have pouting, piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
Calculate.
But for your cerulean hue,
I had certainly from you
Met my fate.
If by an arrangement dual,
I were Adams mixed with Whewell,
Then some day,
I, as wooer, perhaps might come
To so sweet an Artium
Magistra.

Chloe, M. A.
Ad Amanten Suum.
Careless rhymist, it is true
That my favorite color's blue.
But am I
To be made a victim, sir,
If to pudding I prefer
The Greek *pi*?
If with giddy girls I play
Croquet through the summer day
On the turf,
Then at night ('tis no great boon)
Let me study how the moon
Sways the surf.
Tennyson's idyllic verse
Surely suits me none the worse
If I seek
Old Sicilian birds and bees—
Music of sweet Sophocles—
Golden Greek.
You have said my eyes are blue;
There may be a fairer hue,
Perhaps—and yet
It is surely not a sin
If I keep my secret in
Violet.—Mortimer Collins.

Lilian.
Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Clasps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can.
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.
When my passion seeks
Pleasure in love's sighs,
She, looking through and through me,
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks;
So innocent, arch—so cunning, simple,
From beneath her gathered wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lighting laughter dimple
The baby roses in her cheeks—
Then away she flies.
Pray thee weep, May Lilian;
Gayer without eclipse
Weariest me, May Lilian,
Through my very heart it trilleth,
When from crimson-threaded lip
Silver trebled laughter trilleth,
Pray thee weep, May Lilian.
Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.—Alfred Tennyson.

An Idyt in the Conservatory.

"Romprons nous,
Ou ne romprons-nous pas?"—LE DEBIT AMOUREUX.
SHE—"If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you."

HE—"If I were you, when persons I affected,
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would at least pretend I recollected,
If I were you."

SHE—"If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with odious Miss McTavish,
If I were you."

HE—"If I were you, who vow you can not suffer
Whiff of the best, the mildest 'Honey-Dew,'
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you."

SHE—"If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the Cynical Review—"
HE—"No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter
If I were you!"

SHE—"Really, you would? Why, Frank, you're quite delightful—
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue,
Borrow my fan—I would not look so frightful,
If I were you."

HE—"It is the cause—I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you."

SHE—"Go, if you will, at once, and by express, sir.
Where shall it be—to China, or Peru?
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you."

HE—"No—I remain: to stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do.
Ah, you are strong. I would not then be cruel,
If I were you."

SHE—"One does not like one's feelings to be doubted—"
HE—"One does not like one's friends to misconstrue."
SHE—"If I confess that I a wee bit pouted—"
HE—"I should admit that I was piqued, too."
SHE—"Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you."

(WALTZ—ENEUNT.)

—Austin Dobson.

LADY PLAYFAIR.

"Piccadilly" describes Another Briton's American Bride.

American women, as a rule, when they become the wives of Englishmen, take a deep interest in the particular career which fate or fortune has prescribed for their husbands. Lady Playfair is one of the two best-known Anglo-American women whose influence is more recognized as a factor in politics than as a leader in London society.

As Miss Edith Russell, the eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel H. Russell, of Boston, she was married to her husband a little more than fourteen years ago, in October, 1878. Dr. Playfair, at that time, though he had not yet been even knighted, was already an acknowledged and well-known member of the Liberal party, of which the "Grand Old Man" is the head, and was regarded, as he is now, as one of the most advanced of thinkers on all questions of the day. It was, therefore, a most interesting circle to which he introduced his young wife, while she, on her part, inheriting from her mother's family the old colonial blood of the Walters and Lyndes, of Salem, and with no less honorable descent on her father's side, has been found well fitted to her station. Her influence became distinctly felt soon after her marriage, and her drawing-room has long been celebrated as one where intellectual, as well as political, men come together in friendship and good-fellowship. Not, however, that Lady Playfair herself poses in any way as a *femme politique*—far from it. She has, in fact, like her contemporary, Lady Randolph Churchill, a most decided aversion to being thought to occupy such a position; but at the same time, as the wife of an advanced Liberal, she makes strenuous efforts to uphold her husband's principles, and to gather about her such friends as are best suited to accord with his position.

Lady Playfair stands to him in the position of May to December, but husband and wife, in their tastes, are admirably adapted the one for the other. The lady is more than ordinarily fond of study and reading, and is thoroughly "well up" in all the questions of the day; but there is no show or brilliancy about the *ménage*, while the entertaining is all the better done, because it is done quietly and sensibly, without the fierce glare of trumpets which heralds the efforts of many other hostesses in society. In appearance, Lady Playfair is slight and of average height, while she has an unusually bright, expressive, and pleasant face.

Her home is in South Kensington, far away from all the bustle and ruck of London life. The library, which is on the ground floor, is her favorite room, where she and her husband mostly sit when alone, surrounded by the hooks of the moment—magazines, and reviews, and literature of all sorts, English, American, and Continental. It is a long room, running the width of the house, decorated in varying crimson tones, and looking out on quiet Onslow Gardens. In the deep bow-window is placed Lord Playfair's large writing-table of black oak, the place of honor on it being naturally accorded to a massive silver inkstand, the gift of the Prince of Wales. Along two sides of the room are book-cases filled to overflowing with books of all ages and editions; below one is a quaint couch, with square, adjustable ends, and about the room stand chairs, some in black oak and others with peculiar tapestry backs. On the walls hang some old mezzo-tints and several paintings, with an excellent portrait by Pickersgill of Lord Playfair. There is, also, an old print of that somewhat irascible divine, Dr. Cotton Mather—an ancestor, by the way, of Lady Playfair—whose is remarkable from the fact that the plate from which it was struck off in 1727 was the first one ever made in America.

Upstairs are the two drawing-rooms, separated only by a single arch. The coloring and decoration of the rooms are distinctly French of Louis the Sixteenth period, as reproduced in England in the best work of Adams and Chippendale. The walls are of clear, bright turquoise, toned by a dado of white enameled wood; the archway is draped with rich portières, and an old Sberaton cabinet stands on one side of the fire-place, its companion on the other side being of French origin. Above the chimney-piece hangs an old mirror in a white frame, supported by candle girondelles of white enamel, beneath which stand some beautiful specimens of old Crown Derby. The chairs, couches, and sofas are covered with dainty brocades; tall, white standards of graceful form hold candelabra, and various screens of brocade and glass make inviting, cozy corners. The chief feature of the rooms, however, is the rare collection of old colored prints on the walls. Each in itself is a gem and a study, and each has been chosen with the greatest care. They are for the most part of the English school, though now and then a French one has been introduced, and they embrace examples of the period when that lost art, colored stippling, had reached the acme of perfection.

In the second drawing-room all the pictures are mezzo-tints, framed in narrow, white bands. In it, also, stands a small glass cabinet, the abode of all Lord Playfair's orders and decorations, among them the orders of the Knight Commander of the Bath, the Northern Star of Sweden, the Francis Joseph of Austria, the Legion of Honor of France, the Knight of Wurtemberg, and the Immaculate Conception of Portugal. Near the door are two fans belonging to Lady Playfair's great-great-grandmother, one of which was used at the high revels at Boston Government House on the eve of St. Botolph's Day, 1775, the dawning of which saw the commencement at Bunker Hill of the American revolution.

On the staircase, within the alcove that forms the landing, are two beautiful vases presented by the first Emperor William of Germany to Lord Playfair, which were manufactured specially for him at the Royal Berlin Works; and here, too, in an old cabinet, are some old English ceramics, chief among them being three little urn-shaped vases of the Flite period, bearing the almost priceless mark of the manufacturer's name.

Like most of her countrywomen over here, though giving

most of her energies to the interests of the country of her adoption, Lady Playfair has a very warm corner in her heart for her native land, with which she keeps thoroughly in touch by yearly visits. She is, indeed, on your side of the big ferry at the present moment. To her zeal and forethought her native city owes the four rare and unique mezzo-tint portraits of colonial governors, which form a leading feature in the archives of the Boston Society.

Lyon, Lord Playfair, has been for many years a *persona grata* at court. Forty-two years ago he assisted the Prince Consort to realize the latter's idea of a grand national exhibition. Perhaps it is to his readiness to serve the royalties that Lord Playfair is indebted for his latest opportunity to serve the nation. Into all the socio-philanthropic projects of royalty has been imported. His opinions, always sound, because matured and authoritative, because oracularly expressed, made him a valuable aid to the benevolence of the queen and of her son. So, it would seem, Mr. Gladstone, in nominating him for a peerage as a preliminary to his appointment to the queen's household, knew that his personal popularity at Marlborough House and Windsor would gild his adoption of the widely believed heresy of home rule.

LONDON, January 2, 1893.

PICCADILLY.

A very striking picture of the recent "cold snap" in New York harbor is presented in a recent article by J. D. Jerrold Kelley in *Harper's Weekly*. He says:

"Around and about the holiday week all the ships bound for this port from the southward or eastward had caught the fury of these gales, and by the twenty-fourth fifteen or more well-formed and stanch steamers were overdue. Slowly they began in dismal files to struggle into port, each with its tale of disaster and misery. Among the first to arrive was the *Saale*, and a memorable picture she made, as, sheathed in ice and decked with icicles, white-armored from truck to water-line, and gleaming and glistening in the wan, wintry sun, she steamed quietly up the bay to her anchorage. Her gear was tense as silvery harp strings; bow and figure-head were agleam with frozen masses that no friendly 'harbor grace' could ward; and bulwarks, counter, and taffrail shone as resplendent as might those of a fairy ship out of elf-land."

"The white mass, with a ripple of half-frozen tide under her bow, and a smother of bubbling foam astern of her churning screw and about her ice-littered wake, gave a picturesque quality to the Christmas morning and added a new grace to the season. The slow dipping of her ensign, bent to the stiffened halyards in response to the welcome of other signals, told what her voyage had been; and when, at last, the pier was reached, the full meaning of the perils passed and of the happy ending must have made the day appeal tenderly to every soul on board. Her voyage had, indeed, been a hard one from the day she left Bremerhaven. In the North Sea, heavy gales buffeted her, and in mid-Atlantic, after a brief period of interposed and uncanny calm, a squall blew out of the west, followed by a gale that waxed and waned until the twentieth, when it developed into a blizzard of the fiercest nature. For twenty-three hours the ship had been lying to, and when she was headed on her course again, the snow was so thick that scarce the vessel's length could be seen ahead, and the wind was so strong that the engines could scarcely open a fairway. Heavy seas poured on board, and, on the nineteenth, three of the starboard life-boats came inboard with a crash, carrying davit and strongback, and crushing a massive ventilator that seemed fit to resist artillery."

"As the water fell on deck it froze, in some places several inches thick, and to those whose duties called them on deck and above the rail it was a most trying season of physical and mental suffering. Most of the deck people had their hands frost-bitten, sleep or rest was out of the question for the officers, and through the long watches of the snow-felled day and the black nights they skirted the edges of the Banks, headed clear of the Georges, groping their way slowly and anxiously into port. Gale followed gale, and it was not until the land was made on Christmas morning that the burden imposed on all hands, fore and aft, was lightened."

"Other ships, equally battered and bruised, crawled into the harbor, and each had similar tales of trouble to tell. Vessels from the other side of the line caught the Gulf Stream storm, and Spanish-American passengers who had sported their summer hats in the Caribbean and along the Florida reefs, and knew of ice only as a luxury, tumbled in one night out of the semi-tropics into the polar seas. Imagine what a cold Spanish-American can be, and yet, as I have seen them, all description fails me. Traffic on the Great Sounds came to a standstill, and vessels bound around the Shoals were unable, either under steam or sail, to make a haven, and had to stand for the open, and take it out in a fashion their crews will not forget to their dying day. One vessel, the *Laurestina*, had the mixture of water and alcohol in her compass-bowls so frozen that the needles became as useless as the dumbest of dumb rope-yarns, and it was only by running into a clear night and a steady breeze that the steamer's much-astonished skipper was able to get a fairly decent landfall."

Some very eerie stories are being told in Paris and London papers about recent hypnotic experiments in the former city. The most remarkable of these plain "accounts of scientific facts" are about certain weird experiments by Dr. Luys, at the Charité Hospital, on the "exteriorization" of the human body. One woman subject's corporeal body was so completely exteriorized that Dr. Luys was able to transfer her sensibility into a tumbler of water. The tumbler was taken out of sight of the hypnotized subject and a reporter present was asked to touch the water. He placed his finger in the water and the woman started as though in pain. The experiment was tried successfully on several subjects. The water retained the sensibility for a considerable time, and if drunk before the sensibility was exhausted the patient fell into a deadly swoon. Dr. Luys, it is further related, was also able to confirm the discovery made by Colonel Roche, administrator of the Ecole Polytechnique, that it is possible to transfer the sensibility of a hypnotized subject to the negative of a photograph of the patient. In such experiments the subject not only felt, but showed signs of any mark made on the negative. In Colonel Roche's experiments the negative was scratched with a pin, and the subject would wince with apparent pain, and almost immediately a mark would show on the bands similar to those made with the pin on the negative. Dr. Luys is said to have tried this experiment at the Charité Hospital with considerable success.

The Butte *Inter-Mountain* does not believe in allowing its readers to puzzle over unusual abbreviations. Over a dispatch relating to "Mgr." Satolli, which it printed the other day, it had the words "Manager Satolli" in big black letters; and now the Butte people believe that the gentleman in question is the "manager" of His Holiness.

The population of London now exceeds that of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Chicago combined, and these four are the only American cities baving one million or more inhabitants.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Kbedive of Egypt uses a type-writer, and is so pleased with the instrument that it is said he has conferred the honor of the Medjidie on the inventor.

Gladstone was born in the same year as Abraham Lincoln. The name of Lincoln now seems almost enshrined in ancient history. Yet Gladstone is still engaged in the difficult task of contemporary statesmanship.

Colonel Chiles, of Missouri, wants to be Minister to Siam again, and points with pride to the fact that when there before, he maintained a United States legation pure and simple. His successor, Dr. Sempronius Boyd, is accused of running a dentist's office as an annex to the legation.

Theodore Tilton was among the distinguished guests at Minister Coolidge's new-year reception in Paris. The world had almost forgotten him, but he puts himself in evidence occasionally. He spends all his time in Paris, and it is said to be his firm purpose never to see his native land again.

The father of Dr. Cornelius Herz, who years ago lived at Worms, Germany, and removed to France, where he was arrested, tried, and acquitted of alleged fraudulent bankruptcy, turned up unannounced at Worms last year in the rôle of a millionaire. He told his old friends that he owed his fortune to the liberality of his son.

The Chicago *Tribune* says: "Wilson G. Hunt, who died in New York the other day, believed in a gold reserve. He left eight hundred thousand dollars in boarded gold." This sum would weigh about thirty-three hundred pounds, or over a ton and a half. Where did Wilson keep it? He must have had a gold cellar as well as a coal cellar.

Mr. M. L. Woodbridge, who won the Boston *Globe's* five dollars a week for life for his close guess at the popular vote for President, has made a great record as a guesser, having also won a trip to Chicago, while he is a disputed winner of a trip to Europe. In the *Globe's* contest he bought ten thousand copies and made that number of guesses.

Dr. S. D. Darbshire, the stroke of the Oxford crew in 1869, is dead. In his prime, which was before the introduction of the sliding seat, few stroke oars were superior to him in swing and regularity, and for three successive years he stroked the Oxford eight. Dr. Darbshire was only about forty-five, and for several years had been in failing health—two facts of interest to those who claim that athletes, and particularly oarsmen, are short-lived.

Charles de Lesseps at the Mazas Prison has to make his bed, clean up his cell, and wash his dishes. He must find the luncheon and dinner hours dreadfully inconvenient and disgustingly unfashionable. Lunch at half-past nine and dinner at half-past four! And then to bed at seven! What a life for a man of the world. The captives resent being forced to ride to and from the Palais de Justice in the "black Maria," which in Parisian slang is known as the "salad-basket."

Mr. Webb, late United States Consul at Manila, who became a convert to Islamism and recently threw up his post to engage in the work of making all Americans Mohammedans, is reported to have been successful beyond all expectation in procuring large sums of money for his mission. Before he even entered Hyderabad, ten thousand rupees were promised there for his work, and now that he is there, it is expected the enthusiasm of the wealthy Mohammedans of the city will easily double that sum. In Bombay, over ten thousand rupees were subscribed, and the Mohammedans of Calcutta and Rangoon have furnished about twenty thousand rupees. It is not stated when Mr. Webb will open his crusade here.

Mr. O'Connor, the new British Minister to China, claims descent from the Irish king Roderick O'Connor. There were two families making such pretensions, not many years ago, and one tried to prevent the other from spelling its name with only one *n*. A discussion was carried on in the local newspapers, which, from its great length and the subject-matter of dispute, acquired the name of the "A-less" correspondence. The quarrel increased in acrimony, until at last it was determined that the point in dispute should be referred to the arbitration of Ulster King-at-Arms, Sir Bernard Burke. This diplomatic personage finally decided that the two families had a common ancestor, and that the two lines might, as they pleased, use one or two *n's*.

Renan left so small a private fortune that his widow is forced to sell his library, and will dispose of it at the beginning of next year, while waiting for Parliament to provide her with a pension. Renan's life-long friend, M. Berthelot, says that the philosopher left the world almost as poor as on the day he quitted St. Sulpice to begin the struggle of life. In our land of well-paid college professors it will be of interest to learn that Renan's salary as a professor in the Collège de France was only two thousand dollars a year, five per cent. of which was deducted for a pension. Yet there was no other theological lecturer in the French Republic who attracted so many listeners to his class-room, or gave his college so wide a reputation abroad.

People are asking why M. Cornelius Herz was raised to the rank of grand officer of the Légion of Honor. His rank in the order is the same as that of many of the leading statesmen of Europe; and if the Panama hubbly had not burst, he would have received the grand cross, which marks the highest grade, and would thus have been placed on the same level as the Emperor of Russia, the Prince of Wales, and several other sovereigns and princes of the blood. M. de Freycinet has admitted that he promoted M. Herz grand officer on the recommendation of others, who said that his experiments in the transmission of electrical force were very remarkable. His experiments in the transmission of another kind of force were much more remarkable.

THE MICROBE OF DEATH.

How a German Scientist nearly Depopulated the Globe.

One day, at the close of December, 1935, Professor Hermann Bakermann returned home joyously, walking as rapidly as his generous embonpoint permitted through the peaceful streets of the town of Brunnwald. After long research, Professor Hermann Bakermann had finally found the means of creating a new microbe, more powerful than all the microbes yet known.

During the last half-century, the science of microbes had made extraordinary progress. A celebrated Frenchman, Louis Pasteur, had, toward the middle of the nineteenth century, been the first to prove that there exist certain minute beings which penetrate surreptitiously into the body of man or of animals. He had given the name of "microbes" to these perfidious parasites; he had even indicated ingenious processes for recognizing them, gathering them, and cultivating them. But now, in 1935, Pasteur's works were far surpassed. The impetus that he had given was continued by all the savants of Europe, America, Australia, and even Africa.

Hermann Bakermann, while a young man, had ardently taken up the study of the microbic science, and, later on, when he became professor, had built the ideal laboratory. Here he lived among his bottles and broths, in which he cultivated his microbes. In order not to be infected by his poisons, he had taken all the necessary precautions. By a series of graduated vaccinations, he had finally rendered himself almost invulnerable.

However, as everybody was not so well protected as he, Professor Bakermann had taken care to have constructed at the extremity of his laboratory a special room, which he jokingly called the infernal chamber, and which he allowed no one to approach. This little room, warmed and lighted by electricity, was furnished with powerful disinfecting apparatuses, and the prudent Bakermann never came out of it without first having purified himself by the most active antiseptic fumigations.

As I have said, the problem that he had so long studied was at last solved. The ways of rendering destructive microbes inoffensive were well known; but this was only one part of the problem. Bakermann had found the way to render inoffensive microbes destructive. When I say destructive, I do not mean moderately destructive, but terrible, deadly, irresistible. The microbes thus far known killed their victims only in a day, or in half a day at quickest, and possessed little vitality. A mere nothing weakened them or rendered them harmless. The problem was, therefore, to have a virus that would kill in an hour with the hundredth or thousandth part of a drop, so that no living being could escape. Above all—and this was the most delicate point—this terrible microbe ought to have strong resisting power against the remedies that doctors would invent.

By means of his perfected cultures and certain secret electrical processes, Bakermann had transformed the common microbe of rancid butter to a terribly destructive microbe. The hundredth part of a drop killed a big dog in two hours and a half; a single drop could kill three thousand rabbits in two hours.

There is no fruit that does not conceal a poisonous worm, no rose that has not a troublesome thorn. For the illustrious Bakermann the poisonous worm and the treacherous thorn was Mrs. Josephine Bakermann. She had never been able to understand the microbic science. Mrs. Bakermann detested microbes. She hated one other thing—the beer-shop. The greatest men have a weak point, and Professor Bakermann's weakness was the beer-shop.

When Bakermann succeeded in reaching the door, he was safe. He returned home late, his head a little heavy, but satisfied with himself, and submitted in silence to the avalanche of bitter words poured out by his wife.

Nevertheless, he did not lose all hopes, for Mrs. Bakermann usually fell asleep after dinner, and the professor basely profited by this nap to slip out of the house. So he ate his dinner with a good appetite, and paid no attention to Josephine's clamor. And yet, Josephine, more irritable than ever, declared solemnly to her husband that if he went out that evening, she would break into the infernal chamber and overturn everything.

Bakermann simply sighed and raised his eyes to heaven. He did not trouble himself much about his wife's threat. It was the same story every evening, and thus far Mrs. Bakermann had never dared to cross the redoubtable threshold of the infernal chamber.

After dinner, tired of quarreling, Mrs. Bakermann fell asleep in her chair.

"The Keller isn't far from here," thought Bakermann; "I will go and say a few words to Caesar Puck, and tell him the good news. Josephine will remain where she is for at least an hour, and when I return I shall find her asleep in the same place."

Thereupon, walking upon the tips of his toes, Professor Bakermann reached the ante-chamber, put on his cloak and hat, and went out.

Yes, Caesar Puck, Valerien, Grossgeld, and Rodolphe Muller were there, faithfully at their post. They uttered a joyous hurrah when they saw their illustrious friend enter.

"There is something new!" cried Puck; "you have your old-time smile!"

"Yes," replied Bakermann; "my boys, I have got hold of my microbe, and I call it *mortifulgurans*."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Muller; "I knew that you would discover it. But come, a glass of beer, and let us play a game."

The beer had never seemed so excellent or the game of piquet so interesting. However, the hours passed away as game succeeded game and back followed back. Finally, Bakermann drank to the health of the *mortifulgurans* and took leave of his friends. But his head was heavy and his step tottering.

Mrs. Bakermann was in bed asleep, or appearing to sleep, and the professor himself was soon in the land of dreams. However, toward six o'clock in the morning, he was obliged to half open an eye. Mrs. Bakermann shook him violently. "Hermann!" she said; "Hermann!"

He made believe that he did not hear, and, in fact, he scarcely did hear, for the fumes of the beer still stupefied him.

"Hermann! Hermann!"

"Can't you let me sleep?"

Mrs. Bakermann had been taken with terrible pains. She sat up, her face deathly pale and her eyes haggard.

"Ring for Theresa, my dear," he said, in a drowsy tone, and at the same time he pulled the bell-cord, and immediately fell asleep again.

Mrs. Bakermann suffered more and more, and, when the servant came, she was frightened at seeing her mistress.

"Mr. Bakermann, Mr. Bakermann, your wife is very ill!" cried Theresa.

This time Bakermann woke up entirely. Mrs. Bakermann was, in fact, very ill.

"Go and call Dr. Rothbein," he said to Theresa, "and on your way back get some morphine and quinine at the apothecary's."

Mrs. Bakermann's hands were now entirely cold, her face violet, and her pupils frightfully distended.

"Pardon me, my dear," she said, in a sweet, weak voice, "for I feel that I am dying, and dying by my own fault. I went, I dared—"

"What?" asked the professor, in an agonizing tone.

"You know—the infernal chamber—the infernal chamber! Well—"

"Well—speak, speak!"

She was not able to finish. A frightful spasm closed her lips.

"The infernal chamber!" murmured Bakermann. "Speak, Josephine, I beseech you!"

But Josephine could not reply. She had lost consciousness. Shocks of agony agitated her icy limbs. Then she fell into a profound torpor.

At this moment Professor Rothbein arrived. He was Bakermann's friend, and was celebrated for his irreproachable diagnostics. He examined the sick woman for some moments, and then shook his head with a sorrowful air.

"Well?"

"Ah, my poor friend, have courage, have courage!"

"What is this terrible malady?" Bakermann found strength to ask.

Rothbein reflected for a moment; then, after a new and minute examination, said:

"It is a very rare malady, and one that is seldom found in Europe; it is the *koussmi-koussmi*, from the Kingdom of Dahomey."

"Really?" said Bakermann. In spite of all, he was relieved of a great weight, for he felt a secret terror that he did not dare avow to himself.

"It is the *koussmi-koussmi*," repeated Rothbein, with a firm conviction; "all the symptoms are striking; the suddenness of the beginning, the paleness of the face, the expanding of the pupils, spasms, chills, and torpor."

He would have continued the list, if Mrs. Bakermann had not at that instant expired.

It was eight o'clock in the morning, and already every one in the house knew of the disastrous event. Little Theresa, going to the apothecary-shop, could not keep from telling about the affair to two or three old women. A crowd had begun to assemble, and already discussed the cause of the malady.

As for Bakermann, he was plunged in a profound sorrow. But his sorrow was nothing beside his anxiety. Rothbein's coolness and assurance had diminished some vague fears. However, Josephine had spoken of the infernal chamber. Why? He rushed to the laboratory. The door of the infernal chamber was open, and Bakermann saw that some one had touched the closet where the microbes were kept, and had searched among the bottles. An imprudent hand had even overturned the bottle where the terrible *mortifulgurans* vegetated.

There could no longer be any doubt. Mrs. Bakermann, notwithstanding the solemn oburgations of her husband, had dared to penetrate into this retreat and overturn the bottle of the *mortifulgurans*!

The greatest of misfortunes must be averted at any price. A terrible microbe had invaded Mrs. Bakermann's body, and now, by a rapid contagion, would spread over the entire city. Bakermann himself had nothing to fear, he was too well vaccinated to be attacked. But the others? And Bakermann trembled at the thought that Rothbein, Theresa, and the neighbors were to become victims of the *mortifulgurans*. Who knew that, even from that—Hermann Bakermann did not dare to allow his thoughts to wander as far as this frightful supposition.

He returned to his house and began an energetic disinfection of the whole building. But what was the use? Toward ten o'clock, Theresa began to feel an intense headache. Then she had an attack of shivering, then spasms. At the end of two hours, the malady had made frightful progress, so much so that at noon the unfortunate Theresa expired.

Bakermann watched this horrible agony with a dry eye. Yes, it was the *mortifulgurans*. There was no longer any doubt. Not one of the symptoms was wanting! What vitality, however, in this microbe! And, in spite of his agony, Bakermann could not help admiring, with all the pride of an artist, the conquering march of his microbe.

In three hours all was over. First the nervous system, then the breathing, then the temperature, and finally the heart. It was methodical, punctual, inexorable. Neither quinine nor morphine could do anything. Ah, yes! the *mortifulgurans* was vivacious and irresistible, and all the doctors' drugs would not demolish it.

What was to be done? Stop the propagation of the mischief? That was impossible. Then allow it to follow its victorious march? That would be madness. It

would be a monstrosity surpassing all that could be conceived. Bakermann knew his *mortifulgurans*. He knew that nothing could make it give way. It was a real microbe, as superior to the others as the electric light is to a miserable candle. So be it! The die is cast! The *mortifulgurans* would spread throughout the world!

In the evening there had already been seventeen deaths in the town. The apothecary's clerk at three o'clock, then Rothbein at four o'clock, then two of the apothecary's customers at five o'clock, four of Rothbein's patients at six o'clock, five other customers of the apothecary, and four neighbors.

The local journal thus announced the appearance of this terrible epidemic:

"We regret to inform our readers that a terrible malady, coming from the Orient, has fallen upon our industrious town. At the hour of going to press, seventeen deaths have occurred, and we hear that there is a large number of sick in the different quarters of the town. The malady appears suddenly and kills in a few hours, baffling all the resources of therapeutics. It is probably a microbe, which has not yet been studied; however, competent authorities assert that the disease is the *koussmi-koussmi*, a sort of infectious pest which reigns at Dahomey. How this malady was introduced into Brunnwald is a mystery; but the facility of communication between Germany and Africa may be urged as an explanation. Still, it is singular that the intermediary countries have not been touched. Our hygienists will, no doubt, promptly solve the question. At all events, the disease is a terrible one. We rely upon the science of our doctors to cure it and upon the good sense of the population to avoid all discouragement and panic."

Professor Bakermann, however, was plunged in a profound despair. The death of Mrs. Bakermann was certainly a great sorrow; but, after all, his wife was mortal, and, with time, even a bereaved husband finds consolation. What was more horrible, and defying all expression of horror, was the spreading of the epidemic.

Bakermann tried to reflect, but the ideas whirled about in his head. What could be done, the *mortifulgurans* being invincible? Ordinarily, in an epidemic, all those who are attacked do not die; there are some who can be cured, and there are others who succeed in avoiding the contagion. The malady runs its course and then stops, while the microbe, becoming weaker, is less and less dangerous. But in the present case there was nothing of the kind to be hoped. The *mortifulgurans* would not grow weaker. On the contrary, it would gather new strength in disseminating itself throughout the world; it was too vigorous, too robust, and too well constituted to grow weak. Humanity would be forced to disappear.

Suddenly a new thought flashed across his mind. It was one of those sublime conceptions that throw their blinding light over the entire soul. "I have found it! I have found it!" he cried. "My *mortifulgurans* has been cultivated upon negative electricity; positive electricity ought to kill it immediately. It is fatal—absolutely fatal—as certain as two and two make four. With positive electricity it would be destroyed, crushed, pulverized. It would become as inoffensive as it was at first, when I extracted it from rancid butter. It would be still more inoffensive. With positive electricity the world would be saved, humanity would not disappear, and the name of Bakermann would be gratefully blessed by innumerable future generations—for there would be future generations. Come, Bakermann, set yourself to work. You have done a great deal of harm, but you can repair it; you are even the only one who can repair it. To destroy the *mortifulgurans* needs the work of the man who created it."

However, the epidemic spread rapidly. First of all in Brunnwald, where in nearly every house there was at least one person attacked, and the invalids were immediately in a desperate state. No remedy stopped the march of the scourge. There was universal consternation. No one dared to go out of the house. The authorities spread torrents of carbolic acid throughout the town.

The telegraphic news was very grave. On the morning of December 23d, there had already been ten deaths at Berlin. A passenger from Brunnwald had contaminated the seven travelers who were in the same third-class car as himself, and they had all died, leaving behind them the contagion of the terrible plague. The rapidity with which this microbe developed, prevented all prophylactic measures. No possible quarantine could be established at the frontiers. In twelve hours, rapid trains could go from Cadiz to St. Petersburg. It was no longer as it was in the nineteenth century, when sixty miles an hour were considered fast traveling. Thus, in one night, the whole of Europe was poisoned. Brunnwald was half annihilated; Berlin, Vienna, and Munich were infected in all quarters; Paris, London, Rome, and St. Petersburg were overrun. Such was the condition at the present hour.

However, Bakermann worked all night, and in the morning the inhabitants of Brunnwald found an immense bill posted on the market-place:

PROFESSOR BAKERMANN
CURES THE KOUSSMI-KOUSSMI BY ELECTRICITY.

If Bakermann used the word *koussmi-koussmi*, it was by a cowardly concession to public opinion. In fact, the public, the journals, the savants, and the doctors spoke of nothing but the *koussmi-koussmi*. Any other name would not have been understood. Bakermann had therefore resolved, although not without bitterness, to employ the common expression. He regretted the term *mortifulgurans*, which he had selected with so much care. After all, he had the right to give to his microbe the name he preferred; but as he wished to make known immediately the treatment that was to stop the scourge, he stifled his preferences.

He had constructed a large platform, upon which were placed chairs and even beds. An electrical conductor connected this platform with an immense pile. The negative electricity, which gave vigor to the *mortifulgurans*, went into the ground, but the positive electricity, which killed the microbe, was sent to the platform. Fifteen patients were placed upon the platform, and, at the end of a few moments, were charged with positive electricity, and were thus able to resist the infection.

The first one who took his place upon the platform was Cæsar Puck. He suffered atrociously and had terrible convulsions. He was hoisted upon the platform, and immediately all his pains ceased. The cramps, the spasms, and the chills disappeared in a few minutes as though by a miracle. The dying face of the good Cæsar Puck became as joyous and as smiling as in the past.

Seeing this result, which he had forecast, but of which he doubted the probability until the demonstration of it had been given, Bakermann was overwhelmed with joy. He had experienced so many emotions in such a short time that he lost consciousness.

In a short time everybody knew of the marvelous cure. The news spread like wildfire. In less than half an hour all the inhabitants of Brunnwald knew that Bakermann cured the *koussmi-koussmi* by electricity. Then, in all parts of the town, electric piles and platforms were erected on the Bakermann model. At noon there was no less than fourteen large positive electrical platforms in operation.

Thus the deaths diminished quickly. From nine o'clock to ten o'clock there were four hundred and thirty-five deaths; this was the highest number. The total fell, at eleven o'clock, to one hundred and twenty-six. At noon there were only thirty-two; at one o'clock, eight; and at two o'clock, only one—that of an old, stubborn doctor who would not hear about the electrical treatment: he said that at Dahomey they cured the *koussmi-koussmi* without electricity, and that he, Meinfeld, was too old to swallow the pretended discoveries of modern science.

The people in Brunnwald were now calm. But what a disaster in other places! The telegraph brought terrible news at each instant. At the moment when, at Brunnwald, the population was entirely reassured, thanks to the positive electrical platforms, there were 45,329 deaths at Berlin, 7,542 at Vienna, 4,673 at Munich, 54,376 at Paris, and 58,352 at London. In brief, there were 684,539 deaths in Europe.

The Americans, as soon as they heard about this terrible scourge, took careful measures to prevent its spreading in the New World. Their fleet was placed on a war footing, and they took the heroic resolution to receive with cannon-halls and torpedoes, charged with tetranitrodynamite, every vessel trying to enter an American port.

Desolation reigned. Every one declared that the end of the world had come. A large number of individuals, preferring a rapid death to the agony of a painful and invincible malady, killed themselves. All business was suspended. There were no longer any railways, steamboats, police, or governments. Crimes were committed by persons ordinarily peaceful, but who had become crazy. Human savagery, latent in all of us, had taken the upper hand. The civilized world, so proud of its civilization, had become as barbarous as in the early days of humanity.

However, the telegraph continued to work; so well that toward noon the entire world was able to know that a remedy for the *koussmi-koussmi* had been found; that a celebrated professor of the Brunnwald University had, by a stroke of genius, discovered the means of stopping the frightful evil. Bakermann! Bakermann had found a cure for the *koussmi-koussmi*! All that the afflicted ones had to do was to place themselves for a few moments upon a platform charged with positive electricity.

The news spread with prodigious rapidity. The same evening, immense electrical platforms were working in all parts of Europe. Streams of positive electricity were distributed over the terrestrial globe. Colossal machines and gigantic electric piles were erected upon the public squares everywhere, and throughout the world the marvelously efficacious action of positive electricity was acknowledged.

There were some victims, certainly; but there was such an overcrowding in all the government offices—three thousand applicants for a single place—that this little blood-letting, assuredly very painful in some families, was, on the whole, beneficial rather than otherwise. The alarm once over, the *koussmi-koussmi* could not be considered as a real calamity.

At Brunnwald, Professor Hermann Bakermann swam in full glory. Telegrams filled his house. Sovereigns deigned to thank him personally. Bakermann received all the great honors—the Garter, the Bath, the Golden Fleece, the Black Eagle, the Red Eagle, the White Elephant, the Green Dragon, and the Thistle. Bakermann's name, which had thus far not been known outside of a limited circle, became the greatest name in science. He enjoyed his triumph modestly. He welcomed cordially a deputation of leading citizens and students, who came to felicitate him.

"My friends, I had a good idea, that is all. Your gratitude is the sweetest of all recompenses."

A subscription was started throughout Europe to raise a statue in honor of Bakermann. Several millions were subscribed in less than a day, and the committee decided that the statue, thirty feet high, should be raised on the public square at Brunnwald.

In spite of all this glory, Bakermann did not become vain. He returned to his studies in his laboratory and worked unceasingly. There was no longer any fear of the infernal chamber; it remained open day and night, free to all the curious.

In the evening he returned to the beer-house. Thanks to the *morti-fulgurans*, there was now no one to prevent him from drinking as many bocks as he liked. Thus he prolonged his games with Cæsar Puck and Rodolphe Muller until daybreak. He had earned the right to take a little amusement after such terrible trials and such valuable services rendered to humanity.

But perfect happiness is not of this world. Professor Hermann Bakermann has still one great care—he regrets the term *morti-fulgurans*, and every time that any one pronounces in his presence the name of *koussmi-koussmi* he knits his brow. For he knows very well that the *koussmi-koussmi* does not exist, and that justice has not been done to the microbe invented by him.—Translated from the French of Charles Éphreux.

THE VAUDEVILLE CLUB.

"Flaneur" discusses a New Form of Entertainment in Gotham.

The latest novelty in the way of clubs is the Vaudeville Club, which was opened last Tuesday with a swell performance.

Some years ago, the gilded youth of London started a club, to which "co-eds" were admitted. I believe it was called the Gardenia. It was intended to be a place where men about town could meet the belles of the ballet and the concert-halls, and *liberté, liberté chérie* should reign in spite of Mrs. Grundy. It was a success. The posterity of Thérèse took kindly to an institution where they could enjoy a grill and a glass of wine just as if they were men, and could meet gay young fellows who told them the last caviare story, and were ready to pledge them in deep howls of dry Verzenay and porter, mixed according to Bismarck's own recipe. The trouble with the Gardenia was that it was impossible to take one's wife or sister there. For soiled doves are like sheep, which, wherever they have cropped, make the field their own, as no nobler beast will touch the pasture.

In consequence, therefore, of a long-felt want among real ladies, new clubs were started on the same plan as the Gardenia, but with this distinction, that its feminine frequenters were each and all to be translucent drops of pure and pearly light. These clubs were called "supper-clubs," and were resorted to after the theatre, for in London all restaurants close at midnight. It is that style of club which our Vaudeville proposes to copy. It combines the attraction of a *café chantant* and *dansant* with the solemn grandeur of a resort of aristocracy. Reginald de Koven is the president, and the board of directors has been chosen from the leaders of society. Its doors are open "for the transaction of business" at ten P. M., when the hand begins to play. Between half-past eleven and twelve, theatre-goers troop in. At midnight, a performance—a ballet, part of an opera, or a variety entertainment—is given by professionals, and throughout all this suppers are served for those who desire such refreshment. At one o'clock, people are expected to go home. The club has the advantage over Delmonico's that the company is select.

At the first entertainment of the Vaudeville Club last night, it was about ten o'clock when the first comers arrived in the assembly-rooms of the Metropolitan Opera House, and they were met by liveried attendants who took care of their wraps. An hour later there were fully a thousand representative New Yorkers, male and female, present, and it required but a glance at the boxes to see that they were all in the smart set. The affair had been heralded in society and club circles to such a degree that every one was on the tip-toe of expectancy, and at eleven o'clock their curiosity was gratified.

The men, as a rule, wore full dress; but this was not the case with the ladies. Those who occupied boxes were *en grande tenue*, and some of the gowns were beautiful ones; but throughout the body of the house calling-dresses were vastly in the majority. The fair sex had a glimpse of Bohemianism in seeing the men drink and smoke regalias and cigarettes in their presence; but it is doubtful if they approved of it.

Eleven o'clock is at hand, and the performance is to commence promptly on time. While the orchestra of twenty pieces is playing, every one observes the stage. It had a simple setting of garden scenery, such as is suitable for the singing of "Ow I Loves to Wander in the Moonlight," and kindred classic *morceaux*. The performance was really a good one; but the manner in which it was received was quite funny, and must have been slightly embarrassing to the artists. Mlle. Violette, a French concert singer now at Koster & Bial's, was first to appear, and sang twice. The men applauded her first song, and in the second she kicked her heels still higher and the women averted their heads and blushed. The dowagers, however, stoically watched her every movement through their jeweled lorgnettes, and looked upon her as some strange animal just escaped from a menagerie. Here and there, a woman who knew French, or pretended she did, would demurely giggle. The gentlemen all endeavored to look wicked, with more or less success.

More champagne was called for by the audience, and, as soon as the fusillade of popping corks died away, the Judges, a trio of shapely gymnasts in white tights, made their appearance. The Royal Scotch Trio Singers were next, and were followed by Frank Lincoln, who was billed as "The Distinguished American Humorist." The *frou-frou* of silk announced the appearance of Miss Jennie Yeamans, who gave a representation of a society girl's first appearance on the stage. It was funny, and she made a decided hit. Following her were Eokin, a Japanese equilibrist; the Muhle-mann trio of singers; Lizzie and Vinie Daly, whose dancing was toned down to suit the occasion; and Kelly, the "Rolling-Mill Man," whom the ladies declared "an awfully funny fellow." That ended the show. Among the box occupants were the following prominent people:

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cram, Miss la Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teall, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Witherbee, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mlle. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. C. Lawrence Perkins, Mr. Lispenard Stewart, Mr. William Beekman, Mr. G. Creighton Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Preble Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Montaut, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mayhew Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Marie, Mr. and Mrs. George Edward Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. James Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Elissa Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Burden, Mr. and Mrs. H. le Grand Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. Stanford White, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cary, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. James Arden Harriman, Miss Harriman, Mr. de Forest Manice, Mr. Theodore Frelinghuysen, Miss Frelinghuysen, Mr. Henry S. Redmond, Mrs. Alfred Youngs, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Esler, Mrs. E. N. Teller, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, Miss Turnure, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Breese, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Purdy, Hon. Louis M. Howland, Mr. E. N. Dickerson, Mr. and Mrs. de Lancey Nicoll, Mr. F. Frelinghuysen, Miss Frelinghuysen, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dick, Mr. C. H. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. P. Lorillard, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stanton, and others of note.

As will be seen by the names, the audience was a very

swell one. It is doubtful, however, whether the Vaudeville Club will be a success. The ladies will want their Bohemianism very mild. The men, on the other hand, having met the café goddesses when they were on their native heaths—possibly even at little suppers, dancing among champagne hottles—will regard the Vaudeville tippie as very weak tea indeed. But none the less, their sisters and wives will not relax the rigid rules of decorum in the club entertainments. There is a strong vein of Puritanism running through the feminine half of America. Our women are very charming Puritans, but Puritans still. And perhaps it is as well.

NEW YORK, January, 11, 1893.

THE CHIEF-JUSTICE'S STORY.

The Alamo Plaza in San Antonio is a pleasing spot at all times; but at night, when the electric lights are ablaze, it is especially attractive.

One evening, the chief-justice and I were walking across the plaza.

"Do you know," he said, "that man we just passed, reminds me of Mann."

Now, I had never heard of Mann, so naturally I asked:

"What about Mann?"

"To be sure! You are a stranger in this part of Texas, and this rare bit of tragedy has never reached you. Let us be seated."

In every well-planned place for rest and recreation, there are seats or resting-places, and the plaza is no exception. The chief-justice chose a very comfortable one under a huge banana-tree, and, after lighting his cigar, continued:

"Mann was postmaster in the little town of Matteen, Ind. He had consumption, and when his term expired, he came down here to San Antonio. He left his wife and little boy in Indiana. Of course he liked San Antonio—everybody does—and sent for his family. They lived in a little house near San Pedro Springs, and very happily, it seems."

"At that time I was practicing law. One day, Mann came into my office. I had met him before, but had paid little attention to him. That day his face fairly startled me. The poor fellow was wasted and withered; his eyes glowed like coals and he was yellow as saffron. He was so weak it was all he could do to talk above a whisper."

"Judge," he said, 'I'm in trouble.'

"Tell me about it," I said.

"There's a man," he went on, 'lives near me. His name is Chase, and he runs a brick-yard. He's a big fellow and handsome. Not like me.'

"When Mann said this, he held out his hony hands and looked at them. They were so thin you could almost see through them."

"He's a widower. He used to come around my house a good deal, and I treated him kindly. Sometimes I would come home and find him there. He liked my little boy, and would trot him on his knee. I used to do that, but lately I haven't the strength."

"All this time Mann had spoken slowly and with an effort. Suddenly his voice grew higher, his cheeks turned pink, his eyes flamed, and he said:

"He fell in love with my wife, and they've run off. I am going to kill him. I pray God to let me live long enough to kill him."

"Then he was seized with a coughing fit, the blood bubbled from his lips, and I thought he would die then and there. I poured some whisky down him, and presently he was better. I advised him to go home and let his wife run off as often and as far as she wished."

"Judge," he said, and his whole soul was in the words, 'I'll kill him—kill him like a dog!' With that he went away."

"Several days later I met him in the plaza. He was looking more wan and more meagre than ever, but his eyes were unnaturally bright."

"She came home, judge," he said; 'came home day before yesterday. I was out, and when I went back she was lying on the bed, stark dead. She was dressed all in white—her wedding-dress. She looked so sad and pitiful I could almost have forgiven her. Poisoned herself—and she was one of the best of women, judge, until she fell. We'd been married ten years.'

"I could see he was miserable beyond expression, and so weak he tottered. He came very near to me; his face almost against mine."

"Judge," he said, 'I'm laying for him. Killing's too good for him.'

"With that he broke down, and, what with his coughing and strangling, came near sinking to the ground. I called a cab and sent him home."

"That was the last I heard of him for two weeks. Then, one morning, I looked at the paper and read in big letters: 'ANOTHER MURDER! JOHN MANN KILLED WILLIAM CHASE,' etc. He had crept up to Chase's brick-yard early one morning. He was too weak to carry a gun, but he hired a Mexican to carry it for him—a big, double-barreled shotgun, loaded with buck-shot. When Chase came to work, Mann rested the gun on a fence and shot him dead."

"That's all of it, only that they tried Mann and I cleared him. Next day he died, and I'm raising his boy."

SAMUEL L. KINGAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1893.

An illustrious English personage asked her opinion of Mr. Irving's "King Lear" of a clever lady, formerly an actress. "Sir," was the reply, "he struck me like Father Thames in the first act, Father Time in the second, and Father Christmas in the third."

An elaborate fountain in the centre of the grand cahn will be one of the principal features of the whaleback, *Christopher Columbus*, which is to carry passengers from Chicago to Jackson Park, during the World's Columbian Exposition.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A recent number of the *Revue Illustrée* contained an interesting and diverting series of answers to thirty-three questions addressed by the editor to Daudet, Zola, Houssaye, and Silvestre. The answers to these questions, designed to bring to light the personal preferences of these authors on a wide range of subjects, are summarized in the *Book-Buyer* as follows:

"In the case of Zola, the answers were very characteristic. His reply, for example, to the four inquiries regarding his favorite prose authors, poets, painters, and composers, was the same in each: 'Ceux qui voient et qui rendent clairement.' His favorite heroes and heroines in fiction were declared to be 'Ceux qui ne sont pas les héros,' while his heroes and heroines in real life were 'Ceux qui gagnent leur pain.' His preference was to die suddenly, while Daudet and Houssaye expressed a choice to meet death *début*, or, in Arizona parlance, with their boots on. Among the gifts of nature, Daudet wanted youth most; Zola, eloquence; and Silvestre, fine looks. Daudet gravely declared the principal trait of his character to be nobility. The quality which he admired most in a woman was sweetness; Zola, tenderness; Silvestre, beauty."

William Morris's new romance is now on the press. Its title is to be "The Well at the World's End."

An Eastern firm has issued, in pamphlet form, the defense of Professor Briggs made in the lately concluded ecclesiastical trial.

An account of the recent voyage of the *Umbria*, written by one of the passengers and illustrated from sketches made on board, was printed in an Eastern weekly.

A volume of short stories by Henry James, with the title, "The Real Thing and Other Stories," is in press.

Leon Daudet, the son of Alphonse Daudet and husband of Victor Hugo's granddaughter Jean, who has scored a success with his book, "Hoeres," a study of heredity, is now writing another novel, to be called "Le Prophète," which will have for its hero a literary man who founds a new school.

After "The Children of the King," Marion Crawford will publish a novel called "Pietro Gharleri."

F. Hopkinson Smith some time next year will issue his great work, "Venice and the Islands of the Sea," for which he has made over fifty water-color paintings, which will be reproduced in fac-simile by a new process which has proven successful in the reproduction of color.

Walter Besant's new novel bears the picturesque title of "The Rebel Queen." It is coming out serially.

Bret Harte is at work on several stories—enough to keep him busy for a year to come. Though he lives in England, he does not propose to deal with English life. He says:

"Let English people write of England, and Americans of America. There is any amount of material in America to be worked into fiction, if Americans would only write. To write what you have lived is, to begin with, one secret of success. The fiction of the Civil War is almost all to write, and the American novelist is to find his great field there. 'Sally Dows,' now in course of serial publication, is the first of several stories in which I intend to treat the domestic side of the war."

The first copyright in this country of a German work has just been obtained. The work is a novel entitled "Miss Mischief," and is by the most popular German novelist of the day, Heinburg.

Swinburne is writing a poem on Grace Darling, much to the delight of the hotelkeepers in the vicinity of the scene of the heroine's exploit.

A new novel by Beatrice Whitby, the popular author of "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," is to be published immediately, with the title, quoted from Mrs. Browning, "In the Suntime of her Youth."

A book which will be found even more absorbing than the record of the French Revolution left by the Duchesse de Duras, is the forthcoming "Memoirs," written by Maria Theresa Charlotte of France, otherwise Mme. Royale, the daughter of Marie Antoinette. It is her account of "The Captivity of the Princes and Princesses, her relations from August 10, 1792, to the death of her brother, which occurred on July 9, 1793." The original manuscript is now in the possession of the Duchess of Madrid, wife of Don Carlos, and is said to be absolutely authentic. The story of the unhappy orphan of the temple can not but be a pathetic one.

Paul du Chailu has in preparation a new work on the Vikings, called "Ivar, the Viking," which is described as a series of pictures of life in the third and fourth centuries.

The Chicago Fair is indirectly responsible for making every woman in this country who has written a novel hate every other woman. The decision to limit the selection to one hundred of the best books written by women has raised an issue, the like of which has never been seen in literary circles.

Tennyson's personal estate proves to have a value of about \$250,000. Browning's amounted to a little over \$30,000, and Matthew Arnold's to only \$5,000.

The following dispatch, dated from Pittsburg, was published in a New York paper:

"The sale of Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter' has had a remarkable run in this city for some time, and many attribute it to the recent repeated agitations regarding the social evil problem. The store windows are ablaze with scarlet-bound copies of 'The Scarlet Letter' placed on sale at prices which began at one dollar. Then the book dropped

to eighty-one cents, to sixty cents, and then to fifty cents. About this time the correspondence between the United Presbyterian ministers, Mayor Gourley, and Chief Brown concerning the closing of the places of ill-repute absorbed public attention, and the work of Hawthorne became a drug on the market. To start up the sale again, a mercantile house that had been quietly dropping its prices to meet those of other firms put the price of the book down to thirty cents, and sold a great many copies at that price. Then all dealers began to cut on this particular book, and it was advertised on successive days at twenty cents, nineteen cents, ten cents, eight cents, and yesterday at two cents. The copies purchased yesterday at two cents were just as good as those sold two months ago at one dollar. The announcement of a cut to a two-cent basis almost caused a riot. The people flocked to procure a copy of this American classic. Business was practically suspended in the store where the offer was made because of the crowds, and, at two o'clock to-day, after two thousand copies were sold, and one thousand still in stock, the sale had to be stopped and the police called in to scatter the mob. Then business was resumed."

An English translation of the complete novels of Turgenieff is said to be in progress in England. Stepiak is to furnish an introductory essay to each volume.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson declares that he will not visit England this year, and adds that Europe has no attractions for him in comparison with Samoa, where he will be quite content to live and die.

New Publications.

"A Blonde Creole," a story of New Orleans by Alice Howard Hilton, has been issued in paper covers by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Conways," Effie W. Merriam's latest story for girls, has been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"My Summer Shade," a novel by Mary E. Mann, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Em's Husband," a sequel to "Em," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Life and Professional Career of Emma Abbott," by Sadie E. Martin, illustrated with portraits showing the singer in her most noted rôles, has been published by the L. Kimball Printing Company, Minneapolis; price, \$1.50.

"Spectacular Romances," containing eighteen short stories by W. H. Ballou, and "Mysterious Mr. Jarvis," by Frederick R. Giles, have been issued in the Leisure Time Series published by W. D. Rowland, New York; price, 25 cents each.

A new "vignette edition" of the "Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," illustrated by Frederick C. Gordon and daintily bound in a delicately flowered cloth, has been published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Gainst Wind and Tide," by Nellie Talbot Kinhead, a story of a young widow who attempts to avenge her husband's death in a duel by making his opponent love her, and who is herself caught in the toils, has been issued in the Rialto Series published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Guy Mannering" is the second volume to appear in the new Dryburgh edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels. It is illustrated, with ten woodcuts engraved from designs by Gordon Browne, is supplied with full notes and a glossary, and is generally pleasing in type, paper, and binding. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

Seven excellent tales for children are contained in "The Midnight Warning and Other Stories," by Edward H. House. The boys and girls who figure in them are very human, and their actions in the crises in which they are presented to us bold a lesson for young readers. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Days with Sir Roger de Coverley" is the title of a book containing extracts from the *Spectator*, with new illustrations by Hugh Thomson. It is a daintily printed little volume, and Thomson's drawings seem to embody the spirit of the text as vividly as could any of our modern illustrators, with the possible exception of Edwin Abbey. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Witty, Wise, and Wicked Maxims" is an amusing little book. It contains some five hundred pithy sayings, the great preponderance of which are Gallic slings at the fair sex. The epigrams chosen from American and English writers, however, are often not witty, nor wise, nor wicked. Henri Pene du Bois writes the preface. Published at Brentano's, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"A Stumble on the Threshold," by James Payn, is a magazine story drawn out to the length of a long novel. The hero is in love with a friend's affianced wife, but remains loyal to their friendship even to the extent of proving by long labor the loved man's innocence of a murder of which no one else can clear him. This is padded out with much matter about the life of the English universities, interest-

ing, it is true, but irrelevant and immaterial. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A "Life of Christian Daniel Rauch" has been written by Ednah D. Cheney, with the purpose of introducing to a wider circle of Americans the famous German sculptor. The story of his life is almost a history of German art in the first half of the present century, beside having the interest that attaches to a memoir of a man who has lived among the great ones of his time and country. Four of his noted works are shown in photogravures, and a list of all his creations concludes the work, which is indexed. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A second little volume of "Studies: Literary and Social," by Richard Malcolm Johnston, has just been issued. They are thoughtful and gracefully expressed, and cover a wide range of topics, the titles being "Edward Hyde's Daughter," "Benjamin Disraeli, the Jew," "A Characteristic of Sir Thomas More," "A Martyr to Science," "Some Heroes of Charles Dickens," "The Extremity of Satire," "Irish Lyric Poetry," "The Minnesinger and Meistersinger," "The Audacity of Goethe," "King Henry VIII.," and "Celebrated and Common Friendships." Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; price, \$1.25.

"Persuasion," "Northanger Abley," and "Emma"—the latter in two volumes—have just been issued in, and complete, the exquisite edition of Jane Austen's novels that is being brought out by J. M. Dent & Co., of London, under the editorial care of R. Brimley Johnson, with illustrations by William C. Cooke and ornaments by F. C. Tilney. The pleasure of re-reading these admirable tales, which suffer little by comparison with much modern fiction, is notably enhanced by the slightly appearance of the books in which they are re-introduced to us. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00 per volume; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Great Shadow," by A. Conan Doyle, is hardly more than a novelette; but it is one of the most absorbing pieces of fiction that have appeared in several months. The narrator is a lad living on the border of England and Scotland, and the "great shadow" is the constant menace that Napoleon's existence holds over the United Kingdom. The action of the tale slips quickly over a few months of unrest for all Europe that precede the emperor's escape from Elba, and ends with the victory of Waterloo. The characters are all sharply drawn, especially that of the Frenchman, who is a veteran at twenty-nine, and tells moving tales of adventure by flood and field, and the plot is one that holds the reader till the last page is reached; but the portion of the book to which all else is mere setting is the description of the battle of Waterloo. This is wonderfully good, and will go down in history with the descriptions of Victor Hugo and Charles Lever. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Newspaper Accuracy.

The post of private secretary to the President generally being allotted to a newspaper man, the journalistic fraternity is interested in the identity of the man who is to serve President-elect Cleveland in that capacity. For its benefit we append the latest and most accurate information on the subject. The *New York Tribune* says:

"Henry Loomis Nelson, one of the editorial writers of the *New York World*, is mentioned among the friends and associates of the President-elect as destined by the latter for the office of private secretary. Mr. Nelson was private secretary of Senator Carlisle during his tenure of the Speakership of Congress, and is well known to be on terms of close intimacy with Mr. Cleveland."

The *Chicago Tribune* says:

"Mr. A. W. Lyman, formerly a Washington correspondent, now editor of the *Helena (Mon.) Independent*, is said to be Mr. Cleveland's first choice for the private secretaryship; but, failing to get him, the President will, it is understood, offer the place to E. G. Dunnell. Like Mr. Lyman, Mr. Dunnell is a newspaper man."

The *Chicago News* says:

"The name generally mentioned as likely to be that of President Cleveland's private secretary is Eugene S. Chamberlain, who was born in Albany about thirty-five years ago and educated at Harvard. Of course Mr. Chamberlain is a newspaper man."

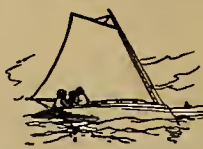
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POZZONI'S TINTS

VANITY FAIR.

A curious *ruse de guerre*, which is said to have been actually perpetrated in the fashionable world not long since, is recorded by a writer in the *Tribune*. It seems that a certain business man found it suddenly necessary to curtail his very large family expenses, and, at the same time, he was particularly anxious, for financial reasons, that there should be no appearance of retrenchment. Unfortunately, it so happened that his wife had just issued invitations for a large and expensive ball, to be followed by a series of dinners; moreover, she had a younger daughter to bribe out. The head of the house groaned in spirit as he mentally calculated the cost of a winter's round of gaiety for his womankind. His wife, however, was a woman of resource; so being made acquainted with his dilemma, she promptly rose to the occasion. "I tell you what we will do," she exclaimed; "we will go into mourning." "Into what?" gasped her astonished husband. "Mourning, I said," continued his spouse, complacently; "I think it is the only thing we can do; as my people are Western, we can easily manage it, and no one will be the wiser. I will send out cards and countermand my invitations. I will buy a black gown, and the girls shall wear black and white all winter and go only to the smallest entertainments, and, I daresay, they will have a much better time than when struggling for partiers at the big balls. As for me, I shall enjoy it beyond everything. Now, after all, it is only a fib that harms nobody and does us a lot of good," concluded this *fin-de-siècle* dame, who successfully carried her point, put her family into mourning, and withdrew gracefully from society and its requirements for the time being.

The attitude women assume toward strange women was amusingly brought out in a New York court a few days ago. A female witness, in a case where a young man was accused of slapping a young woman's dress while riding in the elevated, was asked by one of the lawyers: "Do you mean to say, madam, that you saw all those tears or cuts, whichever you please, in a lady's skirt and yet hadn't the politeness to tell her of it?" "I do," said the witness. "I have often told women when their dress was out of order in the street, but I always got snubbed for my pains, and I made up my mind not to do it any more. If a man should tell a woman that her dress was out of order, she would be very apt to thank him, but she never thanks a woman."

In a recent magazine, "Ouida" describes the contemporary society of fashion in England and throughout the polite world as vulgar in essence, as really coarse in its pleasures, as commonplace and stupid, as without originality, grace, and true light and loveliness, and as utterly incapable of using the enormous wealth at its command for the development of artistic and beautiful luxury. It lacks repose and dignity, she says, and is forever straining after mere effect, always craving excitement. With the exception of a ball at a great house, to which the number of people invited is not too great, all its entertainments seem to "Ouida" unsightly. "All modern spectacles are spoiled by the attire of the men, the most frightful, grotesque, and disgraceful male costume which the world has ever seen." The charges against the society of fashion and pleasure (says the *Sun*) could have been brought, with far more justice, against such society in the past. Social refinement has been proceeding steadily as civilization has grown older. Even as compared with a generation ago, the improvement is noticeable. The intemperance in drinking tolerated then is now frowned upon as indecent. The gluttonous feasts of the past, extending through several hours, and with many heavy courses and wines of every variety, have been replaced by dinners which do not occupy half the time, at which the eating and drinking are more rational and civilized. The old pompous formality of manners has passed away, but the simplicity and cultivated naturalness of the present are really signs of advancing refinement. They indicate better breeding, for they are an apparently instinctive expression, not an obviously artificial acquirement. The possession of great wealth, with accompanying social ambitions, has extended vastly in recent times, and consequently the composition of the society of fashion has undergone great changes; but the addition has increased the variety of individualities, and has tended to relieve society of the monotony of which "Ouida" complains. The whole world is now brought under contribution to the enjoyment of society. Beautiful arts have come into being for its gratification, and they give employment to many thousands of people.

The Riding Club in New York is now crowded every afternoon. The music drills commence punctually at five o'clock in the afternoon, and are usually led by Dr. Gaillard Thomas. The Riding Club is composed of just four hundred members, and comprises many well-known names. The men-servants are dressed in green livery, with pink plush breeches, white silk stockings, and powdered hair. They are, of course, importations from London and drop their *h's* in the conventional manner. The grooms are also imported, and are dressed in Windsor cords and caps, and always salute, when spoken to by a member, by touching the first lock

of hair with the forefinger. The afternoon tea at the Riding Club is a great feature, and is said by those who are capable of judging to be quite equal to that at the famous Columbian, in the Rue Cambon in Paris. Here everything pertaining to equestrianism of the finest description can be seen—splendid horses, ponies, colts, hackneys, and hunters. The latest thing in bridles, bits, saddles, whips, and spurs, hreaches and boots for the men and habits for the women, just from the fashionable makers who supply the nobility and gentry who grace Rotten Row and the Bois de Boulogne, is to be seen there.

There has been a clash between the Virginia and New York chapters of the Society of Colonial Dames. Of all the women's historical associations formed in the past few years, the Society of Colonial Dames is the most select and exclusive. The provisions of its constitution close the door in the face not only of those unfortunates whose ancestors arrived in the colonies after 1750, but also exclude those "ascendants" who lacked the opportunity to hold a distinguished position under colonial government. Since it was not practicable for all the patriots of the colonies to sign the Declaration of Independence, it is quite natural that the progeny of those who rendered this and cognate services to their country should feel a pride therein. There is good ground for criticism, however, when one section of the republic arrogates to itself superiority over another by claiming higher rank for one division of patriots than it will allow to its associates. It is not a gracious or a graceful thing for the Virginia women to make sneering remarks about Dutch merchants. The reader of colonial history can not forget that Theodor Bland, whom many F. F. V.'s are proud to claim as their ancestor, was a Spanish merchant; that the first William Byrd, of Westover, the ancestor of the Harrisons, Moores, Carys, and other first families, was also a merchant; that William Randolph, the first of that name in Virginia, came to the State as a carpenter, with his axe on his shoulder, and made all his money building barns on the James River; and that even the great Patrick Henry, while he was studying law, supported himself by keeping a country store. While it is indisputable that many of the Hollanders who settled New York were of aristocratic blood as the English who colonized Virginia, it is a fact no one wishes to deny that many of them were engaged in commercial pursuits. It was well for the cause of the patriots that they were merchants, for from their pockets came a large proportion of the stores of war which exalted patriotism to triumph. Without doubt there were Tories among the Koickerbockers, but there were also renegades among the descendants of the Cavaliers.

"Confidence between man and woman," says Malcolm Salaman in his clever book, "Woman—Through a Man's Eye-Glass." "must always be comparative, and absolute trust a practicable impossibility, since the differences of temperament preclude a perfect understanding. A man can never see a woman entirely as she is or as one of her own sex may see her, and vice versa. Yet a woman is more likely to comprehend a man and his motives than he is to comprehend her; for a woman, while more sensitively sympathetic, judges instantly by instinct, straight and sure as the crow flies. A man, on the other hand, travels the railroad of reason, where there are many shuntings, and a single mistaken signal may upset the whole train of his logic. In judging a woman's motives and feelings a man argues from his own, and deduces conclusions which are, more often than not, radically erroneous."

"You have no idea how absurd we looked and felt," said Miss Viola Allee, the Virginia Stockton of "Aristocracy," describing to a *World* man the interesting experiences the actresses in the cast had in rehearsing the act in which they wear court trains. "Just fancy Miss Hall and I going through the pathetic scene in that act with yards upon yards of unbleached muslin trailing along behind us. Of course they wouldn't let us rehearse in the rich satin trains we wear before the audience. The first time I tried to run upon the stage in my train my heel caught in it and gave me a tumble." The court costumes in "Aristocracy" are copies of the regulation English presentation dress. The staging of the whole second act had to be changed to accommodate these sweeping trains. The actresses wearing them had to learn by experience how to manage them. The graceful and easy carriage they now have seemed at first an impossibility. The rehearsals presented a scene quite different. The unbleached muslin trains were tied about the neck and then again around the waist with tapes, and were expected to flow out behind with a stately, sweeping grace. Unfortunately, unbleached muslin is not either stately or graceful, and left much of the pomp and ceremony of the scene to the imagination. Miss Hall has a way of gathering up her train which the audience finds decidedly amusing. Its great length is spread out half-across the stage at her side. Suddenly she stoops and grabs the heavy sash as a sailor would a rope, pulls it in hand over hand, and runs off with her arms encircling the huge bundle of satin. The action is highly characteristic of the American girl who is tired of the pomp and ceremony attend-

ing a presentation at court. The men who take part in "Aristocracy" had a hard struggle at first to keep out of the way of these court trains. These remarkable gowns contain fifty-four yards of material each. The train alone is composed of twenty-one yards of heavy satin and twenty-one yards of silk lining. The material used to make the train alone would be quite enough for the fashioning of two ordinary ball-gowns.

The husbands of Hungary are in a very happy state just now, buoyed up with visions of ecstasies to come. It is true they are living in a fool's paradise, and that their unprincipled expectations will never be fulfilled; but that does not diminish their present satisfaction. The priests in the rural districts of Hungary are reported to be preaching that, if the proposed institution of compulsory civil marriage takes place, men will be able to turn their old wives out of doors and marry young and pretty ones. This meadacious announcement has filled the peasant wives with dismay and their husbands with glee. These abandoned men are going about with their eyes very wide open indeed, mentally selecting the young ladies whom they will invite to share their lot when this blessed law is passed. Meanwhile they are enjoying the advantage of the most delicate consideration and the most flattering attention from the wives in possession, who trust to make good their empire over their lords while yet they may. The men are doomed to disappointment, of course; but the illusion is no doubt very agreeable while it lasts.

There was an auction sale of a young woman's wardrobe the other day in New York. The young woman was the daughter of a millionaire who died about six weeks ago, the auctioneer said, and she was disposing of her wardrobe because she had to go into mourning. It is a common custom in Europe to dispose of property in this way, but it was a new departure for this country. The articles sold included several evening costumes by Worth, Felix, Kerteaux, and Robinson. Thirty women and as many men attended the sale. The bidding was lively; but the prices brought were nothing in comparison to the alleged cost. An elaborately trimmed evening costume of royal purple velvet, with gold embroidery, made by Felix, of Paris, which originally cost, so the auctioneer said, five thousand dollars, was knocked down for seventy-five dollars. A Nile-green silk evening-dress, by Felix, brought seventeen dollars. A fur-trimmed jacket made by Robinson was sold for sixty-five dollars. The other articles were sold at prices ranging from one to fifteen dollars. The entire proceeds were not more than five hundred dollars.

There is one prerogative exclusively exercised by the bachelor of uncertain age that the old maid of uncertain age covets more than the franchise—that of friend of the family. Now (queries the *Evening Sun*), why not the old-maid friend as well? She is a gentle, refined, and charmingly cultured woman of the world. The despondent, dependent, apologetic, blighted being without a mate is an old edition—out of print and only found occasionally in college towns and old-fashioned hamlets. The *fin-de-siècle* old maid probably has as large an income or earns as big a salary as the old bachelor himself. She has more money to spend just as she likes than half the married women she visits. She has time to read the new books. She sees the latest play. She keeps up with the magazines. Nothing in music or art escapes her notice. She brings with her an air of refinement and culture united with sweet womanly tact and sympathy that is refreshing to a degree—that is, if she is the right kind of an old maid, whom every man wonders why some other fellow does not marry. One trouble with the old maid in establishing herself as friend of the family is that it is hard for her to realize and acknowledge that she is an old maid. One trouble with the old maid in establishing herself as friend of the family is that it is hard for her to realize and acknowledge that she is an old maid. The transition from girlhood to womanhood is brought about so unconsciously in her case that she does not understand just when it takes place.

The French courts have decided that a young man born in France of a French mother and an English father must serve his time in the French army.

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SOCIETY.

The Crocker Ball.

The ball given by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, which we noticed briefly in our last issue, was one of the most brilliant affairs that San Francisco society has witnessed for many years. Every possible effort had been made to ensure its success, and the result was most gratifying to the host and hostess and their guests. The rooms had received a tasteful floral decoration in the way of clusters of roses, chrysanthemums, and lilies arranged effectively here and there, and an especially pretty effect was produced with hanging lanterns, the light from which was softly filtered through the fancifully colored shades.

Mrs. Crocker gave to her guests a most cordial greeting, and looked charming in an elegant Parisian robe of heavy cream-colored satin, made with a flowing train and trimmed with red satin and rare point lace. She was assisted in receiving by her sister, Miss Beth Sperry, who wore a becoming gown of white silk, trimmed with turquoise-blue velvet. The ladies all made a beautiful display of toilets, some of them being exceptionally rich.

The rooms on the main floor were canvassed and used for dancing, which began soon after ten o'clock. The Hungarian Orchestra was present and played its latest music, and there were but few who did not dance. At midnight a very elaborate supper was served under Ludwig's direction in the banquet-hall down-stairs, which was handsomely decorated with winter foliage and tropical plants. The menu comprised oysters à la poulette, terrapin à la Maryland, roasted snipe, ices, etc., and the flow of sparkling wine was generous. After being thoroughly refreshed, the guests returned to the dance and sought its pleasures for a couple of hours more. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker were highly complimented upon the success of the ball, and the encomiums were well deserved. Among their many guests who were present, the following were noticed:

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. George Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guizot, Mr. and Mrs. A. Douglas Dick, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. William Oothout, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Best, Mr. and Mrs. Esai Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tatum, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tubbs, Dr. and Mrs. Beverley MacMonagle, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin.

Mrs. E. E. Coleman, Mrs. L. H. Coit, Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Mrs. Fave, Mrs. F. L. Stedman. Miss Alice Ames, Miss Josephine Cone, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Juliet Conner, Miss Mamie Deming, Miss Graham, Miss Mattie Graham, Miss Harrington, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss McPherson, Miss McNutt, Miss Adele Perrin, Miss Frances Pierce, Miss Pringle, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Jennie Sherwood, Miss Cecilia Tohin, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Emeline Hager, Miss Electra Smith, Miss Coleman, Miss Woolrich, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Bahette Howard, Miss Edith Lincoln, Miss McMullin, Miss Deming, Miss Findley, Miss Buckbee, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Sally Maynard.

Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mr. W. S. McMurry, Mr. F. H. Coon, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. Lawrence Scott, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Worthington Ames, Mr. Oden Hoffman, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. R. L. Coleman, Mr. Joseph S. Tohin, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Frank McM. Van Ness, Mr. George Loughborough, Mr. L. S. Adams, Mr. W. R. Sherwood, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Samuel H. Knight, Mr. Ward McAllister, Captain A. E. Wood, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Lieutenant G. W. Stevens, U. S. A., Judge Robert V. Hayne, Mr. A. B. Williamson, Mr. Richard Tohin, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Augustine Casserly, Mr. Richard Sherwood, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Lansing Mincer, Mr. Addison Mincer, Dr. William G. Mincer, Mr. C. Osmond Hooker, Mr. J. M. Quay, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Consul Artemovich, Mr. Edward G. Schmiedel, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. Walter E. Dean, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, Mr. Brooks Jones, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Harry Babcock, and many others.

The Delmas Dinner-Party.

An elaborate dinner-party was given last Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, at their residence on Taylor Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes, *né* Delmas, who recently returned from their wedding trip. The dining table was beautifully decorated with violets surrounding a handsome lamp in the centre, which had a shade to harmonize in color with the flowers. The chandelier globes were shaded similarly, and fragrant violets were garlanded around them. The Hungarian Orchestra played during the service of the dinner, and afterward some vocal selections were enjoyed in the parlors. Selections of interest were given by Mrs. Walter McGavin, Miss Catherwood, Miss Antoinette Delmas, Miss Harrington, and Mr. A. C. Hellman. An informal dance terminated the pleasant affair. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Mamie Harrington, Miss Jennie Sherwood, Miss Josephine Delmas, Miss Antoinette Delmas, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. A. C. Hellman, Mr. J. D. Sherwood, Mr. E. V. Judd, Mr. Southard Hoffman, and Lieutenant Burnett, U. S. N.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. James Carolan and the Misses Carolan will give a tea this (Saturday) afternoon at their residence on California Street.

The next meeting of The Informals will take place on Thursday evening, January 26th. Miss Elsie Hecht will act as hostess.

The annual ball of the General German Ladies' Benevolent Society will be held in Odd Fellows' Hall (Saturday) evening. The tickets are three dol-

lars each, and they may be procured from any of the directors. These affairs are always very select and enjoyable, and a large attendance is anticipated.

Mrs. George Boole will give a tea at the Hotel Beresford, 600 Bush Street, next Thursday from four until eleven o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain will give a tea at the Beresford House next Thursday, from four until seven and from eight until eleven o'clock, to their friends and the friends of their guests.

Mme. B. Ziska will give a matinee tea on Saturday, January 28th, at her residence, 1606 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Robert Forsyth will give a tea and dance at the Hotel Beresford late in January.

The Friday Night Club will give its army and navy cotillion on February 3d.

The second meeting of the Monday Evening Club will be held in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on February 6th.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis gave an elaborate lunch-party recently at her residence on Taylor Street. The table was prettily decorated with violets and maiden-hair ferns, and the menu was a delicious one. Her guests comprised Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Joshua Tevis, and Mrs. Hugh Tevis.

Mrs. John O'Neil Reis gave a charming lunch-party recently at the Palace Hotel and hospitably entertained Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. C. M. Keeney, Mrs. L. H. Coit, Mrs. C. F. Low, and Mrs. J. S. Hager.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and the Misses Breeze received party calls last Thursday evening at their home, on Sutter Street. There were so many young people present that the affair was turned into a dancing party, and the delights of the dance were enjoyed until after midnight.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow gave an elegant dinner-party recently at their home in San Rafael in honor of Captain and Mrs. Henry L. Howison, U. S. N. The others present were General and Mrs. Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., Miss Ruger, the Misses Morrow, and Lieutenant A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N.

Miss Alice McCutchen gave a pretty lunch-party to fourteen friends on Thursday. Those present were: Miss Alice Ames, Miss Dimond, Miss Mabel Yost, Miss Martin, Miss Tobin, Miss Van Ness, Miss Perrin, the Misses Dodge, of Boston, Miss Merry, Miss Moulder, Miss Graham, and Miss Furth.

The members of the Cosmos Club invited their lady friends to lunch at the club-house last Saturday between twelve and two o'clock. There were about one hundred and twenty-five callers in all. The menu was elaborate and the Hungarian Orchestra played during its service. Mrs. Frederick H. Green, Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, and Mrs. H. L. Tatum acted as chaperons.

Mrs. W. W. Morrow gave a delightful matinee tea last Monday at her home in San Rafael. In entertaining her friends she was charmingly assisted by her daughter, Miss Maud Morrow. The residence was handsomely decorated with flowers, and light refreshments were served throughout the afternoon.

The guests at The Colonial gave a pleasant dancing party there last Tuesday evening, which was well attended. The dining-hall was used for dancing and the affair was kept up until midnight. Excellent music was provided and light refreshments were served.

A charming and successful affair was the reception given last Saturday evening by Mrs. Alphonso Wigmore to Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Wigmore, who have just returned from several years' residence in the Orient, during which time Mr. Wigmore occupied the chair of law of the Imperial University of Tokio.

Major and Mrs. William Cluff received party calls last Monday evening at their residence on Vallejo Street. Almost all who were at their wedding anniversary, a week previous, were in attendance and enjoyed a repetition of the many pleasures of that evening.

Fashion in Champagne.

When the Prince of Wales suddenly decided several years ago that no wine was suitable for the royal palate but Pomery Sec, all other wines were banished from the little suppers which the prince gave to his friends, and "Pomery" became the proper thing. If a nobleman prepared a banquet, Pomery was the first consideration. The London dealers were so surprised that, until they communicated with the French head-quarters, they could hardly supply the demand. It was the same way in America; New York society was seized with the craze, and in every fashionable novel of the season, Pomery Sec figures prominently.—*Eastern Exchange.*

—MIHRAN BEY HAS JUST RECEIVED A SHIPMENT of fine Oriental art goods which he will sell at auction soon. A visit to his auction rooms, at 16 Post Street, will well repay those who desire to buy, as he has some unusually fine rugs, curios, etc.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, unruled paper. Send 50 cents. stamps or postal notes.

—CARMANY, 25 KEARNY ST., HAS NOVELTIES in English walking gloves, hosiery, collars, and cuffs.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commodore Skerrett's family will pass the winter with Mrs. Langdon Wheeler in Washington, D. C. Paymaster Colby, U. S. N., arrived here from the Asiatic squadron on the last steamer, and is en route to Washington, D. C.

Second-Lieutenant T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., who was a favorite in society circles when the First Artillery was stationed here, has been promoted to a first lieutenant.

Lieutenant John P. Finley, U. S. A., who was until recently in charge of the weather bureau here, is now on duty with the Ninth Infantry at Fort Ontario, N. Y. Mrs. Finley and the two children, who have been in Washington, D. C., joined him during the week.

Colonel R. B. Schroeder, U. S. A., left for Washington, D. C., a week ago.

Major J. Hagan, U. S. A., has gone East, accompanied by his family. Assistant-Surgeon C. F. Bragg, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island naval hospital and ordered to the *Mohican*.

Lieutenant Downs L. Wilson, U. S. N., has been appointed admiral's secretary on the flagship *Mohican*, and has reported for duty. Mrs. Wilson will come out from the East in the spring.

Captain W. F. Dugan, U. S. A., is here from Columbus, Ohio, on a visit.

Lieutenant G. L. Dyer, U. S. N., has gone East on a leave of absence.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Carl W. Jungen, U. S. N., will soon leave Mare Island to make a year's visit to the East and Europe.

Dr. George Rothganger, U. S. N., who recently returned from the Asiatic Squadron has been appointed to duty at the Mare Island hospital.

The Peerless Gas Machine.

One of the most artistic catalogues ever published on this coast has just been issued by Badlam Brothers, the inventors and patentees of the Peerless Gas Machine, whose office is at 519 Market Street. The pamphlet contains over sixty pages of printed matter, illustrated by photo-engravings in colors. It demonstrates that the Peerless Gas Machines have been almost universally adopted by the most prominent people of the State, and mentions among the public institutions and private residences where they are in use the following: State Home for Feeble Minded Children, at Glen Ellen; United States Arsenal, at Benicia; Veterans' Home, in Napa Valley; United States Marine Hospital, in San Francisco; Hotel Vendome, San José; Colonel C. F. Crocker, at Castle Crag; John Parrott, at San Mateo; Hon. H. C. Campbell, at Sausalito; Samuel Haslett, at Alameda; C. R. Splivalo, at Belmont; Fred Tillmann, Jr., at Fruit Vale; Colonel J. D. Fry, at Yountville; Major B. R. Woodworth, at Fresno; W. I. Morgan, at Belvedere; J. B. F. Davis, at Ross Valley, and numerous others.

—AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN WITH THOROUGH European and American school training, wants a position as tutor. Competent teacher in music, German, English, scientific and commercial studies. Best references. Address A. G., this office.

—FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, LATIN, and Greek taught by a thorough linguist. Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, and Scandinavians instructed in English. Apply, Mrs. May L. Cheney, 300 Post Street, San Francisco.

Educational.

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—WILL RESUME TEACHING—

Tuesday, January 3, 1893.

2417 CALIFORNIA STREET.

MRS. H. J. STEWART,

Professor of the Pianoforte.

Will resume Teaching Tuesday, January 3, 1893. 2417 CALIFORNIA ST.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893. GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

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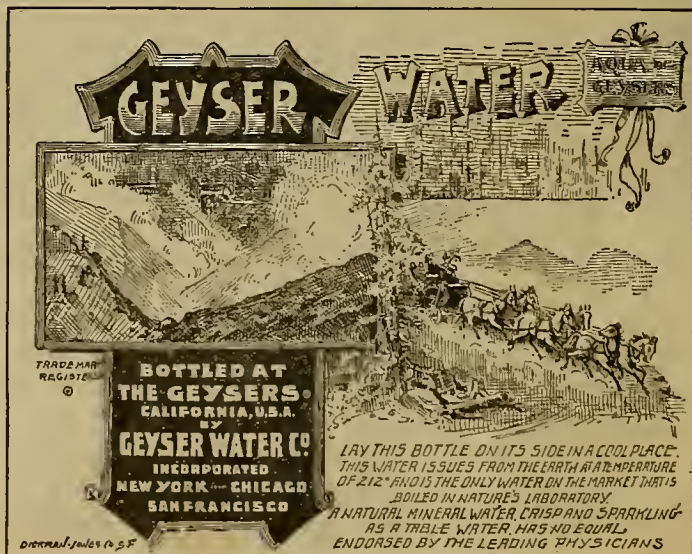
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SOCIETY.

The Friday Night Club.

The fourth cotillion of the Friday Night Club was held on Friday evening, and resulted as successfully as its predecessors. The hall was embellished in the usual attractive manner, with colored draperies, cordons of evergreens, and hanging baskets and lanterns, while the stage was fitted up with numerous tropical plants, relieved by brilliant scarlet poinsettias. The Hungarian Orchestra provided excellent music for the six figures that were danced, and the manager of the club led to an admirable manner. The cotillion ended at midnight, and then a sumptuous supper was served, under Ludwig's direction, in the large dining-hall down-stairs. Those in the first set were:

Miss Alice Simpkins, Mr. George H. Lent, Mrs. George H. Lent, Miss Alice McCutchen, Lieutenant C. P. Summerville, U. S. A., Miss Sally Maynard, Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. N., Miss Bee Hooper, Mr. Rhodes Borden, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Mr. J. C. McKee, Miss Beth Sperry, Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., Miss Myra Lord, Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A., Miss McNutt, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Mr. Lawrence Scott, Miss Helen Perrin, Mr. Brooks Jones, Miss Dibblee, and Mr. Robert L. Coleman.

The Catherwood Party.

An evening of games and dancing was given by Miss Jennie Catherwood last Monday, at the home of her mother, Mrs. Clara L. Catherwood, 1802 Pacific Avenue. Only a few friends were present, including Count and Countess Festic, the Misses Perrin, the Misses Smith, and the Misses Hooper. The affair was entirely informal in character, but it was productive of much enjoyment. Light refreshments were served during the evening, and it was about midnight when adieux were said.

The Richardson Party.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Richardson entertained about forty of their friends very pleasantly last Saturday evening at their residence on Ashbury Heights. Various forms of amusement made the hours pass enjoyably, and a delicious supper was served. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Landon, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Mitchell, Miss Dollie Fritz, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Cornan, Miss Stevens, Mr. G. E. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Carlos G. Young, Mr. J. A. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Foley, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. H. Beveridge, Miss Agnes Beveridge, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Fritz, Mr. Norton Bush, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kingston, Miss Currier, Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Cuthbert, Mr. A. Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson, Mr. E. F. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

The Town and Country Club.

A short time ago, we published an account of the formation of a new club here, the membership of which was to consist only of ladies. The club has now effected permanent organization, and has taken the title of the Town and Country Club. The membership is limited to two hundred, and, at the present time, one-half of that number have been elected members. As an evidence of the popularity of the club, it may be stated that the list of waiting applicants numbers two hundred. The following officers have been elected for the ensuing term:

President, Mrs. Norman McLaren; vice-president, Mrs. E. L. Griffith; secretary, Miss Edith Beaver; treasurer, Miss Susan B. Morgan; librarian, Miss Elizabeth H. Ashe; directors, Mrs. C. P. Edsall, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mrs. Robert V. Hayne, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, and Mrs. Edward Everett Wise; election committee, Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Mrs. H. B. Chase, Miss Findley, and Miss Wheeler.

The Walter Reception.

One of the most delightful affairs of the week was the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter, last Thursday evening, at their residence, 1803 Franklin Street. Their guests, about one hundred and twenty-five in number, assembled in the parlors at an early hour, and were received by Mrs. Walter and her sister, Miss S. Greenebaum. They were treated to a succession of surprises afterward that created no end of merriment. One of the large parlors was fitted up to represent a circus-ring, and it was there that the fun was created. Mr. Marcus Gerstle was the ring-master, and the clowns were Mr. Louis Greenebaum, Mr. Alfred Seligman, and

Mr. M. Ullfelder. There was a grand ring parade, in which the mounted equestriennes were represented by Mrs. Feuchtwanger, Miss Alice Gerstle, Miss V. Lilienthal, and Miss M. Greenebaum. Then there were trained elephants, trained dogs, and a bareback act by Mr. Louis Greenebaum. Mr. Joseph Sloss appeared as the bearded lady, Mr. Henry Heyman was the Circassian beauty, and Mr. B. Lilienthal was a Zulu chieftain. During the performance pop-corn balls, peanuts, and pink lemonade were passed around by Mrs. Alfred Seligman, Miss Elsie Lilienthal, and Miss Florence Haas. The performance was a great success if unlimited applause and constant peals of laughter be any criterion. The costumes were excellent, and the programme was well arranged and perfectly carried out. Afterward there was dancing until two o'clock, with an intermission at midnight, when Ludwig served a sumptuous supper.

Charity Foot-Ball Match.

The interest is steadily increasing in the coming foot-ball game between the army officers stationed at the Presidio and the university veterans, which will take place on Saturday afternoon, January 28th, at the Haight Street grounds. This is the only contest of great importance that will be played this season, as the rumor that the two university teams were going to play in February for the benefit of different charities and also to settle the championship is a mistake, as only one game a year is allowed by the Rugby rules. The colors to be worn by the players are the national colors, red, white, and blue for the army, and blue and white for the university veterans. The institutions are having a large number of flags made, which will be disposed of by some of the orphans during the game. The benefit that these two charities, the Armitage Orphanage of San Mateo and the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, will receive from this match will be of great assistance to them in helping to carry on their good work. The gentlemen who are going to play are:

The Army.—Messrs. Wood, Kennedy, Crofton, Downing, Ricketts, Hurrell, Wilcox, Code, Flagler, Frankenhimer, Walton, Wilson, Taylor, and Wilcox.
University Veterans.—Messrs. Clemans, Benson, Briggs, Pierce, Tobin, Porter, Brewer, Morse, Downing, D. McLain, W. L. McLain, Graham, Whitehouse, and McKay.

The referee for the game will be a gentleman thoroughly conversant with the rules. Tickets for the match will be found the latter part of next week at the music store of Sherman, Clay & Co.

The Olympic Club Festival.

The members of the Olympic Club propose giving a festival next April, in the new club-house, which will be quite unique. The idea, as expressed now, is to transform the gymnasium so it will resemble, as near as possible in miniature, the Coliseum at Rome during its palmy days. There will be assaults at arms between swordsmen and gladiators and other features of the arena that the followers of Caesar delighted in, including Greco-Roman wrestling. On four successive nights there will be entertainments in the form of low jinks to be presented respectively by members of the various city clubs. The natorium will be fitted up with swan boats manned by juvenile members of the club, and a photograph gallery will be arranged on the upper floor. There will be many other novelties which, in combination, should tend to make the fête very interesting.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Colonel C. F. Crocker left for New York last Wednesday in his private car. Mr. T. H. Goodman accompanied him as far as El Paso.

Mr. C. W. Bonyne arrived here from London last Sunday, after an absence of several years, and is staying at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. E. L. Stedman, who is visiting her cousin, Mr. George Crocker, will return to the East next Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes, *né* Delmas, have returned from their wedding trip, and are residing at the south-east corner of Van Ness Avenue and Geary Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Oothout, Jr., came up from Santa Barbara last week to attend the Crocker ball, and are staying at the Palace Hotel during their visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller left last Monday to visit Los Angeles and other Southern points for a couple of weeks.

Mr. D. W. Hitchcock has gone East, and will be away about three weeks.

Senator and Mrs. William E. Sharon, of Nevada, will soon leave on a trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lewis, of Tacoma, are passing the winter in San José.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs is paying a prolonged visit to New York city.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin, of Oroville, have returned from a month's visit to the East, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks are expected to return from the East in about two weeks.

Mr. Isaac Hecht has arrived in Boston and will remain East a few weeks.

Mrs. Webster Jones will leave soon to pass a month at Coronado Beach.

Miss Millie Ashe is visiting friends in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Homer S. King is entertaining Miss Connors at her residence on Leavenworth Street.

Mr. Ariel Lathrop has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. James C. Dunphy will return from his Salinas Valley ranch in about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Mr. H. M. Holbrook are at Pasadena. Their traveling has been curtailed to a certain extent owing to the illness of Mrs. Holbrook.

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Hopkins have gone East en route to Europe, and will be away about four months.

Miss Kate Clement, of Oakland, has returned from a visit to friends in Sacramento.

Dr. George H. Powers and Miss Powers of San Rafael, have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip S. Bates, *né* Marshall, will go to Portland, Or., soon, to reside there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease expect to start for New York on Monday, to be away several months.

Miss M. I. Potter, of Oakland, left last Wednesday to visit friends in Honolulu.

Mrs. George B. Williams has returned East after a most

enjoyable visit here. She will visit her nephew, Mr. J. De Wit Arnold, in Washington, D. C., and go to England on February 8th.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Maldonado, *né* Acosta, will receive on the first Monday of each month at The Colonial. Mr. Edgar Painter left for Chicago and New York last Wednesday evening, and will be away about three weeks.

Mrs. T. R. Foster returned to Honolulu last Wednesday after a prolonged visit here.

Miss Gertrude Jack returned to San Luis Obispo last Thursday after a pleasant visit to Miss Louise Horton.

Misses Alice and Ella Hohart have returned to the city after an enjoyable visit to Southern California.

Miss Maye Taber returned to the city a week ago on the steamer *City of Sydney*, after passing seven months in Guatemala as the guest of the President and his wife.

Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones, who have been in Paris for a few days after a visit to London, will leave to-day on *La Gascogne* for New York.

Mr. W. S. McNulty returned to the city on Friday after passing the week in Stockton.

Mrs. B. F. Norris and her niece, Mrs. Frank Thompson, will leave on Monday to make a tour of Southern California.

Mrs. Belle Donabue and Miss Marguerite Wallace are at the Hotel McAlister in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bothin will go to Coronado Beach on February 1st.

Mrs. Charles Simpkins, Miss Alice Simpkins, and Miss Mary Eyre returned last Thursday from a brief visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John F. Merrill left on Friday to visit Pasadena for a few weeks.

Count and Countess Festic have postponed their departure indefinitely.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe and Miss Ashe are passing the winter at the Hotel Portland, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. E. J. Murphy, Miss Evelyn Murphy, and Mr. Martin Murphy, of San José, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Punch.

At the ball, the other evening, everybody approved of the punch. It was a velvety, insidious, *séduisant* beverage—it was a tippie which wooed and won all who toyed with it—it was a poem in punch—of that there can certainly be no doubt—no possible, probable shadow of doubt—no shadow of doubt whatever.

Around the three great punch-bowls clustered endless rows of thirsty dancers. Ever and anon the punch-bowls would be refilled from some vast lake of punch in the dim recesses behind the household scenes, and, as the ball wore on and morning came, there remained around the punch-bowls only Married Men.

To the door of the Temple of Punch came ever and anon young Matrons, who frowned at their husbands, and made dumb-show with their pretty lips, as who should say, "I am ready to go home." But the husbands looked with the cold, unseeing eye of matrimony, and regarded them not. Forasmuch as they knew that the young Matrons, being in haste to go home, were evidently not in it with the Girls. And being Married Men, they rejoiced at this with an exceeding great joy, and drank more punch.

"Yes," said young McAvellay, "that punch was great, and no mistake. Why, it saved my life. See? This was how: Mrs. Dash came to me, and said: 'Mr. McAvellay, I want to introduce you to an Awfully Nice Girl.' I looked up and saw the Awfully Nice Girl. She was a wall girl. She was a freak. I shuddered.

"Mrs. Dash, I have to run away for this dance," I said.

"But will you return?" she asked.

"Upon my honor," I replied.

"And I did. She introduced me to the Nice Girl."

"Yes, I saw you with her," said the listener.

"Do you know her?" asked McAvellay.

"No."

"You always were lucky," said McAvellay, with feeling; "well, I didn't know what to do with her. But a thought struck me. I took her to the punch-room. I got her to take three glasses of punch."

He paused.

"Well?"

"Well, a dreamy expression came over her eyes. I saw that the punch had made her peaceful and happy."

"Well?"

"Well, I took her back to the wall. There I left her. Several times during the evening I saw her, still only in the company of the wall, and still happy."

"I tell you, that punch was great."

Fashionable Stationery.

There are some people who use exactly the same kind of writing paper year in and year out for their correspondence, and do not seem to be aware of the fact that fashions change in stationery as they do in everything else that society people use. This winter the people in the smart set are using the new colors, Russian Blue and Royal Gray, in their correspondence paper for a certain class of notes and for others they favor the soft tints of lavender, pink, and cream. Sanborn, Vail & Co. have all of these beautiful tints displayed in the stationery department of their large establishment on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, and are always willing to show them to visitors. If you wish an object lesson in the ethics of polite correspondence call on them and it will be imparted. As a matter of convenience to customers they have arranged some of their prettiest paper and envelopes in papeterie form and sell a box of them combined for only fifty cents. They must be seen to be fully appreciated.

Society people now are using calling-cards that are printed from an engraved copper plate. Their neatness and general superiority over the ordinary card printed from type is apparent at a glance. It is the same with invitations for weddings, dances, teas, and other affairs—they also must be engraved. Sanborn, Vail & Co. have the very best facilities for doing this class of work and their prices are exceedingly reasonable.

—CARMANY, 25 KEARNY ST., HAS THE LATEST full dress shirts, ready made and made to order.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "Brown Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and nailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. *See* "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

ACHING SIDES AND BACK, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.

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The Finest Whiskey In the World
and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity. None genuine without trademark C. B. & Co., on label. Price per Bottle, \$1.50 per Doz. \$12; per Gal. \$14 per 2 gal. \$25.50, securely packed. We ask a trial order. For sale by all druggists or COLBURN, BIRKS & CO., Sole Agents, 20 A. S. St., Peoria, Ill.

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FOR SALE.

In consequence of the present facilities in our Press Room being inadequate to the demands of our large and increasing circulation, the Argonaut is having constructed for it in the East the latest improved perfecting machinery for working off its edition. This will be in our Press Room in a few weeks. We offer for sale the

Lloyd Perfecting Folding Machine

Now used in turning off the Argonaut. The machine will handle a sheet as large as 32 x 46. It folds, pastes, trims, and delivers 2,000 perfect copies per hour. It is in first-class order, as the excellence of the present work done on the Argonaut will show. The machine can be seen running at the

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

A MAIDEN, A MAN, AND A MOTHER.

The Way of a Man with a Maid.

MRS. GRANT, 56, an old-fashioned mother. MISS GRANT, 25, an old-fashioned daughter. HENRY CURZON, 29, PHILIP GROVE, 31, modern men.

SCENE.—A boudoir adjoining a ball-room.

MISS GRANT [in a low voice]—Mother, I suppose I ought to tell you—Mr. Grove proposed to me just now, and I am to give him an answer to-night.

MRS. GRANT—Well, dear?

MISS GRANT—I promised you, mother, never to refuse an offer without telling you—but oh, mother, it must be *No*.

MRS. GRANT—My dear child—after all we have said—how can you be so weak? I knew, of course, that it would come to-night—he has, very rightly, spoken to me about it. Laura, he is charming, you don't dislike him, do you?

MISS GRANT—I like him so much, but—I love—

MRS. GRANT—We know; we know! Have we not discussed it at all? We agreed that we must give up Henry Curzon—that he liked you—but would never propose—has not the slightest intention of doing so. Remember, this is the end of the season—it will be Hattie's turn next year. Everything points to your making a final choice. You can't say I have not indulged you, or denied you any opportunity of meeting the man. I am convinced that, for some reason or other, he will never come forward. So were you, yesterday.

MISS GRANT—Mother, his election—he is so busy now—perhaps—

MRS. GRANT—Nonsense, dear. I don't consider he has the slightest chance; and do you suppose I am going to let my daughter hang on, on the possibility of a man's proposing to her when he has time? You don't know me.

MISS GRANT [resignedly]—Yes, mother; I know you. I have always been accustomed to obey you, but—

MRS. GRANT—And in this matter I demand your obedience. I am perfectly reasonable. I did not interfere until now, when I see you on the point of refusing a remarkably good offer—an admirable offer—for the sake of a ridiculous piece of sentiment. Indeed, I am determined you *shall* accept it. Don't interrupt me. I have always exacted obedience from my daughters, and I shall not permit you, Laura, to be the first to defy me.

MISS GRANT—Mother, don't speak in that tone! I can't bear it—I'm worn out. You know you have given me no peace about this for three weeks—ever since I was introduced to Mr. Grove.

MRS. GRANT—I have done my best to bring you to a proper frame of mind.

MISS GRANT [bitterly]—At the cost of my body. I wonder any one should care to marry me now.

MRS. GRANT—Mr. Grove does, and apparently Mr. Curzon doesn't.

MISS GRANT [wildly]—Oh, mother, what can I do? I can't make Mr. Curzon propose to me.

MRS. GRANT—Can't you? [Sneers.] You have known him since you were a child; you—but I don't choose to discuss it any more. I consider the thing settled, and that you give Mr. Grove the answer he wants to-night. [Going.]

MISS GRANT—Mother! mother! if you would only give me till next week.

MRS. GRANT—If you had till doomsday it would make no difference. Don't cry, for heaven's sake. [Aside.] What shall I do? She will be unrepresentable! Look here, Laura, I see you are going to be tiresome. Suppose I make you a little concession. Is Henry Curzon coming here to-night?

MISS GRANT—He said so.

MRS. GRANT—Then listen. It is absolutely childish nonsense, but I will give you till twelve—it is eleven now [glancing at clock.] If—excuse my putting it so bluntly—if you can make Henry Curzon propose to you—formally, mind, so that there shall be no mistake about it—before this clock strikes twelve, well and good. I have no personal objection to the man, and he will be well off. If not, will you give me your word of honor to accept Mr. Grove?

MISS GRANT [aside]—He said he was coming here to-night. I think he cares for me—I know he does—but he will never say so—unless I—disgrace myself and tell him. Why not? Things can not be worse than they are. [Aloud.] Mother, you promise faithfully not to come back here till twelve?

MRS. GRANT—On the stroke! What a farce it is! [Laughing constrainedly.] Believe me, my dear girl, I only want your happiness—to have things settled one way or the other. A bird in the hand, you know—Here comes Mr. Grove. I will leave you to explain matters to him. [Exit.]

[Enter GROVE.]

GROVE—Dear Miss Grant, why are you hiding yourself away here? Have you a headache—or—[softly] are you going to give me my answer now?

MISS GRANT—I have a headache. [Decidedly.] Mr. Grove, I have promised to give you an answer—before I leave—by midnight. Would you be good enough not to mention the subject till then?

GROVE [bows]—Of course. One moment, Miss Grant; he kind and answer me this—you don't absolutely dislike me?

MISS GRANT [smiling faintly]—On the contrary, I like you very much.

GROVE—Then, need I go away? This is the dance you promised me—remember.

MISS GRANT—You need not go away, only talk of something else.

GROVE [a pause]—Let me see. How can I amuse you? . . . We had such a pleasant lunch to-day at the Beesleys'. You would have enjoyed it.

MISS GRANT [languidly]—And who was there?

GROVE—That funny young Malter—and Mrs. Broughton—and Henry Curzon. He told me he was to be here to-night. I hardly see how he can, though; he has a meeting to address. I detest his politics, of course; but I hope he'll be elected, as I know he is a friend of yours.

MISS GRANT—Thank you, Mr. Grove, that is nice of you. But [anxiously] the longest meeting must have an end, I suppose?

GROVE—Oh, yes; he'll get here some time this morning, I daresay—not before. It's going to be a stormy meeting, I fancy.

MISS GRANT [aside]—Mother knew! [Aloud.] I don't think I can talk, after all, Mr. Grove; my head aches so. Perhaps if I were left quite alone—

GROVE [rising]—I am so sorry; I'll go and leave you in peace. [Meaningly.] I shall see you again—at twelve. [Exit.]

MISS GRANT—It wants twenty minutes to twelve! Dreadful—dreadful! Shall I run away? But where to? [Laughing bitterly.] Oh, what it is to be a girl, tied hand and foot! And it would make no difference. . . . Mother will have her own way. . . . she always does. And then—if he doesn't want me. . . . I don't care what happens! [Sits bolt upright and stares at the clock. The hands go round. Other partners come, she dismisses them. Enter HENRY CURZON. It is ten minutes to twelve.]

CURZON [breathless]—I have been looking for you everywhere. How pale you look! You've been dancing too hard—eh? [Sits down.] I've just come from a political meeting. The other side tried to break it up. Fearful rowdies!

MISS GRANT—And did you speak?

CURZON [stares]—Why, yes, of course. I addressed the electors. I can't say I think much of them. Why do you keep looking at the door, Laura? [Laughs.] Are you afraid of your mother coming in?

MISS GRANT—Yes, dreadfully afraid.

CURZON—She objects to her daughters sitting out, I know. What a time of it Nelly and Kate used to have! Let us go and dance.

MISS GRANT—Ob, no—no!

CURZON—Very well, then, we'll sit still. At the meeting—

MISS GRANT—Oh, don't go back to the meeting.

CURZON—I thought you were interested in my political career. You used to sympathize—

MISS GRANT—So I do. Go on.

CURZON—No, I bore you. I mustn't do it any more. It is too bad of me. I can think of nothing else, just now, you see.

MISS GRANT—I see.

CURZON—When it is settled—

MISS GRANT—When it is settled—

CURZON [meaningly]—I hope you will still sympathize with me—about—other things [vaguely.] Why do you keep watching that clock as if it mesmerized you? It puts me out. And I have so much to say to you—

MISS GRANT [rising abruptly and moving the minute hand of the clock ten minutes back]—There! [desperately] you have ten minutes to say it in!

CURZON—What do you mean?

MISS GRANT [wildly]—Then it will be twelve o'clock! Oh, I don't know what I am saying.

[Falls on the sofa and hides her face in her hands.]

CURZON—Laura, dear, what is the matter? Why should it not be twelve o'clock?

MISS GRANT—Only at twelve o'clock, I am to give Mr. Grove an interview—to tell him—

CURZON—Ah—I see—and you were making a wild attempt to defer the evil moment! I know you—you are very kind-hearted, Laura—you hate refusing people, don't you?

MISS GRANT—No, no—I should love to refuse him—I hate to accept him!

CURZON—Accept! Oh, Laura, you know I love you.

MISS GRANT—How can I know—unless you tell me?

CURZON—What a fool I have been! [hotly.] I tell you now—I always meant to tell you. I cared only for you—for you only—always—believe me.

MISS GRANT—I thought you cared only for your election.

CURZON—Only in so far as it seemed to make you a little more accessible to me. Your mother—I thought you would like me better if I—and even if I fail, Laura, you must promise to marry me. But I shan't fail—I am sure of winning. You will marry me—say you will?

MISS GRANT [aside]—That is plain enough, even for mother! [Curzon kisses her hand.] You don't know, dearest, what a near thing it was! Mother said. . . . [The clock strikes twelve.]

CURZON—Here is your mother!

MISS GRANT [smiling]—Let her come now—I don't care.—Black and White.

The persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will certainly cure chronic catarrh.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

This Man has a Strong Imagination.

"Hello, central!" I must own
When I take the telephone
From the hook there, that I am
Ill at ease;
As a low, sweet voice I hear,
Falling on my ravished ear:
"Number, please?"

One could fancy from the tone
Of the voice there at the phone
That the girl could be the idol
Of his heart;
Sweet and smiling, soul-beguiling,
Just the one to set a-flying
Cupid's dart.—*Post-Express.*

The Goat.

The goat ate up the geography.
From the first to the final line;
Then cried, with a flash of fire in his eye:
"Aha! the world is mine!"
—*S., G. & Co.'s Monthly.*

Dramatic Entrance of the Old Mao.

They sit together, side by side,
Around her waist his strong arms lock.
He calls her his own honny bride,
Their lips unite—electric shock!
The parlor door flies open wide.
"Young man, it's half-past twelve o'clock."
—*Kansas City Journal.*

Reciprocity.

Alack, for him! the night he called,
By fortune's cruel joke,
While he was telling her good-night
His new suspender broke.
But, with the truest courtesy,
She did not let him roam
Away without support, and so
She made him wear hers home.—*Judge.*

Three of a Kind.

He held three aces 'gainst his wife;
The game, of course, was poker;
And when she called, he cried aloud:
"I've triplets!" just to joke her.
She looked, and saw that it was true,
And then she smiled the queerest,
And whispered to him soft and low:
"I'm glad you had them, dearest."—*Puck.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR NIGHT SWEATS
of consumption, gives speedy benefit.

Senator Peffer, of Kansas, has decided to act with the Democrats, thus making a considerable change in his arrangements. It was Peffer's original plan that the Democrats should act with him.

A Family Matter.

You are feeling sick and miserable, are you not?
Yes, indeed I am.
Do you have headache?
Almost daily—and such a feeling of weariness. I am almost discouraged.
I know what is the matter with you, and I can cure you.

What do you mean? You are not a doctor!
No; but I have had the same feelings and I know a remedy; have it here in my vest-pocket.

What is it?
Never mind. Get a glass of water.
Well, now—what next?
Put this thing under your tongue.

Under my tongue! What is that for? Am I not to swallow it?

Do as I say. Is it under your tongue?
Yes.

Now take a full swallow of water. Don't drink, but fill your mouth.

Er—er—er.
Now swallow the water.

Well, I've done that. What next?
Let me see the thing I gave you.

It's gone. I must have swallowed it. I never could swallow anything, though. What was it? I don't see how it happened. Why do you put it under the tongue?

You say that you never could swallow anything, and yet you swallowed that. Isn't the result a sufficient reason for the method?

Perhaps! but what is it?
Do you feel any effect?

It feels kind of warm.
Not unpleasantly so?

Oh, no! Rather good.
You don't feel any better do you?

I positively believe that my headache is gone.
What is the thing you gave me, anyway?

Have you seen an advertisement in the papers of something called R-I-P-A-N-S TABULES?

I think I have.
Well, that was a R-I-P-A-N-S TABULE.

Where can you get them?
They will get them for you at the drug store if you insist upon it, or you can write to the address given in the advertisement and they will send them to you by mail. I keep them by me all the time, and mother thinks them wonderful. The worst thing about them is the way they are put up. It is so convenient to give them away that very soon the stock is exhausted. You see that little bottle? There were six in it. I took one after supper; you have taken another; now there are four left. You may keep the bottle. The price was 15 cents, but for \$2 you get 24 bottles, and that don't seem so dear, does it?

Just a little more than a cent apiece.

It's cheaper than soda-water or caramels. They are not exactly confectionary, but they act like a charm, and the doctor says that they are (in a new form) about the same thing that he has been giving us almost every time he has been called in since I was born.

He charges two dollars a visit, don't he?

Two the first visit, one afterwards. Those things cost less than two cents. They are cheaper and seem to answer the same purpose.

Senator Hoar has been advised by his physicians that his eyesight is fully restored, and that he may use his eyes for hard work as freely as during any time in his life.

BEECHAM'S PILLS sell well because they cure.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.



BEECHAM'S PILLS which will cure Sick Headache and all Nervous Disorders arising from Impaired Digestion, Constipation and Disordered Liver; and they will quickly restore women to complete health. Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 565 Canal St.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—

Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa,

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

National Prize of
16,600 fr.
SIX GOLD MEDALS
at
Vienna,
Paris,
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etc.

QUINA-LAROCHE
AN INVIGORATING TONIC.
Peruvian bark and a rich Catalan wine.
For General Debility, Fever & Ague,
Poverty of the Blood, etc.
E. Fougera & Co.,
22 rue Drouot, Paris.
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New York.

If you have not the time or patience to elaborate a delicious soup, you can avail yourselves of the services of an experienced chef by purchasing any of

COWDREY'S SOUPS.

They are skillfully blended from the best materials into flavors that always delight, though they vary with the kind of soup.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.
\$12 Boys a \$61.00 Improved Oxford Stare
with a complete set of 1000 latest improved machines
FREE. Each machine is guaranteed for 5 years. Buy
direct from your factory, and save dealers and agents
profits. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. Mention paper.
OXFORD MFG. CO., Dept. X-37 CHICAGO ILL.

LOST HEARING RESTORED
by one who was deaf for 30 years.
Lars and testimonials. JOHN GARMORE,
Hammond Building, Fourth and Vine, CINCINNATI, O.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An English youth, recently converted from the established church to Catholicism, went down on his knees in a Protestant drawing-room, and asked a cardinal who entered for his blessing. The magnificent old man looked ruffled, and said, in impatient tones, and without any punctuation, "God-hless-you-get-up-sir," and passed away.

The French Government once was needing money, and a would-be wit suggested to the minister of finance that a tax might be put upon wit. "Every one would pay it voluntarily, because no one would wish to confess to being stupid," he said. "Many thanks," said the minister, affably; "if I adopt your plan, I shall certainly exempt you from the tax, as a token of appreciation."

Among the stories told about the recent change of government in France, the following is worth repeating: A lawyer came, just after the new ministry had begun work, to the ministry of education, and asked for M. Durand. The *huissier* shrugged his shoulders. "M. Durand?—don't know him." "What!" said the *huissier*; "maybe it's the new minister you want."

A good story, even when the same man continues to repeat it, has a tendency to grow like a rolling snow-ball. An instance is furnished by a German paper. "So our friend Bushler went to the top of Mont Blanc?" said one man to another. "Not at all." "But he said so." "True. Two months ago, when he returned from Switzerland, he said he had been at the foot of Mont Blanc. Since then he has gradually lied himself to the top."

Herr von Madai, who was for many years the president of police in Berlin, was vain of his many decorations. No man in the country, outside of the royal princes, and Bismarck, and Von Moltke, could display so many decorations on his breast. Every sovereign who came to the capital as a matter of course contributed a decoration to Von Madai. "Is this photograph not good of you?" once asked a young lieutenant. "No," replied his excellency, "I then had only fifteen decorations, and now I have sixteen."

The steamboat engineer was polite and attentive (says the *Lewiston Journal*). It may be that he was flattered by the fact that a lady so impressive in her manner should have come to him for information. At any rate, he told her all about it, just where the steam came into the cylinder, where it escaped, and how it was that the piston-rod attached to the crank turned the wheels that propelled the little vessel through the waves. She appeared to be all wrapped up in the information, and when he had finished, she turned a beaming face upon him and said: "Now, what is the object of the boiler?"

In a certain Western town (says *Texas Siftings*), the clergy of the various religious sects were very tolerant toward each other. On the occasion of the Jewish rabbi's silver wedding, he invited the Protestant clergyman and also the Catholic priest. While the reverend clergymen were enjoying the good cheer set before them, the Catholic priest said to the rabbi: "I know that you are a very liberal-minded gentleman; but could you bring yourself to eat pork?" "Certainly I could relish some ham, at least on one occasion." "And that would be?" "At the marriage dinner of your reverence."

One of the wits of the Parliament House is said to have observed on the occasion of Judge Deas's promotion to the honor of knighthood, "The queen may make George Deas a knight, but no one will ever make him a gentleman." Deas was quite able, however, to hold his own, and he punished the wits when they came to make their maiden speeches before him. "Prisoner at the bar," he once said to an unfortunate wretch on whose behalf an infant advocate had been feebly urging "extenuating circumstances," "everything that your counsel has said in mitigation, I consider to be an aggravation of your offense."

The late Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn was an inveterate enemy to draughts, and on the opening day of the Surrey assize, several years ago, gave orders that all the windows should be closed. Upon arriving at the court the following morning, he was surprised to find that this injunction had been neglected, and upon inquiring, was informed that the high sheriff was the culprit. Addressing Mr. Evelyn, the high sheriff, he inquired the reason. "As the high sheriff, your lordship," replied Mr. Evelyn, "I consider it to be my duty to superintend the ventilation of this court, and I have, therefore, directed that the windows shall not be closed." "As lord chief-justice, I consider it to be my duty, sir," thundered Cockburn, "to fine you five hundred pounds for disobedience." And the money was paid, too.

George Bailey and his cousin Esther, living near Norwich, Pa., within two weeks have made two attempts to get married and failed, and now the

wedding is off. The ceremony was to have been performed one Wednesday. The guests were assembled. Suddenly the bride disappeared. Search was made and the bride was found locked in her room. To her parents' and lover's appeals, through the key-hole, her only answer was: "I'm too nervous, I'm too nervous. It'll have to be put off." It was put off until the following Monday. The guests were again assembled and the bride was calm. But now the bridegroom did not come, but in his place this message: "I'm not nervous; on the contrary, I've got nerve enough to postpone this wedding indefinitely."

It fell to the lot of a young man in New York to attend a funeral the other day. He did not know any of the members of the afflicted family, but it was his business to be at that funeral, and he went. The services, which were held in the family residence, were fairly under way when the young man arrived, and, much to his embarrassment, the butler insisted upon leading him to a seat very close to the coffin. After the service the menial accosted the stranger as he was leaving the house. "Beg pardon for putting you where I did, but I had to," he said. "How was that?" asked the young man. "Well," said the butler, apologetically, "you see I didn't know you, and we have to be careful. There's lots of valuables in this house. So people we didn't know we put way up in front. Nobody would do nothing wrong, sitting alongside the deceased."

The following anecdotes from the "Memoirs of the Count Cheverny" present some curious pictures of life at the court of Louis the Fifteenth: Cheverny became one of the members of the society of Mme. d'Epinau, whose splendid Chateau de La Chevrete was the centre of their gaiety. Cheverny became one of the actors in its theatre. One day, when he was at Compiègne, the king announced to him the death of one of his colleagues, with the greatest indifference. "I have a hundred times asked myself why a king who was very sociable and polite, seemed so insensible to the death of those who lived round him. I have found but one solution—a king has continually a living picture round him; his interior service, his exterior service, changes every three months; it is a magic lantern. Then, for every person who dies, he has a place to give and can make somebody happy."—Cheverny gives us many details concerning his own *liaison* with a married lady, Mme. B. (we have only the initial of her name). This passion came to an end when he married a cousin of his; he became a good and faithful husband. Cheverny's household in the Rue d'Anjou may be cited as the type of a good establishment in the eighteenth century. "My household," he says, "was composed of a Suisse, a *maitre d'hôtel*, a *femme de charge*, a maid, a cook, a second cook, and two domestics for myself. My wife had two domestics for herself. I had six horses—two for my wife, four for myself—two coachmen, a postilion, three stable-horses, and a stableman."—The Duc de Choiseul was as magnificent in his ministry as he had been in his embassies. No minister ever carried his official style of living to such a pitch. "At that time, people dined at two o'clock precisely, and all the foreigners who had been presented, all the courtiers, were admitted to his table. His great table had thirty-five covers, and there was a second one all ready. A servant counted the people who came in, and as soon as the number exceeded thirty-five, the second table was spread. His silver, which was extremely abundant, was superb."—Lansmat, Louis the Fifteenth's first *piqueur*, was the man whom he treated best, whether in his cabinet or in the field. He never spoke to anybody except to him, or to the grooms who rode with him. One day, at Fontainebleau, I witnessed this *boutade* of Lansmat's: The run had been hard, two stags had been brought to bay; horses, dogs, men were worn out, and we wisely rejoined the carriages. The king, with that voice which would have distinguished him in a hundred thousand, calls for Lansmat. "Lansmat, are the dogs tired?" "Yes, sire, rather tired." "Are the horses, also?" "I think so." "Never mind," said the king; "I will hunt day after to-morrow." "Yes, sire, I understand; but what grieves me," said he, on rejoining his equipage, "is that I always hear it asked if the horses and dogs are tired, and never the men." This was said so that the king did not lose a word. The hunt took place as usual.—It has become legendary that when Mme. Pompadour died, the king watched the funeral pass by the windows of the palace at Versailles, and that, noticing the rain fall in torrents, he merely said: "The marquise is having bad weather."

They Never Fail.

J. N. Harris, 3 Fulton Market, New York City, says: "I have been using BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the last fifteen years. There is nothing equal to them as Blood Purifiers and Liver Regulators. But I wish to state how remarkably they cure rheumatism, and how easily; I was affected by rheumatism in the legs. My business (wholesale fish-dealer) naturally leads me in damp places. I could not walk, and at night I suffered fearfully. I tried Balsams, Sarsaparillas, and all kinds of tinctures, but they did me no good and I was afraid of being a cripple. I finally commenced using BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I took two every night for ten nights, then I began to improve. I continued taking them for forty days and I got entirely well. Now, whenever sick, I take BRANDRETH'S PILLS. They never fail."

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, November 1, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO FOR SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO FOR MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL FOR SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 11:10 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY FOR SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO FOR SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 2:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10:25 A. M. Mondays
9:00 A. M. Week Days	Tocaloma,	12:15 P. M. "except
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes,	Monday
	Tomas,	6:10 P. M. Daily
	and Way	
	Stations.	
	Howards,	
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Duncan Mills	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Cazadero,	6:10 P. M. Week Days
	4 Way	
	Stations.	

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.
Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.
Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.
THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.
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Through Line to New York, via Panama.
Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.
Through line sailings—Jan. 25th, SS. City of Sydney; Feb. 6th, SS. Acapulco; Feb. 15th, SS. San Juan.
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Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and Hongkong for East India, Straits, etc.
City of Peking..... Saturday, February 4, at 3 P. M.
China..... (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 3 P. M.
Peru..... Saturday, March 4, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro..... Thursday, March 23, at 3 P. M.
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer, Hongkong for East India, Straits, etc.
Gaelic..... Tuesday, January 24, 1893.
Belgia..... Thursday, February 23
Oceanic..... Tuesday, March 14
Gaelic..... (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, April 4
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Cabin passes on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Dec. 16, 30, Jan. 13.
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Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.
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Germania..... February 1st
Majestic..... February 8th
Britannic..... February 15th
Teutonic..... February 22nd
Germania..... March 1st
Majestic..... March 8th
Britannic..... March 15th
Teutonic..... March 22nd
Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.
H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San Jose.	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	1:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	7:15 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	8:45 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.
11:45 P. Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.
8:15 A. Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.
2:15 P. Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.
4:15 P. Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.
7:00 A. San Jose, Almaden, and Way Stations.
8:15 A. San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.
10:37 A. San Jose and Way Stations.
12:15 P. Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.
2:30 P. San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.
3:30 P. San Jose, and principal Way Stations.
4:30 P. Menlo Park and Way Stations.
5:15 P. San Jose and Way Stations.
6:30 P. Menlo Park and Way Stations.
7:30 P. Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.
A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

Brevity is the soul of advertising, as it is of about everything else. To attempt to crowd more than a reasonable amount into any given space is foolish as the attempt to put two buckets of water into one bucket.
—N. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Co.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.
Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:40 P. M.
Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, and Ukiah.			
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.				
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.				
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bardett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cauto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Ula, Hydenville, and Eureka.
EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$5.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.
EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.
H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 9 New Montgomery Street.



Whether a stock company or a star company is to be the company of the future is at present a vital question to those interested in matters theatrical. Once upon a time a company that had not a star was not worth going to see. Barn-stormers had to boast one barn-stormer who ranted above the others. A little while later a company that was all on a higher level of excellence and did without a star, entered the field. Now both companies furiously rage together like the heathen, both clamoring for the public favor, and both claiming victory.

A star company lives by its star. It is like the Presbyterian Church—all very fine when you have a first-class minister, but dreary as a twice-told tale when you have a dull one. If your star is a genuine star, beaming, and flashing, and steadily shining, then he can shine alone, and the world will not think twice about his satellites. But if he is a second-rate star, then you feel that the stock company idea is a great deal the better of the two.

The taste of the moderns has for some time run to stock companies. People want everything on a medium level of unvarying excellence, the majority not being up to the point of appreciating a star, and yet being above the point where they can tolerate a wretched support. Besides, the stock companies took to giving a form of entertainment dear to the contemporaneous heart—a drawing-room play.

Two-thirds of the people who saw "The Wife" and "The Charity Ball," revealed in the modernness of those lady-like plays. It was a novel joy to see every-day life reflected on the stage. Formerly, one listened to a love-lorn French marquise, unfortunate, emotional, and not particularly respectable, pouring out the story of her woes to a company of hopeless sticks, or a Shakespeare hero mouthing his lines in magnificent style while his support hardly knew enough to talk English. With the drawing-room drama one looked into real, every-day life, as into a looking-glass. The people were average, suffered from average woes, lived in average houses, and wore average clothes. No one came prominently forward to write under the weight of unusual and blighting sorrows. They had the discouragements, disappointments, pleasures, little ups and downs of fate that were familiar and possible to their audience.

The women in the drawing-room drama were merely idealized visions of the women to be met in veritable drawing-rooms during an afternoon's round of calls. Instead of drinking poison out of a Venetian ring that had once belonged to Caesar Borgia, they drank tea out of thin, white and gold cups, and asked the men who dropped in, as it might have been from a walk up the avenue, if they would take one lump of sugar and cream, or a little rum and a slice of lemon.

The matinee girl and her friend, the "nice girl" and her young man, saw upon the stage their ideals of themselves and of their life. The girl that Georgia Cayvan portrayed was the sort of girl they would like to be. She was afflicted with sorrows that were picturesque and placidly romantic, but neither unusual, soul-destroying, nor unconventional. They would never keep her awake at night, spoil her appetite, or injure her complexion. She could always pick up heart enough to dress well and to keep her front hair curled. This possible creature moved against a probable background, in a room that was just a modern room, only a little bit more elegant. It had the divans with the many cushions, the palms in brass pots, the lamps under red-silk shades, the open fire of hickory-logs, the soft, falling plush portières that are the luxurious fittings of the modern drawing-room. The heroine herself, in the midst of this familiar contemporaneity, was as much of the fashion of the day and the popular taste as her surroundings were.

She was dressed as the matinee girl would dress, if she had a trifle more money and more taste. Her hair was done in the same way as the hair of most of the female auditors, except that it was done with more care. She had the same sort of voice, the same attitudes and movements, said the same things—except that they were brighter—and when she soliloquized, seemed to think in the same way. And when, finally, a neat parlor-maid—the sort of parlor-maid to which the matinee girl was accustomed, except that she was neater and not inclined to be saucy—showed in the lower, he was exactly like the matinee girl's lover, who came to see her every Sunday afternoon, only he was a good deal better dressed, a little better looking, and his English accent seemed to belong to him with more naturalness.

To the audiences that delighted in them, this class of play took the place of both society and a good novel. But it was less trouble and more engrossing than either. You did not have to tire yourself read-

ing through pages of description or dull conversation. You did not run the risk of having to entertain a stupid right-hand neighbor as you did at a dinner-party, or dance with a partner who trampled on you. You sat at peace, and had all the good points of both society and the novel set before you—the attractive sight of society's moving show, the gay dresses of women against a background that made every one pretty, the interest of a condensed and clever story being unfolded scene by scene to the give and take of a dialogue that was always crisp, witty, and to the point.

But in the plays of this order the actor was of inferior importance to the interest of the play and the harmony of the story and the setting. People did not go to see Georgia Cayvan or Mr. Kecey, they went to see "The Wife" or "The Charity Ball." Not one of the members of the cast stood out prominently above the others. All stood together as the integral parts of a complete and well-rounded whole. No one dazzled by a master-stroke of art. But no one repelled by heavy incompetence. The stock company's performance—careful, finished, conscientious—was on a medium level of average excellence, and by its very commonplace, indistinguished, universal smoothness, charmed audiences that could not tolerate the unevenness of the star system.

There are times, however, in the histories of stock companies when stars have strayed into them. Then the entire style of the stock company is changed, and, if the star can be induced to stay, a great company is made. This is what Augustin Daly's troupe is—a stock company with a star. There is but one objection to the arrangement—plays are given to suit the abilities of the stock company that are too light for the abilities of the star. Daly has over and over again presented comedies adapted from the German that suit his company to perfection, but in which Ada Rehan is almost ridiculous. She has been cast in a part for which her talents are too heavy. The finest Katherine who has ever been on the stage is too much of a person to succeed in acting such a part as the widow in "The Railroad of Love."

The company with the star, as it used to be understood, is now almost a thing of the past. Either the public prefers mediocre thoroughness or else there are no more great stars. Probably it is a little of each. The public certainly is not given to mad enthusiasms over theatrical performances where there is one shining figure and the rest are sticks. Tom, Dick, and Harry are not generally able to appreciate the merits of a Salvini or a Rossi, and they do appreciate the merits of having the parts of footmen and family lawyers well taken, while the scenery is good, and the moon really climbs the sky, and the leading lady wears fine clothes.

But Tom, Dick, and Harry have not the chance to-day of seeing what the star system was when there were real stars. Either the present leaning of the public toward the well-seasoned stock company has had a tendency to suppress the rising of stars, or else there are no stars just now to rise. Whatever may be the cause, the effect is plain. The great stars are all old, and the young stars are not promising. Booth, who was an advocate of the star system in its harest, coldest, most unadorned form, will never act again, and has no successor. Salvini has retired, and who can step into his shoes? Sarah Bernhardt is over fifty, and on the decline, and, outside Eleonora Duse, who will wear her crown? Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, though they are still in the arena, are near the time when the actor makes his last bow. Ristori has retired; Adelaide Neilson is dead; Jefferson is an old man whose stage days are over; Edwin Forrest kept the heroic drama alive. With the death of John McCullough it died, too. Who is there to revive it?

The stars that are to wear the laurels of these great ones gone, and to keep the star system living, are not numerous, and, with one or two exceptions, have not shown strong original talent. The place left by Booth and Barrett must be filled by Richard Mansfield, a painstaking and careful artist, who knows enough of the public's taste to set his plays well, and who is clever, hard-working, and ambitious rather than talented and original. Frederick Warde is the only actor of the heroic drama, the only follower of Forrest and McCullough. Young Sothern and John Drew are the two comedians who are to take the places of Joe Jefferson and Lester Wallack. From abroad we hear of no coming Salvini. The son of the great Tomaso is but the shadow of his father. We hear of no actor in England who is to wrest the sceptre from Henry Irving.

Among the star actresses it is the same. Eleonora Duse is the only one cited as having the elements of greatness in her. She will have to take the places of Bernhardt and Clara Morris. The one actress in this country who is to keep the legitimate classic dramas on the stage is Julia Marlowe. The other stars, who make tours of the country in Mary Anderson's repertory, are not to be counted. On Ada Rehan will devolve the necessity of keeping the great female rôles of classic comedy green in the public's memory. There is in this country no rising star for the emotional dramas of the French school, no rising tragedienne to make comparison with memories of Charlotte Cushman.

So it would appear that the star system will die, not for lack of audience, but for lack of stars. It is now the day of the diffusion of histrionic talent; its concentration in certain individuals is rarely seen. No heads rise suddenly above the mass, be-

cause, perhaps, the whole mass has been raised midway between where the heads once used to tower and where the mass once used to grovel. If we have not got our Booth, acting with a support that could not have been much worse if it had been composed of animated broomsticks, we have our Mansfield doing Richard the Third in a correct historical environment, and with a perfectly trained and competent cast. One can not have everything, and the solitary distinction of a star must give place to the average, level excellence of the good stock company.

At the theatres during the week commencing January 23d: The Frohman Company in "Arabian Nights"; the Tivoli Company in "La Belle Hélène"; "The Spider and the Fly"; "A Night Off"; and "The Old Homestead."

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late E. W. Playter, of Oakland, the following testamentary provisions were made:

His estate is said to be worth over \$500,000, comprising real estate in Oakland valued at \$300,000, real estate in San Francisco, \$30,000, and various stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc. His two daughters, Miss Charlotte Sophia Playter and Miss Grace Helena Playter, are the sole legatees, and are appointed executrices without bonds. They are authorized to segregate the estate and divide it, share and share alike, if necessary or advisable. In the event of the death of either of them without issue, it was the testator's desire that the entire property should go to the survivor.

By the will of the late Edgar Mills, the following testamentary provisions were made:

S. Prentiss Smith and Frank Miller, of Sacramento, and William P. Harrington, of Colusa, are named as executors. They do not know the exact value of the estate, but state that it will probably exceed \$1,000,000. Among the items of property are the following: Residence at 1950 California Street, with furniture and fixtures therein, \$25,000; farming and grazing lands in the Counties of Glenn, Colusa, and Tehama, valued at about \$350,000; railroad bonds and stocks, \$200,000; other bonds and stocks, \$500,000; money, \$5,000; notes and accounts, \$77,000; wheat in store, \$27,000; also items of property the nature and value of which are unknown.

The testator bequeathed to each of his executors \$5,000, which he directed should be accepted by them in full compensation for their services. He bequeathed to his son, Edgar Mills, Jr., his watch, jewelry, and personal ornaments, and to his daughters, Adeline Mills and Florence Adelia Mills, all of the jewelry, wardrobe, ornaments, etc., which had belonged to their deceased mother. The family residence on California Street is bequeathed to the children, share and share alike, and the executors are directed to pay each child, for his or her support and maintenance, \$5,000 a year.

The decedent bequeathed to his brother, D. O. Mills, and his nephew, Ogden Mills, of New York, as trustees, the following property in trust for his two daughters: Three hundred and twenty-seven of the \$1,000 bonds of the Carson and Colorado Railroad Company, 3,822 shares of the capital stock of the same railroad company, 450 shares of the capital stock of the Southern Development Company of Nevada, 225 of the \$1,000 bonds of the Eureka and Palisade Railroad Company, bearing 7 per cent. interest, and 5,000 shares of the capital stock of the last-named corporation. The trust fund, with its accumulated earnings, is to be delivered and paid to the two daughters at the expiration of ten years.

The decedent made a further bequest to his son Edgar Mills, Jr., of the Stone Corral Ranch, of 6,470 acres in Colusa County, and also devised to him 938 shares of the stock of the National Bank of D. O. Mills & Co. To his personal attendant, Henry Webber, he bequeathed \$3,000. The residue of the estate is to be divided into three equal parts, one of which is to go to his son Edgar Mills, Jr., while the other two are to be added to the trust fund before created for the benefit of the daughters. In the event of the death of any child, the share of such child is to go to his or her children, or if there be no issue then to the surviving devisees.

The will was executed in this city on June 6, 1892, and was witnessed by E. M. Crawford and S. C. Denison. The executors were advised by the deceased to employ Mr. Denison as their attorney. The only heirs-at-law of the deceased are his three children named in the will, all of whom are of age except the daughter, Florence Adelia Mills. The deceased appointed as guardians of the minor child and his nephew, Ogden Mills, of New York.

A pleasant party visited the Geyser Springs this week, escorted by C. L. Dingley, the manager of the Geyser Water Company. It was composed mostly of representatives of the leading papers, and included W. G. Smith, E. B. Fish, T. Evans, J. H. Simpson, C. Morrison, Charles Ulrich, C. H. Warren, W. W. Johnson, C. W. Saalburg, J. L. Bell, D. J. O'Leary, L. D. Owens, M. Johnson, M. McMahan, F. E. Dingley, C. L. Dingley, general manager of the Geyser Table Water Company, W. G. Corbaley, general superintendent of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad, and E. B. Strong, representative of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad. The excursion was planned by Mr. Dingley, and the excursionists traveled in a private car placed at their disposal by the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad.

Ripans Tabules are a cure for constipation, biliousness, and dyspepsia.

—UNTIL RECENTLY IT WAS CONSIDERED AN impossibility to preserve milk or cream in its absolute purity for an indefinite length of time by simple sterilization, but to-day we find Highland Evaporated Cream, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, on the tables of the cultured, who appreciate its many advantages over all other forms of milk.

—H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Painless filling.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

—ALL LIVE DRUGGISTS SELL STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING Powders. Fifty cents a packet.

IRVING HALL.
—THE—
27th Carr-Beel Saturday Pop Concert
Will take place on January 28th, at 3 P. M.
MISS GILL, Vocalist.
MRS. CARR, MISS WEIGEL,
Soloists.
Admission.....Fifty Cents.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

KREILING BROS.....PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of our Latest and Great Success, Gounod's Masterpiece,
—F A U S T!—

Monday, January 23d: **LA BELLE HELENE** and **BENEFIT OF FRENCH LIBRARY.**
Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents.

CHARITY FOOT-BALL GAME.

HAIGHT STREET GROUNDS, JAN. 28th.
2:30 P. M.

THE ARMY

versus

THE UNIVERSITY VETERANS

For the Benefit of
The Armitage Orphanage and the S. F. Nursery for Homeless Children.

Tickets now for sale at Clahorough & Golcher's; also at Sherman & Clay's on and after January 23th.
Admission, 50 Cents.

OPEN FOR ENGAGEMENTS.

ROSNER'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA

— UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF —

E. M. ROSNER and B. JAULUS

— IS THE —

ORIGINAL HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA.

Be sure and address your letters to Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

NOTICE.

We, the undersigned, testify that we know Mr. E. M. ROSNER as the original musical director and organizer of the Hungarian Orchestra for the last five and a half years:

J. WENZEL, President,
C. BRANDT, Vice-President,
THOS. GILLMAN, Ex-President,
GEO. MCNEICE, Ex-President,
E. E. SCHMITZ, Secretary,
Of the Musicians' Union.

NOAH BRANDT,
L. N. RITZAU,
N. BALLEMBERG,
M. BLUM,
Orchestral Leaders.

ISIGOR FENSTER,
B. JAULUS,
A. LOGAR,
F. SPILLER,
N. LANDSBERGER,
HENRY SUSMAN,
W. J. HENDERSON,
and many others.

Twenty Seventh Industrial Exposition

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

Preliminary World's Fair Exhibit of California
Opens January 10, 1893.
Closes February 11, 1893.

NEW FEATURES! SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS!
Among which will be the annual exhibition of the Northern California Citrus Fair Association, a grand display of natural products of the various counties of the State, the largest collection ever seen in this city of valuable statuary and paintings, an orchestra of fifty musicians, including noted soloists and Miss May Cook, the young Californian cornetist, six large aquariums, machinery in motion, objects of art, industry, and manufacture.

NOW OPEN - AT 16 POST STREET,
Grand Exhibition

Oriental Art Goods

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BY M. B. MUHRAN.
All the best Rugs of the last collection and the latest arrivals constitute this most wonderful collection of

Turkish and Persian Rugs and
Palace Embroideries of all Kinds
Which are now on Free Exhibition, will be sold

AT AUCTION,
Commencing Thursday, Feb. 24 until Feb. 28th, at 11 A. M. each day.
WM. BUTTERFIELD, Auctioneer.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"You will have to work hard if you wish to be." The poet—"I'll have to work harder if I do not."—*Life*.

Chicagoan—"How many editions do the New York evening papers print?" Gothamite—"Three every day—the third, the last, and the extra."—*Puck*.

"They say that the Emperor William writes a very bad band." Mrs. Partington—"I do! And I've so often heard of the divine write of kings!"—*S. G. & Co's Monthly*.

Pete (shivering)—"I tell ye, Mike, me heart aches for the rich this winter." Mike—"Why, man?" Pete—"Think of the coal they have to buy, poor things."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Morrison Essex—"I'm going to let his wife know of his actions with the girls." Franklin Furniss—"Are you going to tell her?" Morrison Essex—"No; I'm going to tell my wife."—*Puck*.

Clytie (pointing to her corsage)—"I've worn these roses all evening—see how they keep." Cholly (whom Clytie has frozen)—"Yaas—the flowers keep—but oo woodah—they abe oo ice."—*The Club*.

Tommy—"I looked through the key-hole when sis was in the parlor with her beau last night." Father—"What did you find out, my son?" Tommy—"The lamp, sir."—*Cedar Rapids Chat*.

He—"Oh, I have a splendid story to tell you. I don't think I ever told it to you before." She—"Is it really a good story?" He—"Indeed it is." She (wearily)—"Then you have't told it to me before."—*Life*.

Resident—"Think of opening an office in this neighborhood, eh? Seems to me you are rather young for a family physician." Young doctor—"Y-e-s, but—er—I shall only doctor children at first."—*New York Weekly*.

Clara—"Baroo Spuchs must be a brave mao. They say be lives in a castle that is haunted by the ghosts of murdered ancestors." Jack—"Ghosts! That's nothing. I live in a house that is haunted by bill collectors."—*S. G. & Co's Monthly*.

"Thomas must be doing splendid on the stage," remarked his mother; "he writes me that he appears every evening as a villager, a gypsy, and two kinds of soldiers—while Mr. Hamlet, the star, you know, performs only one part."—*Puck*.

Mr. Huff—"Yes; I insisted I was going to smoke all over the house, and my wife said I couldn't smoke anywhere except in the library." Miss Ford—"And how did you fix it up?" Mr. Huff—"Oh—er—we compromised. I've given up smoking altogether."—*Truth*.

Mr. Green (who has been listening to Mr. Brown's account of a trip round the coast)—"And how did you like it, Mrs. Brown?" Mrs. Brown—"Well, I didn't see much of the scenery, but the cabin was very comfortable, and the stewardess a most sympathetic woman."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

A little group was discussing Biela's comet in a country store: "I tell ye," said Farmer Hardsbell, "that was a great fall of stars the time that comet come along. I see more than a thousand drap, with my own eyes." "I didn't see 'em," responded Joshua Bright; "but I looked about the next night, and I noticed the stars was thinned about considerable."—*Puck*.

Barlow's first and last costume ball: Hostess—"What in the world is the matter, Fred?" Host—"Matter? I'm just mad. That idiot Trotter has come as Coeur de Lion, incased in sheet-iron. You can track his brazen footsteps along the polished ball, up the stairs, and now he's describing seveteetoo scratched lines every step he takes. What does he take hard-wood floors for, I want to know? This ball's going to be expensive."—*Bazar*.

No. 1—"I have the handsomest woman in the town for a wife." No. 2—"And I have the best-bred woman." No. 3—"And I have the richest." No. 4—"And I the most intellectual." No. 5—"And I the best housekeeper." No. 6—"And I the most artistic." No. 7—"And I the most charitable." No. 8—"And I the most fashionable." No. 9—"And I the most influential." No. 10—"And I the most charming." No. 11—"And I can beat any of you." All—"Why, you are not married!" No. 11—"Well, is that what I said?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Travel with a Friend

Who will protect you from those eemies—nausea, indigestion, malaria, and the sickness produced by rocking on the waves, and sometimes by inland traveling over the rough beds of ill-laid railroads. Such a friend is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Ocean mariners, yachtsmen, commercial and theatrical agents, and tourists testify to the protective potency of this effective safeguard, which conquers also rheumatism, nervousness, and biliousness.

—GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER STREET, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

Made with Boiling Water.
EPPE'S COCOA.
Made with Boiling Milk

MUSICAL NOTES.

The New Opera, "His Majesty."

"His Majesty," the new comic opera by Mr. Peter Robertson and Mr. H. J. Stewart, will be produced at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening, February 8th, for the benefit of the San Francisco Polyclinic. Miss Florence Graham, of London, a sister of Mr. Doonald de V. Graham, has designed the costumes, Mr. Forrest Seabury is painting the scenery, James N. Long is attending to the mise en scene with Mr. Morrissey in charge of the properties, and Fred Urban as stage-manager has charge of the rehearsals which are now in progress. So far everything is going along well, and there can be no doubt of the success of the opera. Early in February the boxes and choice of seats will be sold at auction. The cast will be as follows:

King Cadenza..... Charles J. Dickman
The Queen of Patsie..... Mrs. Charles J. Dickman
The Princess Epid..... Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams
The Prime Minister..... F. G. B. Mills
Feodor, Crown Prince of Muscovy..... Donald de V. Graham
His Valet, the Mock Prince..... J. F. Walsh
An Officer of the Imperial Regiment..... Elmer Dupue
Don Impresario (of a comic opera company)..... Donna Betti Martini, prima donna of the comic opera company..... Mrs. L. Brechemin
Soldiers, peasants, and the chorus of a comic opera company.....

The first "ladies' night" in the new Olympic Club building, which is announced for Tuesday evening, January 31st, will be an event of unusual interest. The pleasure of inspecting the club's new quarters while in gala attire will attract many, and a concert-programme of uncommon excellence will be presented. The affair is, to a great extent, being managed by Mrs. Frona Euoice Waite, alternate lady manager of the National World's Fair Commission, and the receipts from the sale of tickets at one dollar each are to go to the fund for furnishing the California Room in the Women's Building at the exposition in Chicago. That the fund is a worthy one and deserving of contribution goes without saying; but the pleasures of the occasion will more than repay purchasers of tickets. A musical entertainment, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, will be presented by Mrs. L. Brechemin, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Mrs. Birmingham, Mme. Ursomando, Miss Aooa Miller-Wood, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. J. C. Hughes, Professor G. Sauvlet, Master Henry Samuels, and the Henry Heymao String Quartet, and an athletic entertainment will be given by members of the club, under the leadership of Mr. Kolb.

A concert will be given on Thursday evening, January 26th, by Signora Virginia Ferrari, ex-prima donna soprano of the Italian opera, assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist; Signor Giulio Minetti, violinist; Mr. Lawrence Peterson, cellist; and Signor Sigismondo Martinecz, pianist. A very interesting programme is promised.

The twenty-seventh Saturday Popular Concert will be held in Irving Hall next Saturday afternoon. Mozart's string quartet and Dvorak's tertzetto will be the selections for stringed instruments. Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Miss Ada E. Weigel will play Raff's "Chaconne," and Miss Gill will sing numbers by Schumann and Stange.

The Friday Evening Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald, will give its first soiree-muscale in Kobler & Chase's Hall, 26 O'Farrell Street, next Friday night. The orchestra will be assisted by Miss Jennie Eastman and Miss Maude Priest as vocalists.

A series of concerts is announced to take place in this city some time during March by Miss Adele Aus der Obe, the noted pianist, of New York. Two years ago she created a furore here, and her second tour of the coast will doubtless be equally successful.

The Bandurria Club will give a concert on Tuesday evening, February 7th, in Metropolitan Hall.

—PROF. CREPAUX, OF THE PARIS GRAND OPERA, has the honor to inform the public that he is now forming singing classes. Two lessons a week—per month—\$10.00. Vocal and scenic lessons in classes or private. Applications will be received at 1119 Sutter Street, bet. Larkio and Polk Streets, at the Larcher School of Languages.

The Mechanics' Fair is filled now to the extent of its capacity every night, and all through the day it holds throngs of women and children, with an occasional mao bere and there in the crowd. The art-gallery is unusually good this year, including several excellent landscapes by Keith, portraits by Mrs. Richardson, a triptych of Wawona by Tom Hill, and several portraits by Julius Lodovici. Among the latter, a pastel of a young lady, with a violin, and a portrait in oils of Miss Morgan, the harpist, are attracting much attention.

At a dinner given by a workingmen's union in Krainsdorf, Germaoy, two Socialists refused to drink to the health of the Kaiser. When the customary toast was proposed, they put on their hats and left the room. One of them is now serving a three months' the other a nine months' sentence in the work-house for insulting his majesty. The difference in the sentences is due to the fact that one of the men was more "sassy" than the other.

DCLXL.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Suoday, January 22, 1893.

Green Pea Soup.
Fried Sole, Tartar Sauce. Baked Potatoes.
Broiled Quail on Toast.
Asparagus, Celery Cream Sauce.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Vegetable Salad.
Wine Jelly. Cheese Puffs.
Coffee.

CHEESE PUFFS.—Line patty-pans with puff paste, and fill them three parts full with the following mixture: Put a fill of cream in a double boiler, with two ounces of grated cheese, a saltspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a large teaspoonful of butter; when all is melted to a thick custard, break it into two eggs, well whipped. The mixture is only to be made hot enough to melt the cheese, not to boil. Bake in a well-heated oven, and if they are preferred sweeter, more sugar can be sifted on top.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Ask your grocer for it. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johansdown, N. Y., will bring you cook-book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

Clever Advertisers.

Devise a sufficiently worthless scheme and there is money in getting up advertising dodges. Enough merchants will always be found who will patronize "programmes," "souvenirs," and kindred snaps, without once considering their value as advertising mediums. Yet they will ever think of investing in the class of advertising that will bring them an adequate return. The only advertising that pays is that which the people will see at the time when they have leisure to look at it; and the newspaper is the only medium for this. An illustration of this readiness to take up worthless schemes has recently been presented by the success of a smart advertising fakir who conceived the idea of announcing a game of foot-ball between the teams of the Olympic Club and the Stanford University, and then busied himself soliciting for advertisements to be printed in a "souvenir" to be sold at the game. There over was any chance of such a game being played; the whole idea existed only in the fakir's fervid imagination. But that is not the really interesting feature of the affair. The curious point is that business men actually imagined that anybody would have time to look at a programme at a foot-ball game! As well imagine a mao selecting the back of an unbroken mustang to take a quiet siesta. But this clever fakir found a sufficient number of merchants willing to pay for the privilege of being buried in the obscurity of his "souvenir" to guarantee him a handsome profit without the necessity of selling any copies. In fact, he circulated none. Yet these same advertisers are always doubtful about the merits of advertising in reputable journals which are carefully read, thoroughly prepared, and circulated by scores of thousands of copies.

Singers and public speakers find Ayer's Cherry Pectoral invaluable. It never fails to cleanse the throat and strengthen the voice.

Sickness Among Children,

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 830 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

The United States Government

Is the largest user of typewriters in the world. Upwards of 2,000 Remingtons are employed in the several departments at Washington, and the Remington Company is constantly receiving requisitions from the government for additional machines.

The Columbian Exposition

Has concluded contract by which the Remington Standard Typewriter is to be furnished exclusively for public use during the Exposition. The writing-rooms are to be furnished with Remingtons, in charge of expert operators, for the use of the public.

The Remington Factory

At Ilion, N. Y., turns out a New Remington Typewriter every five minutes; or more machines every day than the combined product of all other manufacturers of high-priced Writing Machines.

The Remington is not only Unsurpassed but Unapproached for Excellence of Design, Quality of Work, Simplicity, and Durability.
G. G. WICKSON & CO., 3 and 5 Front Street, S. F.
346 Main Street, Los Angeles. 141 Front Street, Portland.

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GROWERS, IMPORTERS, AND DEALERS IN
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Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make from same one of our enlarged life-like portraits (together with frame complete). ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. This offer is made in order to introduce our portraits and frames in your vicinity, for one of our line portraits placed in your home will do us more good than any other advertisement. This offer is made IN GOOD FAITH, and we will forfeit ONE HUNDRED dollars to anyone sending us a photograph and not securing his portrait and frame FREE as per this offer. We guarantee the return of your photos so have no fear of losing it. Address all our letters to Brooklyn Art Union, 627 Marcy Ave., cor. Hall St., Brooklyn, N. Y. References: all Banks and Express Co's., in New York and Brooklyn.
Put your name and address back of photos.

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SEEDS ROSES TREES
SMALL FRUITS, GRAPE VINES, ETC.
Why Not Procure the Best Direct from the Growers? Our Illustrated Catalogue, over 150 pages, offers one of the most complete stocks in the U. S. at right prices. Free to planters. Send for it to-day,
39 YEARS. 900 ACRES. 28 GREENHOUSES.
THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Painesville, Lake Co., O.

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MANUFACTURERS.
BANK OFFICE
AND
CHURCH
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For Spring Trade are coming in—3 cases of beautiful, soft, fluffy tennis goods, mostly light colors; prettiest styles we ever offered; always bring 15 cents; bought a bargain at this close of a dull year for spot cash. We'll offer 'em at

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Mostly stripes, some plaids and figures. Nice for dresses, wrappers, children's wear, men's shirts—everything.

Shall we Send Samples

Of these or any other goods? Tell us plainly what you desire, and write for Homecircle, if you do not have one, for January to
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HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
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From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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The clean newspaper has, in the long run, the most permanent patronage and circulation. The paper which goes into the homes and is read by the families is the paper which counts its subscribers by the year, instead of depending on the fluctuating sales of the news companies, and it is after all the family newspaper which swings the power.—*Reading (Pa.) Times*.

28 GOLD SILVER AND
BRONZE MEDALS
AWARDED
Eclipse
Champagne
UNEXCELLED
FOR
BOUQUET-DELICACY-DRYNESS



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Facts When You Buy a Sewing Machine.

THEY ARE HERE:

The Light-Threading **DOMESTIC** always First, always Best.

Has held this Progressive Lead for over Twenty Years.

Always in Advance of the Times, it is Practical, Simple, Durable.

Don't fail to see it.

J. W. EVANS, Agent,
29 Post Street.

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Surplus.....1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits.....3,317,485 11
September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier

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Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

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CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

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Assets.....2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

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CITY OFFICE: 501 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE: 401 Montgomery Street.

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Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

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GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,
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AND BEANS
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LOG CABIN BAKERY!
Our Home-Made Bread
Is now in the houses of thousands of families, who, until they gave it a trial, made their own bread. It is also cheaper.
TRY IT!
Wedding Parties Supplied with all the
Delicacies.
We deliver in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley.
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Agent wanted in every town. Send for circulars.

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Central to all lines of cars.



I've dismissed the doctor; my Rambler takes his place. Never was healthier; never so happy; and it's so easily learned. Why don't you try it yourself, dear? Get list.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXII. No. 5.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 30, 1893.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Opposition in Congress to the National Quarantine Bill has come from two political elements which ordinarily have few points of sympathetic contact—Tammany and the South. Tammany objects to the interference of the Federal Government on the entirely business-like and characteristic ground that the State would lose "patronage"; the gentlemen from Louisiana and Texas demur because they are fearful of "centralization," in the good old-fashioned way that has not been all whipped out of them. As for Tammany's objection, it is, of course, not debatable except off the floor of Congress. It is in the lobbies of the capitol and

the bar-rooms of Washington that Tammany discusses national questions and bargains for the votes which give it such surprising strength. Bourke Cockran—that glorified Irishman whose fame as a statesman has been swelling ever since he brilliantly predicted Cleveland's defeat at Chicago—was able, the other day, to wheedle and bully a majority of the House of Representatives into reconsidering and passing, after it had heated, his amendment to the bill providing that the "Federal authorities should not modify, change, or alter any State quarantine law"—that is to say, should have no more power than at present and leave Tammany's heelers to enjoy their offices in peace. As for the high-browed, serious-faced Southrons, who apparently dread cholera less than they do "Federal aggression," one must at least recognize that their course has the respectability of being based on a theory of government, antiquated and absurd though it be.

To the modern mind it occurs that, if there is one power with which the general government may be safely intrusted, it is that of guarding the public health when it shall be threatened with epidemic disease from beyond the national borders. Even the ancient Democrats from the Gulf and Rio Grande, who rise in Congress to shake the dust from their limited intellects by the delivery of orations on the glittering and easy theme of State sovereignty, are, it is to be remarked, as eager as others to confer upon the national government the perilous function of bearing the cost of improving the rivers and harbors of their beloved States. Moreover, experience has demonstrated that quarantine by State authority is a failure. Louisiana was only too glad to have the United States step in for her protection and healing when yellow fever raged in dirty New Orleans; and were that scourge, or any other, to break out in Mexico, the Texan statesmen, who, within the past week or two, have been discharging their lungs of parochial political platitudes in Washington (to Tammany's joy), would be among the earliest to pray the Federal authorities to patrol the several banks of the Rio Grande.

There is too much every-day, since-the-war sense even in a Democratic House of Representatives to permit this States-rights twaddle to have any real effect by itself in connection with the question of quarantine. The country had a good fright last summer when New York harbor held a fleet of plague-smitten immigrant ships, and every man of intelligence in Congress knows that the largest element in the nation's fear at that time was its knowledge that upon Tammany's efforts in some degree depended the exclusion of the disease. Fortunately the President went to the extreme limit of his power and suspended immigration for a season, and the Secretary of the Treasury outraged every States-rights Democrat in the land (after the danger was over and he had time to think about it), by taking charge of matters in a high-handed way. Who is there that does not believe we should have been ravaged by cholera had Tammany been allowed to manage that situation as it pleased? Dr. Jenkins, the State quarantine officer who was in charge, is a son-in-law of Boss Croker, chief of Tammany, and in the months that have intervened since he swaggered, blundered, bungled, and displayed ignorance and insolence in equal parts, he has been roasted for his incompetence in every medical publication of standing in the Union, as well as in the lay magazines and newspaper press. Yet Tammany not only had the impudence to fight a national quarantine bill in Congress, but nearly succeeded in killing it! As it is, they have amended the life out of it. Jenkins "controls" four hundred "places," and Tammany controls Jenkins.

The Advisory Committee of the Society of Physicians of New York recently made a report on the subject, in which they said:

"The State quarantine has a capacity utterly inadequate for such a great port as New York, even if judiciously and skillfully administered. The present health officer has not shown sufficient executive ability, nor sufficient knowledge of sanitary science, to warrant the belief that he can in the future manage quarantine affairs in a satisfactory and safe manner. We share with you in the grave concern with which we look forward to the coming year, and the probable repetition of the useless personal suffering and the commercial losses of the immediate past, if

some radical change is not at once instituted in the scope and management of the quarantine establishment of the port of New York. The interests which centre in this port are not solely, are not largely, local, but national; and we believe that the quarantine here can be more surely humane, prompt, and efficacious by the establishment of a national quarantine. In conclusion, we wish to state our convictions that it is of the utmost importance for the welfare of the country that such legislation shall be instituted as shall put an end to the perpetual menace of indiscriminate immigration."

This report is signed by the following eminent medical men: Stephen Smith, M. D., A. Jacoby, M. D., Alfred M. Loomis, M. D., Richard H. Derby, M. D., D. Mitchell Prudden, M. D., Allen McLane Hamilton, M. D.

Representative Tim Campbell, whose statesmanship is as broad as the spirit of the organization which has not dishonored itself by giving him his office, spoke for Tammany when he said, with a brogue:

"The centralization and the increase of the Federal force, under the benign guise of sanitary protection, does not seem to meet with the approval of my constituents, and, as I am always alive to their interests, you may be certain my vote will go as they wish. The city of New York is one of the best-governed cities in the United States, and there is no reason why it should surrender any of its powers to the Federal Government. I have not heard any complaints about the management of our quarantine system in New York, and can see no reason for any change. You say that some opposition comes from the fear of a loss of patronage. If that were true, what of it? Is it wrong for New York to prefer to keep her affairs in her own hands? Why should we wish to see a lot of our own people dismissed to make room for gentlemen from Indiana or Pennsylvania?"

Logic such as that is, in the Manhattan Island view, unanswerable. New York may be governed to her taste. If the swarming hordes of wild Irish there, and the criminal politicians who are their chieftains, like it, it is, doubtless, the government best suited to the barbarian city's needs. But the rest of the country sees something more in the question of national quarantine than the four hundred offices now held by naturalized, but more or less imperfectly fumigated, Tammany immigrants. It is infamous that the Congress of the United States should palter with such an issue at the behest of Tammany Hall, an institution which stands merely for the political greed of the slums of the most populous, but least civilized, of our cities. It is intolerable that the health, the lives of unnumbered men, and women, and children everywhere in the United States should be steadily imperiled because a Democratic House fears to offend the voting tribes of New York's reeking tenements, and because the South still sends museum curiosities to Congress. Let us hope that the sane press of the Southern States will make itself heard, and shock the foggy Congressmen of the section into a realization of the simple fact that they are living not in 1853 but in 1893. Without the votes of these back-number Southerners, Tammany could be easily deprived of those four hundred precious offices, and the duty of quarantine placed where it belongs—in the strong hands of the national government.

The week before the California legislature convened, the *Argonaut* published an editorial article advocating a tax upon inheritance. As a result, we see that a bill has been introduced to that effect.

The public mind is so well made up on the subject of inheritance that the legislature now in session may as well deal with it at once as bequeath the duty to its successors. It is, indeed, quite remarkable that so obvious a source of public revenue should have been neglected so long.

It is difficult to conceive a more legitimate object of taxation than an estate which reaches an individual through the death of another. It is in many cases an actual windfall, and though a son may have counted upon an inheritance from his father, that inheritance none the less comes to him through an accident, and by no exertion of his own, and he can submit with complacency to a moderate tax on it. A tax on incomes is in one point of view a fine on energy and enterprise; but a tax on gains which are acquired merely in the course of nature without endeavor, is not only a just tax, but is one which every heir or legatee should be only too happy to have occasion to pay.

In almost every enlightened community, the "treas-

ury derives income from inheritance and legacies. The legacy duty in England is a considerable source of revenue, and the taxes on inheritance amount to a very large sum. In most of our States, the codes draw a wide distinction between inheritance by lineal heirs and inheritance by collaterals, or devise to persons not of kin. In New York, under a recent statute, all property that passes by inheritance pays a small tax to the State; but property which passes to persons who are not kindred in the second degree pays five per cent. In Virginia, property transmitted to others than lineal descendants pays six per cent. The same rule obtains in Pennsylvania. In North Carolina, estates passing to uncle, or aunt, or their descendants, pay one per cent.; to more remote relatives, two and a half per cent. In Louisiana, foreign heirs and legatees pay a tax of ten per cent. Similar provisions are embraced in the codes of other States, though the amount of the tax varies. It has been reserved for this State to neglect inheritance as a source of revenue, and several times in our history the general tax levy has been heavier than it would have been if the estates of decedents had been included among specially taxable property.

A recently published list of American millionaires enumerates one hundred and nine-two persons in this State, who, it says, are worth a million or over. Many of the persons named have no claim to be classed as millionaires, and many others, who are worth a million, are omitted; perhaps one error will balance the other. Of the one hundred and ninety-two alleged millionaires, several are known to be worth not one, but several millions, so that the aggregate wealth of the whole number would not be exaggerated if it were estimated at two hundred millions of dollars. Indeed, it would be easy to count on the fingers half a dozen who alone are worth together half of that sum. Would it not be right that the State should take a small percentage on large estates as they pass?

To give an idea of the vast sums transmitted by testamentary devise in this State, let us recall a few of the large estates which have passed through the probate courts of California in recent years. In addition to these, there are numberless estates worth from a hundred to several hundred thousand dollars. But those which follow were worth from one to ten millions of dollars:

Estate of T. H. Blythe,	Estate of Charles McLaughlin,
Estate of Charles Crocker,	Estate of Mrs. Kate McDonough,
Estate of Peter Donahue,	Estate of Dr. Merritt,
Estate of Theresa Fair,	Estate of Edgar Mills,
Estate of James Flood,	Estate of William O'Brien,
Estate of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles,	Estate of James Phelan,
Estate of Moses Hopkins,	Estate of John Parrott,
Estate of George Hearst,	Estate of John A. Paxton,
Estate of W. S. Hobart,	Estate of J. A. Pope,
Estate of James Irvine,	Estate of Washington M. Ryer,
Estate of Nicholas Luning,	Estate of William Sharon,
Estate of Charles Lux,	Estate of W. C. Talbot.

A tax of one per cent. on these estates would not have been felt by the heirs, and would have brought in a large aggregate sum to the State.

The case is still stronger where, by will or inheritance, a large fortune passes to foreigners or to distant collaterals. The other day, a man whose name was either Blythe or Williams, and who had accumulated a fortune of some six millions or thereabouts under the opportunities afforded by the State and under the protection granted by its laws, died intestate. The property passed to a young lady who claimed to be his illegitimate daughter, but whose family and whose education certainly warranted no hopes of hers that she would become a woman of property. Would there have been any unfairness in a law under which that young lady would have been compelled to pay to the State a percentage of the fortune which had come to her so unexpectedly and without any exertion on her part? If a tax of ten per cent. had been levied, would she have objected to take the estate at such a cost? Yet it would have yielded to the State a sum of several hundred thousand dollars.

A tax on inheritance and legacies conforms to the rules which political economists have laid down for the government of taxation. It is easily and cheaply collected; it would be cheerfully paid; it is uniform; it is certain; and it can not be used as an instrument of favoritism. One of the soundest economists of the age, John Stuart Mill, observes:

"I conceive that inheritances and legacies exceeding a certain amount are highly proper subjects for taxation, and that the revenue from these should be made as great as it can be without giving rise to evasions by donation during life, or concealment of property such as it would be impossible adequately to check. The principle of graduation—that is, of levying a larger percentage on a larger sum, though its application to general taxation would be in my opinion objectionable—seems to me both just and expedient, as applied to legacy and inheritance duties."

The objections which were made in England and in New York, when the laws taxing inheritances were under discussion, seem to be futile. One was that taxes on inheritance would lead to extravagant living by rich men; another was that property would be sent out of the country in anticipation of death, in order to escape the tax; and, in this way,

that active capital employed in productive industry would be withdrawn. A mere mention of these arguments demonstrates their weakness. If the proposed tax were to amount to a large portion of the estate—as, for instance, half or two-thirds—it is easy to conceive that it might be evaded; but if it only amounted to a small percentage, graduated according to the closeness of kin of the heir or legatee to the decedent, no prudent person would take the risk of playing tricks which might unsettle titles.

The *Argonaut* was among those whose sanguineness of temperament and piety caused them to hope for the moment that the appointment of Mgr. Satolli as permanent apostolic delegate in the United States would bring peace to the church. But it is not to be. The rancor among their graces the archbishops is too deep-seated, too fierce to yield to anybody's command—even the Pope's, let alone his apostolic delegate's. These quarreling archbishops, it has to be remembered, are men, and Irishmen at that. Archbishop Corrigan, doubtless, would eat and digest his humble pie in the seclusion of the archiepiscopal residence and say nothing, if the other side would let him. His is a slavish soul, and it is his nature to cringe under the lash of authority. But Archbishop Ireland and others of the victorious party will not cry quits. With a glee that is not altogether holy, we fear, they insist upon "rubbing it in." They are bent on punishing him for deeds done in the body prior to the awful announcement from Rome that the "Italian interloper," Satolli, was the minister plenipotentiary of the Pope—not, as Corrigan fancied, merely an agent to listen to complaints, draw up protocols, and obsequiously beg the combatants to lay down their arms for the avoidance of scandal to Mother Church. There is good reason to believe that formal charges against Corrigan have been sent to the Vatican, showing that he treated Mgr. Satolli with gross disrespect, in that he made use of the secular press to belittle his mission and sneer at his sacred Italian person. And the worst of it is, these charges are well founded. A complete exposure was made by the *Chicago Post* recently. A Catholic layman there received a note from the archbishop of New York asking him to secure the publication of an article that would be forwarded. It came in the form of a pretended interview with an "ecclesiastic," under a Philadelphia date, roasting Archbishop Ireland and his Faribault school plan, approved by Satolli and the Vatican. Before the *Chicago* layman could induce the *Post* to publish this invented interview, he was obliged to surrender Corrigan's note as a guaranty of good faith—and the *Post* printed the note in fac-simile! It is also alleged that the archbishop's Italian secretary, Father Gerardo Ferranti, prepared a pamphlet scoring Archbishop Ireland and Satolli. The latter, in an interview, pronounced this production "ignoble and vile." Other priests in Corrigan's household are known to have been industrious with their pens and active in the use of their "pull" with friends on the secular newspapers to get their productions into print. Indeed, his grace of New York is shown to have "worked the press" with extraordinary zeal and success, not alone throughout this country, but abroad. A pamphlet, ostensibly written by an ecclesiastic at Grenoble, France, but inspired by Corrigan, made its appearance not long ago, flaying Ireland and Satolli. There was even an agent at Rome itself—the aged and acrid Miss Eads, sister of the late Captain Eads, of Mississippi jetty fame. She supplied cable dispatches to the New York press on a hint from Corrigan. It was she, no doubt, who caused it to be announced from time to time that Satolli was to be withdrawn.

One can not but feel some pity for Corrigan—narrow, bitter, bigoted, and monkish intriguer as he is. No man in the hierarchy has been through the years a louder or firmer declaimer to the brethren on the duty of obedience to the authority of the Holy Father and all ecclesiastical superiors. While things were going his way, as they did up to a few months ago, he had no mercy for recalcitrants, and in his view contumacy was the deadliest of priestly sins. And yet all the time that he was raking Satolli with an ambushed fire, that innocent-looking Italian was loaded for archbishops, and his hapless grace of Manhattan did not know it! No wonder that Ireland, who was in the secret, wrote to our own Archbishop Riordan (as appears by an extract from the stolen letter, about which a good deal has been said in the local press of late) that a blow was impending which would "break Corrigan's head and heart." When Rome shall summon the poor defeated and humiliated churchly bully of New York to explain his heinous conduct, it is hard to see what better excuse he can offer than that of the school-boy detected in a misdeed by a monitor when the master's head was turned: "Please, sir, I didn't know anybody was looking." Had Corrigan not behaved like the crooked, crafty Irishman that nature has condemned him to be, it is very probable that Satolli would have spared him the soul-shriveling chagrin of reinstating McGlynn without

consulting or even notifying him. Against that intolerable insult, Corrigan protested to the Vatican, and the answer was the news of Satolli's commission to rule over the crushed Corrigan for life. In New York city alone there are some eight hundred thousand Roman Catholics, mostly Irish, and to these Corrigan has been a temporal as well as a spiritual monarch. Every official, every politician who desired to retain power over his own following, did obeisance to Corrigan. Mayor Grant, it will be recalled, went upon his knees and kissed the archbishop's hand, at a mass meeting in Cooper Union, as an act of thrifty homage from Tammany to the church. In the midst of his court, surrounded by his reverential subjects, King Corrigan has been cuffed and kicked by this stranger from Italy. And worse than all, the secular press, the liberal Catholic press, and every other vehicle for the expression of American sentiment, has expressed pleasure at the spectacle. But it is otherwise with the Irish of New York. Not since Sullivan fell before the fists of Corbett has such an affliction befallen. For Satolli, though an archbishop and a representative of the Pope, is still a "Dago" to them.

And, meantime, while Corrigan sits crushed, cowering, and shuddering in his shell of an archiepiscopal palace, the doughty rebel, McGlynn, restored to his robes, mounts the rostrum at Cooper Union every Sunday night, makes speeches to his Anti-Poverty Society, and repeats those economic errors which his archbishop condemned with bell, book, and candle. If Corrigan had a tithe of McGlynn's fighting heart, he would be in better case. When that pugnacious priest was ordered to be silent, refused, and was unfrocked in consequence, he shook his fist at the Vatican thus: "The best way to get anything from the Roman machine is to show your teeth, rather than be too humble."

But Corrigan has not it in him to take that tone. Before the Pope he is as abject as a child before a ghost. So it will be likely to go hard with him. It would not surprise us were he to be deprived of his archbishopric and reduced to the ranks. And it is certain that, whatever penance may be imposed, he will meekly accept it. It is with him as with the dog that barks and bites—a kick from his master suggests only the craven act of band-licking.

But Corrigan's friends! They constitute a large and powerful party in the Roman Catholic Church. They are the massed conservatism, ignorance, and prejudice of the organization. That they will give up the fight against the public schools and for mediævalism in general in America is scarcely to be expected. The habits of a lifetime, to say nothing of hereditary influences, are not to be quickly abandoned. Circumstances have placed them in the queer position of being more Roman Catholic than the Pope—the present Pope, who is a rather enlightened old gentleman. But Leo is in his eighty-third year, and the next Pope may be a man of reactionary ideas—and likewise infallible. So the war is far from being over. Still, no matter what becomes of Corrigan, or Ireland, or Satolli; no matter whether the fortune of battle shall lean to this side or that, all this turmoil is a mighty gain for progress. The net result is to weaken respect for ecclesiastical authority, and that means the Americanization of the Catholic Church in the United States.

The Woman's Club, which was recently inaugurated in this city, has taken the name of "The Town and Country Club." It has so far progressed in its organization that it has elected officers. The first hundred ladies have been registered as charter members; the second hundred and all subsequent applicants for admission will have to undergo the ordeal of the ballot.

There is no reason why the club should not be a success, except that women's clubs rarely have succeeded, which has led to the belief that women are not clubbable. Why they should not be, it is difficult to explain. Slanderers of the sex say that women talk volubly enough, but that they have really little to say to members of their own sex, outside of such subjects as dress, servants, and babies; and that it requires the stimulus of male society to give a fillip to their fancy. The projectors of the Town and Country Club cherish visions of a resort where women shall meet and discuss feminine topics from the standpoint of feminine interest.

Organizations of ladies from which men are excluded are as old as the age of Pericles; members of the Town and Country Club, who are curious to see how the Athenian women proposed to deal with the subject, will find all the information they desire in the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes, though they may shrink from taking the oath which was exacted of members of the Women's Club of Athens. It was the same anti-male instinct which, at a later period, led to the establishment of nunneries; in the middle ages, when such institutions were far more numerous than they are now, the isolation of women resulted in such grave disorder that the popes were compelled to restrict the admission of girls to the cloister.

All this has little to do with the Town and Country Club,

except that the establishment of such a society is in a measure notice to men that women can do without them. The *Argonaut* wishes the ladies well of their undertaking. It trusts they will make their club a success. It will be a novelty in the club line. There will be no bar, but merely a samovar in a back room, with little cakes on a platter. There will be no smoking, but a discreet serving-woman will keep in some secret recess a reserve of chewing-gum for the younger members. There will probably be a reception-room; but, sooner or later, the lady prioress will be compelled to have the room divided by a grating, through which gentlemen can converse with members. Thus will the precincts of the club proper be kept free from the profane sound of a masculine footfall.

But to organize a club is nothing—to run it successfully is a great deal. We fear that the Town and Country Club is in the position of the traditional bear-cub just entering life—its troubles are all to come. It will be curious to see how the ladies will struggle with the many problems of club life.

There is among clubmen a certain tolerance which, we fear, does not exist among women. In every large club there are men who dislike each other, men who despise each other, and men who hate each other bitterly. Yet such is the peculiar tolerance of which we speak, that such men simply avoid each other, without projecting their private dislikes or quarrels into the calm current of club life. They rarely inflict such personal animosities on their fellow-members; if they do, they are called Bores, and avoided as if they were smitten with some disagreeable disease. Thus only is club life rendered endurable. But can women, with their intense and emotional natures, look at things in this certainly sensible, but possibly cold-blooded manner? Can Mrs. X. sit and calmly read a novel at the club fireside, while Mrs. Z. (whom she abominates) sits beside her? and can Mrs. Z. toast her toes at the same fender as Mrs. X. (whom she would like to poison) and placidly peruse a fashion magazine? Perhaps they may. And then, again, perhaps they may not.

But one of the most burning questions in clubs is balloting for members. Nowadays it is generally done through an election committee. The animal man is so constituted that he can vote for the election of an individual who is personally disagreeable to him. The fact that he is on a committee, and not acting as an individual, causes him to subordinate his likes and dislikes in deference to the fact that he represents the club. But will women so subordinate their likings? Will they vote for the election of a woman whom they dislike, simply because they know that she would be unobjectionable to others? It is doubtful. If they do, they will be more than super-human—they will be super-feminine.

On the whole, the experiment which the ladies are about to try—that of balloting on each other's qualifications—will be extremely interesting to the student of sociology. It is probable that they will develop new canons of eligibility for membership. It is probable, also, that these same canons, if applied to men's clubs, would justify a man in blackballing another because he squinted, creased his trousers, or had red hair.

There are many erroneous impressions prevailing in reference to the election, appointment, qualifications, and status of United States Senators. This was noticeable in most of the California newspapers just prior to the election of Stephen M. White. It was urged that, unless the legislature made the election, the duty would devolve upon the governor to make appointment of a senator to fill the vacancy until the succeeding legislature should elect his successor. This was an error. The Federal Constitution prescribes that United States Senators shall be chosen by the State legislatures, for the term of six years, and if vacancies happen by resignation, or otherwise, during the recess of the legislature, the State executive may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the legislature, which shall then fill such vacancy. From the organization of the government it has been held that the vacancies in the Senate, which "happen by resignation, or otherwise, during the recess of the legislature," embrace in the "otherwise" only death or expulsion from the Senate. Failure of the legislature to elect during the session does not constitute a vacancy, as contemplated in the constitution, and in such case the governor has no authority to make appointment of a senator. California has herself notably given demonstration of this. In 1851, the legislature (then annual) failed to elect a successor to Senator Fremont, and the State was, in consequence, represented in the United States Senate, during the session of 1851-52, by Senator Gwin alone. The governor had no authority to make appointment of senator. The following legislature, of 1852, chose John B. Weller as senator. Again, the subsequent annual legislatures of 1855 and 1856 failed to elect a senator to succeed Senator Gwin, and not until the legislature in 1857 elected a senator was the vacancy filled. California

was represented by but one senator in the interim. The governor had no authority to fill the vacancy by temporary appointment. Accordingly, had the present legislature failed to elect a senator to succeed Senator Felton, California would have been represented in the Senate by only one senator until an election by the legislature.

Although the election of senators is made by the State legislatures and appointments of senators, temporarily, are made by the State executive, the Senate itself exercises the prerogative of passing upon the qualifications of all elected or appointed as senators. The constitution prescribes for United States Senators: citizenship for nine years, the age of thirty years, and habitation in the State. In 1793, the legislature of Pennsylvania chose Albert Gallatin as United States Senator. Objection was made to Mr. Gallatin on the score of citizenship. He was a native of Switzerland, and, in 1785, took the oath of allegiance to the United States of the original confederation. He had not been a citizen nine years. He was, consequently, refused a seat in the Senate. In 1806, the legislature of Kentucky chose Henry Clay to serve out the unexpired term of Senator Adair, who had resigned. He was chosen November, 1806; the term expired March 4, 1807. Mr. Clay was twenty-nine years of age—one year short of the constitutional requirement. The Senate made objection, but by courtesy he was admitted to the seat. The legislature of Florida, in 1849, elected Stephen R. Mallory United States Senator; the governor withheld the official commission. The Senate held that the act of the legislature commissioned Mallory as senator, and that the parchment commission of the governor was not necessary; that the governor had no actual authority in the matter. General James Shields was elected United States Senator from Illinois, January, 1849. He was a native of Ireland, naturalized October 21, 1840. He lacked nine months of nine years' citizenship at the time of his election. The Senate rejected him; but on motion of Senator Daniel Webster, he was allowed a seat in that body, which denied to him the right to resign, as he was not admitted as senator. Several months subsequently, on completion of the nine years of citizenship, the legislature of Illinois re-elected him senator, and he was admitted to the Senate without objection. In 1857, the legislature of Indiana was of different political majority—the senate, four in opposition to the Democratic party, the lower house, of large Democratic majority, and a majority of Democrats in joint convention. The senate refused to go into joint convention for the election of United States Senators, as the constitution ordains. The Democrats took the separate vote of each house—for two Democratic Senators—collectively reckoned the whole vote, and the two Democrats were declared elected United States Senators. Contest was made against the two in the Senate, but it admitted both senators to seats. The same legislature of Wisconsin, which had elected Isaac P. Walker United States Senator, subsequently instructed him to vacate the seat. He declined to do so, and the Senate sustained him; he sat out the full term of six years. During the Civil War, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the killing of General E. D. Baker, Senator from Oregon, Governor Whiteaker appointed Benjamin Stark to fill the vacancy temporarily. Objection to Stark was made in the Senate, and he was not admitted until the charge of disloyalty was disproved. In these several instances, it will be observed, the Senate passed upon the qualifications of the senators, elected and by appointment, without consideration of the act of the legislatures or the governor—admitting some and rejecting others, notwithstanding even the express letter of the constitution. But in no instance has the authority been conceded to the governor to make appointments, temporary or otherwise, to fill a vacancy caused by the failure of the legislature to elect a United States Senator.

It will devolve upon the supervisors this month to adjust water rates. The law requires this to be done in February, but it has been held by the courts that the law is complied with when the subject is taken up, and that an adjustment of the rates may be made in a later month. Still, when the usual order comes before the board, it may be expected that the demagogues will proceed, according to custom, to relieve the board of this part of its duty by raiding the Spring Valley Company. It has been shown more than once that these raids are never beneficial to water consumers, and do not lead to a reduction in the cost of water, while they have more than once depreciated the securities of the company, and thus increased the cost of betterments. Every attack on the Spring Valley involves it in an expense which has eventually to come out of the pockets of the water consumers. But this will probably not avail to silence those who make the fixing of rates a text for an onslaught on the corporation.

As a matter of fact, this city is better off as to its water supply than almost any other American city, and far better off than London. The daily consumption here is 20,000,000 gallons a day for, say, 310,000 people, or 64 gallons a day per head. New York, with its enormous shipping, which

consume vast quantities of water, is about the same. Chicago's consumption is about 63 gallons. But the reserve supply in these cities is far less than the reserve in San Francisco. Philadelphia's reserve is 1,000,000,000 gallons; that of St. Louis, 60,000,000; that of Buffalo, 140,000,000; that of Cincinnati, 105,000,000; that of Pittsburgh, 120,000,000 gallons—while the present storage reservoir capacity of San Francisco is 28,550,000,000 gallons. Chicago, of course, which draws from Lake Michigan, and St. Louis, which draws from the Mississippi, may be said to have an unlimited supply of water, such as it is; and New York's supply, which depends altogether on the Croton River, is an unknown quantity. But the other cities named seem to have very inadequate means of replenishing their supply in case it should be exhausted by a fire or other accident, whereas San Francisco appears to have nearly four years' supply on hand at the present rate of consumption. Lake Merced alone could keep the city supplied with water for four months.

The history of the Spring Valley Works is interesting. Ten years ago, the total amount of water in store was 5,558,000,000 gallons; now it is 18,656,000,000—an increase of over 300 per cent. There were then 21,002 consumers of water; there are now 36,484, the consumers having increased faster than the population. The volume of water consumption is, in effect, a measure of civilization.

A copious and uninterrupted supply of pure water, untainted by sewage, as it is in Chicago, and uncolored by silt, as it is in St. Louis and New Orleans, is the best of all possible preservatives of health. No person can be healthy who eschews the daily bath, and no home drain can be clean unless it is flushed daily from the faucet in the closet. Fifty gallons a day per head—that is to say, an average of two hundred and fifty gallons a day per family—seems a large quantity of fluid to consume; but where it is consumed, sickness will be less prevalent than in households where it is economized.

The decision of the superior court of Alameda on the water-front question reopens the old Carpentier controversy and adds an interesting chapter to the history of California land titles. Over forty years ago, on May 1, 1852, the legislature, then sitting at Benicia, passed an act incorporating the town of Oakland, and granting it full control of its water-front. Seventeen days afterward, the board of trustees of the newly incorporated town passed an ordinance granting "the exclusive right of constructing wharves, piers, and docks, at any point within the corporate limits of the town of Oakland, with the right of collecting wharfage and dockage at such rates as he may deem reasonable," to Horace W. Carpentier and his legal representatives for the period of thirty-seven years. In return for the grant, Carpentier was to build a wharf and a school-house, both of which he did. Subsequently, in January, 1853, a deed in fee-simple for the water-front was given by the city to Carpentier, and under that deed be assigned, from time to time, portions of the water-front to individuals, who, in their turn, assigned to the Water-Front Company, which is a branch of the Southern Pacific Company. Within the past thirty years, several attempts have been made by the people of Oakland to dispossess Carpentier and his assignees; but they have all failed till now.

The Alameda court disposed of the case by applying a principle so simple that it is a wonder it was not applied before. The State, which was the original owner of the Oakland Water-Front, was not, and could not be, the absolute owner. It could hold it in trust for the people only. Therefore, it could not give it or dispose of it to any one. It was bound to hold it and administer it for the benefit of the trust. Therefore, the act of the legislature granting the water-front to the town of Oakland was invalid and void; and the subsequent grant by the town to Carpentier was also void. The whole edifice of grants and transfers came to the ground when the original cession was upset. The recent decision places matters just where they were before May 1, 1852—that is to say, the State resumes its title and ownership of the Oakland Water Front, and is bound to hold it in trust for the people forever.

After the decision of the supreme court on the water-front of Lake Michigan, it is hard to see how the Oakland Water-Front Company is going to get any comfort from the highest court in the country. The principle invoked by the Alameda court is too clear to be disputed. The supreme court, moreover, while deciding cases according to the rules of law, always keeps an eye on the equitable aspects of a case. In the Illinois case, the Illinois Central Railroad, which wanted the water-front, wanted it only for the more convenient transaction of its business. Whereas the corporation which is acting here under the alias of the Oakland Water-Front Company wants the land in contention to prevent any other railroad getting into the city. The supreme court justices are not likely to aid and abet any such dog-in-the-manager scheme as that.

THE RUSTLERS' FATE.

How 'Latter Joe saw the Spooks of his Three Pals.

"Mulatto Joe" they had called him at first; this, however, in the free-and-easy vernacular of the free-and-easy "cow-hand," soon became "Latter Joe," and "Latter Joe" he remained clear through.

Joe was not exactly a mulatto; he was, rather, a mongrel. In his handsome frame he carried (if reports be true, and many things tended to confirm them) seven or eight strains of blood. Some of it was good; but what there was of good in the New England Yankee and the old Kentucky slave-holder strains was hopelessly lost in the curious compound of Spanish Creole, negro, and Cherokee Indian stock, not to mention two or three other races with which, it was confidently asserted, Joe was allied by ties of blood.

It is quite probable that Joe was never incumbered with a reputation for moral perspicuity; and, after his appearance in the cow-country, it is also likely that his lack of that weak-kneed quality known as "principle" stood him in good stead, for it was only two or three years before he graduated as a cow-puncher, and, with the aid of a few trusty steers and a facile branding-iron, became the possessor of a good-sized and rapidly increasing herd—mostly of the steer variety, oddly enough.

When he first started in the cattle business for himself, Joe went it entirely alone; but, as time passed and the "J B" herd increased in numbers, he found it desirable to take in a partner—and, later, another, and then another, so that, the second year, the firm consisted of Messrs. Joseph Bevard, *alias* "Latter Joe"; Patrick Heenan, *alias* "Murph"; Allen Croft, *alias* "Snorkey"; and Peter Renshaw, popularly known as "Reddy."

They were congenial spirits all. Among them, they shared not merely a like taste for outdoor life and a predilection for the cattle business in preference to all other pursuits, but a taking carelessness as to the matter of *meum et tuum* as well—and all this to mutual profit and advantage. And besides all this, they were experts, particularly in the branding branch of the profession (Snorkey and 'Latter Joe, indeed, ranked among the specialists in this line), and rattling good fellows, every one of them, whose long immunity from anything beyond mere suspicion is rather cause for gratification than otherwise—except, perhaps, to the other gentlemen engaged in the cattle business on the Redwood and neighboring ranges. These latter persons sometimes referred to Messrs. Bevard & Co. in uncomplimentary terms, which, however, were not unjustified in the light of latter testimony.

"Be the crapes!" said Mr. Heenan, impressively, one morning, as the "J B" firm was discussing its morning meal, all members being present—"be th' crapes! 'tis th' dom'd insolent Oi've been after bavin' last night!"

"'Twas th' beautiful jag ye had, Murph. Did ye lay down acrost th' saddle an' let th' cayuse bring ye home?" asked 'Latter Joe. "'Cause I heerd ye when ye come in, an' ye was sho' hooked up elegant. Does that style drunk come high, Murph?"

"Sa-ay, Murph," added Snorkey, feelingly, "wouldn't ye jes' 's live's swear in United States as t' cuss in Hybernian, when ye comes home drunk? Them Irish cuss-words is real barrowin', an' makes we all shudder f'r y'r soul's fochur. An', sa-ay, Murph—"

"Oi scor-rn your insinuations, gintlemen; Oi scor-rn thim, an' Oi t'row thim back in your tatbe—av yez bov anny. Phwat Oi wor about to seb, wor dthis: Oi wor insoluted most shehmfully by wan o' thim dom'd Yankee cow-poonchers, doon at Belcher's last night—or yisterday afternoon, be th' rights'av ut. Oi wor joost after tekkin' a hit o' th' craythur, whin in cooms Boh Fortner, av th' 'L-bar.' Sez Oi, 'Bob, will yez jine me?' Sez he, rale soorly loike, 'Oi'll not.' Sez Oi, wid more or less hate, 'An' pbwy? Sure, an' it's not often yez hov a chance t' tek a dhrop wid a rale descindint av o' Brian Boru.' Sez he, 'Dom you an' Brian Boru; I'll not dhink wid no rooster!' Wid thot I rached f'r me goon, but Boh wor quicker nor I wor, an' th' goon wor av his pocket an' ferninst me hrist to wanst; an' sez Bob, 'Oim not afther killin' yez, ye would Mick, but av yez mek anny brehks, Oi'll do ut—an', moreover,' he went on, 'Oi t'ink it'll be hether f'r thot whool gang av yours t' lave th' coontry.' Wid thot Oi walked out, rale dignified, an', afther shoppin' a minut' or so in th' corner saloon for anoother wee dhrop, Oi kem bome."

Here Reddy spoke up. Reddy did not often speak up; but when he did, his remarks were to the point:

"I reckon it's 'bout time, fellers—'bout time. They all's sho' boun' t' git ontuh us some time 'r nother, an' I sho' thinks they's gittin' on now. I be'n notussin', lately, they all don't seem so tickled t' meet up with a feller as they usetuh. S'posin' we all moves?"

This suggestion was met with silence on the part of the speaker's auditors. It was a fact that each and every one of the firm had for some time, with more or less reason, been feeling that uneasiness which is said to pursue the transgressor; and Murph's story of the trouble at Belcher's, and Reddy's remarks, tended to a short but pregnant period of reflection on the part of all hands. Finally Joe spoke up: "I reckon y're right, Reddy," he said, stroking his long, handsome mustache; "I reckon y're right—ye gin'rally be. But it goes hard t' le' go of a snap."

"But, see yere, Joe—"

"Ya-as, I see, right 'nough; they's o'wer places," interrupted the chief; "an'" (reflectively) "mebbe this is 'bout 's good a time 's any t' find one of 'em. Wa-al, boys, I'll tell ye—le's finish up this yere job wi' them calves over on th' crick, an' quit th' biz. I'll go t' town t'morrub an' see 'bout sellin' out—an' then we all 'll mosey f'r Texas. How?"

"You're a dern fool, that's what's you be," said the fore-

man of the "L-bar" Ranch to Boh Fortner, one of the "hands," as they sat at breakfast on this same morning; "I heerd 'bout th' break ye made in at Belcher's, callin' that wild Mick a 'rustler.' Ye ought t' have better sense; like's not be tumbled, an' when we git ready t' come down on 'em, th' hull crowd 'll be gone. Ye got it up y'r nose yesterday, didn't ye?"

The crestfallen and remorseful Mr. Fortner was obliged to confess that he had taken just a little bit too much, but was quite positive that no remarks he had made had been productive of material harm.

Later in the day, just about noon, a band of eight or nine men rode away from the "L-bar," every one of them armed to the teeth. It was apparent that they were starting out with a purpose in view; any one acquainted with them might have guessed closely as to what the purpose was, for the men were the "best" the neighboring ranches afforded—not one but had a reputation as a fighter and an artist with the "six-pistol." They rode rapidly, but not hurriedly, in the direction of the Nine-Mile, where it makes a bend near 'Latter Joe's place.

"Whew!" ejaculated 'Latter Joe, as he released an unusually refractory calf that had had to be "hog-tied" before it could be branded; "hot, ain't it? Wonder how many more they is of 'em?" Reddy, who was helping him, began to count them, and Joe continued: "Reckon we c'n finish 'em up h'fore grub-time, an' clear th' pen. Sa-ay, we're sho' brandin' more critters 'n Snork 'n Murph he, jes' like I said we would. Lord! I had t' laugh when that there big maverick throwed Murph up! Won't he—"

"Hands up!" rang in stern tones from the brush close at hand. Joe and Reddy turned suddenly, and so did their partners at the other end of the pen, for they had received a similar command. There was no surrender here, however. 'Latter Joe and his men knew what was up, and acted accordingly.

It was a short, sharp fight. Poor Snorkey fell wounded at the first fire, but the rest made a bee-line for their horses, shooting as they ran, as best they could. All three reached their horses, but the attacking party "got" Reddy with a shot through the body, just as he was about to mount, and Joe and Murph alone got a start.

Then there was a race for life. Joe and Murph had one advantage in having fresher horses than their pursuers, but the latter had the shooting advantage, inasmuch as it was difficult for the rustlers to turn in the saddle and return the shots of the attacking party, which were too close for comfort. Presently a shot caught Murph's bronco in the back, and down went horse and rider, the latter to be pounced upon and disarmed before he could pull a trigger. But down the trail leading along the creek thundered Joe, unscathed as yet, and rapidly drawing away from his pursuers. Down below, about half a mile, a high bluff bordered the creek, and here the trail followed a narrow shelf for some distance, with a sheer wall above and the tumbling, muddy waters of the Nine-Mile fifty feet below. As Joe neared the bluff, he glanced back. One of his pursuers was dismounting, rifle in hand. Joe stretched himself low along his horse's neck and jammed hard on the spurs, urging his gallant bronco up the incline. Once past the bluff, and he could take to the hills, with a good show for escape. He had almost reached the highest point of the trail when he heard the crack of a Winchester. A sudden, sharp pang shot through him as the ball struck him in the side; passing on, it hurried itself in the bronco's neck. The animal sprang high in the air, staggered, and went crashing down into the stream, carrying his rider with him.

"Ye sho' got 'im, Biddy," said the foreman of the "L-bar" to "Biddy" McGee, the top-man and crack shot from the "M C" ranch, as, after some minutes fruitless search for the remains of 'Latter Joe, they and some of their companions stood looking at the place where Joe and his horse went down through the weeds and brush into the creek. "That was a dern good shot, that was. Ye must've hit th' bronco, too; he's deader'n Jefferson," added the foreman, pointing down stream to where the body of Joe's horse lay, carried by the waters against a point of the bank.

"Wa-al," remarked Boh Fortner, "they sho' wa'n't no dough sp'iled this yere trip, bein's how we done got all of 'em, slick an' clean."

"Huh! 'twan't no doin's o' yourn, my loose-jawed young frien'," snorted his foreman. "Ef you'd had t' do it, they'd've sho' snuck out on us. Wa-al, le's go hack an' clean up th' job."

They went back to their horses, and returned to where two or three of their companions were guarding the live bodies of Messrs. Croft and Heenan and the stiffening corpse of the late Mr. Renshaw; and 'Latter Joe, who had been lying under water for some time, with only his face above the surface, clinging to the drooping branch of a friendly hush, crawled slowly up the bank a couple of hundred yards below where he had fallen in, and dragged himself painfully hack into the hush, where he fell, fainting.

"Stan' up, gents, an' take y'r places," said the foreman of the "L-bar," politely, addressing Messrs. Croft and Heenan. "Oh, I beg parding—didn't know ye was hurt. Mr. Snorkey, Mr. Fortner, will you an' Mr. Smith assist th' gent to rise up? Thanks. Now, somebody help them remains o' Mr. Reddy's t' stan' up. That's it—all in line."

"Now, then, then neckties. Mr. McGee, you will oblige by tyin' 'em. . . . All ready? Good! Ef you gents," addressing Snorkey and Murph again, "wishes t' address this yere aujance, Barkers is willin', as I've heerd say. No? All right! So long, gents; sorry t' have ye hurry off. . . . One, two, three! Up she goes, cow-han's! Good-bye, gents!"

There was a quick, short pull at three lariats, hung over the main branch of a tall cottonwood-tree; presently ten or a dozen shots were fired, and then the regulators rode

silently away, leaving three dead bodies swaying in the evening breeze from the limb of the great cottonwood.

The evening was far advanced when 'Latter Joe, lying on the damp ground in the brush by the creek, came to himself. He was cold and stiff, and his wound, though slight of itself, gave him terrible pain. He lay for some time, looking up at the stars, unable to rise. An owl hooted from a neighboring tree, and back in the hills a wolf howled mournfully. 'Latter Joe shuddered, and rose painfully to his feet. He stood for a little while, steadying himself by bolding on to a plum-tree. The prickly twigs hurt his hands, but he did not notice that.

Another wolf howled, long and loud. It sounded much closer, this time, and Joe instinctively reached for his revolver. It was gone; he had probably dropped it in the creek. He let go of the tree and staggered forward toward the trail. Down the creek, only a mile, was a little dugout, screened from observation by a growth of young trees, where he and his pals had cached, for use in case of emergency, arms, provisions, ammunition, whisky. He would go down there and stay until he felt better. They would not find him, down there, even if they looked for him; and he knew they thought him dead.

Slowly he dragged his tortured body along the lonely trail. Every now and then he would stop to rest, but the howl of a wolf, or the cry of a night-bird, would startle him terribly in his overwrought and exhausted condition, and he would hurry on, fearfully, staggering from side to side. He wondered if he had ever appreciated the advantage of having a horse.

At last the dugout was reached. 'Latter Joe fumbled around, and finally found the fastening of the door. He groped about inside, found the demijohn, and sat down and lifted it to his lips. He drank deeply, three times, then flung himself back on the floor to rest.

Soon the whisky began to take effect, and in a little while 'Latter Joe felt like a different man. He rose, lighted a candle, found some jerked beef and crackers, and proceeded to relieve his famishing condition. This done, another drink was in order, and he took it.

Then he removed his shirt and examined the wound in his side. It was little more than a scratch, though it had cost him so much blood; and he easily bandaged it, placing a quid of tobacco on the cut. Again Joe drank; then he leaned back to think over the events of the day and to decide upon a mode of escape. He was sure the others were done for, and that there was none left to go with him. He felt very sad over the loss of his pals; but at present his own neck was in danger, and he could not waste any time in regrets.

Joe's pain was all gone now. The liquor he had drank had taken full effect, and, as he rose to his feet to leave the dugout, he felt quite strong again. So, after filling a flask with whisky and arming himself, he left the dugout and started back up the trail for home, walking almost briskly now. The cries of the night and any unusual sounds from the brush startled him no longer. He feared nothing now; besides he was armed, and that makes a great difference.

As he walked, he made his plans. He would go home, get his clothes and a horse, and "light out" for the Texas line. And the money! There were several thousand dollars stowed away in the bouse, and now it was all his!—if he could get away safely with it. The thought sent a thrill of exultation through him and made him quicken his steps.

He was almost at the branding-pen now, where they had been surprised that afternoon. Something or other impelled him to turn his steps thither, though, in a befuddled way, he could picture in his mind just what he would see there. He stopped and took a deep drink—another; then he hurried on up the ravine.

There they were, all three—Joe's pals. Joe stumbled up to within a few paces of them, staring in a maudlin way. The bodies swayed back and forth, back and forth. 'Latter Joe insensibly tottered to and fro in unison with them. Their faces showed livid and distorted in the clear moonlight, but Joe did not notice that.

"B-hoys!" whispered Joe, hoarsely.

"There was no sound, except the sighing of the breeze through the tree-tops.

"Boys!" he uttered aloud. But the only response was the snort of a startled steer in the neighboring pen. It gave Joe quite a turn, but he recovered himself almost instantly.

The breeze started up with fresh force in another quarter, and the bodies of Joe's pals began to turn round and round slowly. It angered Joe, and he sprang forward.

"Damn ye!" he gasped, fiercely; "why in hell don't ye answer me?" And he grabbed Snorkey's legs and held them an instant; but the touch of the rigid limbs caused him to fall back again, shuddering.

"I was only foolin', boys," he said. "Come on home, fellers—come on."

There was no sound. Joe remembered the flask in his pocket, and, taking it out, he drank again.

"Come on, boys! Le's go home, an' pry up hell an' whisky! Come on!" he urged, waving the flask unsteadily. "They's lots of it, an' we don't have t' git up t'well we're ready t'morrer mawin'."

He waited a moment, as if expecting an answer. One of the animals in the corral groaned deeply, and this time Joe's heart leaped into his throat. He turned and ran back toward the trail as fast as his weak, drunken legs could carry him, and did not slacken pace until he almost dropped. Then, after a brief rest and another drink, he started on again, more steadily, for the ranch, four miles away.

Strangely enough, the first effects of the liquor he had drank already began to pass away, leaving him in a nervous, tense, excitable condition. Now, as before he got the whisky, every slight sound startled him, and he began to feel weak and frightened, and stopped frequently to rest.

The gray of early dawn was in the sky when 'Latter Joe

approached his late home. All looked eerie, and unreal, and inhospitable. Had the door been closed, Joe would have hesitated before opening it; but it was open, and he walked in. He hurriedly began to gather up his clothes, preparatory to packing them; but a strange sound from the other room interrupted him. He stood panting for a moment, his face pale as death, and his heart beating rapidly. Then he smiled a ghastly smile, to think of his foolish timorousness. He would go in there to investigate; the money was in there, and he might as well get it now as later. He advanced and partly opened the door. In there, sitting about the table, with a bottle before them and glasses in their hands—just as they had often sat in life—were the ghastly gray ghosts of 'Latter Joe's three pals, and the outstretched arm and forefinger of Reddy's ghost pointed straight at his late chief.

There was a wild cry and a fall. The door slammed shut, and 'Latter Joe lay still before it.

"Wa-al, sir," said Boh Fortner to his friend Doug Thomas, of the "M.C." Ranch, as, three days after the attack on the rustlers, he met him riding the range, "ef we didn't sho' have a hell of a time Sat'day night, I'm a liar, I am. Ye see, when we all done finished th' joh, we glides intuh camp and likkers up some, so 't when me, 'n' Smithy, an' some o' th' rest of 'em goes home, we all 's feelin' right peart. So when we comes t' whar we all done strung up them han's, we takes 'em over t' th' own house an' sets 'em round th' table, with empty glasses an' a hottle—wich, I may say, we all done tuk good pains t' empty, likewise. Ef them remaids didn't sho' look funny as a rag!" and Mr. Fortner and his friend laughed until the hills rang with their shouts.

About this same time, an inquisitive coyote came nosing about the open door of 'Latter Joe's late home. All was silent within, and the animal ventured inside the door. It jumped, when it saw the man lying over across the room, but the man did not move, so the coyote crept quietly over to where he lay and sniffed at him. It sniffed twice at his face, then lifted its head and howled horribly. The man did not move.

The wolf howled again.

From the scrub timber about the place came responsive howls, and soon the swift patter of stealthy feet told that the wolf's fellows were coming to join in the feast.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1893. R. L. KETCHUM.

Land values increase so rapidly in New York that it is easy to mortgage such property pretty well up to the selling value, and this fact has opened the way to an ingenious method of something very like swindling. A., representing himself as the agent of B., purchases desirable vacant land for say \$175,000, and before papers pass, B. sells the same to A. at \$225,000. B. then, upon the strength of this transaction, obtains a mortgage of \$200,000 upon the property. Of course A. and B. are in collusion, and the original purchaser really represented both, while the second transaction was solely for the purpose of establishing a price upon which the mortgage could be obtained.

Henri Rochefort is getting some fun as well as notoriety out of the French scandal. He gave a little supper in London to a few friends, the menu of which was unique and suggestive, to say the least. There were oysters *ministérielles*, hors-d'œuvre à la *Cornelius Herz*, a *salade Franco-Russe*, a plum-pudding à la *crème de chèques, bonbons anarchistes*, and *gelle de Panama*. The wine was described as "hellow the ordinary." The little explosives placed at each plate contained verses written by the host, addressed to his guests, and pregnant with Rochefortian wit anent the great scandal in France.

The Witnesses' Protection Society, which was formed in London, some time ago, "to protect witnesses from insult by counsel in courts of law," has extended its scope. It has added to its title "and General Legal Reform Union," and proposes to endeavor to reduce the costs of litigation, to draw public attention to the inequality of sentences and other anomalies of the present legal system, and to agitate for a uniform code.

The arrest of an Austrian, M. Luskina, as a suspected spy, was recently reported from Paris. It turns out that the arrest was connived at by the Austrian Government, and was really made for the purpose of preventing Luskina from exhibiting in Paris a picture purporting to be a correct representation of the tragedy at Meyerling, which involved the lives of the Crown Prince Rudolph and the Baroness Vetschera.

Statistics of the cost of the late general election in Italy show the amounts spent on "treating" to aggregate a total of ten million six hundred thousand lire—about two millions of dollars. In some districts the peasants had meat and wine, all they cared for, at the candidate's expense, for a whole week before the election, and one candidate is said to have spent one hundred thousand lire for "electoral purposes."

Over forty-four thousand pounds, subscribed in several missing-word competitions, is now impounded in the British law courts. Five actions have been brought to determine the ownership of the money. The proprietor of one paper says he distributed one hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds in prizes during the run of the competitions.

There have been five hundred and fifty thousand cases of cholera, two hundred and sixty thousand of which proved fatal, in the whole of Russia, from the outbreak of the plague to the first of last month.

TIPS AND TIPPERS.

How the Hapless Householder Fares in England on "Boxing Day."

Boxing Day is an institution which has nothing to do with theatres, although the Christmas pantomimes and spectacular pieces are produced for the first time on Boxing Night. The name of Boxing Day is derived from the custom of using the day after Christmas for soliciting and receiving Christmas "hoxes" (as Christmas presents of a moosey character are called in England), by a class of lower-order tradesmen and their employees, from their customers; as well as by a certain number of public officials, such as postmen, telegraph-messengers, etc. In short, Boxing Day is the established occasion for the bestowal of an annual tip.

Any one who likes can give Christmas-hoxes on this day; but to arrive at a full sense of the privilege, or obligation of doing so, you must be a householder and live in a town. Now, it so happened that this Christmas I was the guest of a bachelor friend who lives in one of the provincial towns—not exactly *in* the town, but in the suburbs, in a pretty villa-like house, with about two acres of grounds and garden—and his experiences on Boxing Day, of which I was a witness, gave me an idea of the responsibilities of the day of which I had hitherto been supremely ignorant.

I had got down before Harvey on Boxing-Day morning, having, perhaps, been more abstemious than my friend the night before, and on entering the breakfast-room, after looking in vain on the hall table for some expected letters by the morning post, was rather startled, as I walked up to the fire, to see on the chimney-piece a row of silver pieces from crowns down to sixpences, all placed neatly side by side.

"A nice way Harvey leaves his money about!" thought I. "He must have had more plum-pudding last night than I imagined."

There was no morning paper to read, so I sat down and picked up Whittaker's Almanac. Next to a newspaper there is nothing to equal it. While deep in the list of Derby winners, Harvey came in, looking so fresh and his voice sounding so cheery that I quickly reversed my decision concerning the plum-pudding.

"Do you think that's a fair sort of thing by the servants—leaving money around to tempt them?" said I, nodding at the chimney-piece, after the usual interchange of greetings.

"Oh, that's all arranged for Christmas-hoxes. That," said he, pointing to a five-shilling piece, "is for the postman; that," indicating a half-crown, "for the hutchery's young man; that," pushing a florin into line, "for the grocer's young man; that," nodding at another florin, "for the fishmonger's boy; that," looking at a shilling, "for the green-grocer; that," picking up another half-crown and putting it down again, "is for the telegraph-messengers. There's two of 'em, and they must divide it between 'em. One and threepence apiece isn't so bad." And so he went on through the whole list, stopping only as breakfast was brought in, and with it the letters, the five-shilling piece going out in the parlor-maid's hand to the postman, who was waiting for it, and whose similar sojourn at the door of every house he went to accounted for his delay in coming to us. And so, while we discussed the cutlets and kidneys, the toast, muffins, eggs, and coffee, the fund on the chimney-piece was gradually diminished by the arrival of the different applicants for their share of its bounty.

"There!" exclaimed Harvey, as the last shilling went out to the scavengers; "there's an end to the nuisance. They've spoilt every mouthful I've eaten. I'll ring for some hot coffee and more kidneys."

"If you please, sir," began the maid who answered the bell.

"I want some more coffee and a couple of kidneys—tell the cook," said Harvey.

"Yes, sir. But, if you please, sir," repeated the maid.

"Well, what?" demanded Harvey, testily; "kitchen fire's out, eh?"

"No, sir. If you please, sir, 'ere's Mr. Dicker, sir."

"Well, and who's Mr. Dicker?"

"The sweep, sir."

"Any chimneys want sweeping?"

"No, sir; they was hall sweep last Monday fortnight."

"Then what the deuce does the fellow want?"

"A Christmas-hox, if you please, sir."

"A Christmas-hox?" cried Harvey; "why, he's paid every time he sweeps a chimney. I don't ask credit of him, I hope. I like his cheek. Christmas-hox, indeed! Whoever heard of anybody giving a Christmas-box to a sweep? Tell the fellow to clear out."

"Yes, sir," and the maid turned to go.

"Yet, stay!" cried Harvey, before she got to the door; "here's sixpence; give him that. Confound it all—mind, it's the last ha'penny I give. Now fetch in that coffee as soon as you can."

"Yes, sir."

Harvey picked up a letter and opened it.

"I'm blown if it isn't enough to bankrupt a man," said he, chucking it down; "a Christmas dinner for the old people in the work-house. What do they want of a Christmas dinner now? Eh?"

"It does seem rather the day-after-the-fairish," said I.

"Oh, I see," said Harvey, giving the letter another look over; "it's to pay for one they've had. Hum—poor things. I daresay they enjoyed it. I'll send 'em a postal-order for half a sovereign to-morrow. Can't get one to-day. Bank holiday. Ah! Now for the coffee."

"If you please, sir," began the parlor-maid, "here's the firemen. They says as 'ow they'd like a Christmas-hox."

"Oh, they would, would they? And what for? There hasn't been but one fire in the town for a year, and that was only a chimney. Tell 'em to clear out."

"Yes, sir."

"Stop! Hold on! I ought to be glad there's been no fires. It isn't their fault. No, I don't mean that. Here,"

fumbling in his pocket, "give 'em this," and he handed half a crown to the maid.

"Yes, sir."

"Now, I hope we shall get that coffee. Heigho!" opening another letter. "Rubbish! Subscription for the post-office clerks. Rot! They're paid for what they do, aren't they? Hum! I daresay it's hard work enough, and I do have a quantity of letters in the year. I must send 'em a check for a pound after breakfast. Ah! Now then."

"If you please, sir," said the parlor-maid, "'ere's the railway porters from the station, sir."

"Well, what do they want?"

"Christmas-box, sir."

"Why, I tip 'em every time I go and come by train whether I have a portmanteau or not, merely for opening and shutting the carriage-door and touching their caps, more fool I. Tell 'em to be gone. The scoundrels!"

"Yes, sir."

"Hi! Stop. Come back! Here, give 'em this. Can't make fish of one and flesh of another," and the parlor-maid went away with a double florin, and another injunction to fetch in that coffee.

At last the coffee and the kidneys did come in, and with them a request from the coal-heavers, which was received and eventually fared in like manner with the others, its predecessors. And so throughout the remainder of breakfast, and, indeed, throughout the day the demands for Christmas-boxes went on, each and all being repulsed at first, but coming off victorious in the end. Such is Boxing Day in England.

LONDON, December 30, 1892.

OLD FAVORITES.

An Old Man's Idyl.

By the waters of Life we sat together,
Hand in hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise,
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices Æolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of Being on us weighed.
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting Time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together;
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.
And under the trees the angels walked,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly while we talked
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
Watching the waving harvests grow;
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro,
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
Brooded fairer the emerald hanks,
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humanhood.

O the riches Love doth inherit!
Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
But our elixir and precious gold
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows in the rain.
And we hear the tread of the years move by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago;
Then it was balmy summer weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow.
Iceicles hang from the slippery eaves;
The wind blows—'tis growing late;
Well, we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling, and we wait.—Richard Realf.

Indirection.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer.
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him,
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is hidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound hroods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving.
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights
Where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is
Divine. Richard Realf.

LOLA MONTEZ'S CAREER.

From the Courts of Europe to a California Mining-Camp.

Among the many famous characters who came to California in the early days, there was none to whom a more romantic interest attaches than to that of Lola Montez. A modern Aspasia, a woman whose beauty and powers of fascination had enslaved monarchs, her fame had spread throughout the courts of Europe and had even penetrated to the golden land of the Far West. The reckless profligacy of her career in a few years made her an outcast from the capitals where there were monarchs with princely fortunes to lay at her feet, and like the other gold-seekers, she came to the new El Dorado, California.

A number of pages are devoted to Lola Montez in a recent book of memoirs, entitled "An Englishman in Paris," from which we make the following extracts, to preface the reminiscences of her Californian career that we have had prepared by one who knew Lola Montez personally and is thoroughly conversant with her life in this country.

The "Englishman in Paris" refers to Lola Montez as "that quasi-wonderful woman," and goes on to explain the term thus:

"I say 'quasi,' because really there was nothing wonderful about her, except, perhaps, her beauty and her consummate impudence. She had not a scrap of talent of any kind; her education she had none, for, whether she spoke in English, French, or Spanish, grammatical errors abounded, and her expressions were always those of a pretentious house-maid, unless they were those of an excited fish-wife. She told me that she had been at a boarding-school in Bath, and that she was a native of Limerick, but that when quite a child she was taken to Seville by her parents. Her father, according to her account, was a Spaniard, her mother a Creole. 'But I scandalized every one at school, and would not learn.' I could quite believe that; what I could not believe was that a girl of her quick powers—for she undoubtedly possessed those—could have spent, however short a time in the society of decent girls of her own age, let alone of presumably refined school-mistresses, without having acquired some elementary notions of manner and address. Her gait and carriage were those of a duchess, for she was naturally graceful, but the moment she opened her lips, the illusion vanished—at least to me; for I am bound to admit that men of far higher intellectual attainments than mine, and familiar with very good society, raved and kept raving about her, though all those defects could not have failed to strike them as they had struck me. I take it that it must have been her beauty, for, though out of the way of wit, her wit was that of the pot-house, which would not have been tolerated in the smoking-room of a club in the small hours.

"A lover of hers, Dujarrier, in his will left her eighteen shares in the Palais-Royal Théâtre, amounting in value to about twenty thousand francs. She insisted afterward in appearing as a witness at the trial (over the duel in which Dujarrier was killed) in Rouen, although her evidence threw not the slightest light upon the matter. She wanted to create a sensation; and she accomplished her aim. She was dressed in mourning—not the deepest, but soft masses of silk and lace—and when she lifted her veil and took off her glove to take the prescribed oath, a murmur of admiration ran through the court. That is why she had undertaken the journey to Rouen, and verily she had her reward. The trial was really the starting-point of her notoriety, for in spite of her beauty, she had been at one time reduced to sing in the streets of Brussels. That was after she had fled from Calcutta, whither her first husband, a Captain or Lieutenant James, in the service of the East India Company, had taken her. She landed at Southampton, and during her journey to London, managed to ingratiate herself with an English nobleman, by pretending that she was the wife of a Spanish soldier who had been shot by the Carlists. She told me all this herself. 'But I did not make my expenses, because you English are so very moral, and my patron was suspected of not giving himself all that trouble for nothing. Besides, they managed to ferret out that I was not the widow of a Spanish officer, but the wife of an English one; and then, as you may imagine, it was all up. I got, however, an engagement at the Opera House in the ballet, but not for long; of course, I could not dance much, but I could dance as well as half your wooden, ugly women that were there. But they told tales about me, and the manager dismissed me.'"

The "Englishman" asked her why she had not come from London to Paris, "where for a woman of her attractions, and not hampered by many scruples, there were many more resources than elsewhere."

"Why did I not come to Paris?" she replied. "What was the good of coming to Paris, where there was a king *bourgeois* to his finger-nails, tight-laced, besides, and notoriously the most moral and best father all the world over, with princes who were nearly as much married as their dad, and with those who were single far away? What was the good of coming to a town where you could not bear the title of 'la maîtresse du prince' without the risk of being taken to the frontier between two *gendarmes*, where you could not have squeezed a thousand louis out of any of the royal sons for the life of you? What was the good of trying to get a count, where the wife of a grocer or a shoemaker might have objected to your presence at a ball, on the ground of your being an immoral person? No, I really meant to make my way to The Hague. I had heard that William the Second whacked his wife like a drunken laborer, so that his sons had to interfere every now and then. I had heard this in Calcutta, and from folks who were likely to know. But as I thought that I might have the succession of the whacks, as well as of the lord, I wanted to try my chance at Brussels first; besides I hadn't much money."

"But King Leopold is married, and lives very happily with his wife," I interrupted.

"Of course he does—they all do," was the answer; "mais ça n'empêche pas les sentiments, does it? Never mind, whatever my intentions on Leopold's money or affections may have been, they came to nothing; for before I could get as much as a peep at him, my money had all been spent, and I was obliged to part with my clothes first, and then to sing in the streets to get food. I was taken from Brussels to Warsaw by a man whom I believe to be a German. He spoke many languages; but he was not very well off himself. However, he was very kind, and when we got to Warsaw, managed to get me an engagement at the Opera. After two or three days, the director told me that I couldn't dance a hit. I stared him full in the face, and asked him whether he thought that if I could dance, I would have come to such a hole as his theatre. Thereupon he laughed, and said I was a clever girl, for all that, and that he would keep me for an ornament. I didn't give him the chance for long. I left after about two months, with a Polish gentleman, who brought me to Paris. The moment I got a nice round lump sum of money, I am going to carry out my original plan; that is, trying to hook a prince. I am sick of being told that I can't dance. They told me so in London, they told me in Warsaw, they told me at the Porte St. Martin, where they hissed me. I don't think the men, if left to themselves, would hiss me; their wives and their daughters put them up to it; a woman like myself spoils the trade of honest women."

Shortly after this, the death of Dujarrier and his legacy to her gave her the chance she had been looking for. She left for London; but, it appears, she did not stay long. When we hear again of Lola Montez, it was in connection with the disturbances that had broken out at Munich, and the abdication of her royal lover, Louis the First of Bavaria, in favor of his eldest son, Maximilian.

The substance of the following notes, relating to said disturbances, was communicated to the "Englishman" by a

political personage, who played a not inconsiderable part in the events themselves:

"Lola Montez was not altogether without means when she came to Munich, though the sum in her possession was far from a hundred thousand francs, as she afterward alleged it was. At any rate, when, in her beautiful dresses, she applied to the director of the Hof Theatre for an engagement, the latter was fairly dazzled, and granted her request without a murmur. She did not want to dance, however, and, before her first appearance, she managed to set tongues wagging about her beauty, and, as a matter of course, the rumors reached the king's ears. It is almost certain by now that the Jesuits, seeing in her a tool for the further subjugation of the superannuated royal troubador, countenanced, if they did not assist her in her schemes. At any rate, three or four days after the king's first meeting with her, Lola Montez was presented at court, and introduced to the royal family and *corps diplomatique* by the sovereign himself, as 'his best friend.' Events proceeded apace. In August, 1847, the king granted her patents of 'special naturalization,' created her Baroness von Rosenthal, and, almost immediately afterward, Countess von Lansfeld. She received an annuity of twenty thousand florins, and had a magnificent mansion built for her. At the instance of the king, the queen was compelled to confer the Order of St. Theresa upon her. I, and many others, had strenuously opposed all this, though not unaware that, up till then, the Jesuits were on her side rather than on ours. We paid the penalty of our opposition with our dismissal from office, and then Lola Montez confronted the Jesuits by herself. She was absolutely mad to invade Wurtemberg, not for any political reason; she could no more have accounted for any such than the merest hind, but simply because, a few months before her appearance at Munich, she had been, in her opinion, slighted by the old king. The fact was, old William, sincerely attached to Amalia Stuehenauch, the actress, had not fallen a victim to Lola Montez's charms, and had taken little or no notice of her. The contemplated invasion of Wurtemberg was an act of private revenge. But mad as she was, there was some one more mad still—King Louis the First of Bavaria.

"The most ill-advised thing she did, perhaps, was to change her supporters. Like the ignorant, overbearing woman she was, she would not consent to share her power over the king with the Jesuits; she tried to form an opposition against them among the students at the university, and she succeeded to a certain extent. These adherents constituted the nucleus of a corps which soon became known under the title of 'Allemanen.' But the more noble-minded and patriotic youths at the Munich University virtually ostracized the latter, and several minor disturbances had already broken out in consequence of this, when, in the beginning of February, 1848, a more than usually serious manifestation against 'Lola's creatures,' as they were called, took place. The woman did not lack pluck, and she insisted upon defying the rioters by herself. But they proved too much for her; and, after all, she was a woman. She endeavored to escape from their violence, but every house was shut against her; the Swiss on guard at the Austrian Embassy refused her shelter. A most painful scene happened; the king himself, the moment the news reached him, rushed to her rescue, and, having elbowed his way through the threatening, yelling crowd, offered her his arm, and conducted her to the Church of the Theatines, hard by. As a matter of course, several officers had joined him, and all might have been well. But her violent, domineering, vindictive temper got the better of her. No sooner did she find herself in comparative safety, than, emboldened by the presence of the officers, she snatched a pistol from one of them, and, armed with it, leaped out of the building, confronting the crowd, and threatening to fire. Heaven alone knows what would have been the result of this mad act, but for the timely arrival of a squadron of cuirassiers, who covered her retreat.

"The excitement might have died out in a week or a fortnight, though the year 1848 was scarcely a propitious one for a display of such quasi-feudal defiance, if she had merely been content to forego the revenge for the insults she herself had provoked; but, on the tenth of February, she prevailed upon the king to issue a decree closing the university for a twelvemonth. The smoldering fire of resentment against her constant interference in the affairs of the country blazed forth once more, and this time with greater violence than ever. The workmen, nay, the commercial middle classes, hitherto indifferent to the king's vagaries, which, after all, brought grist to their mill, espoused the students' cause. Barricades were erected; the cry was not 'Long live the constitution,' or 'Long live the republic,' but 'Down with the concubine.' It was impossible to mistake the drift of that insurrection, but, in order to leave no doubt about it in the sovereign's mind, a deputation of the municipal council and one of the Upper House waited upon Louis, and insisted upon the dismissal of Lola Montez, who, in less than an hour, left Munich, escorted by a troop of *gendarmes*, who, however, had all their work to do to prevent her from being torn to pieces by the mob. Her departure was the signal for the pillaging of her mansion. Meanwhile, Lola Montez had succeeded in slipping away from her escort, and, three hours later, she reentered Munich disguised, and endeavored to make her way to the palace. But the latter was carefully guarded, and for the next month all her attempts in that direction proved fruitless, though, audacious as she was, she did not dare stop for a single night in the capital itself."

So far the narrative of our informant; the rest is pretty well known by everybody. A few years later, she committed bigamy, according to our "Englishman," with another English officer, named Heald, who was drowned at Lisbon about the same time that her real husband died. She came to the United States in 1850. Her fame had been heralded by abundant notices in the American press, but she did not make her way to popular favor.

In 1853, Lola Montez came to San Francisco, by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Among the passengers on the crowded steamship from Panama was Senator John B. Weller, who was a passionate admirer of feminine loveliness. Word of the coming of Lola Montez, celebrated as a beauty and as a *dansuse*, had been widely circulated in San Francisco, and the town eagerly awaited her arrival. The coming of Senator Weller, by the same steamer, was similarly anticipated, and it was expected that he and the fair Lola would have become great friends while on the vessel. The senator's response, however, to the frequent friendly inquiries were not only disappointing, but disparaging to the reputed beauty. He had no admiration for Lola Montez; to close personal friends, he expressed his estimate of her in very uncomplimentary terms, especially about her notions of personal tidiness and behavior.

The prevalent desire to see the fair celebrity, to witness her performance upon the stage, more particularly as a *dansuse*, was, nevertheless, at fever pitch. She appeared at the American Theatre—at the corner of Sansome and Hallock Streets—first, in the leading female rôle of a play written purposely for her. A crowded house, fashionable for that period, greeted her first appearance. Her entrance on the stage was tumultuously cheered. Lola was in an excellent humor, and magnificently dressed. But after that opening burst of extravagant applause, there was little indication of gratification on the part of the large audience. The play proceeded tamely, and the occupants of the dress-circle hardly awaited the end of the play before withdrawing from the theatre.

The début of Lola Montez as an actress in San Francisco was disenchanting; and during the remainder of the short engagement she won few plaudits. She was little admired as a beauty or as a woman of fascination. It was through the celebrity she had acquired in Europe, principally as

Countess of Lansfeld in Bavaria, and the notoriety of her relations with the senile King Louis, that Lola afterward attracted audiences, made up from the masses of the city and the curious from the interior. Subsequently, Lola gave exhibitions at the theatre as a *dansuse*, in her special diversification of "The Spider Dance." She displayed no extraordinary agility, grace, or attractiveness of person. Audiences soon tired of the "Spider Dance" and of Lola Montez. She essayed lecturing, but only two lectures were given, neither of them being well attended.

Then she made a tour of the interior, to the principal cities and considerable mining-camps, in which she was generally heartily received, and was careful not to exceed the popular desire for one evening's entertainment. She replenished her purse handsomely, returned to San Francisco, took modest apartments, and lived in a fairly becoming manner. She entertained in good style, and her home was the rendezvous of a number of *viveurs* and wits of the town. Lola was not extravagant in dress, not addicted to street promenades, and in no way offended public decorum or excited improper comment in the community. She was a fine equestrienne, fond of riding, as fearless as skillful in the saddle, and frequently rode unattended about the suburbs of the city. She was a good billiard-player and fond of tennis. Nearly every night, when filling an engagement at the theatre, on leaving the stage, she walked to the ten-pin alley on Commercial Street, near Kearny, and there rolled game after game until tired of the laborious sport. She would enter the place alone and accept as antagonist for the game any apparently respectable gentleman, and fairly pay her share of the reckoning. When alone, she declined to accept any male escort on her way homeward. She was never subjected to any impertinent remark or improper familiarity there, nor was she ever rudely accosted in her lonely homeward walks. It would have been hazardous for any to offend or molest her, for she always carried a handy revolver and was a skilled shot.

Among the frequent callers upon Lola in San Francisco, was Pat Hull. He had come from Ohio early in 1850, and was appointed by President Taylor to be one of the enumerators to take the census of 1850 in California. His district comprised San Francisco. Afterward he embarked in local journalism, and in 1853 published a small morning paper called *Town Talk*. Pat was above medium stature, portly, of passable looks, good-natured, careless as to dress, and convivial. Unexpectedly he himself was the subject of a more sensational piece of town talk than his paper often printed—the announcement of his marriage to Lola Montez. They were married at the old adobe church of the Mission Dolores, on a Saturday morning at seven o'clock. A number of gentlemen, friends of Pat and acquaintances of Lola, were present by invitation. A wedding breakfast was enjoyed at the popular Mission Hotel of that time. On leaving the Mission Church after the marriage ceremony, Lola made an exhibition of her uncommon agility by leaping a distance of five feet from the plank sidewalk through the open door of the carriage awaiting Hull and herself, landing in the carriage on her feet. In doing so, however, she displayed to the on-lookers one of the causes which had moved Senator Weller to remark upon her untidiness—there was a hole in her stocking.

At the wedding breakfast were Alexander Wells, a justice of the State supreme court, P. A. Brinsmade, a veteran Whig local leader and former editor of the *Evening Picayune*, and a dozen other political and town notables. It was an hilarious feasting, at which broad jokes and piquant witticisms were bandied back and forth. The happy pair were passengers in the afternoon on the steamer for Sacramento, being accompanied on the honeymoon jaunt by some of the guests invited to the marriage, who left the boat at Benicia to return by the down steamer to San Francisco. But one of the party proceeded with the groom and bride to Sacramento, occupying the lounge in the stateroom with them. From Sacramento, after a few days' sojourn, Pat and Lola proceeded to Marysville. The brief first quarter of the honeymoon developed the fact that the somewhat phlegmatic Pat—Irish only in christened name and disposition to conviviality—and the volatile, quick-tempered Lola—Irish by nativity and in demonstrative qualities—were mated but not matched. The final separation of the turbulent matrimonial misfit was accentuated by Lola kicking Pat down stairs at the hotel in Marysville. He returned to San Francisco a wifeless but more sensible man.

Lola subsequently went to the mining town of Grass Valley, where she established herself in a comfortable cottage on the side hill, which she occupied until her final departure from California about a year later. At Grass Valley she entertained hospitably and gave full play to her eccentricities. Her death occurred in New York in 1861. She had lived beyond the span of a half-century. She left a daughter, who is now upon the stage. Lola claimed the baptismal and rightful name of Maria Dolores Porris Gilbert. The origin of the assumed name is not known. Her adventurous, stormy life had at length a calm and peaceful ending.

A Jewish junk-dealer, in Winnipeg, imposed an old muzzle-loading musket on a green English immigrant a few days ago, along with thrilling anecdotes about "Injun" incidents. The greenhorn found the barrel plugged up with what seemed to be wads. He took it to a gunsmith to be cleaned, and the smith poked out of the barrel seven hundred and five dollars in good Canadian bank-notes. At latest accounts, the junkman was being closely watched by his friends.

It is said that the Czarowitz of Russia manifests his sympathy for Germany in many ways, and that he has his rooms decorated with portraits of the late Emperors William and Frederick and of Moltke, Bismarck, and other German notabilities.

Charles Dickens disliked lead-pencils, and always wrote with a quill pen. Fortunately, he never had his temper tried by an impracticable fountain pen.

WINTER IN GOTHAM.

"Flaneur" tells how the New Yorkers are Skating and Sleighing.

Two weeks of skating and one of sleighing in January are a full winter allowance, and that is what New York has had this season. The ball at the park went up nearly a fortnight ago, and since then every rink in the city has been crowded, while upper Fifth Avenue and the park roads have been crowded with every form of vehicle on runners. We have had a carnival of frost such as the city has not seen for years.

It has been an agreeable change from the endless succession of feast and festival in hot stuffy rooms, in which the atmosphere passes from lung to lung, and where, toward midnight, the bud of the season finds herself inhaling a mixture of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid gas which has passed through the respiratory machinery of a candidate for the Keeley cure. There is something honest, too, in sharp, tingling, biting cold. In the north, people are genuine. When the mercury crawls down toward the bulb, men and women grow natural and straightforward; it is when the branches hang heavy and faint in a languid drowse, and the ferns curl with thirst and heat, that people are sly and artificial, and strive to be the thing they are not. All great knaves were summer bred.

On runners, flying at the heels of a pair of trotters, or on a pair of skates, cutting the outer edge of a figure of eight, with bends of the figure which Kivalya would have appreciated, the New York girl, her lithe figure wrapped in close-fitting furs, a dash of carmine spattered on her cheek, and the prettiest little foot in the world nestled into the prettiest little boot, appears to her best advantage. Her eyes are never so bright, nor her laughter so crisp, as when the snow creaks under the foot. Her temper grows more genial as the cold increases. She laughs a ringing laugh when Jack Frost nips the lobe of a rosy ear, and has not the heart to be angry when her cavalier, fearful lest her cheek should be freezing, assures himself against that catastrophe by applying the actual cautery.

How wonderfully good-tempered the people are at the park! When the hall goes up, every one who controls an afternoon and a pair of skates hies him to the rink. The unaccustomed foot-gear donned, some kind friend gives him a push upon the ice, and he stands wobbling, swaying from side to side, his knees shaking, foot after foot threatening to desert him in his utmost need. Goaded by a jeer from a bystander, he launches forth upon the sea of ice, and presently comes flop. His knee, his shin, or his *os coccygis* is made aware of the physical fact that ice is harder than flesh and bone. But what of that? He laughs. Everybody laughs. He makes a joke at his own expense, though he is conscious of a secret corporeal smart. The crowd enjoy the joke, and he forgets his bruise in the joy of being appreciated. A pretty girl helps him up, and tows him along till he gets a good offing. When she lets go his hand to float gracefully on one foot in a rhythmic curve, he flops again, this time with two toes in the air. He springs to his feet as one who will do it or die, makes a rush with his right, overbalances himself, and is down again, this time on his knees. He has a faint idea that they are bleeding; but he will conceal his anguish. He laughs rather too loudly, and a group of girls near him also laugh, though not unkindly. He is up again, and again he is down. This time a policeman helps him, and suggests that, perhaps, he may have skated enough for one day.

"Oh, dear me, no," says the poor devil, wincing and crying; "used to it, you know."

"I wasn't thinking so much of you, sir," says the guardian of the peace, "as of the ice."

The roads are a sight for painter and social philosopher. Russian sleighs, with dashing plumes, whirl past, with a driver who learned his lesson in Canada, and beside him, cuddled in furs, with no more of her pretty face visible than Arctic explorers exhibit of theirs when they start out for a cross-country tramp with the thermometer at fifty degrees below, is the belle, whose smooth shoulders were a dream of loveliness in last night's German. The avenue is musical with the

"Silver bells,
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night,
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the unobtrusiveness that so musically swells!"

Talk of Montreal and St. Petersburg! New York outdoes them both on snow and ice when the clerk of the weather permits.

Here is John D. Rockefeller, who has built a skating-rink of his own on property worth three hundred thousand dollars which adjoins his bouse. It covers two lots, each fifty feet front by ninety feet deep. The bottom of the rink is six inches of solid concrete, and over this is an inch of asphalt to make the surface smooth. One inch of water poured upon this bed makes a perfect skating-ground; and, when the ice is broken or cut up by the skates, an extra half-inch of water is allowed to run upon it to secure a new surface. One hundred people can skate together in this rink, and in the Chinese pavilion, which serves as a dressing-room, one hundred pairs of skates of the latest improved pattern hang on the walls for the use of visitors.

So much for being a multi-millionaire and the largest stockholder in Standard Oil. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 22, 1893.

One of the scenic novelties in a London pantomime is a "tableau curtain of crystal prisms," held together by twenty-four miles of wire, and illuminated by electric lights. It is said to be marvelously effective.

ELDERLY GIRLS.

The Pretty Selfishness of Seventeen Unsuits the Maiden of Thirty

When even her own mirror reveals signs of something that does not belong to youth, the single woman who is fond of social pleasures begins to consider what course she would better pursue. For she can be sure that she is not the first to perceive that her fresh looks are changing. The younger men are preferring the young maidens of their own age; the older men are mostly married. A stray widower or bachelor may be found, but the admiring court that used to gather about her, with fulsome compliment and merry laughter, are at other shrines.

If the truth be told (writes Helen Marshall North in *Harper's Bazar*), the single woman who is growing older only grieves at this change on account of its interpretations in her circle. She is glad that young men and maidens are gay and laugh easily. If she is sensible, she does not envy them, except as, like all women, she dreads the name of wall-flower. Neither does she enjoy the consciousness, when by chance she is banded down to dinner by some callow youth, that her escort wishes that a younger and fairer maiden had fallen to his lot. Little does the young man dream, in the plenitude of his self-devotion, that she would gladly exchange partners with her elderly neighbor, and listen to the sparkling conversation on a stirring theme which, with the best intentions, she can not wholly ignore. The youth is thinking: "How glad she must be to have such a young companion!" His partner is thinking: "Oh, for a half-hour on the other side of the table!"

All the world loves a lover, and it is equally true that all the world loves—nay, falls down and worships—the man or woman who has something to give it. The maiden of eighteen has not yet developed into a sparkling woman, but she gives of her beauty, her innocence, her grace and sweetness, and society loves her, and always will, for its share of these pleasant gifts. When these lose their greatest charm, the wise maiden replaces them, and finds something else to give in their stead—something, on the whole, far more enduring and more enchanting than even the beautiful gifts of youth.

By clinging to the manners of youth, its pretty confiding ways, its fears and anxieties, its amusements and dress, when the time for such is obviously past, the single woman incurs the censure of all sensible people, loses what she seeks to gain, and also loses the opportunity that might be hers to win something better than passing admiration. She deceives no one but herself. Forty is not twenty, neither ought it to wish to be. At forty, a woman's sources of enjoyment should be double what they were at twenty. At twenty, she is selfish; at forty, she should have learned some lessons of self-sacrifice and their rewards, and these lessons should make her—indeed, they can not fail to make her—a more agreeable friend, a more valuable companion.

But in the uncertain period, a woman too often falls a victim to certain other temptations. She is tempted by bobbies. Ten years ago, her little opinions were listened to with gay raillery or tender seriousness and respect. Now, if she is at all strenuous in advocating or persistent in introducing these same themes to which she has given mature thought, her conversation becomes wearisome. She must avoid hobbies, in society at least.

But the single woman may successfully cultivate a certain brightness of appearance which results from being genuinely interested in the great world and all its happenings. Reading will do much for one, but reading alone is not sufficient. Interchange of thought, the ready expression of opinion, a certain flavor of keeping in touch with all bright and pleasant things, will serve the older maiden in good stead when the little day of youth goes by. There is no assumption in this. Her happiness comes from the cultivation of this spirit, and a happy woman is sure to have friends.

A cultivated and avowed talent almost invariably wins a place in society for its possessor, and age has little to do with its enjoyment. A lady who can and will render a fine musical selection on piano, harp, or guitar, or whose sweet voice can and will lend its power for song for the pleasure of others, finds herself appreciated and sought after. A pleasant story-teller, who has the discretion to tell short stories and adapt them with tact to her audience, is a winning companion. The grand thing to remember is this: If you wish to be still beloved in society and to find your invitations still numerous, you must have something to give in return for social favors. Some people have good looks, an honored name, a long purse, a talent for being agreeable, or a distinguished grandfather; but tact and kindness are fair rivals for the distinguished grandfather, and often win in the race for social popularity.

In every social circle there is some one less interesting to the gay company than others, some one to whom a kind word and a genuinely pleasant attention can be given. The single woman has here her opportunity to add a hit to the pleasure of these quiet, retiring guests which will not be forgotten. Self-seeking is not the sure way of winning happiness in society or out of it.

One burden falls to the lot of the single woman which is more keenly felt in society than elsewhere. Trivial and foolish as it may seem, few are aware of its extent and reality, and even the most sensible and successful women are sometimes its victims. Public sentiment, especially in cities, has outgrown, to a considerable extent, the ungallant habit of considering a woman responsible for her age. But there still exist plenty of men and women who have a ready word of scorn or reproach for the unmarried single woman whose youth has passed. On account of this sentiment many women are sensitive, and not without reason, to inquiries about age. They refrain from allusions which might lead to the discovery of a secret, only because the curious and rude make such age a matter of ridicule. The only remedy for this discomfort is in the cultivation of a different public sentiment. A woman ought to be as willing to tell her age as to tell her name or the name of the town she lives in.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The little trip to the continent which the Queen of England makes each spring costs about sixty thousand dollars.

Ex-Senator Ingalls says he is making five thousand dollars a month by lecturing. Sometimes it pays to be a statesman out of a job.

The late Professor Horsford, of "Acid Phosphates" fame, devised a profit-sharing system for the employees of the manufacturing company of which he was president, that included dowers to such of the women as might leave to marry.

Corporal Tanner is credited with the opinion that the pension agency business has been ruined by the reduction of the agents' fees from ten to two dollars. It is believed that the corporal has saved not less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the "wreck."

The late Orange Judd, whose name is a household word among intelligent farmers of the country, was commonly supposed to be a man of considerable wealth. He left an estate which has been appraised at only one hundred and fifty dollars; this was willed to the widow.

Of the late Justice Lamar's hospitality, a correspondent relates that when he asked permission to look over some legal papers, the justice gave them to him and said: "There they are, with writing-paper and everything you want, and there, too, is a hottle of whisky. If you need anything else, ring for it."

The Bonaparte claimant is Prince Victor Napoleon, son of the late Prince "Plon-Plon." Prince Louis studiously avoids politics, and has broken off all relations with the friends of his father. He is colonel of the Nijni-Novgorod Regiment in the Russian army, and is at present stationed in the Caucasus.

Miss Elaine Goodale, who married Dr. Eastman, a civilized Sioux Indian, with the intent to settle the entire Indian question through the peaceful means of education, is in what they call out West a "tough run of luck." Their methods of reform were not popular at the agency, and they are going East under painful circumstances.

To the long list of famous editors who have died in Germany during the last year is to be added the name of Dr. Bernhard Brigl, proprietor and editor of the *Taegliche Rundschau*, one of the best-known organs in the Fatherland. He also controlled an immense publishing business. Dr. Brigl, who acquired a large fortune, was only sixty-one years old at the time of his death.

An eminent artist, known for his plain speaking, remonstrating with Oscar Wilde on his undue admiration of his own play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," remarked, "I much doubt whether such a work could live after the present season. Now, the 'School for Scandal' has lasted a hundred years, and is as popular to-day as ever it was." "Ah!" murmured Oscar, "but so is 'Bradshaw's Guide.'"

When General Butler was making an electioneering trip through Massachusetts, in a special car with a party of friends, he would often call the children inside who came to the station to see him. One of these, in Springfield, was a bright little girl. He asked her if she knew him. "You're General Butler," was her prompt reply. "How do you know I'm General Butler?" he inquired, interestedly. "Because you're cock-eyed," was the daring answer. And the general lay back in his chair and laughed until the tears ran down his face.

The New York Life Insurance Company has decided to give ex-President Beers an annuity of \$15,000. When he was president of the company, he retired himself on a salary of \$37,500, in return for "advisory services." The new management refusing to pay this, suit was brought, and Judge van Brunt decided that the annuity was remuneration for advisory services and was to be paid only when such services had been rendered. As they had not been called for, no money was due. Now, however, the company has decided to give Beers an annuity equal to forty per cent. of the salary he had retired on.

The tour around the world undertaken by the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the nephew and successor of the Emperor of Austria, is the general topic of conversation in Vienna. The object of the journey is to facilitate the prince's intercourse with foreign nations and their foremost men, and to introduce the Austrian flag to foreign ports where it had been little known so far. From Bombay to Calcutta, Francis Ferdinand, at the express desire of Queen Victoria, travels as Queen Victoria's guest, and will also be received in this quality by the native princes. His baggage contains a great collection of suitable presents for the great personages in India, China, Japan, etc. From Yokohama to San Francisco, and throughout America, the prince will travel *incognito*—as a private gentleman.

Philip D. Armour, the millionaire packer and philanthropist of Chicago, retains many of the simple habits of his boyhood, which he passed on a farm in New England. He rises at five, breakfasts at six, and by seven is at his desk, where he remains until six in the evening. His office methods are most democratic: the entire staff of clerks occupy one large room, with no railings or glass doors to hedge off those in authority, and Mr. Armour himself sits, among them, at a plain flat-top desk, distinguished from the others only by the presence there of a small bunch of roses. The great "pork prince," as he is called in the West, is a man of about sixty years, active, robust, and hearty, with the digestion of a farm-hoy, and a capacity for work that occasionally surprises even those who have long been in his employ. His charities are many, the crowning one of them his recent gift of several millions to found a school for manual training.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The posthumous volume of the late Judge T. H. Reardon's essays and other literary papers will be published next month. Timothy J. Lyons is editor of the work. The translation of the fragments of "Sappho and Alceus," completed by Judge Reardon shortly before his death, is being prepared for publication by William Luys. The translation will be profusely illustrated with etchings made during the judge's life-time, and under his direction, by Virgil Williams.

A new edition of Haeckel's work on "The History of Creation," revised and translated by Professor E. Ray Lankester, is announced by D. Appleton & Co. The work is in two volumes and has many illustrations.

The books which the Harpers will issue at once are these:

"Morocco as It Is," by Stephen Bonsal, Jr., copiously illustrated; "A Short History of the Christian Church," by Bishop John P. Hurst; "Elements of Deductive Logic," by Professor Noah K. Davis; and a new edition of "The Tongue of Fire: or, The True Power of Christianity," by the Rev. William Arthur.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's writing has been interrupted for the moment by the birth of a daughter at the little house in which he is spending the winter at Littleboro, Vt., pending the erection of his own two-thousand-dollar home in the same neighborhood.

D. Appleton & Co. issue directly a "Handbook of Military Signaling," by Captain Albert Gallup.

"Another literary coincidence!" exclaims the *Paisley and Renfrewshire Gazette* of December 10th, upon discovering to Mr. Kipling's "The Gypsy Trail," in the December *Century*, the following four lines:

"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wood;
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old."

For "here again," declares the discoverer, "is the refrain of F. C. Weatherley's song, 'The Romany Lass':"

"The hawk unto the open sky,
The red deer to the wood;
The Romany lass for the Romany lad,
As in the days of old."

The sixteenth paper in the *Harpers Weekly* series on the great capital cities will be an account of Brussels, printed to the number issued this week.

Mr. J. Bernard Partridge is to illustrate some of Mr. Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights."

A new life of Charles Darwin, told in an autobiographical chapter and in extracts from his letters, has been compiled by his son, Francis Darwin. It is published by D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Blackmore's new story, which is sometimes called "The Pearly Cross" and sometimes "Perly Cross," is really entitled "Perlycross." His "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has produced a deep impression in Russia, and a translation begins in the January number of *Russkaya Mysl* (*Russian Thought*). Lists of the unfamiliar words in dialect, agriculture, and local nomenclature that occur in the novel have been sent to Mr. Blackmore for paraphrase as the work has progressed. The translation is by Mlle. Vera Spassky, collaborating with the editor of the review.

Bret Harte's "Maruja" has been translated into Portuguese. Publication of it began in the *Jornal do Commercio* of Rio de Janeiro on December 11, 1892.

It is said that Mr. du Maorier is writing and illustrating a new novel for the Harpers, at twice the price of "Peter Ibbetson."

"The Family Life of Heinrich Heine," translated by Charles de Kay, is in the press.

"Extinct Monsters" is the title of an interesting volume by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson that the Appletons have just issued. It describes the great reptiles of the antediluvian period.

In a volume entitled "Unsoundness of Mind," by J. W. Hume Williams, Barrister-at-Law, this curious doctrine is cited by the author without approval as having weight with an English tribunal:

"A young gentleman of fortune was sought to be restrained through the courts from wasting his property, on the ground of congenital mental deficiency, incapacitating him from governing himself and his estate. This was opposed in his behalf by alleged friends on, among others, these two principles: one, the doctrine of Lord Hardwicke, that 'there may be a weakness of mind that may render a man incapable of governing himself from violence of passion and from vice and extravagance, and yet not sufficiently under the rule of law and the constitution of this country to direct a commission'; and the other, supposed to be derived from Blackstone, that 'prodigality which causes great houses to fall and hereditary estates to pass away, thereby occasioning that frequent circulation of lands and other property which can not be effected without extravagance somewhere, is, perhaps, not a little conducive toward keeping our mixed constitution in its due health and vigor.' These may be good law, but such law is certainly not a good thing. In this particular instance, the victim died a pauper in a public house within a year after the verdict that gave him liberty to dissipate his fortune, having within that time squandered every available shilling (one hundred and forty thousand pounds)."

The latest issue of the Appleton's Town and Country Library is "In the Suntime of her Youth," by Beatrice Whitty, author of "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick."

The strict censorship of the Italian stage after the fall of Rome is graphically described by Salvini. The words "God," "Redeemer," "Madonna,"

"angel," "saint," "Pontiff," "purple," "monsignor," "priest," were forbidden. "Religion," "republic," "unity," "French," "Jesuit," "Tartuffe," "foreigner," "patriot," were equally in the index. The colors green, white, and red were prohibited; yellow and black and yellow and white were also forbidden. Flowers thrown on the stage must not show any of those colors prominently, and if it chanced that one actress had white and green in her dress, another who wore red ribbons must not come near her.

Harper & Brothers will publish "Elements of Deductive Logic," by Professor Noah K. Davis, of the University of Virginia, and "Morocco as It Is," by Stephen Bonsal, Jr.

The Appletons have about ready "The Great Enigma," a philosophical and religious work, by William S. Lilly, in which dissect from the views of Herbert Spencer is expressed.

New Publications.

"Sylvester Romaio," by Charles Pelletreau, B. D., has been published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul.

"The Haunted Husband," by Mrs. Harriet Lewis, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"At the End of the Rainbow," by Julia A. Sabioe, a novel of Colorado life, has been published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Impeeding Judgments on the Earth," by Dr. Beverly O. Kinnear, a volume devoted to explanations of supposed prophecies in the Scriptures, has been published for the author by James Huggins, New York.

"The Story of the Iliad," retold in simple language for young readers by Rev. A. J. Church, has been issued in the School Library published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

"Advice to Womeo," by Florence Stacpoole, is a sensible little book on the care of the health before, during, and after confinement, compiled by a lecturer to the National Health Society and recipient of the diploma of the London Obstetrical Society. Published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 50 cents.

"My Three-Legged Story-Teller," by Adelaide Skeel, is a collection of short narratives in which are set forth the adventures and achievements of an amateur photographer, which were often amusing to themselves and are made more so by pleasant narration. Published by Rufus C. Hartcraft, Philadelphia.

"From Darkoess to Light; or, Duffy's Compendium of Nature's Laws, Forces, and Misd Combinations to One, Conformable to this, His Great Discovery, that the Sun and the Earth are the Poles of the Magnet," etc., etc., by Terrence Duffy, has been published and is for sale by the author at 308 Golde Gate Avenue, San Francisco.

"Chim," by Madeleine Viotou Dahlgreo, is a series of satirical pictures of Washington society, put in the form of a fairly interesting romance and given the name of a pet dog which performs the duties of *deus ex machina* and brings about sundry meetings and complications. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Christmas Every Day and Other Stories," by W. D. Howells, contains five fairy stories that a father tells to his little boy and girl. They are delightfully whimsical tales, and are as much to be enjoyed by parents as by the children they were written to amuse. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Lost in the Wilderness," by Lieutenant R. H. Jayne, is an extremely faithful account of the adventures of a party of travelers who were supposed to be shipwrecked "some thirty-odd years since" on a portion of California, the "unsettled and inhabited by roving Indians," lying between Santa Barbara and Santa Inez. Published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul.

"Green Fields and Runniog Brooks" is the title of James Whitcomb Riley's latest book of poems. A goodly measure of its contents is pastoral poems and songs on the beauty of nature and the joys of country life, sometimes in dialect and sometimes not; and the book contains, also, several excellent examples of his "hoosier" verse. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; price, \$1.25.

"Modest Little Sara," by Alan St. Aubyn, an English story of a very young girl who is ready to sacrifice herself to save the family honor—English, i. e., financial honor—by marrying a wealthy man, but is perfectly willing to be rescued from this fate by the man she loves, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Poems in Petroleum," by John Cameron Grant, is a volume of striking verse. Its odd name has reference, presumably, to the socialistic tone of many of the poems—some, indeed, are extremely unconventional—but they are not the productions of an unlettered "crank"; on the contrary, there is a vigor

and directness about many passages and whole poems that reminds one of Browning, while others again are daintily rhymed in the French forms. Published by E. W. Allen, London; price, two shillings.

"The Best Dressed Man" is a gossip on manners and modes, appearing without the author's name, but written probably by a British tailor with a fine taste for literature. Indeed, he is at such pains to display his familiarity with many writers that he almost forgets to describe the fine distinctions by which the "best dressed man" is set apart from his fellows. Among his thirteen chapters are "The Fittest Dress for Boys," "The Practice in the City," "Court Dress," "Clothes for Hunting, Riding, Shooting, and the Rest," "Mourning," and "In and Out of Livery." Published by J. W. Doré, London (the J. G. Cupples Company, Boston); price, 25 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

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VANITY FAIR.

The following remarks about theatre-parties were written by Mrs. Burton Harrison for a Philadelphia magazine. It is to be noticed that the features of a theatre-party, which are most characteristic of such groups in San Francisco, are the ones Mrs. Harrison most strongly condemns: "Under no circumstances does a heedless girl expose herself to more adverse criticism than when appearing as one of a disturbing influx of gay, self-absorbed new-comers in a theatre full of already seated people. It is inconceivable why women who, under no circumstances, when alone, would risk drawing down public comment on themselves, become so reckless in talking and laughing together, and taking outsiders into their confidence, at such a time. The bustle of seating themselves, of loosening wraps, of consulting programmes and adjusting glasses; the jests, exchanged audibly, the titters that run along the line—and this generally after the play is under way—are lamentably familiar to frequenters of our best theatres. If a party can not be so controlled as to arrive in time, it is the a, b, c of good manners that they should slip in silence into their seats. When placed in boxes, they are a little removed from the audience, and may be endured with greater equanimity by the disturbed; but here the conspicuousness of their position identifies the offenders more clearly in the public mind. Loud talking, much laughter with little cause, the misuse of an opera-glass to survey the audience, posturing for the display of gowns, or bonnets, or pretty faces in a box, stamp the girls who indulge in these weaknesses of feminine nature in a way not desirable, if they could only hear the verdict of lookers-on. It is safe to say that no young woman of any pretense to knowledge of the world will ever choose to appear at a theatre, public concert, or lecture in a public hall with a gown cut open at the throat, or with uncovered arms. A long cloak, which may be loosened and thrown back or carried on the arm in entering the theatre, is the most satisfactory wrap; but many well-dressed women appear there in street-costume, equipped as for afternoon teas, merely removing the outside jacket after they are placed. And, just here, a word as to the addenda of theatre costumes—fans, smelling-bottles, and bonbonnières. All such things have been vulgarized by exaggerated display. They should be kept in concealment, and applied only to their legitimate uses. Flowers are no longer carried to the theatre, except in the form of a modest cluster worn in the corsage. As to the practice of handing boxes of confections between the members of a theatre-party, it has been driven to the wall by conspicuously daring and determined exhibitors, who have at least accomplished this reform."

A French President of Assize, of a turn of mind at once skeptical and statistical, makes an interesting statement in regard to women and their ages. The only cases, he says, in which a woman's own report of the number of her years is to be trusted are before she is twenty-five and after she is eighty-five. Up to the former limit a girl is rather anxious to pose for a woman of the world, and after the latter limit each additional year is an added distinction. He gives a rule by which a woman's age may be approximated, even when she is bent upon concealing it. He finds that female prisoners invariably state their age as twenty-nine, thirty-nine, forty-nine, or fifty-nine, and from this coincidence of nines he deduces his rule. If their age is in the forties, they set it down as in the thirties, but conscience or some other feminine subtlety asserts itself, and they fix the figure as near the truth as their vanity will permit—making it thirty-nine.

Recently a crusade has been started in England against tight lacing, led by the *Gentlewoman*, one of the most valuable of English journals for women. A representative was sent to interview the most prominent stay-makers. One of these is thus reported: "I am reputed," she said, "to have the tightest-lacing customers in London; and I think that some of the waists my stays encircle would be hard to beat. I think that some of my customers positively like the sensations produced by tight lacing, or they would never take all the pains they do to get thin, such as dieting and sleeping in corsets, as some of them do." "Sleeping in corsets!" I exclaimed. "Oh, yes; a good many, especially young ladies, do; an opera stay or riding one is a favorite make for the purpose. Let me think. Yes. The largest pair of corsets I have made had a waist measurement of thirty-five inches. The smallest—well, you won't believe me, perhaps, but twelve and one-half inches was the size. No, I don't think she'll be able to get them close. Every inch under fifteen, with most ladies, means a tremendous lot of lacing in. I've known a young lady break five or six silk laces, as strong ones as are made, in getting a pair of new stays close." "How small is your pretty assistant's waist?" I asked. "Generally about fourteen to fourteen and one-half inches. I find it best for all my assistants to have trim figures; but she has tight-laced to that extent entirely of her own free will. Many of my customers lace to seventeen, sixteen, and even fifteen inches. I suppose you haven't seen a smaller waist than Miss Blank's?" "No." "Would you like to?" "Yes," I replied, "if such a thing is practicable." Mrs. Smith rang a small bell. "Ask Miss Jones to come to me."

In a few minutes the young lady appeared, and Mrs. Smith and she went into the alcove. Another assistant was summoned, and then a whispered consultation took place. After a minute or two, we heard Mrs. Smith ask: "Can you bear it?" and the answer, "Quite, madam." Mrs. Smith's voice again: "There, Miss Jones, I think the laces are close; tie them tightly." Two or three minutes later Mrs. Smith and Miss Jones came out from the alcove, the latter incased in a long-waisted, black satin corset, which made her waist look scarcely larger than her throat. It seemed incredible that any girl—for she was little more—could breathe and move, let alone move about, without much apparent discomfort, when tight-laced to such an extent. "I suppose," said Mrs. Smith, smiling at my look of astonishment, "that you will now believe what I told you before—namely, that a well-cut corset and strong arms will make a woman's waist almost any size she may wish. See!" she exclaimed, taking up a measuring tape off a chair, "Miss Jones's waist is just thirteen—thirteen and one-quarter inches." "How long could you bear being laced up like that?" I asked. Miss Jones smiled. "Not very long—it is rather painful—half an hour; perhaps an hour." Mrs. Smith said, just as we were leaving: "You know, I think tight lacing becomes a positive mania with some women. There are two of my customers, for instance—theatrical people—who usually wear their waists about nineteen inches. Well, when at home they both lace themselves as tightly as their maids can do it." Another states that at some schools the girls are not only encouraged, but forced to lace. Five different women said that they made corsets for girls of sixteen and under with waist measurements of fifteen inches, and all agreed that girls are put into corsets much earlier than formerly.

M. de Berselli, of Baltimore, is at work on a statue of "The Diving Girl," and as a model he has chosen Miss Clara Beckwith, the champion lady swimmer of the world. "I do not think there is a more perfectly formed woman in America than Miss Beckwith," said he. "Miss Beckwith's measurements are perfect, and, besides, she has development of muscle with no superfluous flesh. Her head, in length, measures 9½ inches, so does her foot; her chest measures 39 inches, and she can easily expand it 3 inches more; her hip measures 40 inches, upper arm 12½ inches, and her lower arm 10½ inches. The measurement of the neck should equal that of the calf, but my model's neck is 13½ inches, whereas the measurement of the calf is 14½ inches. My work will not be original, because it will be a reproduction of the well-known picture of the diving girl, with hands raised above the head, and just about to make the leap. My model will, however, enable me to add new grace and beauty to the subject."

It is not unusual now (says *Vogue*) to see silver or gold shoe-buttons on the latest French boots. These are not, of course, put upon walking boots—but on those for carriage, reception, or house wear, when the boot is of velvet, satin, or brocade. Their use is not uncommon. In some of the French shops jeweled shoe-buttons have appeared, such as turquoise, amethyst, garnets, and Rhine stones, set in silver or gold. A novelty is the tips of silver or gold filagree for evening slippers. They are made so as to fit snugly, and one pair will do for all the slippers one wishes to wear. These tips are delicately made in scrolls and other pretty designs, are light and very open work, so that the slipper shines distinctly through them. Heels also are to be seen which match the tips. Evening slippers made entirely of silk passementerie are new. They are at present made only in Paris, and come in every delicate shade, as well as in black and white. The black ones are particularly *chic*, showing the entire foot, clad in its stocking of blue, pink, lilac, or yellow, in a fascinating way. A ribbon passed under the foot and tied in a bow upon the instep, secures these fairy slippers to the feet. They are made with high heels, and the ribbon is of the same color as the slipper.

English society is raising a national lament because men no longer dance. Hostesses have for a long time been at their wits' end to secure partners for young women at balls and dancing-parties. Now the situation is worse than ever, and remedies are being eagerly sought. The suggestion is publicly discussed that a dancing agency be established similar to such institutions in Paris and Berlin. Hired guests, armed with guarantees of fitness and respectability, would appear at the proper hour, warranted to dance every number on the card and not give more than three dances to one young woman. Some such plan seems to be the only hope of saving the art of dancing in England.

There are many and devious ways and means of getting into society practiced nowadays. A curious combination of circumstances in New York is thus recorded in the *Tribune*: "Mr. A., who was 'out of it,' leased a 'palatial mansion' in Fifth Avenue, at an exorbitant rent, which he sub-leased to Mrs. B.—who was well established 'in the swim'—with the understanding that she should introduce his young daughters to society, and thereby throw open the portals of the *beau monde* to the rest of the family. Certain fine ladies, however, had been told of the

transaction, and, forming a cabal, made it known to Mrs. B., in a roundabout manner, that it was useless to try to force 'those people' upon the Four Hundred. The mortifying discussion on the subject coming, as it was sure to do, to the ears of Mr. A., made him perfectly furious, and, as the lease had not been signed, he withdrew from the arrangement, and Mrs. B., rather than encounter the comments which would be made about her change of plans, concluded to pass her winter in the South of France."

"The soft hat is having a run that it has not enjoyed for years," said a New York hatter the other day. "The soft hat is better for the hair. Instead of binding the veins and arteries on the side of the head that supply blood for the hair, like the stiff hat with its solid edge, the soft hat exerts no binding pressure anywhere on the head. The blood thus flows freely, and falling hair and a hot, dry scalp are avoided. The artistic feeling has, too, much to do with this growing demand for soft hats. People are coming to see that the lines and curves of a soft hat are more pleasing than those of a stiff one."

The ladies of Vienna have at last invented a novelty with regard to fancy fairs, which was as successful as it was original. At a bazaar, which was held in the Musikvereinsaal, nothing but game was sold. Stags and chamois had their antlers gilt and tied up with ribbons; quails were hung in long festoons; hares, rabbits, and pheasants were piled in profusion within great bowers made from twined boughs. Hawks and foxes, also, figured among the articles for sale. The greater part of the game had been sent from the imperial forests at Mürsteg, in Styria, where the emperor, with his son-in-law, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Archduke Francis Salvator, has been lately having fine sport. The saleswomen—among whom were Mme. Decrais (the wife of the French ambassador), Princess Odescalchi (a noted Viennese beauty), Countess Metternich, Countess Kiemannsegg, and Countess Monteglas—were all attired in full hunting costume. The prices were enormous, and the fair proved extremely successful.

The new paper *Vogue* has this to say about its clientele: "We have a definite, valued circulation to-day among people who are accustomed to luxurious surroundings, who use costly things, who know the difference between common goods and fine." Immediately following this paragraph, by the irony of fate, is an advertisement of reversible collars and cuffs!

The danger of the return of hoop-skirts is causing serious alarm in England (cables the *Sun's* correspondent). Some ladies are organizing an anti-crinoline league, under the name "The No-Crinoline League." The members sign the following pledge: "I hereby pledge myself to do all in my power to prevent the wearing of crinoline." Responses are being received in large numbers, and, for once, it really appears that a mandate of fashion will be successfully defied in England. The Princess of Wales has been appealed to, and, although she has made no sign yet, it is understood that she is a strong opponent of crinoline. Several newspapers have started correspondence on the all-absorbing topic. One lady writes that she would as soon send her daughters into the highways with no covering over their underclothing as see them wearing the barbarous hoops. A husband declares that he has intimated to his wife that if she wears the objectionable cage he will decline to be seen in her company; while a still bolder spirit asserts that he has solemnly warned his better half that every crinoline brought into his house will be destroyed by his own ruthless hand.

A New Zealand lady reports on her experience and observation of matrimony that marriage is just this: "You have a beautiful wreath and veil on your wedding day. The first week passes well. The second week you have your mouth full of clothes-pins. The third, you are trotting two miles with a basket, looking for cheap meat. And, after that, you are looking for cheap meat all the rest of your life."

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Piron: Fortune and women are partial to fools.
Thomas Fuller: He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.

Spanish Proverb: For whom does the blind man's wife adorn herself?

Jerrold: Never ask a woman her age; ask it of some other woman.

Fleming: He who trusts women draws water with pitchers full of holes.

Victor Hugo: Women detest the serpent through a professional jealousy.

Victor Hugo: Women are afflicted by trifles; but they are also consoled by trifles.

Rivarol: It is said that friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities.

Scarron: Brilliants of the first water are those given to stay the wife's first flood of tears.

Anon: Three things never trust out of your hands: your horse, your gun, and your wife.

Voltaire: Ideas are like beads—men never have any until they grow up, and women none at all.

Haliburton: Women will sometimes confess their sins, but I never knew one to confess her faults.

Balzac: Woman is a most charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as she does her gloves.

Heine: The music at a marriage procession always reminds me of the music of soldiers entering upon a battle.

Bulwer Lytton: A woman too often reasons from her heart; hence two-thirds of her mistakes and her troubles.

Heine: I do not know that she was virtuous; but she was ugly, and with a woman, that is half the battle.

Goethe: Woman is mistress of the art of completely embittering the life of the person on whom she depends.

Voltaire: Some women have hearts brittle as glass; he that would engrave his name on them must use diamonds.

Rocbefoucauld: There are many women who never had one intriguer; but there are few who have had only one.

Durivage: If you tell a woman she is beautiful, whisper it softly; for if the devil hears it, he will echo it many times.

Swift: The love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.

Scarron: To be married, women will endure much. Though they be caged up as a parrot, still they complain not if they have the ring to play with.

Mary Queen of Scots: Talk not to me of the wisdom of women—I know my own sex well; the wisest of us all are but little less foolish than the rest.

La Bruyere: If a beautiful woman speaks favorably of the beauty of another woman, we may be sure that she possesses more of the kind of beauty she is praising.

Whately: Women never reason, or, if they do, they either draw correct inferences from wrong premises, or wrong inferences from correct premises; and they always poke the fire from the top.

Anon: The voice of the virgin is as soft as the cooing of the wood-pigeon on St. Valentine's Day. But no sooner has she tasted wedding-cake than she grows bold as the tiger that has eaten raw food.

Thackeray: Who has not seen how women bully women? What torture have men to endure, compared to those daily repeated shafts of scorn and cruelty with which poor women are riddled by the tyrants of their sex?

Plautus: Let a man who wants to find abundance of employment procure a woman and a ship; for no two things produce more trouble if you begin to equip them; neither are these two things ever equipped enough.

Lord Chesterfield: He who flatters women most, pleases them best; and they are most in love with him who they think is most in love with them. No adulation is too strong for them; no assiduity too great; no simulation of passion too gross; as, on the other hand, the least word or action that can possibly be construed into a slight or contempt is unpardonable and never forgotten.

Samuel Johnson: It may be particularly observed of women that they are, for the most part, good or bad as they fall among those who practice vice or virtue; and that neither education nor reason gives them much security against the influence of example. Whether it be that they have less courage to stand against opposition, or that their desire of admiration makes them sacrifice their principles to the poor pleasure of worthless praise, it is certain, whatever be the cause, that female goodness seldom keeps its ground against laughter, flattery, or fashion.

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SOCIETY.

The Alvord Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord entertained ten of their friends at dinner last Thursday evening at their residence, 2200 Broadway. The dining-room was illuminated solely by candles set in candelabra with pink shades, and in the centre of the table was a long bank of La France roses peeping forth from amidst a profusion of their own foliage. The hospitality of the entertainers was bounteous and the evening was made a most enjoyable one. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné, Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, and Mr. A. H. Small.

The Scott Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave an elaborate dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence, corner of Laguna and Clay Streets. The table was handsomely decorated with flowers and the menu was a perfect one. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Cardan, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Miss Champion, and Mr. Joseph D. Grant.

The Beresford Tea and Reception.

A very enjoyable affair was the matinée tea and evening reception given at the Hotel Beresford last Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. William Chamberlin and the guests at the hotel issued about six hundred invitations for the affair, and the majority of them were answered in person. The hours of the tea were from four until seven o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Miss Maud Morrow, Miss Gertrude Mulford, Miss Jennie McFarland, Miss Emma Irwin, Miss Cora Wallace, Miss Clark, of Sacramento, Miss Comte, Miss Cole, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Coleman, and Miss Henriette Coleman, of Grass Valley. The Hungarian Orchestra played concert selections during the afternoon, and refreshments of various kinds were served as desired. In the evening, from eight until twelve o'clock, the reception was held and dancing was enjoyed. The canvassed dining-room was used for this purpose, affording ample room and an excellent surface. The affair was successful in every way.

The German Charity Ball.

The annual charity ball of the General German Ladies' Benevolent Society was held in Odd Fellows' Hall last Saturday evening, and, as usual, attracted a very large attendance. The hall was beautifully decorated, the floor was canvassed, and an orchestra of sixteen pieces furnished excellent music. The ball commenced at nine o'clock, and the floor was under the able management of Mr. Alexander Heynemann, who was assisted by a committee of twenty-six gentlemen. An elaborate supper was served at midnight under the direction of Ludwig, and the dancing was continued afterward for several hours. The officers and committee are as follows:

President, Mrs. L. Koester; vice-president, Mrs. Jacob Regensburger; secretary, Mrs. Charles J. Simon; floor-manager, Mr. Alexander Heynemann; floor committee—Mr. Bert R. Hecht, Mr. W. T. Hess, Mr. J. C. Meussdorfer, Mr. A. M. Cummings, Dr. Albert Abrams, Mr. Louis Greenbaum, Mr. E. Arnold, Mr. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Mr. H. M. Landsberger, Mr. S. W. Saalburg, Mr. Samuel Dinkelspiel, Mr. Marcus Gerstle, Mr. Manfred Uhlfelder, Dr. L. Neumann, Mr. Robert B. Hochstadter, Mr. George S. Neams, Mr. Marco Hellman, Mr. Albert Mayer, Dr. W. Dohrmann, Mr. Fred Hess, Jr., Mr. H. Mangels, Mr. John Siebe, Jr., Mr. Edward Kruse, Mr. Fred Plagemann, Jr., Mr. Frank Waizman, and Mr. Carl Rohde.

The Harvard Club.

The Harvard Club of San Francisco held its regular quarterly meeting and dinner on January 19th at the University Club. Dr. Stebbins delivered an eloquent address upon the mission of Harvard University, touching incidentally upon the more wonderful inventions in electricity as applied to the comfort of man. The attendance was so large as almost to test the capacity of the rooms. The exercises were kept up until twelve o'clock, and were thoroughly enjoyed by the alumni present. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Hon. James M. Scawell; vice-presidents, Harold Wheeler and Frank J. Symmes; treasurer, William Randol; secretary, M. Hall McAllister.

Charity Foot-Ball Match.

The foot-ball game between the army officers stationed at the Presidio and the University Veterans will take place this (Saturday) afternoon at the Haight Street grounds, if the weather be propitious. The army men will wear red, white, and blue, and the collegians have chosen blue and white as their colors. The two charities to be benefited are the Armitage Orphanage, at San Mateo, and the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children. As this will be the last important contest this season, much interest is being taken in it. Tickets are for sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music-store.

Olympic Club Ladies' Night.

The Olympic Club will give its first "ladies' night" next Tuesday evening. There can be no doubt but that it will be a pleasant and interesting affair. The tickets will be one dollar each, and the proceeds will go to the fund for furnishing the California Room in the Women's Building at the Columbian Exposition. Dur-

ing the evening a musical entertainment will be given under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman; among the participants will be Mrs. Louis Brechemin, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Mrs. Birmingham, Mme. Ursonando, Miss Anna Miller Wood, Mr. Donald de V. Grahani, Mr. J. C. Hughes, Professor G. Sauvet, Master Henry Samuels, and the Henry Heyman String Quartet. An athletic exhibition will also be given by members of the club, under the direction of Mr. Kolb.

The exhibition at the Mechanics' Pavilion seems to grow in favor each week, and deservedly, for it is by far the best that has ever been held in this city. The local exhibitors have been stirred to unusual effort by the elaborateness of the country displays; the new features are such as to excite general interest; and the music is carefully chosen and excellently played.

Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovich, the Czar's cousin, who was exiled to Central Asia twenty years ago, has an unenviable reputation. It is said that he constantly beats his wife, and that on more than one occasion persons who had offended him have been buried up to their necks in sand while their heads were left exposed to the burning sun.

Fashionable Stationery.

A prime essential of fashionable life is to have stationery of the same quality and colors that the most prominent society people use. The leaders of society set the fashions in paper as they do in everything else, and, of course, all of the members of the smart set follow their dictum. All of the latest styles in paper and envelopes are displayed by Sanborn, Vail & Co. in their large establishment on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue.

In handsome show-cases may be seen the delicate tints that are now so popular, and the various sizes of both paper and envelopes that are considered to be just the proper thing. Russian Blue and Royal Gray seem to be the favorite shades just now, and no mistake can be made in selecting them. One of the specialties of the firm is an assortment of paper and envelopes put up in neat papeterie form, which they are selling at the extremely low price of fifty cents a box.

Another thing of equal importance to be considered is the visiting-card. Fashion says it must be printed from an engraved copper-plate, and the dictate is certainly one to be approved, as it makes an exceedingly neat card. For all invitations to wedding, reception, dances, etc., copper-plate work must be used. Sanborn, Vail & Co., have unrivaled facilities for doing this class of work in all of its branches, and will cheerfully give prices on application.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS the late shades in neck-wear. See the Bagdad scarfs.

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SOCIETY.

The Cracker Lunch-Party.

A delightful lunch-party was given last Wednesday by Mrs. Clark W. Crocker at her residence, 1609 Sutter Street. Covers were laid for fourteen, and the table was ornate with La France roses and was illuminated by candelabra having pink candles and shades of the same color. A couple of hours were devoted to the delicious repast. Those present were:

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Charles Green, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mrs. Frederick Green, Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, and Miss Owen.

The Informals.

The Informals held their third meeting last Thursday evening and Miss Elsie S. Hecht acted as hostess. As a deviation from the former parties of the club, a cotillion was danced, and it proved to be highly successful. The large hall-room of the hotel was canvassed for dancing and decorated tastefully with ferns and other foliage. The orchestra was stationed in the rotunda, which was adorned with Japanese lanterns. The guests commenced to arrive about nine o'clock and were received by the young hostess and her five fair associates in the club, all of whom were very becomingly gowned.

The cotillion was ably led by Mr. Marco Hellmann, and he introduced six pretty figures—the "March," "Circus," "Pyramid," "Bower," "Flag," and "Star." Two hundred and fifty favors were distributed, and there were two special favors awarded to the lady and gentleman who received the largest number of souvenirs. At half-past eleven o'clock an elaborate supper was served, and afterward dancing was resumed until about two o'clock. There were about seventy guests present. Those in the first set were:

Miss Elsie S. Hecht, Mr. Louis Greenebaum, Miss Alice Gerstle, Mr. Benno Hart, Miss Stella Greenebaum, Mr. E. S. Heller, Miss Florine Bachman, Mr. Max Blum, Miss Helen Schweitzer, Mr. Irvin J. Wiel, Miss Clara Joseph, and Mr. Manfred Uhlfelder.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Christine C. Luhrs, daughter of Mrs. Anna E. Luhrs, to General John T. Cutting, member of Congress from this district.

The wedding of Miss Alice Cooper and Mr. Thomas I. Dillon will take place on Wednesday evening, February 1st, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. H. Cooper, 1926 Octavia Street.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, assisted by Mrs. Frederick Green, Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, will give a high tea at her residence, 1609 Sutter Street, on Saturday, February 11th.

Mrs. William Ingraham Kip, Jr., and Miss Kip have issued cards for a high tea which they will give at their residence, 553 Harrison Street next Thursday afternoon and evening from four until eleven o'clock. There will be dancing in the evening.

The Friday Night Club will give its army and navy cotillion next Friday evening.

The Informals will meet at the residence of Miss Helen Schweitzer, corner of Post and Leavenworth Streets, on Tuesday evening, February 14th.

The Monday Evening Club will give its next dance in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on February 6th. Lieutenant T. S. Phelps, U. S. N., will act as floor-manager. It will not be a cotillion, as has been erroneously stated, simply a dancing-party.

Mme. B. Ziska will give a tea this (Saturday) afternoon, from three until six o'clock, at her residence, 1606 Van Ness Avenue. She will be assisted by the young ladies of the Ziska Institute.

The preparations for the masquerade hall at the San Francisco Verein on Saturday evening, Feb. 25th, are progressing well, and the members are all confident that it will be a great success.

Mrs. James Carolan gave a delightful matinee tea last Saturday at her residence on California Street, and was assisted in receiving and entertaining by

Mrs. Frank J. Carolan and the Misses Carolan. The parlors were tastefully decorated with flowers and foliage. There were a large number of callers, who enjoyed conversation and music during the hours of the reception.

The members of the Concordia Club intend giving an entertainment in March, the preparations for which are now under way.

Mrs. John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman will give a high tea to-day (Saturday), from four until seven o'clock, at their residence, 754 Eighth Street, Oakland.

Miss Jennie Catherswood entertained a few friends on Friday evening at her home, 1802 Pacific Avenue. Cards were played, a few dances were indulged in, and a delicious supper was served.

Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing gave a very pleasant informal dance last Saturday evening at her residence in San Rafael, and entertained a few of her friends delightfully.

Miss Morrison, of San José, entertained a small party last Saturday and Sunday at her residence, corner of Fifth and Julian Streets. It was in honor of Hon. and Mrs. Stephen M. White, of Los Angeles. The other guests were Judge and Mrs. W. B. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, Judge Thomas P. Hawley, and Mr. S. O. Houghton. On Saturday evening an elaborate dinner-party was given, at which the additional guests were Mr. William Matthews, Mr. B. D. Murphy, Mr. L. G. Nesmith, Mr. J. W. Findlay, Colonel Moorhead, and Mr. H. E. Morrison. On Sunday a drive was taken to "The Cabin," the elegant country home of Mr. William Matthews, and a delicious breakfast was enjoyed. The party returned to San Francisco on the late train Sunday. Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer remained until Monday.

Colonel John O'Byrne delivered an interesting lecture on astronomy last Thursday evening at the Van Ness Seminary, which was enjoyed by the pupils and several of their friends.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. D. O. Mills are expected here in February on a visit.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury has been passing the last two weeks in Mexico, and is now en route home.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head have returned from the East and Europe, and are occupying their residence on Taylor Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Denigan and Miss Florence Denigan are passing a month at Coronado Beach.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann left last Wednesday to visit New York and other Eastern cities and will be away about six weeks.

Mrs. J. F. Foulkes and the Misses Foulkes will pass the remainder of the winter in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Fisher, Jr., Berry, are residing at 1219 Webster Street, Oakland, and will receive on the first and third Thursdays of each month.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst will go East early in February.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., left last Monday on an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin will leave next week to visit Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson returned last Monday from a brief visit to Monterey.

Miss Jennie McMillan is paying a month's visit to friends in San José.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is expected to return from the East next week.

Mrs. Webster Jones will leave next week to visit Coronado Beach for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Alexander returned from Monterey early in the week.

Miss Julia Peyton, of Santa Cruz, has been passing a week in Ross Valley as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Hall McAllister.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Baird left last Saturday to make a tour of the Eastern States.

Dr. and Mrs. B. W. Haines are occupying their cottage in Belvedere.

Mrs. Ada Dougherty and Miss Mae Robinson left last Monday to visit friends in Los Angeles for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Bristol have gone to Chicago and will be away several weeks.

Sir James and Lady Home-Spiers, who were married in London last August, will come to America next summer with a party of friends on a yacht. Lady Home-Spiers was formerly Miss Amy Green, daughter of the late W. A. Green, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker returned from their Southern trip last Tuesday.

Miss Fanny Crocker has left Italy, and is traveling on the Nile.

Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, are in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker are passing a couple of weeks in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Whitney Palache, of Portland, Or., is visiting her parents, Judge and Mrs. Garber, at Claremont.

Mr. D. B. Gillette, Jr., is at the Hoffman House, in New York city.

Miss M. Cluness, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in New York city.

Colonel Isaac Trumbo is in New York city and is staying at the Hoffman House.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander J. C. Morong, U. S. N., has been detailed to command the naval station at Puget Sound, vice Lieutenant A. B. Wyckoff, U. S. N., who is to go East to appear before a retiring board for examination on account of ill health.

Rear-Admiral George Brown, U. S. N., has been granted three months' leave of absence, and will pass the time at his home in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Stokely Morgan, wife of Lieutenant Morgan, U. S. N., is at Coronado Beach, where she will remain until the *Thetis* returns from Honolulu.

Mrs. C. M. Perkins, wife of Captain Perkins, U. S. N., has gone to China to join her husband, who is with the Asiatic Squadron.

The orders designating Lieutenant L. A. Lovering, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., as Indian agent at the Sisseton and Wahpeton Agency, S. D., have been revoked.

Captain F. B. Day, U. S. N., will leave here next Friday to take command of the *Boston*.

The admiral, the captain, and the officers of the United States steamer *Mohican*, the flag-ship of the Pacific Squadron, gave a ball on the vessel, now lying at Mare Island, last Tuesday evening. About one hundred officers of the army and navy and other guests were present and danced the hours away on the deck. The vessel was attractively decorated with flags. An elaborate supper was served at midnight.

AN AUTHORS' EVENING.

To Erect a Monument to Richard Realf.

After fifteen years, Richard Realf, who died in October, 1878, is to have a monument. He was an Englishman by birth, but his latter days were spent in California, and much of his best work was done while he was a resident of this State. In the early days of the *Argonaut* he contributed to this journal many admirable poems.

Richard Realf was born in Framfield, Sussex County, England, June 14, 1834. At the age of fifteen he began to write verses, and two years later he became amanuensis to Lady Byron. In 1854, he came to the United States. He explored the slums of New York and became a Five Points missionary. In 1856, he accompanied a party of Free State emigrants to Kansas, where he became a journalist. He made the acquaintance of John Brown, accompanied him to Canada, and was to be secretary of state of the provisional government that Brown projected. When Brown made his attempt to raise an insurrection at Harper's Ferry, in October, 1859, Realf was in Texas, where he was arrested and sent to Washington. Early in 1862, he enlisted in the Sixty-Eighth Illinois Regiment, with which he served through the war. In 1865, he was mustered out. In 1868, he established a school for freedmen in South Carolina, and, in 1870, returned to the North, and again became a journalist and lecturer, residing in Pittsburg, Pa. In 1874, he came to California.

Various plans for a monument to Richard Realf have been considered, and at last it has been decided, as Joaquin Miller has put it, "not to give a stone to a man to whom the public refused bread," but to perpetuate his memory by bringing out an edition of his writings. Colonel R. J. Hinton, of Washington, Realf's literary executor, has been made one of the committee having the matter in hand, and has already made a collection of Realf's fugitive poems.

To provide money to carry out this plan, an "Authors' Evening" is to be given at the Unitarian Church, in Oakland, on Tuesday evening, January 31st, under the auspices of the Starr King Fraternity. The following programme will be presented:

Rev. Charles W. Wendte, introductory remarks; Joaquin Miller, poems; Ina D. Coolbrith, poems; Alexander G. Hawes, personal reminiscences; John Vance Cheney, poems; Rev. J. K. McLean, D. D., an early recollection; Charles Edwin Markham, poems; Ella Sterling Cummins, life of Realf; David Lesser Ledinsky, poems; Edmund Russell will read poems of Realf.

Elsewhere in this issue of the *Argonaut* will be found two examples of Realf's poetry, and we reproduce here "The Last Song," which the poet penned just before he took his life:

"De mortuis nil bonum," When
For me the end has come and I am dead,
And little, voluble, chattering daws of men
Peek at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to speak the truth—
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the halmy days of his fresh youth,
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword, and song,
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
He wrought for liberty, till his own wound,
(He had been stabbed), concealed with painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned,
And sank there where you see him lying now
With that word "Failure" written on his brow!
But say that he succeeded. If he missed
World's honors and world's plaudits and the wage
Of the world's deft laqueys, still his lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirstings of the poets—for he was
Born unto singing—and a harden lay
Mightily n him, and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter to this day
What God taught in the night. Sometimes pathless
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,
And blessing reached him from poor souls in stress;
And benedictions from black pits of shame;
And little children's love; and old men's prayers;
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.
So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With thick fumes—silence! He is in the grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of courtiers' lips;
But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb,
And all His arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight
And stood for simple manhood, and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light,
And new earths bearing heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet."

Champagne.

To show the extraordinary prices people are willing to give for champagne, it may be stated that at the Earl of Clarendon's sale on Monday the second instant, Pommeury Sec '74 realized from 150 to 160 shillings; and at a sale at Christie's on the ninth instant, the same wine was sold at 170 shillings per dozen, or 25 shillings more than any other brand of the same vintage. Since Pommeury Sec has become the protégé of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the craze for this brand has increased among the select circles of society.—*London Daily Telegraph*.

—THE VALUABLE COLLECTION OF ORIENTAL art-goods of Mihran Bey will be sold at auction, commencing next Thursday. The goods are now on exhibition at his rooms at 16 Post Street, and will well repay a visit.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNEY STREET, merchant tailor, has a fine line of latest English worsteds.

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AS IT MIGHT BE.

SCENE.—Sitting-room of an uptown house, evidently belonging to comfortably well-to-do people. A fire burns in the open grate, but it needs trimming and more coal. Two or three books lie open, face downward, on the table, and every burner on a large chandelier is at full blaze. Seated in an uneasy chair, gazing moodily at his boots, is a MAN. Appearances seem to denote that the MAN is married. A clock on the mantel strikes seven tinkling strokes with all the accuracy of the French time-piece.

THE MAN [stirring slightly]—Humph! Twenty-five minutes past three. No woman can make me believe that it is necessary for her to be out at such an hour as this. By Jove, I won't believe it! [Rises, goes to the window, and looks out.] Raining. Case of cab, and the usual argument with the driver on the sidewalk, I suppose. Ah, well! [Sighs, and returns to chair. Picks up a half-smoked cigar and relights it. Pulls hard at it for two or three puffs, then throws it in the fire.] Confound a cigar when it's once out! I'll light up a fresh one, although I'm nervous now through smoking too much. [Goes to ornamental cigar-box and raises lid.] Empty, by Jupiter! Now, I'd like to know what becomes of my cigars. I don't smoke them, and there's no man in the house. What was that? [Listens.] Nothing. Great Scott! When is this sort of thing going to end? I think I'll finish it all up and go back to the governor. I'm always saying so, but I don't do it. [A deep, bass voice is heard singing "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" some distance down the street, with considerable rallentando.] I wonder if that's—Pshaw! It can't be.

[A cab drives up to the door with much hoof-clatter. A short discussion follows its stopping, which is ended by a voice saying: "All right, old man. Here, take this and get yourself a drink. I guess that'll square it." The front door bangs. The cab drives away.]

[Enter sitting-room, a WOMAN. There is a joyous flush on her face, an electric sparkle in her eyes. She walks steadily but with suspicious precision.

THE WOMAN—What, still up, dearie? I thought you would be in bed long ago.

THE MAN—Why should I go to bed? I can not sleep.

THE WOMAN—Nonsense, darling. Pure imagination brought on by nervousness and—whatever else it is.

THE MAN—Where have you been?

THE WOMAN [taking off her wraps]—Well, dear, I'll tell you how it was. I met Mrs. Golightly this afternoon—hadn't seen her since goodness knows when, you know—and we went into Tryhards' and got a—cup of chocolate. Well, you know yourself how hungry half a dozen—cups of chocolate will make any one, so she insisted on my going to dine with her.

THE MAN [itchily]—Couldn't you have let me know, instead of allowing me to imagine all sorts of things?

THE WOMAN [coaxingly]—Foolish boy! What could you imagine? I did try to telephone you, but the wires were all out of order.

THE MAN—What was the matter with a messenger-boy?

THE WOMAN—A messenger-boy! Well, darling, you see—[then in tones of intense surprise]—but, do you mean to tell me that no messenger-boy has been here?

THE MAN—None whatever.

THE WOMAN—Why, what an extraordinary thing! But then, you know messenger-boys never do deliver messages. Look in any comic paper in the country and you'll find it's so.

THE MAN—Did you send a messenger?

THE WOMAN—What's that, dear?

THE MAN—Did you send a messenger?

THE WOMAN [with sudden gravity]—Do you or do you not wish me to tell you all about it?

THE MAN—Yes, if you will.

THE WOMAN—That's just what I was going to do if you hadn't persisted in interrupting me. Well, I met Mrs. Gaybody, whom I hadn't seen for—

THE MAN [interposing]—You said just now it was Mrs. Golightly you met.

THE WOMAN—Nonsense, my dear. It was Mrs. Gaybody. I know what I am talking about. I hadn't seen her since—

THE MAN—You certainly told me that it was Mrs. Golightly you met, and that it was she you had not seen for—

THE WOMAN—Do you suppose I don't know whom I've seen to-night?

THE MAN—I suppose you do. I know I don't.

THE WOMAN—That's all right; it was Mrs. Gaybody. Besides [with a sudden thought], what's the matter with my meeting them both?

THE MAN [waiving the question]—Well, go on. After you met Mrs. Gaybody, or Golightly, or whichever it was.

THE WOMAN—Yes. Well, as I was saying, we went to dine together, and then, of course, I had to return the courtesy in some way, so we went round to the club. There was an important committee meeting there which I was obliged to attend, and—here I am.

THE MAN [doubtingly]—Humph! [Then, very sarcastically.] There were no men, I suppose, either at this meeting or at the dinner preceding it?

THE WOMAN [surprised]—Men? Why, how ridiculous! What do we want with men? Don't you suppose, darling [approaching and trying to kiss him], that you are all I require in the world? Now, you mustn't be a goose; I've told you all about it. I know I'm a little bit late; but you must forgive me, like the dear, darling hubby that you are.

THE MAN—And do you suppose that such an explanation is sufficient for the hours of torture and anxiety I have suffered?

THE WOMAN—Come now, dearest, don't be cross. You know I love you, even if I have been celebrating a little.

THE MAN—Celebrating! And what right have you to celebrate? What were you celebrating?

THE WOMAN [abstractedly]—What were we celebrating?

THE MAN—Yes; what were you celebrating?

THE WOMAN [brightening up, after a moment's silence]—Why, of course. I thought I told you. You know, I hadn't seen Mrs. Golightly since—

THE MAN—There you go again. I thought you decided it was Mrs. Gaybody.

THE WOMAN [sternly]—My dear, if I did not know that you have been in the house all the evening, I should think you had been drinking.

THE MAN—I want to know what you were celebrating.

THE WOMAN—I have been trying to tell you that ever since I got home, but you won't let me get in a word edgewise. I met Mrs. Gaybody—

THE MAN—Great Scott! That's the—

THE WOMAN—Will you allow me to speak? I met Mrs.—er—Gaybody, whom I had not seen since our marriage. She, naturally, congratulated me, and then insisted upon celebrating it over a little quiet dinner.

THE MAN [considerably mollified]—And it was our marriage, dear, you were celebrating with your friend?

THE WOMAN—Of course it was. If you object to my rejoicing over such an event in our lives, why—

THE MAN [putting his arms around her]—No, dearest, not at all, only—

THE WOMAN—Only you are sorry that I should feel happy about it.

THE MAN—Not at all, my darling, but—

THE WOMAN—But what?

THE MAN—We won't say any more about it.

[Kisses and curtain.]—E. H. Graham Dewey in Life.

What he Promised in Order to Win Her.

SHE—You will love me always?

HE—Passionately, my darling.

SHE—And you will never cease to love me?

HE—Never, my darling.

SHE—And you will save your money?

HE—Every cent.

SHE—And you will never speak harshly to me?

HE—Never.

SHE—And you will give up all your bad habits?

HE—Every one of them.

SHE—And you will get along with mamma?

HE—Yes.

SHE—And papa?

HE—Yes.

SHE—And you will always do just what mamma wants you to do?

HE—Yes.

SHE—And just what papa wants you to do?

HE—Yes.

SHE—And just what I want you to do?

HE—Of course.

SHE—Well, I will be yours; but I fear I am making an awful mistake.—Puck.

For Biliousness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. B. GILLIES, Winnipeg, Manitoba, says: "I have used it in a typical case of indigestion with biliousness, and found it to be, without exception, the best thing I ever used in such cases."

The supreme court of Great Britain has decided that the placing of French oysters in English waters does not make the oysters any less French. There is a law in England which makes it unlawful to sell native oysters between the fourth of May and the fourth of August. Foreign oysters may be sold all the year through. A Frenchman living in England imported a quantity of oysters from France and placed them in English beds, intending to take them out for sale from time to time. He did so, but was arrested and fined by an inferior court. He appealed, with the result as stated above.

As a remedy for coughs and colds, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has never been equaled. Its name is a household word.

Last month, for the first time, members of the Austrian Reichstag were paid a part of their salaries in gold and the incident created quite a sensation. Pupils at the Imperial Opera House were also paid their prizes in gold, and it was some time before they could be convinced that the little twenty-florin pieces were as valuable as the large silver coins aggregating the same sum which they had received on former occasions.

Ripans Tabules cure dizziness, headache, flatulency, constipation, and torpid liver.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

But One Thing Lacking.

Pencils and pens, some paper white, Erasers, and a quart of ink; What poetry I now might write Could only I contrive to think!

—S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.

From the Man Behind Her.

Fair lady, when you're on the street, That feathered hat of yours 'tis meet To wear above a face so sweet; None question that. But when you go to see a play, To while an hour or two away, Or for the pleasure of it, pray Remove the hat.—Cape Cod Item.

A Rare Bird.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, Though gorgeous their plumage and regal; But, instead of an oriole, robin, or thrush, Let that bird be a bright, golden eagle.

—Truth.

Cupid's Little Game.

"Forbear!" cried the maiden, as Cupid passed by, "His bow tightly strung and his arrows quite near. 'Forbear!' he replied, with a wink in his eye, 'Not so, pretty maid, I am bunting for deer.'"

—Judge.

Song of the Suburban Resident.

I have a little cottage with the roses climbing round, And a pretty little garden where the blossoms all abound; The sky is brightest azure now, and I am also blue, For while the dew is falling, there's the rent a-falling due.

—Drake's Magazine.

Mark It Down.

The man who waves a banner doesn't always lead the host; The man who talks the fastest doesn't always think the most; The colt that kicks the highest doesn't pass the winning post.

And you may mark it down.

—Washington News.

That Kipling Infant.

"What ails the youngster, anyway?" said Pa-in-stocking-feet. "I think she wants to go to sleep," its mamma said, discreet. "Why don't you let it do so, then?" said Pa-in-stocking-feet. "Perhaps you'd better walk with her," its mamma said, discreet. And he took the blessed infant, be's a-walkin' to an' fro, And his side remarks are lively, though he makes 'em rather low. And he warbles "bye-o-hye-o" in a voice of utter woe, While a-walkin' of the baby in the mornin'.

—Indianapolis Journal.

As Sure as the Sun Shines on a Clear Day.

Just so surely will a neglected attack of liver complaint multiply other bodily troubles. To the prompt, certain relief of this ailment, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is particularly adapted, as well as to the indigestion, constipation, and sick headache, of which it is the parent. The liver is always affected in malarial complaints. These are cured and prevented by the Bitters, potent, too, in rheumatic, nervous, and kidney disorder.

A pavement of granulated cork and bitumen, pressed into blocks, is being introduced in London, it is said, with satisfactory results. It is elastic, furnishes a fine foothold for horses, and greatly diminishes the noise of traffic. India-rubber pavements have proved so satisfactory where they have been tried experimentally in Germany, that the use of this material is to be largely extended there. The latter material has, also, proved satisfactory in an experimental section at St. Pancras Station, London.

Expel the serofulous taint from your blood by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Just before he was executed, Crampon, a Paris assassin, took from its socket his glass eye and presented it to the attending priest. The latter accepted the strange souvenir and prizes it highly.

Reason? BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic.

Austin Corbin, the New York banker, has over seven hundred animals in his game preserve near Newport, N. H. The elk predominate, but he has five distinct herds of buffalo.

Over two hundred omnibuses in London are now fitted with electric lights supplied from small storage batteries.

If you want a horse to make time

you take care how you stable or house him. If you want a watch to keep good time it makes a difference how you house or case it. Ask your jeweller for a Fahys Gold Filled Watch Case. He'll tell you it is a standard article.

Fahys

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."



STOP THIEF.

Dyspepsia is stealing the roses from many ladies' cheeks, and making many men's faces blanch.

BEECHAM'S PILLS will arrest the racial, and restore health, vigor and color; they will cure Sick Headache, acting like a charm on the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Price 25 cents a box. Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating. New York Depot, 35 Canal St.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

—OR—

Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of **W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa** which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16600 FR

QUINA LAROCHE'S INVIGORATING TONIC,

CONTAINING

PERUVIAN BARK, IRON, AND A RICH CATALAN WINE, used with entire success by the Hospitals of Paris for **INDIGESTION, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, INFLUENZA, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, &C.**

IRON and PERUVIAN BARK are the most powerful weapons known in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood and forms its force and richness; Peruvian Bark affords life to the organs, and activity to their functions. Paris: 22 rue Drouot.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., 30 North William St., N. Y.

A good soup delicately takes the edge off appetite and leaves it with a satisfaction

COWDREY'S SOUPS.

that lends itself to the remainder of a dinner.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An American girl was once shown some cannon at Woolwich Arsenal, the sergeant in charge remarking: "You know, we took them from you at Bunker Hill." "Yes," she replied; "I see you've got the cannon, but I guess we've got the hill."

The rector of a country parish in Texas, who was revising his sermon one Sunday morning, was waited upon in his study by his organist, who asked what he should play. "I don't know," said the rector, absent-mindedly; "what kind of a hand have you got?"

In England, second-hand clothes are called "left-off clothes." A friend walking down Piccadilly one day saw this announcement in a show-window: "Mr. and Mrs. Brown have left off clothes of every description, and invite your careful inspection at a shilling a head."

A callow youth was placed by his father in the office of the village attorney to study law, at a salary of nothing a week. At the end of the first day's study, he came home, and his father said: "Tobe, how do you like the law?" "Tain't what it's cracked up to be," he replied; "I'm sorry I learned it."

A man went to hire a horse of a livery-stable proprietor, who was very particular about his stock, and always extorted a promise from his customers not to drive fast as a condition of letting. "You can have the horse," he said, "if you agree not to drive him fast." "Well," said the man, "I want him to go to a funeral, and I am bound to keep up with the procession if it kills the horse."

Whenever Mr. Cavendish, an eccentric English millionaire, entertained his guests, he would always give them the same fare—a leg of mutton. A story goes that one day when four friends were coming, it was asked him what should be ordered for dinner. He answered: "A leg of mutton." "Sir," was the reply, "that will not be enough for five." "Well, then, get two," said the host.

In copse-shooting in England, it is quite as desirable to know who and where the sportsmen are, as to ascertain the whereabouts of the game. "Who is that on my left?" inquired one sportsman of a game-keeper, one day, when the hunting season was at its height. "That must be Lord Jay," said the keeper, after a moment's reflection. "Go and tell him where I am," said the other, whose former experiences told him that caution was desirable. "I'd rather not," said the keeper; "Lord Jay always fires when 'e sees *hanything* move!"

Roscoe Conkling once defended a man who was on trial for arson. Conkling, who was rather new at the bar, called upon Charles O'Connor and said: "There is Johnson. To be sure, he was convicted, and the conviction was affirmed. But I had a great deal of trouble, and I only charged him six hundred dollars, and his friends decline to pay my bill. Don't you think the charge is reasonable and fair?" Mr. O'Connor turned in his chair and said: "Well, Conkling, I have no doubt that you did the best you could. Six hundred dollars is not a large bill. But I have no doubt he could have been convicted for a great deal less money."

Sheridan and Grant were traveling on a steamboat together, with other officers. Among the passengers was a young Englishman who used to take a hand at poker with them. The usual limit was fifty cents. The Englishman one day wanted to go out and get a cigar, and asked General Sheridan to play his hand while he was gone. It was four jacks pat. The Englishman, when he returned, asked General Sheridan how it had panned out. "Oh, the general bet me fifty cents," said Sheridan, "and I called him and he won the pot." The Englishman looked in amazement. "Well," he said, "I have heard of military discipline, but I never heard of it going that far."

Some young men from Boston applied to an old fisherman up in the country to see if he could get them some bait. He thought he could, and started off. Three hours afterward he appeared with a ten-quart full of angle worms. The boys were alarmed lest there should not be money enough in the party for such a wealth of bait, but they put on a bold front, and some one asked: "How much do we owe you?" "Well, I don't rightly know," answered the old man; "the ground is kinder solid and the worms is far down, and it's been hard on my back to dig 'em; but I've half a mind to go fishin' myself to-morrow, an' if you'll give me half the bait we'll call it square."

A gentleman traveling in the country at Stoddard, N. H., where it is all rocks and boulders, saw a boy of twelve or fourteen hoeing in a corn-field on the side of what would be pasture land on anybody else's farm. The corn was rather poor-looking. The traveler reined in his horse and spoke to the boy. He said to him: "Your corn looks rather

small." "Well," said the boy, "we planted dwarf corn." "Well, it looks yellow, poor, and thin." "Well, we planted yellow corn." "Well," said the traveler, "I don't mean that. It don't look as if you would get more than half a crop." "I don't expect to. I planted it on shares."

When General Butler was a young lawyer in Lowell, he had a case in court, and, as is the custom, said: "Let notice be given." The aged clerk, who was an unrelenting Whig, asked him in what paper the notice should be given. Butler promptly replied in the *Advertiser*, which was a staunch Jacksonian paper. "I don't know such a paper," said the clerk. Butler, of course, knew that it was almost a sacrilege to mention a Jackson paper in that court, but he answered the clerk thus: "Pray, Mr. Clerk, don't interrupt the proceedings of court, for if you begin to tell us what you don't know, we will have no time for anything." He never interrupted Butler again.

General Butler was fond of telling a story of his visit to Washington, after successful operations at Hatteras. He arrived at night and called up Mr. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Fox suggested that they go at once to the White House and inform Mr. Lincoln of the good news. Mr. Lincoln had retired, but came out into his office in his night-dress, a costume that added to his appearance of extreme height. Mr. Fox was a man not more than five feet high. As soon as the news was reported to Mr. Lincoln, he opened his arms, Mr. Fox fell into them, grasping the President about the hips, and they flew around the room once or twice in what General Butler described as the most exciting waltz *deshabille* to which he had ever been a witness.

The relationship between Napoleon Bonaparte and his mother, the Mme. Mère of imperial times, was peculiar. Mme. Letizia, who was thirty-four when her famous son was born, had always been complete mistress of her household. Even when her son was emperor and his word was law, willing as she might have been in public to do him honor, in private she insisted on the privileges of her motherhood. Baron Larrey, in his historical essay, writes: "One day there was a family meeting, and Napoleon gave his mother his hand to kiss; but Mme. Mère moved aside the proffered hand. Napoleon then took his mother's hand and kissed it, and she said to him: 'Sire, you know quite well that in public I must treat you with due respect, because I am your subject; but in private I am your mother.'"

An anecdote of the late President Hayes is told by an Englishman who formed one of a party of his compatriots while the President and his family were at Clark's Ranch, near Yosemite. The two parties were assembled in the rude kitchen, awaiting the coming meal. A certain stiffness prevailed at first. At last a master of the ceremonies and introducer appeared in the shape of a small and elegant quadruped, evidently a family pet, which trotted into the kitchen to be caressed. A lady of the English party gently stroked its stem, the President its stern. Presently they met, about the centre of the animal, and the interchange of a few remarks became inevitable. So—"This is a very pretty goat," from the English lady. "My end is antelope, madam," from the President. It need scarcely be said that both ends were antelope, but the reply was very neat.

A Household Remedy.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the only reliable plaster ever produced. Fragrant, clean, inexpensive, and never failing; they fully meet all the requirements of a household remedy, and should always be kept on hand. For the relief and cure of weak back, weak muscles, lameness, stiff or enlarged joints, pains in the chest, small of the back and around the hips, strains, stitches, and all local pains, ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are unequalled. Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Majestic.....February 8th
Britannia.....February 12th
Teutonic.....February 22d
Germanic.....March 1st
Majestic.....March 8th
Britannia.....March 12th
Teutonic.....March 22d
Germanic.....March 29th
Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Jan. 27, Feb. and March 10, 24, April 15, 30. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Valued Indorsement

of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profession speaking of its gratifying results in their practice.



Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites can be administered when plain oil is out of the question. It is almost as palatable as milk—easier to digest than milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, November 1, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M. From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M. From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip. From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip. From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Week Days	Point Reyes,	12:15 P. M. "Wk Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Tomas, and Way Stations.	1:45 P. M. "Monday
		6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Howards, Duncan Mills	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Cazadero, and Way Stations.	6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction. Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Local and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3. Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50. THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cazadero, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Feb. 6th, SS. Acapulco; Feb. 15th, SS. San Juan; Feb. 25th, SS. City of New York.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco at noon on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—Feb. 3d, SS. San Jose; Feb. 18th, SS. City of Panama.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: City of Peking.....Saturday, February 4, at 3 P. M. China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 3 P. M. Peru.....Saturday, February 12, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro.....Thursday, March 23, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates. For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1893. Gaiole.....Tuesday, January 24. Belgic.....Thursday, February 23. Oceanic.....Tuesday, March 14. Gaiole.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, April 4. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:10 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.	12:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Portland, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	10:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:37 A.
3:30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations.	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

Experience, the great teacher, has demonstrated, by abundant examples, the fact that an advertisement in a publication which goes steadily into the hands of a large number of persons, always searches them out in the moment of their chosen or permitted leisure, and appeals to their wants under circumstances peculiarly fitted to bear fruit.—F. W. Palmer.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows: From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M. Sundays—8:30, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M. From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M. Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M. From Point Tiburon and San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M. Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Destination. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	San Jose	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kesleville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Sackport, Willis, Cahlo, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.70; to Ukiah, \$5.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.00; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$5.00; to Guerneville, \$5.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager. PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.



There is a certain class of comedy that can no more get on without a mother-in-law than a certain class of melodrama can get on without an adventuress. These two variations of the Eternal Feminine are the backbone of one-half the plays that delight average audiences.

In the realm of comedy, the mother-in-law seems unescapable. Age does not wither her, whatever custom may do toward stalling her infinite variety. She has outlived as a comic-paper joke, the boarding-house hash, the age of the chorus girl, the thinness of Sarah Bernhardt, the dominion of the lady-help. These others pall and fade, but the mother-in-law does not show the slightest symptom of getting *passé* or losing the public's favor. She flourishes like a green bay-tree. She is as highly appreciated as a matter for jokes as the propensity of negroes to rob hen-roosts, or the inclination of Miss Fanny de Siècle to marry for money.

The mother-in-law of "The Arabian Nights" is somewhat more virulent than usual. She is almost as bad as the mother-in-law of "Nerves," who was the crowning horror of the species. Like the true stage mother-in-law, she is a woman possessed of a fury of neatness, nothing is safe from her desecrating hand when the mania to tidy up falls upon her. She is the sort of person who bakes meerschaum-pipes and tidies desks. From the masculine points of view, the woman would be preferable who, when the dinner-plates were soiled, turned them over and ate off the under side rather than bother herself by washing them.

Driven on her mad career by the fiend of orderliness, this particular mother-in-law has numbered and marked with his full name and address all her son's handkerchiefs. And from this harmless and prudent action rise a multitude of ills, as many as those which the curious Pandora let out of the carved casket.

A play with a mother-in-law as central figure has, of course, the usual embroglio. It is not that there is a lady in the case, but that there are from two to half a dozen. The poor mother-in-law of the farce-comedy line has her hands full keeping track of the numerous young persons who hover about the son-in-law. The damsels in yellow and white, like extra large canaries, who dog the footsteps of Arthur Hummingtop, were enough to have tried the patience of the most model of mothers-in-law.

As the proverb hath it, great oaks from little acorns grow. The original thirst for adventure which prompted Arthur Hummingtop, disguised in false whiskers, to go abroad after dark in the manner of the Caliph Haroun-Al-Raschid, was the little acorn from which an oak grew great enough to construct a play out of. While sauntering about in his false whiskers, waiting for adventures, the new Haroun-Al-Raschid fell in with a distressed damsel who had lost her way in the fog. The gallant Caliph offered to find it for her, and sets out to do so, arm-in-arm with the lost lady. They hurried on through the fog—they hurried on through the fog for an hour and three-quarters. During this flight, the lady accepted the gentleman's handkerchief to tie round her neck. When they finally found her abiding-place, and the adventurous Caliph left her at the door, he left his handkerchief with her, from which forgetfulness rise three acts of farcical comedy and rather clever dialogue, scraped very thin.

The broad comedy of this type is as well known as the rose in summer or the holly in winter. Nothing excuses its existence but the cleverness of the people who condescend to play it. Such a comedy will hold the stage only for a season, and then only by the efforts of a distinguished company or star. It is odd that such a good company as the Frohman one now here can not get something better to play than these absurdities, which are neither classic comedy, farce-comedy, nor melodrama. They are billed to play here four weeks—in that time produce four plays, the first and the last of which are so much alike that one continually is surprised by the strange similarity in some of the scenes.

In fact, Joseph Holland, who is a really clever actor whose abilities are worthy of a far finer field, was so exactly alike in both plays, that at times, while witnessing "The Arabian Nights," it was hard to remember that he was not acting in "Settled Out of Court." That Joseph Holland can do good work in legitimate comedy, any one will testify who saw his performance as Bianca's suitor in Daly's "Taming of the Shrew." It was romantic and picturesque to a degree. Before that, again, people will remember him as Prince Malcolm in "Macbeth," that McKee Rankin got up at the California Theatre some years ago. Here, again, he showed his ability to play classic rôles with poetic feeling. He is too clever an

artist to go on acting simple-minded and truth-telling gentlemen in idiotically impossible, but undoubtedly funny, low-comedy pieces.

And yet if it were not for him the Frohman Company would be badly off. He is its star, and he is a good, reliable one. His appearance of distraction, his short, temporizing replies when confronted by his two nieces and the friend whom he has represented in turn as a bachelor, a married man, and a widower; his intense gravity in situations of absurd humorlessness, are irresistibly funny. He is the only actor in the company who does not seem to want to reduce his part to the farce level. By his extreme naturalness and his gentlemanly manner and appearance, he lifts "The Arabian Nights" upward toward good comedy.

The girls in the company are inclined to favor farce. They have the amateurish fault of over-acting. Miss Craven, as the gutta-percha girl, has to personate a lady of a decidedly sportive type. Her language, as Truthful James expressed it, is "frequent, and painful, and free." She leaps with the agility of the chamois on to the back of the sofa, where she perches, as if she were out riding. Scaled aloft here, in a singular dress of immense white-satin sleeves, an Empire bodice, and numerous widely floating skirts of a light yellow material, a Derby hat on the back of her head, and a cigarette held aloft in one thin hand covered with rings, she has the appearance of having stepped from one of the pictures Grévin used to draw for the French papers.

Then, alighting with a spring from the sofa, she makes a leap for the table, strikes it, amid a swirl of yellow skirts, with the practiced lightness of an acrobat, and sits there for a space, swinging a pair of feet that emerge, pointed and yellow-shod, from the froth of yellow ruffles that trim her skirts. She is a decidedly "tough," but decidedly amusing person. When she gets her big hat on, all white and yellow feathers, her cigarette alight, her hands on her hips, and her head on one side at a saucy and defiant angle, she looks as tough and as boldly pretty as one might imagine a slack-rope performer and gutta-percha girl could look in her *heures perdues*.

There was a curtain-raiser to "The Arabian Nights" of interest as illustrating the class of plays which will eventually abolish the old style, with the universal marrying or dying of the cast in the last act, the complicated story, the involved interest, the drawing together of the end of each act into a distinct climax, the telling of a story, exciting, closely knit, improbable, and absorbing.

The old order changes, giving place to new, in the making of the drama, as in all other things. The curtain-raiser of the stage is the same as the sketch, the pastel in prose of the writer, the impressionist study of the painter. All the arts tend toward impressionism. The telling of the long, carefully worked out, neatly pieced together story has "gone out," as one might say. No rising artist paints "A Rake's Progress" or a "Derby Day." No new writer of promise shows a desire to fill three volumes in the telling of his story. Maquet, and Sargent, and Dandot dash their pictures on the canvas to catch the fleeting spirit of a brilliant impression. Rudyard Kipling, and Miss Wilkins, and some of the younger French writers, such as Henri Lavedan, are the authors of impressionist episodic studies, which have neither plot, embroglio, nor climax, but are merely written pictures.

The drama is behind the two sister arts, but it is beginning to show the effects of the new movement. Curtain-raisers are impressionist plays. Most of them are poor and the work of prentice hands, written for commonplace audiences and to be played by commonplace actors. But the best of them tend, as the impressionist stories do, to give a picture of contemporaneous life—not a story, nor a moral lesson, but simply a picture in which the figures move and talk. In the exhibiting of this living picture, the audience have witnessed an impressionist's study of some phase of modern life, some incident of every-day occurrence, the significance or lesson of which is never insisted upon. The picture is given—learn from it whatever you may, according to your point of view.

The crude curtain-raiser of the moment is generally a thing of sickly pathos and false sentiment. "The Judge and the Burglar" is better than the average, though the dialogue is at times heavy. In this, the picture is one of bold contrast; there is no especial point made, there is no climax at all. There is no attempt to point a moral and adorn a tale. But the picture given has an open meaning, and the curtain-raiser, being still in its savage state, the meaning is forced upon the spectators with unwavering determination that they shall see it. When the mass of theatre-goers are broken in to impressionist plays by means of a steady course of curtain-raisers, then we may look for the three-act, impressionist drama, where climax, exciting denouement, involved and improbable plot, false sentiment, and morbid emotions will be lacking.

At the theatres during the week commencing January 30th: The Lilliputians in "Candy"; Hoyt's comedians in "A Trip to Chinatown"; the Tivoli Company in "Carmen"; "Siberia"; and "The Spider and the Fly."

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Bostonians produced "The Knickerbockers," a new opera by Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith, a few days ago in Boston. It is highly praised by the critics, and will probably prove as successful as "Robin Hood."

E. J. Henley is in New York presenting his play, "Captain Herne, U. S. A.," which is as little liked by the critics as it was here, but it is drawing large audiences. Henley, it appears, is not going in for fame but money now.

New York is gloating over the fact that, at Paderewski's debut in Boston last year, one hundred dollars less was taken in at the box-office than at the recent initial entertainment of George Grossmith, "Society's Clown," in the home of culture.

Bizet's opera of "Carmen" will be sung at the Tivoli during the coming week, with the following cast of characters:

Carmen, Lizzie Annandale; Michaela, Tillie Salinger; Frasquita, Gladie Plaisted; Mercedes, Irene Mall; Don José, Ferdinand Schuetz; Escamillo, George Olmit; H. Jancario, Edward N. Knight; H. Remendado, George Torpi; Zuniga, M. Cornell; Morales, Gilbert Castle.

Augustin Daly will take his company to London, this summer, to occupy their new theatre. He has in mind a plan for sending out companies to present his most successful pieces of the winter in various American cities; but San Francisco, at least, will hardly be satisfied with Daly plays with the Daly players left out.

Dorothy Dene, an English actress whose photographs are a familiar sight in the shop-windows and make her out a dream of peachy loveliness, has made her New York debut in "Captain Herne." She is not the beauty she would seem, if the *Recorder* man is to be believed. He says:

"Dorothy has a double chin, a stocky figure, unduly large hips, and is altogether a very ample person. Of her acting it is better not to speak."

Jack Mason is telling an amusing story of an experience he had while playing "Caste" in a Southern town. He had the rôle of George d'Aloy, and, in the third act, comes back from India and is reconciled to his wife, who then shows him the baby that has been born to them during his absence. Babies are not generally on the pay-roll of a traveling company, the property-man being expected to provide one from the local supply in the various towns. The feelings of Mason may be imagined when, on this occasion, his happy wife held up for his inspection the pledge of their affection, and displayed a crowing pickaninny!

One is almost reminded of Tennyson's brook that ran on forever by hearing that Alice Atherton "at once captivated her audience" in the title rôle of "Trooper Clairette," a musical comedy which she and Willie Edouin produced at the Opera Comique in London a fortnight or so ago. It seems almost hack in the dark ages when she, and Willie Edouin, and Mestayer—he had just left the old California stock company and "heavy villain" rôles—used to amuse San Francisco theatre-goers in the burlesques they brought out at the Standard, and yet here she is in London as pretty and as winsome as ever, if we may believe the press and the tales of returned travelers. By the way, those two pretty children of hers must be nearly old enough by this time to go on the stage, if they are still living.

As was to be anticipated, Baron Hirsch has not only been the most successful owner of race-horses in England this season, but he stands far in advance of all the rest, having, thanks mainly to La Fleche, Watercress, and Windgall, won over \$165,000, or nearly double the amount standing to the credit of Sir J. Blundell Maple, who comes second, with a total of about \$85,000, while Colonel North, who last year almost ran a dead beat for first place with Mr. Noel Fenwick, each of them having won about \$700,000, is now only third, with about \$75,000, or a thousand pounds more than the Duke of Westminster has secured, mainly by means of the sensational Orme.

A huge knife, said to be over a hundred years old, and resembling an ancient hay-cutter, was presented to the postmaster at Bangor, Me., just after the election. It was labeled "Adlai's axe." Across the blade in black letters were the words, "The melancholy days have come." This was a grim joke to play on a Republican postmaster, but he concluded to make the best of it. He tagged it and started it on a journey across the continent. At last accounts it was at Marquette, Mich., all covered with tags and the comments each messenger had added as the Democratic guillotine passed over his route.

A VERY CONVENIENT LITTLE HANDBOOK HAS been issued by Smith's Cash Store, which, while intended primarily for their own customers, will be found useful to everybody. It contains advice and information in regard to the various points about transacting business by mail, and many common mistakes may be avoided by following its directions.

An English journal, the *Optician*, claims that most great men have blue eyes. It cites Napoleon, Bismarck, Gladstone, and every President of the United States, except Harrison.

FAT, JUICY, BLOATER MACKEREL. Most delicious dish for breakfast. Imported by S. Foster & Co.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Ask your grocer for it. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johnstown, N. Y., will bring you cook-book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

—H. C. MASSIE, Dentist. Painless filling. 114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 273 Sutter St.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.
KREILING BROS., PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of the Grand Production of Offenbach's Sparkling Opera,
LA BELLE HELENE!

Monday, January 30th, CARMEN.

Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents.

IRVING HALL.
This (Saturday) Afternoon at 3 o'clock,
—THE—

27th Carr-Beel Saturday Pop Concert

MISS WEIGEL and MRS. CARR, Soloists.
MISS E. GILL, Vocalist.
Admission.....Fifty Cents.

MAPLE HALL, PALACE HOTEL
Wednesday Evening, Feb. 1st at 8.15 P. M.

Wilkie's "Ballad" Concerts

First Concert (Second Series).
ARTISTS:
Mrs. Mollie M-lvin Dewing, Messrs. Wm. C. Stadtfeld, Miss Jennie Eastman, J. C. Hughes, and Miss Anna Miller Wood, Alfred Wilkie.
Miss Florence Fletcher, Solo Violinist.
R. Fletcher Tilton, Accompanist.

Season Tickets (reserved).....\$4.00
Single Tickets (reserved).....1.25
Admission.....1.00

Season tickets may now be had and seats secured at the new stand, Palace Hotel; and single tickets on Tuesday, Jan. 31st, and Wednesday, Feb. 1st. See Programmes.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Thursday.....February 2, 1893

VON SUPPE'S

A TRIP TO AFRICA

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH,

—BY THE—
San Francisco Operatic Society

PARTICIPANTS:

Miss Alvina M. Heuer, Mr. A. M. Thornton.
Mrs. J. W. Madden, Mr. Frank Coffin.
Mrs. George Butler, Mr. D. W. Wise.
Miss Millie Flynn, Mr. M. Feig.
Mr. A. F. Schleicher, Mr. B. W. Stich.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Wednesday.....February 8, 1893

FIRST PRODUCTION OF

HIS MAJESTY

Libretto by PETER ROBERTSON.
Music composed by Prof. H. J. STEWART.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO POLYCLINIC.

The Leading Roles will be Assumed by
MRS. MARY WYMAN WILLIAMS,
MRS. DR. BRECHEMIN,
MRS. C. H. DICKMAN,
MR. DONALD DE V. GRAHAM,
MR. C. H. DICKMAN,
MR. ELMER DEPUÉ,
MR. F. G. B. MILLS,
MR. T. J. WALSH.

100 Choristers.
50 Musicians in the Orchestra.

Costumes designed by Miss Florence Graham, of London. Scenery Entirely New, designed and painted by Professor Seabury and assistants. Properties by Mr. Morrissey. Stage Settings by Mr. Lang. Costumes and Wigs by Goldstein & Cohn. Stage Manager, Mr. Urban.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Twenty-Seventh Industrial Exposition

—OF THE—
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

—AND—
Preliminary World's Fair Exhibit of California

Opens January 10, 1893.
Closes February 11, 1893.

NEW FEATURES! SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS!

Among which will be the annual exhibition of the Northern California Citrus Fair Association, a grand display of natural products of the various counties of the State, the largest collection ever seen in this city of valuable statuary and paintings, an orchestra of fifty musicians, including noted soloists and Miss May Cook, the young Californian cornetist, six large aquariums, machinery in motion, objects of art, industry, and manufacture.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Why don't you take up literature, Hawley?"
"I can't write English." "Try dialect."—*New York Sun.*

Young Mr. Gurley—"My foot's asleep." *Gazzam*—"Nonsense! Not while you are wearing those loud trousers."—*B., K. & Co.'s Monthly.*

No false modesty: "Harold, papa calls you a fortune-hunter. I'm sorry I'm rich." "So am I. Everybody will say that you bought me."—*Life.*

George—"Mabel and Jack's marriage seems an ideal one—such a perfect union of hearts!" *The girls*—"Yes; he adores Mabel, and so does she."—*Truth.*

"Papa," asked Willie, "what is phenomenal?" "It is phenomenal, my son," explained Mr. Wise-pate, "when a lawyer is content with a nominal fee."—*Truth.*

Old lady—"I hope, my boy, that you do not sell papers on Sunday." *Small newsboy* (sadly)—"No, mum, I ain't big enough to carry a Sunday edition yet."—*Ex.*

He—"Are you superstitious? I shall put you to the test." *She*—"Not at all." *He*—"Then would you consent to marry me on the first Friday in May?"—*Puck.*

He (wealthy, but shy)—"You think she will accept him! He has nothing to make a girl love him." *She*—"True. But then he has enough to make her marry him."—*Life.*

Bragg (of Connecticut)—"How did you find those cigars, colonel?" *Wagg*—"Delicious, old man. We had them for dinner last evening, boiled with corned-beef."—*Truth.*

Job Lott—"One never loses anything by keeping his engagements punctually." *Kirby Stone*—"My experience is, he is apt to lose half an hour's time waiting for the other fellow."—*Puck.*

"I didn't see anything funny in the story that fellow just told. What made you laugh so over it?" "Do you know who he is?" "No. Who is he?" "He's the head of our firm."—*Life.*

Jack Makeit—"How can we marry? I'm only worth fifteen thousand dollars, and that wouldn't buy your clothes." *May Spendit*—"Oh, yes, it would, Jack, for nearly five years!"—*Puck.*

"There is one objection to your flannel-cakes, Mrs. Small," said the star boarder. "What is that, Mr. Hunker?" "They may be all wool, but they are not a yard wide."—*B., K. & Co.'s Monthly.*

Amy—"Don't you think Edwio and Angelina really love each other?" *Maude*—"I know they do. They sat together for two hours yesterday and said nothing but 'Oh, Edwin!' and 'Oh, Angelina!'"—*Judge.*

Mrs. Haulton (maliciously)—"You were such a charming debutante, my dear, fifteen years ago." *Mrs. Igilefe*—"Was I? I only remember you made such a lovely chaperon for me when I came out."—*Chicago News Record.*

Mrs. Laker—"It isn't considered at all binding on the clergyman in Chicago to kiss the bride." *Mrs. Bleeker*—"Doesn't he ever do it?" *Mrs. Laker*—"Yes, sometimes, if he hasn't married her for quite a long time."—*Washington Star.*

"I made two dollars this morning, pa." "That's right, my son. I'm glad to see that you recognize the advisability of being independent of parental assistance. How did you make it, my boy?" "Borrowed it from ma."—*Truth.*

"That little Lord Fauntleroy and the Mrs. Errol look very much alike. I imagine they are mother and daughter," said Mrs. Jarby at the play. "They are. The Fauntleroy is the mother of the Mrs. Errol," returned Mr. Jarby.—*Bazar.*

Miss Campbell—"So you are financially embarrassed again, are you, Cousin George? I notice you continue to wear patent-leather shoes, all the same." *Cousin George*—"Oh, yes; but—but, you see, the pateot has expired."—*Boston Beacon.*

In a Paris restaurant: Young man enters, takes a seat, and calls a waiter. "Waiter, here's your *pourboire* in advance. Now be kind enough to recommend something." *The waiter* (in confidence)—"I would recommend, sir, that you try some other restaurant."—*Ex.*

"That must have required considerable preliminary practice," said the tenderfoot, as Blizzard Bill shot the ashes from the cigar his partner was smoking at a distance of forty feet. "Practice," said William; "I should twitter. I guess I spilled more'n two dozen Chinamen learnin' that there trick."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"I got my start in life through picking up a pin on the street. I had been refused employment by a banker, and on my way out I saw a pin, and—" "Oh, thunder! What a chestnut! I've heard of that boy so often. The banker was impressed by your carefulness, and called you back and made you head of the firm." "No. I saw the pin and picked it up, and sold it for five hundred dollars. It was a diamond pin."—*Bazar.*

MUSICAL NOTES.

"His Majesty."

The production of the new comic opera, "His Majesty," will take place in the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening, February 8th, for the benefit of that most worthy charitable institution, the San Francisco Polyclinic. The librettist, Mr. Peter Robertson, and the composer, Mr. H. J. Stewart, have excelled all of their previous efforts in this opera, and it has the advantage of originality and brightness in both the libretto and music. The principals in the cast will be Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams, Mrs. Louis Brechemin, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, Mr. Donald de V. Graham Mr. Charles J. Dickman, Mr. Elmer de Pue, Mr. F. G. B. Mills, and Mr. T. J. Walsh. There will be one hundred chorists, an orchestra of fifty musicians, and, in all, about two hundred participants on the stage. Five thousand dollars are being expended on the costumes, scenery, and properties. Mr. Fred Urhan will be the stage-manager, and is now superintending the rehearsals. The demand for tickets has been so large that the patronesses have decided to sell the choice of boxes and seats at auction. The sale will be held in the California Theatre, at half-past twelve o'clock next Wednesday. It will be advisable to attend the sale if good seats are desired.

"A Trip to Africa."

The San Francisco Operatic Company will produce Suppé's opera, "A Trip to Africa," on Thursday evening, February 2d, for the benefit of St. John's Episcopal Church, of which Rev. Dr. E. B. Spalding is rector. The rehearsals are now under way, and are very satisfactory. The cast will be as follows:

Titania Fanfani, Miss Alvinia M. Heuer; Fanfani Pasha (her uncle), A. F. Schleicher; Miradillo (a European), A. M. Thornton; Antarsid (Prince of Maronites), Frank Coffin; Tessa (a young milliner), Mrs. J. W. Madden; Buccametta (her mother), Mrs. George Butler; Pericles (hotel-keeper), Robert Graham; Nakid (a dealer in poisons), D. W. Wise; Selbi, (an Abyssinian slave), Miss Millie Flynn; Hosh (servant in Pericles' hotel), M. Feig; a Muzerin, B. M. Stich; a Maronite, J. W. Madden; First Sais, A. E. J. Nye. The members of the chorus are: Miss Josie Bauer, Miss Grace Gladwin, Miss Vera Cameron, Miss K. Hopkins, Miss Ruy Coffin, Miss Sadie Bishop, Mrs. M. A. Lind, Mrs. George Stronach, Miss Leo Wefelburg, Miss F. Delleplane, Miss Stella Leis, Miss M. Burtchael, Miss M. Donahue, Miss Grace Williams, Miss Emma Leland, Miss Gussie Hobe, Mrs. E. Kemp, Miss Maud Langton, Miss Helen Coffin, Miss Blanche Winks, Miss Haskell, Miss Daisy Smith, Miss S. J. Kideon, Miss Hattie Gross, Miss Ada Littlewood, Miss E. Smith, Miss D. Sparrow, F. H. Lombard, M. S. de Roco, W. Hellemann, H. Monges, Willatz Johannsen, Sumner Loop, Ed Kemp, J. L. Quast, James Burchard, M. Krause, H. E. Sullivan, H. Chisholm, Robert Lloyd, Romer Ritchie, J. H. Desmond, George Cameron, A. V. Snowgrass, W. G. Glocker, George A. Rice, Dr. J. M. Currah, Eric Francis, Mr. Haussler, and J. A. Gray. F. Delleplane will be the musical director and Alphonse Luttringer the stage manager.

The Friday Evening Orchestra.

The Friday Evening Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald, gave its first soirée-musical last Friday night in Kohler & Chase's Hall. There was present a large attendance of friends of the members, who enjoyed the presentation of the following programme:

Voluntary, Battiste, orchestra; "Chanson Bohémienne," Masse, Miss Jennie Eastman; "Scene de Ballet," De Beriot, Mr. Julian Goldman; "Bird Song," Gollerman, orchestra; (a) "Bolero," Arditi, (b) "Spring Morning," Nevins, Miss Maude Priest; minuet, from military symphony, Haydn; concert overture, Frank.

The Symphony Orchestra—composed of sixty amateurs—under the direction of Louis C. Knell, will give a concert at Metropolitan Temple on Tuesday evening, February 14th, in aid of the King's Daughters' Home for Incurables. This will be the orchestra's debut concert. They will play the overture from "William Tell," by Rossini, selections from "Tannhauser," an overture, by Raymond, the intermezzo from "La Nalla," the "Artist's Life Waltzes," and "In Traume," a string selection. They will be assisted by Miss Emma Fitch, a well-known vocalist of this city, Signor S. Martinez, the pianist, and George McBride, haritone.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his second series of halland concerts in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on the evenings of February 1st and March 2d, and the afternoons of February 14th and March 17th. The excellent standard of the programmes will be maintained. Among the selections at the first concert will be Charles Diddin's "Jolly Young Waterman," sung by Mr. Wilkie; a prize madrigal (1865) by Leslie, entitled "Thine Eyes so Bright," by a sextet; and "Sigh no More, Ladies," a favorite glee which will be repeated by request.

The Bandurria Club will give its sixth concert in Metropolitan Hall on Tuesday evening, February 7th, under the direction of Señor José Sancho and Señor José Lomhardero. The club will be assisted by Mrs. Maud Berry Fisher, soprano; Mr. H. A. Melvin, baritone; and Miss Ada E. Weigel, accompanist. Tickets may be procured at the music store of Sherman, Clay & Co. An interesting programme will be presented.

The concert which Signora Virginia Ferrari was to have given last Thursday evening was postponed on account of the weather.

The twenty-seventh Saturday Popular Concert will be held in Irving Hall this (Saturday) afternoon. Miss Gill will be the vocalist, and Mrs. Carmichael.

Carr and Miss Ada E. Weigel will be the soloists. Mendelssohn's quartet for strings will be played by Messrs. Beel, Heine, Jaulus, and Weisner.

Mr. Robert Tolmie, the pianist, has just returned from a concert tour through the Eastern States, and is staying at The Colonial.

—PROF. CREPAUX, OF THE PARIS GRAND OPERA, has the honor to inform the public that he is now forming singing classes. Two lessons a week—per month—\$10.00. Vocal and scenic lessons in classes or private. Applications will be received at 1119 Sutter Street, bet. Larkin and Polk Streets, at the Larcher School of Languages.

A lady at Ashford, England, has just received a bequest of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling from an old gentleman, an entire stranger, for a small act of kindness rendered to him five years ago. He was in the crowd outside Buckingham Palace, watching the arrivals at one of the queen's drawing-rooms, when he became faint and staggered helplessly. The crowd jeered him, shouting that he was drunk, and commenced to jostle him rudely. The lady saw he was ill, and helped him through the crowd to a seat in a park close by. He soon recovered, asked her name, and they parted, and she did not hear of him again until two weeks ago, when his solicitors informed her of his death and that he had bequeathed her the sum named.

The court of Schleswig-Holstein recently issued the following curious notice: "At the request of Herr Peter Lohmann, of Altona, the seaman Dietrich Lohmann, who was born in Kirchmoor in November, 1848, and was drowned on the journey from Stockton to Hamburg while sailing in the ship *Bertha Jenny*, is hereby called upon to appear before this court and report himself, on or before Friday, January 20, 1893, at eleven o'clock P. M., under pain of being declared dead."

A Frenchman never allows even an affair of state to interfere with his gallantry. A few days ago, the editor of the *Gaulois* published a most malignant story about Mme. Carnot, the wife of the President. The next morning the editor called upon the lady and left his card, inscribed: "Avec regrets respectueux."

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Given a group of islands of very general fertility, separated from San Francisco by two thousand miles of water, lying in the path of steamers from this port to Australia, and to Yokokama, according to the rules of circle sailing; the islands inhabited by some fifty thousand descendants of the aborigines, about fifteen thousand whites, and as many Chinese and Japanese; both the chief town and the plantations paralyzed by the sudden and unexpected alteration of the tariff on sugar—under what conditions can such a portion of the earth's surface be insured tranquillity and a moderate measure of usefulness in the economy of the world?

It appears to have been the unconscious purpose of this

country to add every possible aggravation to the difficulty of the problem. When the English landed on the islands, just fifty years ago, and showed an unmistakable purpose to throw another unconsidered trifle into the maw of the British lion, we protested, and John Bull went back to his ships. But if we would not let him occupy and civilize, why did we not occupy and civilize ourselves? There was at that time no prejudice against the annexation of non-contiguous territory. We might have laid hands on the islands as a counterpoise to Texas, and, if we had done so, they would probably now have contained a white population, which would have justified their applying for an enabling act.

Then, nearly twenty years ago, we concluded a reciprocity treaty with his Hawaiian majesty, by which the sugar of the islands was favored to the extent of two cents a pound over other cane-sugars. Why did we do so? Mr. Spreckels, who knew more about the islands than any one else, said there was no call for reciprocity; but if the government was bent on establishing it, he thought he could make money under that régime as well as any other. A whisper went round that reciprocity was the high-road to annexation, as though a high-road was necessary to bring about a consummation which would not have elicited an objection from any quarter; the treaty was signed; Mr. Spreckels bought plantations instead of buying sugar, and laid out a number of millions against a rainy day.

Then, just as the Hawaiian planters began to pile up money, and it looked as though a new era of unexampled prosperity was going to dawn on the islands, suddenly the McKinley tariff was adopted, and sugar was placed on the free list. To Hawaii this meant competition with Manilla and Cuba, which the islands could not afford. Labor is worth twice as much in the islands as it is in the Philippines or in the Spanish colonies of the West Indies, and there is no such machinery in the former as in the latter. From the passage of the McKinley Bill, a commercial revulsion, followed by a political revolution, became inevitable. The revolution has come.

It does not seem that there is any alternative but annexation. It is said by many that the English have far too much sense to interfere in the annexation question at the risk of—at the very least—strained relations with the United States. But the English have done many foolish things in their day. It is hard to set a limit to the fool possibilities of a nation which could engage in the Crimean War, or insist on bringing up Egypt on the bottle. Mr. Gladstone will be gathered to his fathers one of these days, and then no one can tell what kind of Jingo Briton we might have in his place, nor what uses he might not find for the islands as a half-way house for a cable between Vancouver and Brisbane.

As a Territory of the United States, the islands might work out their destiny, whatever it is. Some day the sugar duty will be restored, and, if the Hawaiians can make cane-sugar as cheaply as Californians can make beet-sugar, plantations may again be property. A fortified coaling station in Pearl Harbor is an absolute necessity. Such a station can never be secure, so long as the station flies one flag and the islands another.

If the islands are annexed, it should be under distinctive conditions. The people are not eligible for statehood. Some sort of territorial government could be devised. That was the intention when annexation came near being successful, almost forty years ago. It will be interesting, at this time, to recall some of the incidents of that historical episode. The annexation project of 1854 was started in the islands and prosecuted during the administration of President Pierce, with William L. Marcy as Secretary of State. David L. Gregg, of Illinois, was United States Commissioner, or Minister, at the Hawaiian Kingdom, with official residence at Honolulu. Kamehameha was king—the third of his line. He was favorably disposed toward the projected annexation. He had nominated as his successor to the crown Prince Alexander Liholiho, youngest son of the high chief Kukeonau, Governor of Oahu, the most populous of

the islands, and brother of Prince Lot. Both princes were averse to annexation. The kingdom had continued independent since the conquest of all the islands early in the century by the great chief who assumed the reign with the title of King Kamehameha the Second until 1843, when a French admiral made the forced conquest of Honolulu and claimed the kingdom in the name of France. Great Britain had all the time exercised virtual protectorate authority over the islands, since the expedition there of Lord Sandwich, after whom the group was named, and the action of the testy French admiral caused the British Government to adopt measures which resulted in proclaiming the independence of the Hawaiian Kingdom, which was immediately recognized by the United States. At the time of the project of annexation of the islands to the United States, the British Government and the French Empire were in alliance against Russia in the War of the Crimea. The interests of the allied nations were identical in Hawaii. British interests there were represented by Consul-General Miller, and those of the French Empire by Consul-General Perrin. The two were vehemently opposed to the scheme of annexation. The native population of Hawaii was then about seventy thousand. There were, besides, ten thousand people—Americans and Englishmen—mostly American merchants and missionaries, English merchants and residents. The principal industry of the islands was connected with the American whale fishery of the Arctic and the South Sea, and this was chiefly owned in New England. The larger number of the merchants and missionaries was likewise from New England. Nearly the whole of these were opposed to annexation, for reasons peculiar to each. American possession of the islands, it was contended, would materially impair the rich and lucrative whaling traffic, while the anticipated inrush from the United States would quite destroy the influence of the missionaries. The ministers of the crown were mostly New England men, some of them missionaries. Annexation would dismiss them from office and power; therefore they antagonized the scheme. At that time the total yearly revenue of the islands was less than \$200,000. The annual imports aggregated \$1,300,000; the domestic exports only about \$300,000. Sugar was the chief product, grown upon one of the islands, and the total product did not exceed 1,000,000 pounds a year. The annual arrivals of merchant vessels amounted to 250; of whaling-ships, over 500. Of the cargoes of whale-oil and whale-bone transhipped at Hawaiian ports for foreign markets, out of an annual total of 4,000,000 gallons of oil and 2,000,000 pounds of bone, more than 3,900,000 gallons of oil and 1,900,000 pounds of bone were shipped to New York and ports of Massachusetts and Connecticut; the very small remainder to European ports. In the event of annexation, it was provided that the king was to receive during life an annuity of \$50,000, to be continued to his successor during life; to the queen, \$18,000; and stipulated annuities to certain high chiefs and dignitaries—foremost of whom was the chamberlain of the kingdom, Paku, the ranking great chief of all the islands, a veteran of the victorious wars of the first King Kamehameha. But Paku did not favor annexation. Early in December, 1854, the king signified his determination to sign the draft of the treaty of annexation to the United States, as Prince Alexander had expressed his readiness also to sign it, and the annexation was looked upon as an accomplished fact, to await only the ratification at Washington. December 14, 1854, King Kamehameha the Third died very suddenly. Prince Alexander was immediately proclaimed king, as Kamehameha the Fourth. On the day of the late king's burial, the new king was duly crowned. His first act was to notify Commissioner Gregg that the treaty of annexation would no further be entertained. He was himself king, and he had determined to maintain the kingdom.

Never until the present movement to the same purpose has the project of annexing the islands to the United States been encouraged by the people of Hawaii. Since 1854, the conditions in that island kingdom have undergone great change. The annual revenue has advanced from less than \$200,000 to nearly \$3,000,000—but there is more than

500,000 of public expenditure, and about \$3,250,000 of public debt. The annual imports, in place of \$1,300,000, aggregate nearly \$6,000,000; the annual domestic exports have increased from \$300,000 to quite \$14,000,000. The sugar product has swelled from pounds up to tons; and there are other products to export—coffee, fruits, etc. During the same period, the lucrative whale-fishing trade stations have been transferred from Hawaiian ports to San Francisco. In place of occasional voyages, not oftener than once a month, by sailing vessels, between San Francisco and Honolulu, lines of steamships to and from China and Australasia, and direct to and from Honolulu, are plying regularly, and also a fleet of sailing vessels. San Francisco has progressed in a valuable reciprocal trade with the islands, and Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and other parts of the Pacific Coast are also advantaged. But with these conditions have followed the rapid decrease of the native race, until the total is but little above 30,000. The proposition for annexation now springs from the leading element in the islands—native and naturalized Hawaiians and American residents.

There can be little question in the minds of intelligent Americans as to the desirability of annexation. Even if the islands were barren sand-spits instead of fertile garden-spots it would be well to annex them for their naval and strategic value. But they are in reality so desirable that they have been coveted for half a hundred years by Great Britain. If we do not take them, she will. But it is to be hoped that the Congress of the United States will not commit any such folly as to let these islands go. Some legislative wisecracks object to annexing the islands because they have a debt of three millions, and would have to be policed and governed. By parity of reasoning, a man who owned an estate of a hundred thousand acres, and was offered one of ten thousand gratuitously by a man who could not run it, would be justified in refusing the gift because he would have to pay taxes on it.

The Catholics in America are going to be governed in America. The cordiality of the reception given Mgr. Satolli in the United States, and the general pleasure expressed at the subordination of the Corrigan wing of the prelacy to the more modern and liberal elements of the church, prove that the American people are more hostile to Romanism than to Catholicism. It is the Roman hierarchy itself that is wholly to blame for the popular suspicion with which it is viewed and the disesteem in which it is held. Because it has been un-American in its spirit and work it has encountered the hostility of Americans. It has not been content to enjoy the toleration extended to all sects, but has made persistent war upon our institutions, denying the right of the State to educate its children, to marry men and women, or to divorce them. The church has constituted itself a State within the State, and given its allegiance to a foreign potentate. At the first signs of a disposition to modify its arrogant pretensions, and to bring itself into harmony with the life around it, it is met half way. Everybody—save Catholics who are too old to change, or whose minds are sunk in mediævalism—is glad that the Pope has appointed a delegate, with large powers, to dwell in permanence in the United States. This is taken as a sign that the Vatican has come to realize that the church here can not be ruled from Italy, and in this appointment is the promise that the church is destined to become progressively Americanized. Intelligent Catholics comprehend that the distrust and dislike of their church in this country is not due at all to religious prejudice. There is no quarrel with their theological doctrines. The masses, fortunately, have outgrown their interest in creeds. It is the church as an organization, with its peculiar political practices and possibilities, that concerns Americans. The claim of an Italian sovereign upon the fealty of millions of the citizens of this republic is at the bottom of the existing anti-Catholic feeling. And so long as that claim is acknowledged, suspicion and dislike must continue. Episcopalians were once far more unpopular in the United States than Catholics now are, and the cause of the unpopularity was the same. Up to some years after the Revolution, the British Bishop of London was the pope of the Episcopal Church in this country. He had full theoretical jurisdiction in all the colonies, and from him all ecclesiastical powers were derived. Though at the outbreak of the war of independence the laity had, through the growth of custom, acquired in most cases a decisive vote in the choice of their pastors, the clergy regarded the voice of the Bishop of London much as the Catholic clergy of to-day regard the voice of the Roman Pontiff. As a result of this subjection to foreign authority, the Episcopal clergy were intensely Tory, and every church of the sect was a hotbed of treason to the popular cause. In consequence, the Episcopal Church was so hated that it barely escaped extinction, just as would happen to the Catholic Church were like circumstances to arise and its members, dominated by habitual reverence for Rome, were to hold their loyalty

to their faith above their duty to their country. The Episcopal Church was saved by ceasing to be a part of the English Church, and setting up for itself as an American institution. In 1792, at a convention held in New York, the tie that had so long bound the church to the mother country was formally and finally cut, and the bishops took upon themselves the privilege of performing consecrations. From that time the church ceased to be under patriotic suspicion. Who would dream now of questioning a citizen's Americanism on the ground of his being an Episcopalian? It would be grotesque; yet a little more than a hundred years ago the question would have been well founded.

Why should the Catholic Church be in leading strings to Rome? Its allegiance to the Pope is based on no better ground than was the allegiance of the Episcopal Church to the Church of England. It is the curse of the Roman polity that under it the development of national churches is impossible. In this is its radical difference from the Greek Catholic Church, with which it is almost identical in dogma. The bishops of the East would never acknowledge the superiority of the Bishop of Rome, whose primacy was derived from extraneous political causes. From the fifth to the eleventh century the efforts of Rome to establish its primacy were resisted, though the church remained one in doctrine. The Bishops of Alexandria and Antioch were held by millions to be equal in dignity to him of Rome during the early ages of the church. The breach which has existed up to the present came when Leo the Ninth, in 1054, excommunicated the whole Eastern Church. No one of the Greek patriarchs assumes supremacy. The Churches of Greece, Russia, Roumania, Montenegro, and other countries, though united by a common faith, are each independent and national. That of Russia is typical. Peter the Great abolished the patriarchate, and, since 1701, the church has been ruled by a Holy Governing Synod, which consists of half a dozen bishops, a few other ecclesiastics, and several laymen, all appointed by the Czar. Whether the church of an Eastern nation be governed by a synod, a patriarch, or a metropolitan, it is national—not in the restricted sense alone of being established and state-supported, but national in its interests and sentiment. It is, therefore, a source of strength, not of weakness, to the government. In doctrine, the professor of the Greek faith is as good a Catholic as Archbishop Riordan himself—though they are unable to agree whether the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and Son, or from the Father alone—and has an equally comfortable assurance of salvation, despite his declination to bow the knee to the gentleman elected to occupy the chair of St. Peter at Rome.

Those Catholics of America who are not of the densely superstitious kind have had their self-respect strengthened and their pride gratified by the appointment of Mgr. Satolli as a sort of territorial governor of the church here. They experience a sense of increased importance and independence. Their church has taken on a more distinct individuality, a new dignity. But why, if an American governor is good for the church, should they take him from Italy? What sound reason in faith and morals or common sense is there against American Catholics electing a governor of their own? Surely Archbishop Ireland or Cardinal Gibbons would fill the office far more intelligently and efficiently than Archbishop Satolli, of Rome. The Episcopal Church has managed to prosper without the benign superintendence of the Bishop of London, the Greek Church, divorced from the Pope, has flourished through the centuries, and the Catholic Church of the United States, if nationalized, would cease to be a menace to free institutions, and share all the healthy impulses, high political aspirations, and nineteenth-century spirit of the American people. So long as the church remains a dependency of far-off, antediluvian Rome, it will be a cramped, stunted, colonial thing, incapable of real patriotism, and, therefore, debarred from full fellowship with Americans whose citizenship is innocent of secret reserves. A declaration of independence would do as much for the Catholic Church of this country as it did for the British Colonies in 1776, and for the Episcopal Church in 1792.

It has been vaguely rumored from time to time that Senator Fair proposes to erect, on his fine block on the crest of Nob Hill, an apartment-house constructed according to the latest rules of art, and replete with all the modern improvements. Such an edifice would be an ornament to the city, and if properly arranged, would probably pay interest on its cost. It would not yield an extravagant income, but neither would it be liable to vanish or depreciate in the vicissitudes of business or fortune. Such buildings as the Palace Hotel, the Phelan, Crocker, Flood, and Mills Buildings may not produce a large percentage on their cost, but they are beyond the reach of the accidents which sometimes befall the best considered investments in stocks, or bonds, or public securities.

Senator Fair is a very rich man, even in this State of millionaires. If these rumors about his California Street

block are true, it is evident that he is not looking so much for income as for fame. He wants to show what a man of great wealth and ability can do in the way of erecting an apartment-house which shall vie with the great apartment-houses at the East. Any one who has money can build a great pile, to be cut up into rooms and apartments; and if he makes the ceilings low enough, and the rooms small enough, he may gather in a large sum in rents. Such a builder will eschew thoughts of architectural beauty or artistic finish; he will give his tenants just what the law allows, and no more. A man who can afford to erect an edifice which shall be a credit to his city, and shall redound to his own glory, will proceed on different principles. And as, in the long run, people will always have the best of everything, it may be that the house which is the most beautiful will prove in the end the best investment.

Senator Fair's block is 412 feet from east to west and 275 feet from north to south. A building to cover it might be in the shape of a hollow rectangle 200 feet deep all round, which would leave in the centre a court-yard 75 feet wide by 212 feet deep, which is larger than is required. By a system of wells, such as the Paris architects place in houses where it is designed to cover as much space as possible, the two sides on the west and east might be made each fifty feet deeper, making the depth of those faces of the building each 150 feet. In this way the court-yard would be reduced to 75 feet by 112, which would not be too large to contain a covered carriage-way, a fountain, and a parterre of flowers. The entrances to the apartments might be in this court-yard, there being no outside doors on the streets.

The number of stories of which such a house should consist ought not to be more than ten nor less than five. A height of less than sixty feet would not be in harmony with the proportions of the building; a height of over one hundred and twenty feet would involve inconveniences which need not be enumerated. In adjusting the height of an apartment-house in this city, a factor must be considered which is little considered in the East or in Europe. That is the sun. In an apartment-house on the Fair block, the street front on the east side and the court front on the west side would get the morning sun; the court front on the east side and the street front on the west side, the afternoon sun; while the court front of the north end and the street front of the south end would get the sun all day. But if the east and west sides of the building were too high, they would throw each other into the shade, while the south side would be even more certain to plunge the court front of the north side into perpetual shadow. Thus the limit of height would have to be fixed by a calculation of the angle at which the sun's rays are projected at given hours.

In New York, where apartment-houses are all the rage, no decision has been reached on the moot question whether every apartment should have its own kitchen, or all the tenants should take their meals at a common restaurant in the building. People who have children—and in the absence of good King Herod, there are still such unfortunates—love to dine in domestic privacy, where the dear little things can climb the parental knee at dessert and smear themselves with oleaginous, gelatinous, and farinaceous articles of food; they favor a kitchen and dining-room in each apartment. People who are clubless or whose children are grown up, prefer the restaurant plan. The newest apartment-house in New York, the Gerlach, has a sumptuous café, where the residents take their meals; this plan seems very successful.

The cost of living diminishes in the ratio of the numbers who have to be housed. Fifty families living under one roof, with heat supplied from one system, gas, electric light, and elevator power from a common plant, will find much greater luxury than they could in individual domiciles.

As we have said, Senator Fair's intentions concerning his magnificent block of land are not known. But it is to be hoped that the vague rumors already referred to may have some foundation. It would be difficult for the senator to find any better way to perpetuate his memory than to erect such a building in the best residence quarter of San Francisco. D. O. Mills has already put up in the business quarter a stately building, which, after he is gone, will prove to be a noble monument.

There is no city in the world where such a site is afforded for a residential building. On the crest of a high hill which slopes off sharply to the north, east, and south; with a magnificent bay spread out like a scroll around the base of the hill; with a busy city on the shores of the bay, near to the building in point of time, but from two to three hundred feet below it; with a marine pageant continually passing around and across the bay, and out through the Golden Gate—all these are some of the things in which nature would strive with art to render pleasant the lives of the favored mortals who dwelt in such an abode.

James G. Blaine has joined the shadows. Not often does the departure of a public man affect his countrymen with so

real a sense of personal loss. For men not only admired Blaine, but were fond of him. He was very human; the man was not hidden by the office. Millions who never beheld him will feel that a friend has gone to the grave. It is not given to many who play large parts in the national drama so to impress their individuality, their private selves, upon the minds and hearts of the multitude. This is not to be done by seeking, but comes as the unearned fruit of rare and big qualities of character. Perhaps it is well that Blaine has outlasted his career only a few months. We see now that his success at the National Convention, whether it had been followed by triumph at the polls or the same disaster that has overtaken Harrison, would have meant his speedy death, for his scant remnant of vitality would not have sufficed for the stress of a Presidential campaign. We say it is well that he has not lingered superfluous on the stage. It is not easy to think of Blaine as an old man past work, so long has he been associated in all minds with the conception of strenuous intellectual activity. Better that the strong light which shone and scintillated through the years should be quenched suddenly rather than to wane and go out by degrees. He came down to the generation of to-day from the heroic era—the time of war and great measures, of battles on field and in forum—when only men of might could hold their own. Singularly adaptable, marvelously endowed with that insight which enables the statesman of the first order to read the people, to detect tendencies, to anticipate the future, Blaine to the last remained in warm and sympathetic touch with the American masses. To them, he was always young, and young he always truly was in mental habit and capacity for enthusiasm. To know Blaine was to be strongly attracted, for there looked from his kindly eyes a frank and cordial spirit. A large, and comprehending, and many-sided man, the jealousies and pettinesses of the politician were impossible to him. A sort of pitying scorn was his substitute for enmity. Prone to swift anger and ready to smite in vengeance when his blood boiled, his wrath was not enduring. Hatreds he could not nurse any more than he could humble himself to sue for peace. The narrow, the bigoted, the self-absorbed, the formal, and the tepid disliked Blaine. His buoyancy, his exuberance, his masterful methods, the little value he set on the pomps and conventionalities of public life, offended small souls. It was natural that the starched and prim Mugwumps should hate him, for Blaine was a natural man, in his defects as well as his virtues.

We choose to write of Blaine the individual rather than of Blaine the statesman. His public acts form a conspicuous and an honorable part of his country's history. In its outlines it is familiar to his contemporaries, and on it his fame is based solidly. The esteem, even the affection, in which he has been held by the party hostile to his own is a singular proof of Blaine's essential manliness. He fought the Democrats heartily, never sought their favor by concession, and they have smarted often from his blows, yet his name was cheered at the last National Democratic Convention, which, with no voice in opposition, offered him its sympathy in a domestic affliction that had come upon him. No other Republican living could have evoked such a tribute of respect and good will as that from a Democratic convention. It was a manly salute to an uncompromising, but a frank, a knightly foe. The Republican party, in this season of defeat and inevitable confusion of counsel, keenly realizes how irreparable is the loss to it of the brilliant, suggestive, constructive mind of the great man who has laid down all cares and entered into rest. He warned it of the catastrophe which has befallen, and had he been spared, even though old and ill, the party would have turned to him for that leadership of which it is in such sore need. We shall not see his like again till great wants call forth great men. Bold, imaginative, clear, prescient, resolute, and as resourceful in the retreat as inspiring in the charge, Blaine was the Napoleon of Republicanism. His spirit was broader than any party, and embraced all his countrymen in its ardent patriotism. To the core he was an American, democratic in every instinct and impulse, in every ambition and policy. The nation that he loved, loved him in return, and as the grave closes above him, every manly American stands with uncovered head.

While men in Europe are discussing the Panama scandal and the fate of the French Republic, and men in America talking about the wisdom of annexing the Hawaiian Islands, the women of both hemispheres are debating the threatening hoop-skirt, how best to win and manage a husband, and the question of the propriety of wives flirting—in short, they are, as ever, absorbed in that most engrossing of all hemes to the female mind, themselves. The hoop-skirt goes and comes, but it enfolds an eternal principle, as well is something more agreeable, if transitory—to wit, woman. It stands, like the solidier pyramids of Egypt, a monument to human vanity. The darkling shadows of its advance

have spread alarm among the newspapers, which are demanding, half in hope, half in despair, if education and much miscellaneous reading about her duties, responsibilities, and intellectual equality with man have not caused woman to progress to the point where she will find the sense and courage to refuse to make herself hideous and ridiculous at fashion's behest. But the hoop-skirt, in its capacity as the representative of an eternal principle, marches hitherward indifferent to this outcry of masculine panic. Woman is always the same, and never yet has she dared to disobey the mode's mandate—that is, other women's example. The graduate of Vassar and Wellesley, equally with Miss Frou-Frou of the finishing seminary, with her thimbleful of French and bowing acquaintance with the piano, will wear crinoline in due time. And we are glad of it. Heaven fend the day when the desire to please, to fascinate the men, shall be ousted from woman's breast by common sense. The sternest railers at disfiguring fashion would be repelled by a female who should remain a closely draped statue while other ladies were making tents of themselves.

The higher education is all very well, and the multiplication of colleges for the improvement of the sex's wits and the increase of its knowledge may in time create a class of wise and formidable virgins, but the natural woman will still rule and distract the world—still will she instinctively perceive that her true road to power is through the capture of one man. The word "capture" is used deliberately. Cover the approaches to marriage with what soft, and sweet, and romantic phrases we may, women feel that in civilized society it is man who is the hunted animal. His capture means to the huntress the fulfillment of ambition, support, and an assured future. That is the proper burden which the husband takes upon himself, and the cynic who defined love as an insane desire to pay a young woman's bills was not far wrong, though vulgar.

In witness of women's consciousness of the reality of the situation, as opposed to the chivalrous pretense that it is the lady who flees and the man pursues, is that enormous and constantly augmenting literature devoted to the exposition of the art of winning a spouse, and the science of keeping him in pleased and useful subjection after he has been snared. Nature having denied the female the physical strength to subdue and dominate the male, she goes about the achievement of that end with cunning, the weapon of weakness, and a skill that comes from a training which begins at the cradle. For what mother, worthy of the name, is there who does not see her daughter at the altar, and settled in an establishment of her own, ere she has been weaned? No tigress in the jungle, made beautiful by the maternal passion, gives herself more assiduously, more charmingly, to the duty of teaching her young to spring upon and vanquish the necessary prey than does the human mamma to enforcing the accomplishments, improving the manners, and cultivating the lures that enable the adorable daughter to round up the eligible he. Even as the devoted tigress lies by, purring her approval as the whelps practice their leaping and tearings, so does the lady mother sit smiling while the courtship (which the young man must be deluded into thinking is conducted by himself) is carried on by her pupil and darling. Among men, only the trapper who finds a helpless elephant in his cunning pit or a bear in his baited cage, can fully enter into the joy of women when they see a suitably opulent bachelor led into bondage.

Students of the sex—who commonly know less about women than any other class of persons—have had little to say on the head of a phenomenon which is in effect another confession of woman's perception that it is her function to trip, bind, and break to harness the free-ranging, fatuous male. Men do not admire, though they may secretly envy, a man who is exceptionally pleasing to women. They are confused, not instructed, by his example. Instead of sitting at his feet as learners, they can not make it out how he does it, and experience anger against him, and solace their inferior fortune with sneers of affected contempt. But behold the woman who has the gift of attracting men, and consider how other women (whose own special prey is not endangered), their eyes alight with pleased appreciation, their lips parted in the smile of intelligence, watch her in action. Thus do they study in each other how best to bedevil, bemuse, and enslave their denser, less imaginative, trousered fellow-creature. Hence, also, their pleasure in observing a siren at work. Like good swordsmen, they are enraptured by the sight of a skillful bout with the foils, even though the fencers may not be persons agreeable to them in other relations.

It being shown that woman, as God made her, is irresistibly equipped for the chase, all that is left for man is to ask her humbly to use him well after she has brought him down. Here it is that the masculine voice has a right to be heard. The demand is legitimate that the wife shall spare time from the pleasing task of managing the husband to managing herself with propriety, also. It is with no little

gratitude that discerning males have read in the *North American Review* for January a paper by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, on "Flirting Wives." This good lady, a true friend of the oppressed sex, may not be able to think very clearly, but her heart is in the right place. According to her, flirting is a common amusement with married American ladies of fashion—so common, indeed, that unwedded girls are placed at a serious disadvantage by the removal of young men from the hunting-ground. Listen:

"Without any exaggeration it may be said that wife-errantry is now as common as knight-errantry once was. The young men of to-day have discovered the personal advantage and safety there is in the society of another man's wife. They transpose an old proverb and practically say: 'Fools marry, and wise men follow their wives.' For, if the husband be only complacent, it is such a safe thing to flirt with a pretty wife. Young girls are dangerous, and might lure them into matrimony; but they have no fear of bigamy."

The extent to which this flirting goes, if we are to believe the indignant Mrs. Barr, is appalling. The wives who, like newspapers, aim at a large circulation, are not content with compliments and flowers, but demand opera-boxes, drives, suppers, and jewelry. What sort of men the husbands are who stand this sort of thing is not stated. If there is half the flirting by wives in the realms of opulence and idleness represented by Mrs. Barr, the occurrence of such incidents as the Deacon-Abeille, Drayton-Borrowe, and Hetherington-Robinson scandals are only surprising because of their rarity, and the concluding sentence of her paper not so atrocious as unfashionable people will pronounce it. "It is generally thought," says Mrs. Barr, "that Mr. Congreve wrote his plays for a very dissolute age; in reality, they seem to have been written for a decorous, rather strait-laced generation, if we compare it with our own." Whether this be true or not, Mrs. Barr has done a good thing. The flirting wife is the enemy of women as well as of men, and of society. Having captured a husband, it is only fair that the wife should lay down the lasso and rest from the chase. Not only is she an impertinent competitor with the unmarried of her sex, but she is a reproach to womanhood. The pure girl may flirt, for in her case the logic of flirting is the altar, and she invites to marriage; the pure wife can not flirt, for the logic of her flirting is the divorce court, since she invites to dishonor. Therefore every hand should be raised against her, and when she comes to grief through her folly and wickedness, there ought to be no mercy in reserve.

Men do not object to hoop-skirts, or anything else with which the dominant sex chooses to adorn itself withal; men do not object to being hunted, hobbled, and managed—they like it. But the line must be drawn somewhere, and it is drawn at flirting. "A good woman," observes Mrs. Barr, in perfect truth, "feels in the presence of a frivolous, flirting wife as if a law of nature were being broken before her eyes; since behind the wife stands the possible mother, and the claims of family, race, and caste, as well as conjugal honor, are all in her keeping."

Some of the Populist members of Congress are opposed to annexation, because, as they say, "it is a job and somebody will make some money out of it." Somebody makes some money out of nearly every change that takes place upon this terrestrial ball. If a sharp earthquake shock should suddenly come upon us, and San Francisco tomorrow should tumble to pieces, somebody would make some money putting her together again. If the *City of Peking* has gone to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, somebody will make some money building the Pacific Mail a new ship. In that agreeable State of Kansas, mother of cranks, whence so many Populists come, when the Creator takes a cyclone and distributes a populous Populist town over several adjacent counties, somebody makes some money out of rebuilding it. Still even in Kansas they do not accuse the carpenters of being in a job with God.

Elsewhere will be found a communication concerning the midsummer school vacation. It contains striking truths which parents ought to urge upon the attention of the school directors. In all large cities the midsummer holiday of thousands of people is affected by the public-school vacation. The great majority of Americans send their children to the American public schools—may they always continue to do so. The children's vacation fixes the time for the mother's, hers for that of the father. Now the "summer" vacation of most San Franciscans closes about the fifth of July. It ought to begin about the Fourth. Some of the most delightful weather of the whole year is after the national holiday.

There is one factor which looks ominous for the Hawaiian commissioners, and which makes it seem probable that the plan for Hawaiian annexation will fail—that is the fact that annexation is warmly advocated by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.

A WEDDED MAID.

The Story of Vladimir Semenov's Strange Matrimonial Compact.

Count Vladimir Semenov—preceded by the prestige of personal gallantry, noble family, and social success, the handsomest aide on the staff of the bravest general in Russia, Prince Boronefski, and the husband of the prettiest woman in Europe—Michel Semenov was coming to France to seek a wife. No wonder the fair ingénues of the château circle, whom Mme. de Rosay always gathered about her in the hunting season, were in a flutter of excitement. And when he arrived, the perfect type of the handsome Slav—tall, blonde, with white skin and eyes blue as a corn-flower, manners simple and courteous, and, if lacking the Parisian quickness of wit and tongue, with sufficiently refined taste to appreciate it in others—well, I leave you to fancy the stir and flutter.

Nevertheless, in the circle of feminine satellites that revolved about him, he seemed to find nothing to his taste, dreaming, perhaps, of a very wealthy marriage, beside which all these *dots* of only some hundred thousand francs appeared to him very insignificant. At any rate, whatever the cause, he remained always cold.

One morning, Vladimir had set out for a solitary stroll in the château park; the sun threw fiery reflections on the yellowing trees and the long, wide alleys, bathed in light and warmth, till they shone like the galleries in a palace of gold. As he walked slowly on, he was reading, with a worried face, a letter that he had taken from his pocket. Suddenly, close beside him, he heard two voices declaiming verses, line by line, the sing-song treble of a child repeating, the clear, sweet voice of a young girl chiding and correcting.

"No, Jean, no; it is not that way. If you were going to leave me, you would not speak so indifferently, you know." And the fable repeated in those silvery tones rose to the dignity of a poem.

Vladimir moved cautiously around the corner of the hedge and there perceived, leaning against a tree-trunk, a young girl clad in a dark-blue serge gown, with a little round sailor's cap poised on the back of her head—a Watteau figure modernized by Grévin, but singular-looking rather than pretty, with her delicate, irregular features, her red lips curling always into a smile, and her great, dark eyes, which seemed to burn as with a flame. At sight of her, Vladimir felt he knew not what—something that was neither love nor friendship, neither admiration nor pity, but distinctly emotion of some kind. He howed and stopped.

"Permit me, mademoiselle," said he, "to pay you a compliment; you declaim those verses ravishingly!"

"Which shows, monsieur, that you have never heard Alix de Rosay recite them. She always, at the convent—"

"Ah, I see!" said Vladimir, smiling, "I have the honor, have I not, of speaking to Mlle. de Chastellux?"

"Yes, Sylvanette de Chastellux," the little lad broke in, "and I am Jean."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, M. Jean," Vladimir returned, merrily, shaking his hand cordially, "and I am—"

"Comte Vladimir Semenov," cried Jean again; "I know you, you see, and so does Sylvanette, and I just love Russians, too, I do, and so did my papa; such good, brave people, he said."

Vladimir and Sylvanette laughed outright. It was certainly an introduction *sans cérémonie*. "But then," as Sylvanette added, "she was one of the family at Belvedere. . . . If only she were not going away so soon, back to the convent—"

"For long, mademoiselle?"

"Forever."

"You are going to be a nun, then?" cried Vladimir, astonished; "your people do not oppose it?"

"I have no relatives; only Jean. A distant cousin will bring him up, and I—shall put myself in the hands of God. . . . That is all."

Vladimir Semenov stood silent a moment, buried in thought, but gazing still at the young girl.

"Mademoiselle," said he presently, "I fear you will find what I am going to say to you very odd, but we Russians are still a little uncivilized. I have a friend who desires to marry, and is so situated that he can not demand the hand of a girl who is wealthy and well born. He wishes to marry an orphan, pretty enough to hold her place in a salon, sufficiently well born not to give him the air of having made a misalliance; briefly, good enough to pardon him in advance for accepting her life without giving his own in exchange."

"I do not think I quite understand you, monsieur," Sylvanette responded.

"You will presently, when you have told me if you have a preference for a religious life."

"In one sense, no; though I certainly prefer the convent to the struggling life I should lead in the world."

"Well, then, mademoiselle, we will continue the story. You will receive from your husband a name, position, and fortune, but only this—*nothing but this*. Forced to marry for—*for* diplomatic reasons, my friend is likewise forced not to be the husband of his wife."

"He loves another, then, does he not?" asked Sylvanette, calmly.

"Ah, you women, you women!" cried Vladimir, involuntarily. "The most innocent of you all touch instantly the key of the enigma! And now, since you know some little of the truth, will you or will you not become the wife of my friend?"

"I must first know him a little, monsieur."

"So be it; look at me, then, mademoiselle."

"It is you who desire to marry me, monsieur!"

"Even I, mademoiselle."

"But I am not prepared for such a proposition."

"True; I realize that. But you will think it over; it is your right, mademoiselle," Vladimir repeated earnestly; "I

ask but one favor—secrecy in the whole matter till it is settled beyond recall."

He raised his hat and was gone, leaving Sylvanette very much astonished and no less undecided.

Some days later, the guests of Mme. de Rosay learned with amazement of Sylvanette's betrothal to Count Vladimir Semenov. The marriage was celebrated with pomp and splendor, the Russian ambassador himself giving away the bride. Nor were they less astonished to find no air of triumph on the part of Sylvanette; on the contrary, she seemed disturbed, shrunk from public gaze, and, at parting from her little brother, wept a perfect ocean of tears.

"Absence cures all ills," thought Vladimir, philosophically; all the more cheerfully, perhaps, since sorrow for him was brief; he was soon to find himself again at the side of the Princess Nadéje Boronefski, the beautiful woman and wife the preservation of whose good name had exacted from him this unheard-of marriage.

With respectful courtesy, Vladimir assisted the new Countess Semenov to her place in the sleeping-car, and then, with a simple "good-night," left her to seek his own.

The winter passed rapidly; everything seemed for the best in the *ménage* of the newly married couple. Sylvanette treated her husband like a brother, and went into the world with zest or stayed at home with equal sweetness. There was never the smallest objection that he could make to her conduct. Nevertheless, Vladimir had felt irritated for some time past. Sylvanette seemed to him a riddle he could not solve, and he was no longer indifferent when in her presence—a state of mind that kept him fluctuating between two extremes: he was either too brusque or too tender. The amiable and disinterested attitude of the countess, however, though eight months had passed since their marriage, remained always the same.

For about a week now Vladimir and his wife had been domiciled—called there by his official duties—at the château of the Princess Boronefski; the general, in his bluff, hearty way, petting and heaping Sylvanette with attentions, even to importing for her from sunny France the fruits and flowers—above all, the pinks—that she loved so well. Had she not herself the air of a plumey pink, in her long, trailing gowns of rose-tinted *pekin*, ruched and flounced to the waist in the mode of Louis the Fifteenth? And that clear, fresh face, those brilliant eyes, and that enigmatic smile, how they clung to Vladimir's thoughts! He felt like a bashful school-boy before her; he, the all-conquering Semenov, scarcely dared speak to this simple little French girl.

At last, one morning, he plucked up courage. "The little Watteau," as he called her to himself, had appeared in the park—prettier even than usual—in a gown the color of the dawn.

"Good-day, Sylvanette," said Vladimir, advancing to meet her; "a moment, please. I have something to say to you."

"To me, Vladimir?" And she took her seat beside him at the edge of the little pond. The shadow of the great larches covered their heads, but still she kept her umbrella spread, like a rosy nimbus, about her face.

"It is this, Sylvanette," Vladimir went on blunderingly; "is there nothing that I can do for you? Tell me, I wish to know."

"Do?" repeated she, amazed; "do for me?"

"Yes, because—er—well, because you have not found in marriage that which so pretty and charming a creature has a right to expect."

"But, Vladimir," said she, "you did not deceive me. I had been forewarned. You offered a partnership; I accepted it; we both of us respect our word. We have nothing, then, to complain of."

"No-o, for I did not ask you to be faithful. Still, as you hear my name, it would not be pleasant to be made to appear ridiculous."

"But you would not, I assure you, Vladimir; does Prince Boronefski appear ridiculous?"

"It is not the same thing."

"Perhaps not," returned she, pulling nervously at the roses in her hand; "but—why is it not the same thing? The prince loves his wife—hehold the sole difference—she is more guilty, therefore, than I should be."

"But," said Vladimir, softly, reddening furiously, "I love my wife, too, you know."

She burst into laughter, sweet and rippling.

"Vladimir," said she, gravely, "it is had—very had, indeed—to fib so early in the morning."

"You do not believe it?"

"Not the least in the world. You say it simply to keep me in the path of virtue. You married me because I was poor and ugly. I am ugly still, and if I am less poor, it is thanks to you—"

"But you never were ugly, Sylvanette," Vladimir broke in eagerly; "from the first moment I saw you I found you pretty."

"Thanks, you flatter me!" and Sylvanette laughed again the light, careless laughter of a tranquil heart.

"You are a cold-blooded coquette!" cried the Russian, angrily; "I might have known it—marrying a French girl."

"And you, Vladimir, had as the rest of men—he they French or Muscovite," Sylvanette returned, with fire.

"You have no heart."

"Happily for me—none. What would I do with it? Moreover, you have forbidden me to have one. Truly, Vladimir, had I loved you, I should have been very unhappy."

"No, I should have returned your love."

"You are sure? Even a young girl who knows nothing of life reads you as she reads herself—you love the Princess Nadéje, and you love but her. Had I shown myself jealous, I should only have bored you—you know it. I have the gaiety of my age, and I preferred the brilliant, rosy life that I lead here to the dull routine of the convent. I sur-

prise you; your self-esteem is hurt, your vanity chafed. Poor Vladimir, have no fear; I have no wish to make you uneasy. Seeing how you conduct yourself with a beautiful lady who adores you in return, the desire to take a lover has never come to me," and she smiled maliciously.

"You have too much wit for me, Sylvanette, and too much sharpness for your age."

"Neither one nor the other, Vladimir; it is reflection. I have had time to think in my solitary hours. I did not care, either, to go out too much, in order not to see you following too faithfully the princess's steps. I read romances, but my own life interests me most. I have questioned the future—"

"And the result of these reflections?"

"That we must stay as we are. I, the little Cinderella, content with her fate; you, the happy favorite of destiny."

"You will never love me, then?"

"I have no right; it is outside of the bond."

She got up, the umbrella still behind her, the rosy reflection falling upon the filmy lace that veiled her throat and stirred softly under her light respiration; through her half-closed lids she considered Vladimir. He was pale, frowning, his tight-shut lips revealing anger restrained with difficulty.

"Give me at least your tuft of pinks," said he.

"They suit my gown too well."

"The pink in your hair, then."

"Take it, if you wish," said she, handing her pretty head.

Close under the tiny little ear, in the soft, golden tresses, the little pink nestled. Vladimir drew it out quickly, stooped passionately, and—

"Behold the lovers!" Prince Boronefski's voice sounded joyously behind them; "they positively hear nothing. The lunch-bell rung a full half-hour ago."

Seeing the little countess appear red and breathless with haste and Vladimir wearing his wife's flower in his button-hole, Nadéje divined a secret accord between them.

"The perfume of that pink is overpowering," she said to Vladimir, seated beside her; "send it away, please."

The butler held out his waiter to receive it, and Vladimir, with a petulant gesture, tossed upon it the condemned flower.

Ah, the decline of love! That vague weariness and embarrassment of which one is so ashamed, those heavy silences succeeding the eloquent words of other times! The comparison between the past and the present become so cruel, the self-reproach, the self-questioning from which there is no escape: Do I love her? Do I love her no more? Why? What has she done? Poor woman! She has done nothing; but the passion that you have had for her has lived and died as lives and dies a flower. To reanimate it is impossible. There is a resurrection for souls, but none for sentiments!

Vladimir's case was specially cruel; he not only feared that he no longer loved the princess, but he wanted very much, indeed, to feel that he hated Sylvanette. With her meek, resigned air, she had treated him so badly, showed him so cold a heart! Vladimir, pursuing these reflections, reclined upon a *tahouret* near the *chaise-longue*, where Nadéje had thrown herself. The prince had gone out to his official duties and Sylvanette had disappeared; they were alone together in the little salon, full of flowers and sunlight, where Vladimir had passed some very happy hours—already far away.

"Vladimir," said Nadéje, suddenly, in her rich, resonant voice, "the day when my mother-in-law came to St. Petersburg and divined our affair, I feared—for the first time—for my life. I was wrong; one should never fear. I regret this marriage that you have made."

"What has Sylvanette done to displease you?" Vladimir queried.

"Nothing: But—send her back to France to see her brother."

"And when she has seen her brother in France?"

"Leave her there."

"Forever?"

"Probably."

"My dear Nadéje, remember, please, that I did not wish this marriage. You exacted it. Better than you I measured the consequences. To-day you are vexed by it. But what can I do? To send back my wife to France would be absurd; moreover, I swear that you have no cause to be jealous—"

"I jealous!" cried the princess, haughtily; "I am not and never will be jealous. But it annoys me that my husband should concern himself so much with your wife and you not perceive it."

Vladimir felt for a moment as if a thunderbolt had struck him. He rallied gallantly.

"When do you wish her to go, princess?" he asked.

"To-morrow, if possible."

"I may go with her, of course?" demanded the countess.

"If I send her alone, the prince would think it strange."

"Perhaps," assented Nadéje, appeared by the obedience of her slave; "but you must come back immediately."

By a chance that had more than once presented itself, the Prince Boronefski and Sylvanette found themselves tête-à-tête for every evening in that same little salon where Nadéje and Vladimir had decided the fate of the countess. On returning from her lonely promenade, Sylvanette had received very coldly her husband's notice to prepare for a trip to France; in this summary departure she divined the imperious hand of the princess, and was naturally downcast at the feeling of helplessness that she could not escape while she knew that another was mistress of her life and will.

The prince, noticing the young wife's depression, was greatly disturbed by it. Warm-hearted and bluff, and with a respect for women amounting almost to a religion, the prince could not stand the sight very long. Then, too, I

had known the poor child's father years ago, when himself visiting in France, and loved him.

"Little countess," said he, gently, "you are sad this evening. What is wrong? Come, tell me."

She defended herself at first; then, as always happens when one has a real sorrow, sympathy unnerved her, and she burst into tears.

"My husband is going to take me back to France," she sobbed.

"So that you may see your brother?"

"Yes; but he will leave me there. His duties with you, he says, require his immediate return."

"Yes, yes, I know; but he will come for you later on."

Sylvanette did not answer. How could she tell the prince what she feared? He alone was good to her, and toward him alone she felt herself guilty. She gazed at him silently, with mingled gratitude and repentance. And as the tears still rolled down her cheeks, and as the prince did not know what else to do to check them, he dropped on his knee beside her and began paternally to caress her hand.

"Look you, little countess," he said, "do not cry so. I have an idea. Since this trip afflicts you so—why, I can not comprehend—your husband shall not go. I am his chief, you know; an order from me is bound to obey."

"Oh, thanks, thanks, my prince!" cried Sylvanette, radiantly; "how good you are!"

"You will cry no more, then?"

"No, no, my prince."

Still on his knees, and very paternally, the general had drawn Sylvanette's pretty head to his shoulder, and, with his own handkerchief—taking no account of the propriety of their attitude—was busily engaged drying her eyes.

The door opened, and Nadéje stood on the sill.

One bound and she seized Sylvanette's arm and dragged her to her feet.

"Madame, have you lost your senses?" she cried; "your husband is behind me!"

"But, Nadéje, really, I assure you," protested the prince, a little confused, "it was the simplest thing in the world—"

"Very simple, truly," she answered, mockingly; "you will go at once, madame, I do not detain you."

"No, Mme. Semenoff shall not go under these circumstances!" thundered the prince; "I will not allow her to be insulted under my roof, even by you."

Vladimir's step resounded in the corridor. Nadéje flew to meet him, and told her story. Pale and with blazing eyes, Vladimir entered the room.

"General, I have the honor to present you my resignation."

"But, Vladimir, Vladimir," cried the prince, "I tell you, you are wrong—the explanation is simple—"

"Have the goodness to give it to my friends, then, general. As for you, madame"—to Sylvanette—"follow me."

Alone in the little room that served as an office for himself and his chief, the pale fury died out of Vladimir's eyes.

"You have avenged yourself well, indeed, Sylvanette," he said. "Under the circumstances, I must ask you to excuse my accompanying you to France. The prince will see to it, doubtless."

"Ah, Vladimir, Vladimir!" cried the poor child, piteously; "is it not enough to make me suffer so, without insulting me, too? I am innocent; you know it well! How right I was, too, in what I told you this morning! You love the princess so that you do not see how cruelly she hates me."

"It was the princess, then, who threw the prince at your feet?" Vladimir demanded, his rage rising anew.

"A needless insult, Vladimir," said Sylvanette, coldly. "Without that I will go back to the convent from which I will never more emerge. I accepted an unworthy bargain. I am punished—I deserve it. Farewell. You will hear of me no more; but believe that I have done no wrong."

She spoke with a dignity, an impassioned ardor that, in spite of Vladimir's jealous suspicion, carried conviction with it. He looked at her anxiously. What was this woman, with her chameleon changes, so different from even herself? A merry child, a little nun, then a smiling coquette, mocking and calmly cruel; now a woman, tender and pleading. Was it a part she was playing? This soul, with its French facility of phases, he did not understand; no, only one thing—that Sylvanette was going to pass from his life, in less than a minute, all would be finished.

She opened the door.

"Sylvanette, forgive me," he cried. "In other circumstances I should have been happy—yes, the happiest of men—to be your husband. But of this—you have said it—it is useless to speak. The Countess Semenoff you are, and will remain, and you will live according to your rank. I will see to that. Farewell, then, Sylvanette; do not forget me too quickly!"

"Farewell!" she said, with effort.

She turned to go, staggered, caught blindly at the door, and fell at his feet. He sprang to raise her—she, frail as a little child; he, so strong—and then, all at once, not knowing how else, perhaps, to revive her, he covered her lips with burning kisses.

"I love you, love you, love you, Sylvanette! Speak to me, love me, pardon me, I adore you!"

She stirred, struggled in his clasp, and opened her eyes.

"Oh!" said she, with a movement of fright, "I heseech you, Vladimir, leave me!"

"No, you are my wife—my cherished wife. To-morrow, my beloved, we will go together, both of us—to your own beautiful country, and we will never return—for you love me, little, do you not, Sylvanette?"

And Sylvanette, for answer—but of Sylvanette's answer we have nothing to say, save that it suited her husband.—

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of "Elincelle" by E. C. Waggener.

Russell Harrison has succeeded in adjusting the business complications which resulted in the suspension of the *Helena Journal*, and will resume publication of that paper shortly.

MIDNIGHT THEATRICALS.

"Flaneur" discusses the Social Innovation of the Vaudeville Club.

The question of the hour, which is quite as exciting as the question of hoop-skirts, is: Will the Vaudeville Club be a success, or will it not? Society is rent and torn by the controversy, and friendships of a life-time have been severed by incompatibility of views on this vital subject.

The first night promised well. The house was full, and in the boxes the best people were in full dress, while in the parquette well-known men and women shone in the splendor of theatre costume. The Reginald de Kovens had given a dinner to Mrs. Paran Stevens and others, and the whole party occupied a centre box. Also in the box-tier were Mrs. Burke Roche, in an imposing gown of maroon velvet; Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, in two shades of blue; Miss Frelinghuysen, in white satin striped with mauve; Mrs. Seward Webb, in black satin; Mrs. Charles Marshall, in yellow velvet; Mrs. Harry Cram, in black brocade and diamonds; and, more perfect than ever, lovely Adele Grant, in cream-colored satin and pale blue. In the body of the house was every man who has access to the mansions of the great, and by the side of the men sat ladies who have waltzed at the Patriarchs' and flirted at the Matriarchs'. Everybody looked well and was in good temper. Every face was wreathed in smiles at the thought of fashionable New York making its appearance at a music-hall where grills and lager are in order, and gentlemen smoke large black Reina Victorias.

The performance went off smoothly enough, though there was an evident want of electric sympathy between the performers and the audience. Barring the musicians, the former were members of variety troupes accustomed to audiences of a different calibre. Their acting, their "business," their quips, and their gags were keyed to the level of the hail-fellows-well-met who are the usual patrons of music-halls. They did not strike the right chord among the members of the Vere de Vere set. Hence the performers complained that the audience was cold, and did not understand or appreciate them. One female "artist" had three pieces—an awkward girl singing a sentimental ballad, a recitation in dialect, and an imitation of a male elocutionist. She failed to make a bit. After the performance she said that, in her opinion, the audience thought that the three imitations were all one—a girl singing a song.

A male "artist" said that whenever he caught the eye of a lady, she drew herself up and put on a sepulchral expression, as though it would be derogatory to laugh. He added that he only got through his part by keeping his eye firmly fixed on the white and gold rail which encircles the gallery.

J. W. Kelly had a long monologue to deliver, which was thickly sprinkled with variety jokes. As he noticed that they fell flat, he listened to the whispers in the audience, and he heard a lady say to her neighbor: "Oh, isn't he awfully silly!" Upon this Kelly stopped, and, advancing to the footlights, observed:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time that I have been among the Four Hundred, and I confess I don't understand you. I rather think you don't quite understand me. So I will make an explanation. Every little while during my lecture I will give you a joke, and when I do utter a joke, I will hold up my right hand—so. Then you laugh. The funnier the joke, the higher my hand will go up. Then you must laugh louder."

Mr. Kelly had no reason after this to complain that his audience did not laugh. But whether they were laughing at Kelly's jokes, or only laughing at Kelly, may be a question.

The Four Hundred are not deficient in understanding. Quite the contrary. The wit of New York women is keen, bright, incisive, and, as the French say, *délicte*. But it is trained on lines of its own, and is not easily bent into the grooves in which the humor of the music-halls move.

In a farce-comedy recently "making the circuit," an actor who was asked by a fellow-performer to perform some ignoble service, retorted:

"Not much. Do you take me for a satchel-carrier?"

The few in the audience who were connected with the theatrical profession roared. The rest of the audience remained mute. They did not know that in the farce-comedy and variety world there is a class of men who have no defined position on the stage, but who hang round the female "stars." Like most men who live on the bounty of women, whether they be theatrical husbands or professional sons-in-law, these individuals are regarded with anything but approbation. A member of this noble band will be generally spoken of by the actors and actresses as "Maudie de Vere's satchel-carrier." It is a term of obvious opprobrium, and its use in the above connection struck actors and actresses as funny, though it fell flat on every one else.

It was partly because the fashionables who attended the Vaudeville Club on the opening night were not attuned to the intellectual key selected by Messrs. de Koven and Teall, and did not enjoy themselves, that the audience was so slim on the following nights. On one recent evening, the array of empty benches was so appalling that a singer who was to give an aria thought the people had gone home, till she noticed a fringe of human beings on the rear seats. Since then the attendance has occasionally been better, and the promoters are encouraged by reports that "the bar has done a good business."

Their calculation is that they will have an average attendance of three hundred. There are one thousand members in the club, and each one is expected to bring one guest; that makes two thousand, and if each member goes once a week, the audience will reach the figure named. Mr. de Koven says that the applicants for membership are so numerous that the membership committee has been unable to attend to them all. The original intention was to admit no ladies; but six applicants, who signed their applications with initials, were supposed to be men, and were duly admitted and receipts given for their initiation fee before their sex was dis-

covered. Since then other ladies have applied openly and have passed their ordeal of the committee. The ladies say they will make the thing go. "Whatever men can stand, we can stand," is the cry; there can not be too much fun in the songs or legginess in the dancing to suit them.

On the other hand, many doubt whether there are enough people in New York society to keep a variety show running from eleven P. M. to one A. M. Most of the men have to be at their offices at nine or ten in the morning, which does not comport with going to bed at two A. M. Once in a way that sort of thing might answer, but a club which opens an hour before midnight and stays open indefinitely through the small hours, can only be of service to idlers.

The New Club in London, of which the Vaudeville Club is an imitation, went to wreck because it was found impossible to keep the company select. It was found impracticable to exclude sporty men, who would have been blackballed at any club in London, and gradually the seductive ballet-girl found her way from the stage into the audience, and Lady Bareacres and her daughters drew their skirts around them and eschewed the place forever. Here the rule is that a member who introduces guests—he is limited to two for each performance—must hand their names with his card to a Cerberus who stands at the door and places the cards in a box. On the following day the box is emptied in presence of the membership committee, and if any tainted wethers of the flock are discovered to have gained surreptitious admission, their introducer is admonished, and may be suspended. It need hardly be observed that the mischief may have been done before the punishment is inflicted; and that an attempt to discipline a leading light in New York society would lead to a feud which would call for the pen of a Homer to describe.

Some people think the very air of a concert-hall is contaminating to the virgin mind. According to the Podsnap creed, the young lady of the period should be brought up in ignorance of the existence of places where high kickers flourish and songs are sung with double entendres. It is not enough that they should be guarded from seeing the one or hearing the other. If they go to the club, kind friends will be sure to tell them that Mlle. Amenaide, who sings that beautiful thing about the fisher maiden, has just rendered an entirely different kind of song to the enthusiastic delight of the b'hoys, and that Mme. Pozzoprofondo, whose classic impersonation of the chaste Diana has filled their gentle bosoms with mild rapture, brought down a house in the Bowery the night before by kicking off the hat of an astonished six-footer. Podsnap can not reconcile it to his conscience to let his daughter go to places where men smoke and drink, and where her delicate lungs are filled with the fumes of tobacco, and her refined ears shocked with the jingle of beer mugs. So he waves the whole thing away with a wave of his grand right hand. It was Podsnap, the father, who buried his face in his robe and wept over the ruin of his country when "The Black Crook" sounded the doom of gauze skirts.

It is interesting to observe that Ward McAllister must be counted among those who disapprove of the Vaudeville Club. Perhaps he is swayed unconsciously by professional jealousy, and regards Reginald de Koven as a rival in the business of supplying fashionable New York with pleasures. His censure is delicately worded, but it is decided.

He makes the point which other men of his age would make—that it is not the thing to introduce young ladies into a place where men smoke. No gentleman would smoke while walking or driving with a lady; why should he venture to do so while sitting at her side at a music-hall? He who walks up the avenue with a cigar in his mouth and a lady by his side is a hoor. Is the rule different when the parties are at a public assembly under a roof?

The arbiter of modern elegances does not mince his words when he comes to describe the opening night of the Vaudeville. McAllister says:

"Young unmarried girls were there in large numbers. In many cases, one chaperon had as many as six charges, and she could not have looked after them all effectually. These young girls had dined well, and had most of them drunk as much as was good for them. They should soon after the time the entertainment began have been at home and in bed. Instead of that, they drank more, and that in the presence of men who were drinking and smoking. It is contaminating. Such things can only lead, in the end, to the degradation of society. This sort of thing is all very well for men and women who are Bohemians, and women who are Bohemians may be all very well; but it is not the proper thing for young girls."

McAllister, who has sometimes been accused of being an anglo-maniac, charges the Vaudeville Club with being an imitation of one of the worst features of London society. He says that in the London aristocracy there is a fast set which has no counterpart in this country; a set where the women drink, gamble, and bet on horse-races. Those are the women who are to be met at the Lyric Club, as they used to be met at the New Club, in London. We have no such set in this country. Our girls are too refined, too modest, too temperate to belong to any such social class. He holds that the tendency of the Vaudeville Club is to lower our women to the level of the Englishwomen of title who figured in the haccarat scandal. That tendency he regards it to be the duty of good fathers of families to resist.

What McAllister says contains a great deal of good sense. Perhaps the strongest argument against the new club is the late hours which it involves. A girl who goes into society must be up late at balls; that can not be avoided. But the season is short. A prudent mother will not let her daughter be up every night. And when Lent comes, a long season of rustication arrives, at which early hours and long sleep may be the rule. But if in Lent, or on the off-nights, girls are to go to concert-balls, and stay there till one or two in the morning, they acquire habits which are irreconcilable with health and not encouraging for morals. Fashionable women in London and Paris are almost all invalids. The doctor is never out of the house; though, after the season, the *beau-monde* tries to recruit in the hunting-field or in the shooting-covers. It is a fact, too—not very easily explained, but, nevertheless, a fact—that the hour when the devil begins to run riot in maids' brains is midnight.

NEW YORK, January 29, 1893.

FLANEUR.

THE BLACK PEARL.

A Night in Acapulco.

The harbor of Acapulco is an ideal one for shelter, and, after the steamer is once at anchor, it is a source of mystery to the passengers who have not been on deck how she ever entered the quiet little bay. The high, blue mountains in the background, the tall palms and tropical green down to the water's edge; along the shore the tiled and thatched houses—among the oldest on the coast—and, on the rising ground to the right, the ancient fort and military prison—all these make a sight that fills a lover of the picturesque with enthusiasm. The waters about the steamer are thick with the boats and dugouts of the humboat women and dirty native boys peddling fruit, shells, pearls, and a world of indescribables, all keeping up a constant din of jabbering jargon, that, with the hundreds of half-naked natives passing from the ship to the lighters discharging cargo, makes an exciting scene, in sharp contrast to the peaceful outlook on the shore beyond.

From the ship the city seems hut a collection of small adobes, scattered here and there along the hillside, with an occasional long, low white building in view. But no sooner has the traveler passed the gates of the custom house than a little city of twelve thousand inhabitants lies before him under the shelter of the hill, with thriving stores thronged with dark-eyed señoritas and men in white linen or he-spangled velvet, many of the latter with the flaming *serape* hanging over the shoulder.

Edmund Warren represented an American house. He had taken the place of the traveler who, for years, had made the annual visit to the Mexican seaports. He had never seen Acapulco before, nor had Henry Sanford, who accompanied him on this trip. They had only just landed and become settled in the miserable excuse for a hotel in time to enjoy a delicious *comida*, when they felt an impulse to join the throngs which filled the clean-paved streets as evening came and night soon followed the footsteps of the sultry day.

Passing down the street leading by the stores, the market, and the plaza, just back of the custom-house a small space under sheltering palms opened to view, where, night after night, the lower classes assembled to watch the fandango. The crowd of dark-skinned men and women, all dressed in the garb of the locality, stood out in the dim light of the long torches planted here and there among the throng, like ghosts of departed señoritas and caballeros. All were watching the couples dancing the monotonous clog-quadrille on the low platform to the music of drum, tambourine, and guitar. With hands on hips and heads thrown back, the dancers faced each other on the boards, arms' length apart, and the constant stamping of little feet and the changing from side to side was kept up until all were exhausted and others took their places.

The Americans had mingled with the throng about the dancers, watching alternately the platform and the groups of girls about. Soon soft eyes had discovered the strangers, and coquettish glances went out from beneath long lashes. Warren was never happy unless in love, and in love with every pretty face that came across his path. His heart beat faster as he caught the glances shot at himself and Henry, and he nearly pinched the latter's arm off as a smile came from a dark-eyed beauty on the edge of the throng.

"Gad, Henry! Such eyes! Did you ever see their like?" he exclaimed. "I must see where she lives. Are you with me?" And he rubbed his hands in anticipation of an adventure. Henry was quite as ready for a lark as his companion.

Ten o'clock. The dancing was over and the crowd scattered through the dark streets.

"You had better look out for that tall Mexican with your beauty, Ned. He may stick a knife into us," cautioned Henry.

"Nonsense. Come on," was the other's rejoinder.

They did not notice the native police, not uniformed hut armed, following some distance behind as the Americans dogged the footsteps of the first conquest of the amorous Warren; nor did they know their custom of "running in" the foreigner on any pretext whatever for the revenue of the paltry fine. Muriella Narvaez knew full well that her new admirers were close behind, and so did her tall lover. He had her good-night as Warren and Sanford passed, and went back toward the plaza. If the Americans could have heard his consultation with Old China, the humboat woman and character of Acapulco, they might even now be back in their native city.

The young men retraced their steps, and found the olive-skinned beauty still in the door. They saluted. The how was returned.

"*Adelante*, señors," a pretty voice said, and they accepted with alacrity the invitation to enter. Candles burned dimly in a corner filled with bottles—*mescal*, *aguardiente*, and *tequila*. Several other girls, quite as pretty as the captor of Warren's transitory affections, were seated about, some on stools and some on the low couch in the corner; two had guitars.

"Here's luck, Henry," whispered Warren, and they were soon quite at home in the little white adobe, though to Henry there seemed something uncanny about the place. To the Americans, used to the luxurious fittings of a metropolitan home, the bare walls and dirt floors, covered with palm *patates*, were a new experience.

While laughter and song came from the little house, and the Americans were whispering love-nothings in the ears of newly found *amoureux*, in another house, not far from the water, more serious words were passing between Old China and the tall lover of Muriella. The old dealer in green cocoanuts and occult mysteries was listening with ill-concealed pleasure to the man who was heging a favor at her hands. No love-scape about the shores of that pretty bay ever escaped her notice, and nothing pleased the stout old

humboat woman so much as to be sought out by the amorous of the upper classes to listen to such information from her lips as is sought from the "second-sight" mediums of our own country.

"So you want to buy the Black Pearl? To buy it! You fool!" shrieked Old China, when the Mexican had finished his story. "What do you know about it?"

"I know what was said when the *comandante* was found dead, and that the police were afraid to search for it. Five hundred pesos for its use to-night—that is all I ask."

"The police are fools, and you are a fool. I know nothing about the Black Pearl."

"Come, China. A thousand pesos for its use and the knowledge how to use it."

"A thousand pesos," muttered the old woman. "Have you the money with you?"

"Aye, that I have, and I want its use for only this one night."

China waddled into an adjoining room, whence, after much delay, she brought forth a package carefully wrapped and sealed. "You must not undo this, señor," she said, "or you, too, will suffer if you see the pearl."

* * * * *

The laughter and song in the adobe *casita* stopped at a knock on the outer door, and Ned Warren's pretty Acapulcan answered the summons. A neat parcel was handed her by the messenger, which she eagerly unfolded. "With the compliments of ——" it said, but she knew the handwriting.

"How funny at this hour," she thought; but her snapping black eyes danced with glee as she undid the parcel and found it to contain an immense black pearl, set in heaten yellow metal of quaint workmanship. At her exclamation of delight the others grouped about, and the object of their admiring glances was laid upon the table for inspection.

An instinctive shudder passed through Sanford as Muriella laid it under the candle light. It seemed to emit a peculiar light, and a queer, pricking sensation went through his veins as he viewed the jewel—the largest of its kind he had ever seen. As he looked, a feeling of exhilaration came over him, such as he had not felt during the evening.

"That last drink of *tequila* was too much," he thought, but the others, too, were beginning to evince signs of liveliness even greater than all the hilarity of the night had brought forth. A faint blue haze seemed to cover every object in the room. The figures of the girls at intervals looked far away and then near by, while a feeling of utter recklessness pervaded his whole being. All the phantasms of the opium-eater could not be more weird than those which came into Sanford's brain as his gaze was riveted on the jewel lying among the candles grouped around it on the table. In their dim light it seemed to grow and grow, emitting a demoniacal glow that, but for the spirit of recklessness which possessed him, would have filled his soul with dread.

"The fandango!" cried one of the girls, with a wild burst of laughter. "Let us dance once more, for I feel as though my feet were on fire," and when the guitar sounded the notes of the dance, the dancers seemed to enter into it with fiendish delight and boisterous enthusiasm. Back and forth they crossed, swaying like willows in the wind, with hands on hips and heads well back, their feet pattering and stamping to the twanging of the guitar. Faster and faster their movements became, as the music seemed to fill every fibre with its wild action.

* * * * *

Five bodies were found in the adobe *casita* next morning, but with no marks of violence or other signs to show the cause of death.

The gossips of that quaint Mexican seaport tell a weird tale of a black pearl, taken from the gulf, that acts upon holders as does the loco-weed upon all who taste that evil plant; and they tell, too, of a mad dance of death years ago, when two foreigners and three beauties of the place fell exhausted about the jewel, whose demoniacal fire kept them treading the fandango till every energy was gone and life went from them. JOHN CRAIG.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1893.

The Archduchess Stephanie, widow of the Austrian Crown Prince, recently paid four hundred dollars, in Vienna, for a parrot which could recite the Pater Noster in six different languages. The archduchess heard the wonderful bird, which recited gravely, while its master stood by, and was charmed with it. But when she got it home to the imperial palace, she found that it could not say a word. The merchant was arrested, and confessed that he was a ventriloquist, and had done all the talking for the bird. The only thing which he had taught it was to open its mouth and seem to talk while the ventriloquism lasted.

Two Mexican women, the Señoras Louisa Leglerly and Fortunata Ronslat, control the recently discovered rich gold placer mining district at Magdalena, near Hermosillo, Sonora, to which something of a rush was lately started. The women are residents of the village of Magdalena, and were the original discoverers of the rich placers. They have denounced, or otherwise secured, the title to thirty-five of the richest claims in the district, and are putting in steam machinery for washing the gold.

"Mental arithmetic" in East Indian schools is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of the United States. The Oriental mind is fertile in the invention of catch questions, and the multiplication table is swelled into a mountain of difficulty by native teachers. Tiny, half-naked brown creatures of ten years and under are taught to carry the multiplication table up to the forty times forty, and to complicate matters by the introduction of fractional parts.

INTAGLIOS.

Discontent.

Two boats rocked on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree;
One was in love with the harbor,
One was in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor
The winds of fate outbore,
But held the other, longing,
Forever against the shore.

The one that rests on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree,
With wistful eyes looks ever
To the one far out at sea.

The one that rides the billow,
Though sailing fair and fleet,
Looks back to the peaceful river,
To the harbor safe and sweet.

One frets against the quiet
Of the moss-grown, shaded shore;
One sighs that it may enter
That harbor nevermore.

One wearies of the dangers
Of the tempest's rage and wall;
One dreams, amid the lilies,
Of a far-off snowy sail.—Anon.

Three Kisses of Farewell.

Three—only three, my darling—
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat;
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again.
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand,
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven before it comes,
For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other
Past all time and space;
We shall listen till we bear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, O my darling,
My love—I can not see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!—Saxe Holme.

The Fountain of Tears.

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And may be for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and tolling and thirsting—
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces;
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows, and it flows, with a motion
So gentle, and lovely, and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffered and heared—
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long-curbed emotion,
That day by the Fountain of Tears.—Anon.

The Lily.

The Sun stepped down from his golden throne,
And lay in the silent sea,
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,
For a sleepy time was she.
What is the Lily dreaming of?
Why crisp the waters blue?
See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid!
Her white leaves are glistening through!

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek
In the lap of the breathless tide;
The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,
That would lie by the Rose's side.
"Oh, the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,
And he lives on earth," said she;
"But the Star is fair and he lives in the air,
And he shall my bridegroom be."

Alas for the Lily! she would not heed,
But turned to the skies afar,
And hared her breast to the trembling ray
That shot from the rising Star;
The cloud came over the darkened sky,
And over the waters wide;
She looked in vain through the beating rain,
And sank in the stormy tide.—O. W. Holmes.

LOIE IN IT WITH BOTH FEET.

Her Serpentine Dance at the American Legation in Paris.

It is fortunate for Parisians at this crisis in their public affairs that Paris happens to have been chosen as a habitation by so many Americans and others, for otherwise society would be dull, indeed. Husbands and fathers have in these troublous times, with securities tumbling, an excuse ready to hand against providing the necessary funds for big festivities, and their wives and daughters must perforce submit to see their friends in quite unceremonious fashion. As for dinner-parties, you would need a clever diplomatist to make out a list of guests whose views would not clash.

A nice starched affair was the last dinner at the Elysée. It was with the greatest difficulty that conversation was kept up at all, for every one was thinking of something else, which could not be mentioned. I am sure poor M. Carnot would have been delighted not to give the dinner, and it was a heavy heart that beat under Mme. Carnot's yellow satin robe. After dinner, people got into corners and chatted under their breath. The military men alone were heaving; they are so pleased to think there are no uniforms involved, and the fall of M. de Freycinet, the civilian minister of war, affects them very little.

Now cosmopolitan drawing-rooms are neutral ground, and people do not mind saying there what they think—or, better, they forget the troubles and worries of the time, and amuse themselves as if no heavy cloud hung over them, and flirt, and dance, and eat spicy suppers, and drink good wine. Even the Parisian press, which thinks it is patriotic when it falls foul of the rich "foreigners" who make Paris their home and spend their money freely in it, is fain to admit that the many halls, soirées, and matinees given just now by the South Americans—the *rasaquinères*, as they choose to call them—just relieves us from a dead level of dullness.

Just now the afternoon reception—the "Five O'clock" as it is called by our French friends, who are so fond of airing their English—is the favorite form of entertainment. Some sort of amusement is provided—people do not merely gather together to chat. At Mrs. Walden Pelf's, the other afternoon—for our friends of the United States also help to keep the hall rolling—there were excellent music and theatricals. A young Japanese artist is in great request with some hostesses; he recites poems in his own tongue, but he is such an admirable mimic that you forget you do not understand a word he utters. On Wednesday, Mme. Yturbe—the fabulously rich South American, who owns one of the finest houses in the neighborhood of the Bois—had a "Five O'clock," to which several hundred were bidden; and Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Coolidge have given two, the second of which was held yesterday.

On these several occasions an entirely novel entertainment was offered to the guests—neither more nor less than Loie Fuller. Since I wrote to you, her fame and reputation have increased tenfold. Paris has absolutely gone crazy about her. The Folies Bergère is crowded every night with the best people, and there are also two matinees every week. M. Marchand, the director, has made her sign a brilliant engagement for three years; he and his wife have fitted her up an apartment in the theatre itself, in order that she may not run the risk of a cold going back and forth; and if she coughs, they immediately send out for lozenges and syrups. Mrs. Fuller and Loie dine at their table every day, and at new-year they presented her with a reticule, in chain gold, bung round with pocket-mirror, powder-box, and other useful articles, in the precious metal. She coins dollars for them, and they can not pet her enough. Composers and librettists besiege her doors with proposals about new music and suggestions. One enterprising firm has brought out a fan on which she is painted in a halo of iridescent drapery; another is baving manufactured a new material, shot with a variety of colors, and both will bear her name. The Folies Bergère is no longer a second-rate house, frequented only by third or fourth-rate folk. Thanks to Loie's attractions, it has become quite a fashionable theatre; its stalls and boxes are filled with the best people about town, and at the matinees groups of curly-headed darlings, under the convoy of their graceful mammas, are to be seen clapping their hands and enjoying the show vastly. In time, I quite expect to hear of the painted *houris* of the promenade being egged off the premises. The most attractive proposals have been made to Loie from Russia, and it has been arranged that she shall visit St. Petersburg and Moscow next April, returning by way of Warsaw.

In the meanwhile, the serpentine dance, in its many varieties, is the latest form of private entertainment. Of course it entails the erection of a stage and a good deal of preparation, and is, therefore, not in the reach of all hosts and hostesses. Mme. Yturbe's spacious conservatory, opening out of the suite of drawing-rooms, did very well; but Mr. Jefferson Coolidge's mansion suits the purpose still better. There are four large rooms opening one out of another, the last being the library, with a gallery running round it. Here it was that the platform was erected; the arch between this and the big drawing-room served as a proscenium. The library is a somewhat solemn apartment, with oak panelings and heavy peacock-blue draperies, whereas the drawing-room and smaller salon preceding it are all white, picked out with gold. Here the heavy furniture and lounges had been taken away and were replaced by light chairs. Mrs. Coolidge is averse to the French method of having the men on their legs, and, therefore, the number of chairs tallied with the number of guests.

With few exceptions, the guests asked to the first of these matinees were either high French officials or belonged to the diplomatic corps. There were ministers, past and present, ambassadors, and *chargés d'affaires*—a most brilliant gathering. But the American colony felt itself rather out in the cold, and there would have been some murmuring had not a second issue of cards announced another matinee for Wednesday. Even then much heart-burning and disappointment

were the result, for the elect represented only a small minority of American society. Conspicuous among the throng were Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Ayer, Baroness Seillière, Mrs. Myles Standish, Miss Lee Robbins, Mrs. Singer, Mrs. Munroe, Mrs. Meredith Howland, Mrs. King, Mrs. Winslow Wentworth—to mention only a few of the ladies. Guests began to arrive between five and half-past, alighting from their carriages and mounting the broad, oak staircase, hung with tapestry and decorated with banboos and other plants. They were warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge and their charming, graceful daughter, Mrs. Sears. In a very short time the rooms were full. A red curtain hid the library from view, and a blaze of electric light illumined the salons. About six o'clock, an unseen hand struck up the hars of a gavotte lately composed and dedicated to Miss Fuller. The musicians occupied the gallery which runs the whole length of the big salon, at the end of which there is a door leading into Mr. Coolidge's study—transformed for the occasion into a dining-room for Loie. A hell rings, up goes the curtain, and out go the lights, which elicits a little scream of astonishment from some of the ladies. Loie appears first in a rainhow dress, in which she has not yet danced at the Folies; then follow in due order the serpent dance proper, the heart's-ease dance—also a novelty—the Spanish dance, and the rest, finishing up with the stars and stripes. Gloved hands applaud vigorously as Loie smiles her final smile and sweeps her final courtesy. Then every one rises, and while some take their leave, others refresh exhausted nature with the good things provided at the buffet installed in the luxurious dining-room, the last room of the suite. Some few of Mrs. Coolidge's intimate friends, who stayed with her to the last, had the pleasure of thanking and complimenting Miss Fuller, who, having washed off her war-paint, discarded her flaxen wig, and donned a modest dress of some soft-hued silk, appeared smiling among them on the arm of Colonel Bailly-Blanchard—the secretary of the legation—to whose unceasing efforts some of the success of the entertainment was certainly due.

PARIS, January 13, 1893.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Summer Vacations.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As the members of the new board of education have now taken their places, I hope you will grant space to bring before their notice one of the present existing arrangements of the school department which causes great inconvenience. I refer to the month in which the long summer vacation takes place.

It commences the latter part of May and lasts six weeks, generally closing the first or second week in July. In other words, the schools have no summer vacation at all, for June is a late spring month; July is the first real summer month.

A great many of those whose children are in the public schools give their families a summer trip during this vacation; and the number who can afford it is very much increased of late years by the practice of camping which has sprung up, thus bringing a summer outing within reach of families of limited means.

All these people are very much inconvenienced by the raw spring weather of June, which prevents living out-of-doors, and causes the children, and their elders, too, to lose half the added health and strength they would otherwise gain.

Added to this, June rains, which are by no means rare, have either very much disturbed or entirely broken up many a comfortably settled party of campers.

Furthermore, a summer trip to the Sierras—one of the most healthful of changes for a resident of the coast—is usually a failure in June, as the snow still lingers there and a sharp winter chill is in the air.

To sum up: a family man makes a certain investment of money in a summer-trip for his family, he returns to the six weeks of outdoor life and enjoyment, the benefit gained thereby to lessen the doctor's bills for the ensuing year. But the investment is often a failure, two-thirds of the vacation are generally spent, shivering out of doors or avoiding draughts within, in rooms that are built only for occupancy in summer weather.

We have no summer in San Francisco, and we need it. It seems as if the simplest way to get it would be to close the schools in summer instead of spring. It is earnestly to be hoped that the new board of education will canvass this matter, and find how greatly desired a change is.

A PARENT.

Getting Married in Five Minutes.

2124 NORTH NINETEENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, January 17, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your paper of the ninth ultimo, you compared the number of marriages in San Francisco and Philadelphia. One of the reasons for so few marriages in Philadelphia is on account of our near neighbor Camden, N. J., having no license law as we have in Philadelphia. There are more Philadelphia people married in Camden than in Philadelphia. Couples can step over to Camden and get married in five minutes; no questions are asked, and no marriage fee exacted for license. The Camden ministers of the gospel make it quit an object for clergymen to drive the happy couples to their residences. When you take into consideration what a solemn question marriage is, you would be amazed to learn that they get up a petition to the New Jersey legislature asking for a license law like that of Pennsylvania on marriages. But the preachers know that if they did so, there would be a big falling off in their receipts, and hence marry for revenue only.

I read your paper weekly with great interest, and must congratulate you on the able way in which you handle current topics editorially.

Yours truly,

H. WHITEHEAD.

Why Not Virtuous Husbands?

NEW YORK, January 9, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In relation to a subject which, at various times, has been discussed in your columns, i. e., whether it is, or is not, worse for the wife to prove untrue to the marriage vow than the husband, it occurs to me that there is one point which as yet has not been touched upon—heredity. It seems to me that the father can transmit such qualities to the daughter quite as well as the son, and I would respectfully put the question, how is it possible to have a race of pure-minded, virtuous, and true wives whose fathers were sensual and of no high grade of character? A man having a fine, blooded mare would not think of mating her to a horse having vicious tricks, knowing that these would be likely to be handed down to her offspring; yet men fancy that all that is needed to make a woman a pattern of domestic virtue is to have a virtuous mother, as though she had no other origin. From this standpoint, it is not quite as essential that our young men should, both before and after marriage, live upright lives, and conquer the baser side of their natures, as that our young women, both before and after marriage, should be pure and proof against temptation?

Respectfully yours,

C. J. KLINGER.

Immigration.

45 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, January 10, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am very much pleased with your articles on immigration, and can not help congratulating you on being the only journal in the United States to see the importance of this question and with vigor enough to assert your views. It is the most vital question of the day, as it includes not only the increase of disease, but of vice and illiteracy, with all its attending consequences. Unless the workman is protected against immigrant labor competition, protection against foreign manufactures is of no avail. Knowing in this world we all want sympathy, I thought I would give you my little note.

Very truly yours,

BENJAMIN F. JACOBS.

A Daily "Argonaut."

CHICAGO, ILL., January 12, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: When you said, some weeks ago, that you would not or could not publish a daily Argonaut, I think you made a mistake. The Post, in New York, does not, in my mind, fill the field the Argonaut could fill. We could ill afford to get along without the Argonaut, but might without the Post. Your paper is unique, and a daily on the plan and policy of the weekly, could not fail to be a success, with the addition of matter according with your idea of what a daily should be. I am a young man, and I want to tell you that your paper has done me more good than all my other teachers, and preachers, and books. I wish you and yours long life and happiness.

A. L. K.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ex-Consul Alexander R. Webb, who is preparing to preach the true faith of the Prophet Mohammed to this Occidental nation, has progressed from Presbyterianism through materialism to Buddhism, and now to Islamism. He is a ready speaker, an amateur actor, and a newspaper man.

Senator Kenna is the fourth member to die since the Fifty-Second Congress was called together, a little more than a year ago. First there was Senator Plumb, then Senator Barbour, and then Senator Gihson. There are one or two other senators whose health is reported to be precarious.

Emile Zola, the novelist, lately interviewed an enterprising thief who represented himself as a journalist, and during the time that he had to wait in Zola's drawing-room purloined various articles of value and decamped with the booty, after having actually seen Zola and questioned him about his forthcoming book.

Bismarck told an interviewer recently that all he now cares for is to remain at home with his family. He rarely visits Berlin, because he has no house there, and he dislikes unfamiliar beds and hotel accommodations. Moreover, he would not be able to take a single step in Berlin without being the object of popular demonstrations.

Among the notable visitors to the World's Fair in Chicago will be the Duke of Veragua, who is a direct descendant of Christopher Columbus. He comes by special invitation of Congress, and will be the guest of the government during his two months' stay. The expectation is that the duke will sail from Gibraltar about the middle of April. He will be accompanied by his brother, the Marquis of Barboles.

In Paris, literary salons are much more common than in London. Many well-known *littérateurs* have certain days in the week in which their houses are thrown open to friends. Daudet gives up Thursday for music and conversation; on Saturdays, Zola is at home to people, who find much to amuse them in his stores of antique curios; Edmond de Goncourt gives receptions on Sundays in his villa at Auteuil.

General Butler was probably the owner of more land than any other citizen of the United States. It is located in various States, North, South, and West. He owned immense tracts near Puget Sound, where such property is valuable. He owned both sides of the great falls on the Potomac. His lands are worth millions of dollars, the only trouble being that some of the titles are not very clear and may lead to legal disputes.

The late Sir Halliday Macartney's first wife was a Chinese lady of high family, the daughter of a wealthy and eminent official connected with the war department. She died many years ago, and to her memory was erected a handsome pagoda, which stands yet in the neighborhood of the arsenal, founded by her husband soon after the war of 1860. There are two children of this marriage, a boy and a girl, both of whom have been educated very carefully in Paris, and it is said that they are most intelligent and accomplished young people.

Some late gossip about the Pope says that he takes a keen interest in mundane affairs. In the evening, his favorite secretary, Mgr. Angell, goes to his bedroom with the day's newspapers and reads aloud, sometimes late into the night, while the Pope sits on the bed enveloped in woolen wraps, and follows the reader attentively. His Holiness is reported to be growing very feeble. When he celebrates mass, as he does every morning at half-past six, he has to be assisted through the service by two attendants, and he ascends and descends the steps of the altar with difficulty.

It has been said of Eugene Field, the Chicago poet and humorist, that he is anywhere between twenty-five and fifty-eight years of age, but he confesses to about forty, and for ten years past he has been regularly engaged in newspaper work in the Lake City. Physically he is tall, angular, and energetic, with a smooth-shaven face, and a head, as Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton once observed, in harmony with his face. He has recently completed a very successful reading tour of Eastern cities in company with Mr. George W. Cahle. Mr. Field was accompanied on his travels by his daughter "Trottie," the "Little Mistress Sans-Merci" of his verse, and her father's inseparable companion and friend.

Gilbert A. Pierce, the new United States Minister to Portugal, had attained high standing as a newspaper writer and editor before he got into the political swim that carried him into the Senate from North Dakota, and has now landed him in one of the pleasantest howers of the diplomatic service. He is fifty-four years old, a native of New York, and a colonel of volunteers with an excellent war record. He was a lawyer in Indiana, with a small practice when he entered journalism in Chicago, in 1872, and he has been a resident of Dakota for about ten years. He was appointed governor of the Territory of Dakota in 1884. Mr. Pierce's term in the Senate expires this year, and he sought the mission to Portugal because of ill-health.

Albert Delpit's death is due to the abuse of morphine. He never recovered from the failure of the dramatization of one of his works, entitled "Passionément," which was put on the stage a couple of years ago at the Odéon. Although he has been regarded as one of the brightest stars of French literature of the lighter kind, yet he retained his citizenship of the United States until a couple of years ago. He was born at New Orleans, and, after being educated at Paris, returned to America to take charge of his father's tobacco business. He did not find mercantile pursuits to his taste, and soon returned to Paris, where he began his literary career by the contribution of several remarkable articles to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He greatly distinguished himself during the Franco-German War, and was decorated with the Legion of Honor on the field of battle.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

One of the most singular of Christmas presents was received by Mr. Rider Haggard, the novelist, to whom an admirer sent a package containing the ashes of a long-departed Spanish grandee. The parcel reached the novelist by mail, and with it was a note reading: "DEAR SIR—Please find herewith the cremated remains of Dom D. de Castro, which I found the other day in some old furniture." Then followed the name and address of the sender, with a suggestion that the remains would form a good foundation for a new romance.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has packed his bag for some weeks' sojourn in Egypt. He will prepare divers papers on that region.

Salvini's paper in the February *Century* contains an account of his early experiences as an actor with Ristori, of his arrest as a spy by the Austrian Government, of his service as a soldier under Garibaldi, and of his first success in tragedy.

Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" has been translated into Russian for issue as a serial in one of the newspapers of the country.

D. Appleton & Co. have just ready:

"Seedlings," by Sir John Lubbock, in two volumes, containing the results of most extensive observations at Kew and elsewhere, solving many problems connected with the germination of plants, demonstrated with numerous illustrations; "The Naturalist on the River Amazons," by Henry Walter Bates, with memoir of the author by Edward Clodd; and "Charles Darwin," the life of the great naturalist, told in an autobiographical chapter by his son, Francis Darwin—three most interesting additions to scientific literature. They have also ready Rousseau's "Emile," abridged, translated, and annotated by William H. Payn; "Dictionary of Every-Day German and English," by Martin Krummacker; "The Great Enigma," by William Samuel Lilly; and "A Comedy of Elopement," by Christian Reid, the new volume in the Town and Country Library.

It is now thought that M. Renan's autobiography—with notes and elucidations by his widow—may soon be published.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's article on "The Voice of Tennyson," which appears in the current *Century*, is a critical estimate of the poet's influence upon life and letters, and incidentally relates the impression produced upon the hearer by Tennyson's reading of "Maud." The frontispiece portrait is an engraving by T. Johnson of the portrait of Tennyson, which is considered by his family the best likeness of the laureate ever made.

"Poseidon's Paradise," the romantic story of the lost Atlantis, by Mrs. Elizabeth G. Birkenmaier, of Alameda, Cal., has reached its third edition. The book is soon to be brought out in London and Paris. The book is published by the Clemens Publishing Company.

The tenth, and final, volume of "Chambers's Encyclopedia" has just been issued. Each volume contains some eight or nine hundred pages, and they have been coming out at the rate of two each year since 1888. The work of revising the text has been very carefully done, many articles being entirely new; the maps are all made according to the latest obtainable information, and the illustrations are uniformly excellent.

The February (midwinter) number of the *Century* contains:

"A Defense of Russia," by the Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington; "Franz Liszt," by Camille Saint-Saens; "An Embassy to Provence," by Thomas A. Janvier; "The Autobiography of Salvini," by Preliminary Glimpses of the Fair, by Clarence Clough Buel; "Life in the Malay Peninsula," "The Voice of Tennyson," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke; "An Art Impetus in Turkey," new chapters of "The Cosmopolis City Club," by Washington Gladden; "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; and "Benefits Forgiven," by Wolcott Balestier; short stories by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Grace King, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, James Temple Brown, Florence Waters Snedeker, and Harry Stillwell Edwards; poems by Mary Mapes Dodge and others; and the departments.

Octave Thanet's "Stories of a Western Town" will shortly be brought out in book-form. The last of the group is to be published under the title of "Harry Lossing" in one of the February magazines.

A new story, by Joaquin Miller, will appear in April from the press of the Clemens Publishing Company of San Francisco.

George R. Graham, founder of *Graham's Magazine*, the first ambitious effort in a field now well filled, is reported to be dying in a hospital, where he has been maintained by George W. Childs. Mr. Graham made a fortune with his magazine and lost it in another undertaking, and he has been a dependent for many years.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for February contains:

A first paper on "The Glass Industry," by Professor C. Hanford Henderson; "A Marine Biological Observatory," by Professor C. O. Whitman; "The Aesthetic Sense and Religious Sentiment in Animals," by Professor E. P. Evans; "Ghost Worship and Tree Worship," by Grant Allen; "Man in Nature"; "Birds of the Grass Lands"; "Science as a Factor in Agriculture"; "Habits of the Garter Snake"; "Number Forms"; "Trepang"; "Science Teaching"; "Prehistoric Trepanging"; "New Star in the Milky Way"; "Discovery of Sexuality in Plants"; "Servility in Dress"; a "Sketch of Robert Boyle"; and the departments.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has again dropped into prose. He has written a dog story for the next *Century*, and has called it "Goliath."

The propagation of polite learning and the diffusion of gayety and wit are objects which are to be

promoted, it is hoped, in a new English weekly, bearing the name of the *Houyhnhnm: A Journal for Yahoos*. Something of its nature may be conjectured by the readers of "Gulliver."

Miss Bradley, daughter of the Dean of Westminster, is engaged at present on a book. She is also engaged to marry F. Murray Smith, the junior partner in the publishing firm of Smith & Elder. When the book is finished, the wedding will take place.

The late Miss Anne Reeve Aldrich's volume of poems, "Life, Love, and Death," published by a New York house, has passed into a second edition. Miss Margaret Armstrong, the daughter of Mr. Maitland Armstrong, the artist, designed the book's much admired cover.

An English translation of Bourget's new novel, "Cosmopolis," is to be brought out in less than a fortnight by a New York publishing house.

D. Appleton & Co. publish a "Dictionary of Every-Day German and English," by Martin Krummacker, Ph. D. They publish, also, a new edition of Haeckel's "History of Creation," translated from the German and revised by Professor Lankester.

The Point of View, the proposed Philadelphia weekly, is soon to be brought before the public.

Richard le Gallienne is not a Frenchman, as his name might suggest, but an Englishman, a member of a Channel Island family. His father many years ago found his way to Birkenhead, where he has long held a responsible position as manager of a large public company, and Mr. le Gallienne himself resided at home until he went to London in 1891 to join the staff of the *Star*, upon which he still remains.

New Publications.

"One of the Bevans: or, Only a Horse-Dealer," a wholesome English story by Mrs. Robert Jocelyn, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

"A Perplexed Philosopher," Henry George's latest book, is an examination of Herbert Spencer's various utterances on the land question, with some incidental reference to his synthetic philosophy. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"The Fever of Life," a new novel by Fergus Hume, who wrote "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and "Those Girls," John Strange Winter's latest story, have been issued in the new Hollywood Library published by Tait, Sons & Company, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by Pierson Brothers.

"Socialism from Genesis to Revelations," by Rev. F. M. Sprague, is not a history of socialism in the Scriptures, but a brief review of its general history, a consideration of the arguments *pro* and *con*, and a plea for its gradual introduction through church and state movements. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.75.

"Quahbin: The Story of a New England Town," by Dr. Francis H. Underwood, is a series of sketches of New England characters and institutions put in the form of a novel. They are photographic in their vividness, and have been highly commended by notable New Englanders. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.75.

"Maud Humphrey's Book of Fairy Tales" is a very pretty children's book. She has retold the familiar stories of the nursery, and furnished each with an illustration in delicate colors, some in vignette and some occupying a full page. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$2.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Moon Prince and Other Nabobs" is the title of a book containing four amusing tales for children by R. K. Munkittrick. Their titles are "The Moon Prince," "A Day in Waxland," "The Hurrihoffer," and "Opoanax ½," and they are all extravagant fairy stories somewhat in the style of "Alice in Wonderland." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A new edition of the poems of William Winter has been issued, with the title "Wanderers." It is a dainty little book, its tasteful outward appearance being in keeping with the quality of Mr. Winter's verse, which is meditative and scholarly, with little lightness or action. Many of the verses are commemorative, and most of these are dedicated to the actors and actresses whom Mr. Winter has known in his long career as a dramatic critic. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

One of the most readable of recent volumes of reminiscence is "Echoes of Old Country Life," by J. K. Fowler. The author says of himself that he is "a fair representative of middle-class life who, in the course of a busy career, has met many famous people, and here truthfully records what he remembers about them." His pictures of the times in which he lived are very pleasant and amusing to read, as well as truthful, and cover the range of sport, politics, and farming in the rural England of the past three-score years. Count D'Orsay, Winthrop Praed, Disraeli, Bishop Wilberforce, Landseer, and Sir Walter Scott are some of the notables who figure in

his pages. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.50; for sale by William Doxey.

Rand, McNally & Co.'s "New Pocket Atlas" could be carried in the pocket, and it certainly is a very convenient little book for the reading-table or business man's desk. It contains colored county maps of all States and Territories in the United States and the provinces of the Dominion of Canada, together with descriptive, statistical, and historical matter pertaining to each, and indexed lists of their counties, giving area and population. It also gives colored skeleton maps of the continents, showing all countries of the world, accompanied by statistical matter regarding them and their principal cities. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

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The Glass Industry. I. By Prof. C. HANFORD HENDERSON. Traces the progress of glass-making in America during colonial times.

A Marine Biological Observatory. By Prof. C. O. WHITMAN. A plea for the extension of the work of research now carried on at Woods Holl.

The Aesthetic Sense and Religious Sentiment in Animals. By Prof. E. P. EVANS. Contains evidence which goes to show that animals possess at least the rudiments of the finer mental faculties.

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VANITY FAIR.

Nearly eight thousand women have joined Mrs. Stannard's Anti-Crinoline League (the *Sun's* London cables say). Unfortunately we have not had an opportunity of estimating the quality of the membership, but as none of the numerous British princesses have joined the league, it may be presumed that few society women, properly so called, have given in their adherence. The queen and the Princess of Wales were appealed to, but have officially refused to interfere or express an opinion. That being so, the danger of crinoline becoming fashionable is as real as ever, because ordinary women have really no power to do as they like in matters of dress. The first drawing-room of the London season will be held by the Princess of Wales on behalf of the queen early in March, and if any of the ladies attending it should wear crinoline, the royal seal will have been affixed to the new fashion, and only strong-minded women of the blue-stocking species will dare to defy the fiat. It is significant that some makers of iron are preparing machinery for the manufacture of crinoline wire or hoop upon a pretty large scale, and, if fashion shall favor them, they will make fortunes out of their enterprise, as their fathers did thirty years ago. The subject is also discussed in the weekly trade reports and on 'Change in a confidential manner calculated to inspire uneasiness in the gentle breasts of Mrs. Stannard's fair leaguers. "It seems probable," says one large firm of iron-brokers, "that some modification of the petticoat may cause a revival of this branch of business for the caging of women of fashion, and also create a spurt in old hoop-iron for the distention of skirts."

The advice is given in the *New York Times* as that of a well-known society woman, who travels a great deal, to wear one's best underclothing while on the cars. "Never mind if it does get soiled," she says. "I have known of the most flagrant cases of neglect during railroad accidents of people whose underwear looked as though they might be poor. This is a shameful fact, but the people who pick up the wounded after a wreck are intensely human. Many of them do not propose to open their homes to sufferers unless they are to be paid for it. They judge of the ability of people to pay largely by their underwear, as the outside garb of most well-to-do people is more or less the same in these days."

There are vast numbers of men who are wandering in the darkness outside of clubdom. To be sure, there are clubless men who are measurably content and happy, to whom slippers and the domestic hearth, and the society of a few congenial friends, are completely satisfying. To such men, a club is not a necessity; it is, or would be, an expensive luxury. But (says *Harper's Weekly*) there are thousands of others who are hungering and thirsting for a larger experience, who would be broad and generous where they are narrow and self-centred if they only recognized the value of free and intimate comradeship with men of their own kind. It is unnecessary to say a word in defense of clubs. Their great prosperity is their sufficient *raison d'être*. They exist because men need the companionship of men. Without that companionship, the race could not possibly attain its highest civilization; so that clubs may be said to promote the true welfare of the race, and to stimulate its progress. There is nothing more dismal in human existence than the life of a bachelor who "has no place to go to" when his day's work is done. It is true that he may have apartments; his apartments, though they may be rich in comfort and adorned with all that the man needs when he is alone, can not speak to him, can not tell him of other contemporary experiences. They grow so hateful to him sometimes that, for an escape, he rushes to a ball or to visit a recently married friend, content to chatter inanities or to have his gloom deepened by witnessing honeymoon endearments; he is ready for anything, even a solitary walk in the streets, to be rid of the depressing solitude of his chambers. Such a man, who has no club, is simply neglecting a duty that he owes to himself. The stern moralist asks, why not spend his evenings with his books? The answer is that while a man who has his books has always excellent society, he sometimes wants other society; that while it is entrancing to be at the heart of things in old Greece, or the Roman Empire, or the Stone Age, or in the days of good Queen Anne, it is exciting to be at the heart of things in our own time. And it is the club man who knows best what is going on. It is the clubless man who lives in an atmosphere of guessing and misinformation. Is it not well to know the men who are making the history of our times? Is it well to know no man intimately except the people with whom one transacts business?

Of all the godsend that have been placed upon the market in the shape of patents, the trousers-stretcher has done the most for the maker of "pants exclusively." There is no manner of process or treatment which is so quickly fatal to a pair of trousers as the trousers-stretcher. Ye, who groan over folding them up and laying them away; ye, who are blessed with a pair of suspenders for every pair of trousers, and hang them up—bless your lucky stars that you never gave way to the delusive, honeyed words of the trousers-stretcher man. It

will use up more trousers in one year than the splintered cellar-door of your earliest recollection.

A visit to the imposing mansion occupied by two clever modistes is thus described in the *New York Sun*: "When a customer drives up to the stately entrance, a liveried footman assists her to alight, and then holds open the heavy plate-glass vestibule doors. Apparently he is the sole masculine element on the place, for no sooner does she enter the wide, lofty hall, carpeted through in crimson, than three or four well-dressed women come forward. Two half-grown maids—bell-girls, evidently—sit about in crisp skirts and smart caps and aprons, ready to run errands at a moment's notice. All about are evidences of luxury and wealth. Hot-house flowers bloom everywhere, and cheerful wood-fires burn in wide-open chimney fire-places. One of the reception committee takes the visitor in hand, and in five minutes the artless woman is convinced the whole establishment has been on the *qui vive* for her coming. All these long-waisted, admirably groomed young persons know her by name, a dozen anxious inquiries are made for her health. They are sure months have elapsed since her last visit, during which time she has certainly grown stouter or thinner, as the case and her aspirations warrant. After one of the small waiting-maids has been dispatched and bidden, with great *empressment*, to say that 'Mrs. Jones is willing to be fitted,' the flattered visitor is conducted into a cozy lounging-room. Here she is relieved of her wraps, is settled in a big arm-chair, has a hassock thrust under her feet, and tea is offered her, together with the latest magazines or a dish of harmless gossip. If in advance of her appointment, she is never suffered to be wearied, for the deferential, but loquacious, attendant talks cleverly and is a genius at listening to personalities, no matter how dull. Accounts of Mand's toothache, the butler's impertinence, or Mr. Jones's ill temper apparently thrill her with interest, and when the bell-girl begs madam's presence in the fitting-room, she has absolutely to tear herself away. However, one fails to appreciate the triumph of the system until a gown is to be tried on. Here more bows, and smiles, and sugar-coated inquiries await the visitor. Her basted lining is produced, and just as she is about to slip it on, the woman hegs a thousand pardons, envelops madam's bare shoulders in a fleecy wrap, and taps the bell sharply. She then explains that the senior member of the firm, Mme. A., made it a special point to be called when Mrs. Jones should be fitted. 'She says the lines of your figure are a poem,' adds the adroit flatterer, 'and it is an inspiration to watch you try on a gown.' By this time Mme. A. appears in a trailing robe of scarlet crêpe de chine, bringing with her a perfume of violets. She is an elegant consummation of the methods that dominate her establishment, all suavity and smartness. She talks entertainingly as the work progresses, then breaks off to advise a slight lowering of the waist line, warns the fitters to remember they are handling the handsomest figure in New York city, and she (Mme. A.) will permit no carelessness or marring of its symmetry. To prevent tedium she orders a number of Parisian novelties to be shaken free of their tissue paper and sacheted cases, catches up a sumptuous golden-brown velvet, holds it near her customer's rosy cheek, and is filled with speechless admiration at its becomingness. This sort of thing simply coins gold for the firm. It is as much a part of the business as meeting due notes, employing expert hands, or charging exorbitant prices. There is plenty of hard, shrewd sense, thriftiness, and superior ability behind this flummery, but women dearly love to be hoodwinked, and there are some people with wit enough to take advantage of this knowledge."

"Do you know what the average weight of a *première danseuse's* wardrobe is?" asked Signor Marchetti, the famous ballet-master. "This is it: One pair of silk ticks, weighing four ounces; five ballet-skirts, including tucks, nine ounces; one pair of slippers, four ounces; one bodice, eight ounces, the entire outfit weighing twenty-five ounces. That is not much of a wardrobe as far as weight is concerned, but it can cost a great deal more than some that take up every bit of space in a Saratoga."

The mannish girl begins innocently enough (says *Truth*). She has a troop of brothers, perhaps, and is drawn into their sports in spite of herself. She catches their contempt of girls, and takes pleasure in a riding-habit and its accoutrements. Horses and dogs are her favorite companions. So she falls out of sympathy with her sex. She loses its delicacy; she is reckless of its conventions. That is always the peril of the mannish girl. But the fact that, a woman in body, she tries to be a man in mind, exposes her to the animadversions of the ribald. As she mingles with the world, she feeds a kind of vanity by being mannish. To talk slang, to ride to hounds, commend her, in a measure, to her male companions. They declare her to be jolly, fetching, stunning. But they rarely marry her. That is where the maidenly girl has her full revenge. When it comes to taking a wife—a wife who shall adorn his table; a wife who shall entertain his friends—a man seldom thinks of the mannish girl. He knows that the arts by which she attracted him will be just as attractive to others. He knows that the lack of

refinement, which has a kind of zest in a girl of twenty, will turn to hopeless vulgarity in a maion of forty. Then what is the end of the mannish girl? Eternal spinsterhood.

Fashion has decreed that the masher must give up his monocle, and London opticians are bemoaning the fact. Long ago, cords or chains attached to the single eyeglass were abandoned. As it was impossible to keep the glass in position long at a time, breakages were frequent, and opticians profited amazingly. The American dude who has been unhappy because he could not imitate his English monitor without incurring heartless ridicule, may now rejoice. The proud preëminence which two or three society swells have attained will now disappear at last. These swells turned fairly green with envy when one of their number was observed to sneeze quite violently without dislodging his monocle.

The American girl (says *Harper's Bazar*) no longer laces herself to breathlessness, and a red nose, and a pimpled forehead, pushing what flesh there is into regions where it makes deformity; she wears corsets, but only to outline and partially support, never to press or pinch, and thus her digestive organs are kept free to do their work and assist in preparing the rounded and velvety surfaces, the glow in the eye, the blush upon the cheek, the dye of the soft lips; for, unpoetical as it appears, the laboratory of beauty is in the stomach. In addition to all this, the American girl is no longer ashamed of her foot. She used to think it a disgrace if she wore a larger shoe or boot than a No. 2½; if she wore fours, she managed them; if she wore fives, she hid her foot. Now she understands that it is a law of statuesque beauty that a body should have an extremity apparently equal to its support, a woman a foot big enough to stand on, and *bien chaussée bien gantée*, she never dreams of lengthening her skirt because her shoe is a six or a seven, or of keeping her hands out of sight, because they did not stop growing when she was ten years old. Owing to this last act of wisdom, she can walk with freedom where she will, without pinched feet or any of the discomfort that urges her to sit still; and thus she takes with delight the exercise which does so much for her, which fills her lungs with fresh air, and oxygenates her blood, and gives it all its life and sparkle wherever its effects are visible. After all, it is common sense, the appreciation that nature says how much to eat and what to wear, that has reformed an ailing and early withered woman into a beauty of the old Greek type.

There was a time when the fair *fiancée*, blushing and tremulous, whispered the secret only to her dearest friend, and the relatives on either hand, after decorous delay, carefully circulated the formal announcement among near friends. Now the wooer barely has time to get the knees of his trousers dusted before the story is blazoned forth at some great function, as Miss Davis's engagement was announced in the crush of the Horse Show. An English girl, triumphant at the consummation of her heart's desire, told all her friends at a fancy hall the glad tidings, with "I'm engaged to Lord Reggy; that is he—the big Mephistopheles over there. He proposed in the billiard-room an hour ago."

Those who may have felt disturbed lest the higher education impair the fine flower of the feminine nature, will be interested to know (says the *Evening Sun*) that the girls of Johns Hopkins, who put on their caps and gowns for the first time a few days ago, adjusted them as jauntily as bonnets and jackets. The gowns and mortar-boards were not adopted at all until the girls had convinced themselves they would be becoming. The way in which the tassel is worn is intended to indicate the class. The freshman tassel is worn in front to the right. The sophomore tassel has the right of the back, the junior the left of the back, and the senior the left of the front. But the girls thought the senior tassel was most becoming. Accordingly, the three lower classes all presented themselves with their tassels worn in "the most becoming" way. It will take something more than the higher education to get ahead of the feminine nature.

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In all the great Hotels, the leading Clubs and the homes, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder holds its supremacy.

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THE BEST COUGH-CURE

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N. Y. TIMES.

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SOCIETY.

Californians in Paris.

The Baron and Baroness Rogniat, who spent some time in Southern California a few years ago, are now in Paris, where they gave a dinner to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig as they were passing through France some months ago. The last Parisian papers to hand show that Mr. and Mrs. Gillig have returned from their tour up the Nile, as another entertainment was given in their honor by the Dowager Baroness Rogniat at her Paris residence, on the tenth of January. It took the form of an elaborate dinner, followed by a small reception. The menu du diner was as follows:

Consommé au riz.
Timbale.
Filet Richelieu.
Soles Californiennes.
Poulardes du Perigord.
Foie Gras.
Salade.
Glace Tontoni.
Petits Fours.
Vins—Haut Barsac, Pontet Canet, Duc de Montebello
cremant, brut.

Among those invited to meet the guests of honor were the following: Comte and Comtesse de la Tour du Pin Verclause, Comte and Comtesse de Luze, M. Durangel (member of the Council of State under Napoleon), M. Dugas, Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Meynard, M. and Mme. de Hesse, M. and Mme. Mallet, Mr. Frank L. Unger, Baron and Baroness Romeuf, Mlle. de Romeuf, Comte de Pina, Baron de St. Joseph, Comtesse and Mlle. Van Horn, Baron and Baroness Rogniat, Vicomtesse de Grates du Bouchage, Mme. d'Azvedo, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillig were to sail from Havre on January 25th for New York. After arriving there, Mrs. Gillig intends to spend the remainder of the winter in Florida with her mother, Mrs. Margaret Crocker.

The Friday Night Club.

The Friday Night Club gave its army and navy cotillion, the final one of this season, last Friday night, and in a delightful manner terminated what has been a most successful series. The hall was a symphony in red, white, and blue, out of compliment to the officers. The gallery, walls, and stage were draped effectively with the national colors, and in addition there were Gatling guns, mortars, rifles, sabres, and other accoutrements of warfare which assisted materially in carrying out the desired artistic effect. The cotillion was admirably led by Lieutenant William H. Coffin, U. S. A., and he introduced five figures, four of them being danced under calcium light effects. The Hungarian Orchestra played excellent music for the dancing, and the Presidio Band furnished delightful concert music between the figures. At midnight an elaborate supper was served under Ludwig's direction, after which dancing was resumed until two o'clock. A particular feature of the affair was the fact that the army and navy officers appeared in their full-dress uniforms. Mr. Greenway received many compliments for his excellent management of the affairs of the club during the season, and Lieutenant Coffin was congratulated upon his success. Those in the first set were:

Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, U. S. A., Miss Jennie Hooker, Lieutenant John A. Lockwood, U. S. A., Miss Ruger, Lieutenant Burrage, U. S. N., Miss Graham, Lieutenant James E. Nolan, U. S. A., Miss Barker, Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., Miss McNutt, Mr. Edward N. Greenway, Miss Helen Perrin, Lieutenant Almy, U. S. N., Mrs. A. T. Dean, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Miss Dimond, Lieutenant Nicholson, U. S. N., Miss Kate Clement, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Lieutenant Edmund Blake, U. S. A., Miss Myra Lord, Lieutenant G. W. S. Stevens, U. S. A., Miss Deming, Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Miss Kate Jarboe, Lieutenant Samuel McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Miss Kinzie, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Miss Beth Sperry, Lieutenant Flagler, U. S. A., Mrs. A. E. Wood.

Among the visitors present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lockwood, of New York, the Misses Dodge, of Brookline, Mass., Miss Clara Wilson, of Salt Lake City, Miss Norrell, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd, of San Rafael, Lord Ernmore, of England, Miss Kimball, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Purdy, Miss Leroy, Mr. L. T. Webb, and Mr. H. M. Jones, of New York.

The McLean Dinner-Party.

Dr. Robert A. McLean's birthday anniversary was very pleasantly celebrated on the evening of January 26th, by a violet dinner-party which was arranged by Mrs. McLean as a surprise to the doctor. Every room was lavishly decorated with violets, the rich profusion of them on the dining-table, almost serving as a covering. During the discussion of a delicious menu, a quartet of stringed instruments added to its enjoyment. The place-cards were artistically done in violet and gold, and on each was printed a Shakespearean quotation, more or less appropriate to the gentleman whose name it bore, the reading of which called forth much jollity and several clever speeches. Those present were:

Professor Joseph Le Conte, Dr. James Simpson, Dr. Henry Gibbons, Dr. W. W. Kerr, Dr. Benjamin Swan, Dr. W. H. Mays, Dr. George Powers, Dr. George Merritt, Dr. William Bryan, Dr. William U. Levitt, Mr. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. George Mastick, Mr. Arthur Rogers, Mr. Bunnell, and Mr. George H. Roe.

Theatre-Parties.

Mr. T. B. Leiter, of Chicago, gave a theatre-party last Monday evening, which was chaperoned by Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase. At six o'clock an elaborate dinner was enjoyed at the University Club, and, after the performance, a delicious supper was served in the ladies' dining-room at the club. The party comprised:

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs.

H. L. Tatum, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bourn, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Enelle Hager, Miss Maynard, Miss Alice Ames, Miss McNutt, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. J. C. Tucker, Mr. Lansing B. Mizner, Mr. Harold Wheeler, and Mr. T. Benton Leiter.

Mr. Cutler Paige gave a theatre-party on the same evening to a number of his friends, and took them to supper at the University Club afterward. Mr. Paige's guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Belden, Mrs. E. B. Perrin, Miss Adèle Perrin, Miss Helen Perrin, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Everett N. Bee, and Mr. Charles K. McIntosh.

Mr. Henry W. Redington also gave a theatre-party last Monday evening and entertained his guests afterward with a supper at the Palace Hotel. The party comprised:

Mr. and Mrs. C. Gray Dinsmore, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Purdy, of New York, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. L. H. Coit, Miss Flora Low, Miss Ella Goad, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. Harry Babcock, and Mr. A. B. Williamson.

The Olympic Club.

The entertainment given at the Olympic Club last Tuesday evening, in aid of the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition, was not the success, in point of attendance, that was expected. However the musical numbers and the athletic exhibition were interesting and afforded considerable enjoyment to the audience. President Harrison and Mrs. Frona Eunice Waite delivered addresses, after which the following programme was presented:

Quintet in F major, op. 70, Jadassohn, Guillaume Savvlet and the Henry Heyman String Quartet—Henry Heyman, E. Jaulus, F. Knell, and P. S. Gutterston; recitation and aria, "Fu Dio che Disse," Pollini, Mr. J. C. Hughes; piano solo, toccati in C minor, Rheinberger, Mme. V. Ursomando; song, "Tu Sevilla," Dessauer, Mrs. L. Brechemin; violin solo, "Hungarian Airs," Ernst, Mr. Harry Samuels, pupil of Mr. Henry Heyman; song, "The Blue Eyes," Bohm, Mrs. Walter Watson; quartet, "Gavotte," Arditi, the Henry Heyman String Quartet; trio, "Litt Thine Eyes," "Elijah," Mendelssohn, Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Miss Anna Miller Wood, and Mrs. Lillie Birmingham; quintet in E flat, Schumann, Mr. G. Savvlet and the Henry Heyman String Quartet.

Parallel bars, A. Hoffman, C. J. Schuster, J. M. Brewer, George G. Rouse, and L. Hinz; double horizontal bars, Professor H. Delau, Robert Leandro, and Ben Bogner (clown); acrobatic, Landsberg Brothers; wrestling, W. T. Haberly and H. B. Graham, C. Kreling and Harry Baker; fencing, Professor L. Tronchet and A. Chaguis; boxing, F. L. Cooley and R. MacArthur, W. P. Henry and Phil Boulo; single trapeze, Master Walter Hogg; Indian club-swinging, J. S. J. Otto, P. P. Bernhard, and H. I. McGill.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Antoinette Roman, daughter of Mr. A. Roman, to Mr. J. Warren Dutton. The wedding will take place in Grace Church on February 14th.

Cards have been received here announcing that Miss Louise Lewis Tripp, daughter of Mrs. Emily A. Tripp, was married last Thursday evening in Christ Church, Hyde Park, Mass., to Mr. Charles Gore Bonner, a well-known vineyardist of Fresno, Cal.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Mrs. Frederick Green, Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker have issued cards for a high tea at 1609 Sutter Street on Saturday, February 11th.

The Monday Evening Club will hold its second meeting in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel, on February 6th. Members and guests are requested particularly to be present at half-past eight o'clock. A large number of the army and navy officers stationed around the harbor will be in attendance.

Miss Helen Schweitzer will be the hostess at the next party of The Informals, which will take place on Tuesday evening, February 14th, at her residence, corner of Post and Leavenworth Streets.

A dancing-party will be given next Wednesday evening to the ladies and gentlemen who so successfully presented "Living Whist" recently at the Grand Opera House, for the benefit of the Mission Unitarian Church.

The masquerade ball to be given at the San Francisco Verein on Saturday evening, February 25th, will undoubtedly be one of the most brilliant affairs in the history of the club. Many novel features will be introduced, and the beauty and variety of the costumes will be notable.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Cluff will give a reception at their residence, 1714 Vallejo Street, on Tuesday evening, February 14th, to celebrate the fifth anniversary of their wedding.

A performance of Robertson's comedy, "School," for the benefit of the Berkeley Surgical Ward of the Children's Hospital of San Francisco, will be given in Berkeley by the Edgemont Club, on Friday evening, February 10th.

Miss Wilson will deliver a lecture on Rome next Friday evening at the Van Ness Seminary.

Mrs. John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman gave a matinee tea last Saturday at their residence in Oakland, at which they entertained about five hundred of their friends. Excellent music was provided, refreshments were served bounteously, and the afternoon was most pleasantly passed. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Robert Beck, Miss McNutt, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Irene Goad, Miss Maud Wilkinson, Miss Elna Dickens, and Miss Amy McKee.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow gave an enjoyable dinner-party recently at their home, on Van Ness Avenue, and had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan very pleasantly celebrated the anniversary of their wedding last Tuesday evening by giving an elaborate dinner-party at which

they entertained Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Thorn, Mrs. James D. Page, Miss Edith Giffen, Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan, Mgr. Cellotti, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. J. Q. Adams, and Mr. Shirley Ryan.

Mrs. Bates gave a large reception last week, at her residence in Washington, D. C., in honor of the Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies.

Mme. B. Ziska gave a delightful matinee tea last Saturday at her residence, 1606 Van Ness Avenue. The parlors were handsomely decorated with flowers and the Hungarian Orchestra played from three until six o'clock. Light refreshments were served, and the hours were made most pleasant. Mme. Ziska was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Edward Ackerman, Miss Alice Ziska, Miss Elizabeth Smith, of Santa Clara, Miss Alba Bennett, and the young ladies of Ziska Institute.

Mrs. J. Greenebaum gave an elegant dinner-party last Monday evening, at which she hospitably entertained: Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Seligman, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter, and Mr. Philip N. Lilienthal.

Miss Mabel Love entertained a few of her friends in a charming manner last Wednesday evening by giving an informal musicale at her residence, 1714 Clay Street.

Mr. Lester McKee and Miss Daisy McKee gave an enjoyable dancing-party last Wednesday evening at the residence of their parents, Colonel and Mrs. William Edwards, on Gough Street.

—SUPERIOR to VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. *Crème Simon* marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Bateliere, Paris. Stanislas Strozynski, corner Powell and Ellis Streets, 433-435, San Francisco, and druggists, perfumers, and fancy-goods stores.

—CARMANY, 25 KEARNY ST., HAS THE LATEST full dress shirts, ready made and made to order.

—CHRISTIAN DAHL, TEACHER OF LANGUAGES. Care May L. Cheney, 300 Post Street.

—Baby Sweet Corn at S. Foster & Co's.

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SOCIETY.

The Dillon-Cooper Wedding.

A notable and interesting wedding took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. H. Cooper, 1026 Octavia Street, where their daughter, Miss Alicia Cooper, was united in marriage to Mr. Thomas I. Dillon, son of Mrs. Nano Dillon and the late John Dillon. The bride is the great-granddaughter of the late Ignacio Vincente Vallejo, who came to California about 1761. The late General Vallejo was the bride's granduncle. She is a very pretty brunette of slight, but graceful figure, and is highly accomplished. The groom, who is a graduate of Santa Clara College, is now assistant city and county attorney.

The residence was beautifully embellished with potted tropical plants, trailing vines, fern sprays, acacia huds, and a profusion of roses and other blossoms. The bridal bower was arranged in the bay-window with pretty effect. About two hundred relatives and intimate friends were invited to the wedding, and they were all present at nine o'clock, when the ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. Father Cottle. Miss Marie Dillon, the groom's sister, was the maid of honor, and Mr. J. B. R. Cooper, the bride's brother, acted as best man. The bride's father gave her into the keeping of the groom. The toilets worn by the ladies in the bridal party are described as follows:

The bride's robe was one of exceeding beauty, and was as becoming as it was elegant in material and finish. The style was that of the Restoration period during the reign of Louis the Eighteenth. The dress was of white gros de Naples, with a manteau de la cour falling from the neck, where it was very narrow, and gradually spreading out in graceful radiation to the end. The corsage was cut V-shaped, and filled in with fine white gauze ornamented with broderie Romienne. The sleeves were low at the shoulders and bouffant to the elbows, being finished with a fall of white gauze striped with little Roman pearls. From the shoulders was a hertha of antique moiré, which fell on each side to the bottom of the skirt. The entire dress was outlined with lilies of the valley, and at the bottom of the skirt was a cluster of orange-blossoms nestled among the lilies. All around the waist of the train were three rows of Roman pearl embroidery. In her coiffure gleamed a diamond star, a gift from the groom, which held in place the long veil, which did not cover her face, but fell backward to the end of the train. The veil was of real antique point d'Angleterre, and was made during the reign of Louis the Sixteenth. It is valued at one thousand dollars, and was the gift of Mrs. Wholer, aunt of the bride.

Miss Marie Dillon wore a beautiful gown of houston d'or satin, made with a demi-train, and trimmed around the bottom of the skirt with beaver fur. The corsage was cut round, and the sleeves extended to the elbows, meeting the gloves of undressed kid. She carried a cloth of gold roses, and wore an emerald pin set with pearls and diamonds, a gift from the bride.

Mrs. J. B. H. Cooper's robe was of delicate rose-pink brocade, exquisitely woven with gold in fine spray designs. The dress was of modernized Empire style, with a train of medium length. The bodice was cut round and was ornamented with a deep hertha of point lace, fringed with little golden-hued spheres and embroidered with rare shells of opalescent tints. Her ornaments were diamonds and emeralds.

Mrs. Nano Dillon wore a rich robe of black moiré, trimmed with jet passementerie and made with a court train. Her ornaments were diamonds.

After the ceremony, the young couple received the congratulations of their friends, while the Hungarian Orchestra played concert selections. Later in the evening, a sumptuous supper was served, under the direction of Ludwig. In a suite of rooms on the second floor, the wedding-gifts were displayed. They were very costly and exceedingly elegant. Notable among them was a magnificent oaken chest of solid silver service, containing one hundred and forty-eight pieces, from Mrs. J. B. R. Cooper, the grandmother of the bride; a solid gold salad set of eight pieces, from Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Molera; a solid silver tea and coffee set from Mrs. Nano Dillon, besides numerous other valuable and useful articles. Mr. and Mrs. Dillon left last Thursday on a southern trip, and will be away about a week. When they return they will occupy their new residence on Sacramento Street, adjoining the Cooper mansion, which was the gift of the bride's father. They will issue cards announcing their reception days.

The Parmenter-Taylor Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place in Grace Church at half-past one o'clock last Thursday afternoon, the contracting parties being Miss Grace Lee Taylor, daughter of Dr. W. E. Taylor, of this city, and Lieutenant Henry E. Parmenter, U. S. N. Only a limited number of intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. R. C.

Foute. Miss Lulu Irwin and Mr. John Irwin, Jr., cousins of the bride, acted, respectively, as maid of honor and best man. After a brief trip in the country, Lieutenant and Mrs. Parmenter will reside in this city. He is on duty on the *Monterey*.

The Kip High Tea.

Mrs. William Ingraham Kip, Jr., and her daughter, Miss Kip, gave an enjoyable tea last Thursday, from four until seven, at their residence, 553 Harrison Street. About six hundred invitations had been issued for the affair, and the prettily decorated rooms were crowded during the hours of the reception. Delicious light refreshments were served under Ludwig's direction and concert selections were played at intervals by the Hungarian Orchestra. Mrs. Kip was assisted in receiving and entertaining by Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Mrs. Otto Favre, and Mrs. Audenreid, while Miss Kip had a fair coterie of assistants, comprising Miss Mason, Miss Mercado, Miss Ruger, Miss McPherson, Miss McKinstry, and Miss Pease. Although the tea ended at seven o'clock quite a number of the younger element remained until almost midnight and danced on the canvassed floors.

The Low Dinner-Party.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low gave a charming dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence, on Gough Street. La France roses were tastefully used in the table decoration, and the menu was most elaborate. The guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Purdy, of New York, Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Miss Leroy, of New York, Mr. Henry W. Redington, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. William Babcock, and Mr. Harry Babcock.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. Ruth Blackwell, Miss Louise Holladay, and Miss Fanny Crocker were in Egypt at last accounts.

Mrs. Curtis J. Hillyer has returned to Washington, D. C., after an enjoyable visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott intend leaving in March to visit Europe for several months. They will pass much of the time in Berlin.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis is in New York city.

Mrs. William F. Bowers is passing a few weeks at Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels have returned from Monterey, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Magee and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., have returned from a prolonged tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin and Mrs. Webster Jones left last Tuesday to pass three weeks at Coronado Beach.

Mrs. E. D. Girvin has gone to her villa in Menlo Park, and Mr. Girvin will leave for the East in a few days to be gone about a month.

Hon. and Mrs. George E. Edmunds, of Vermont, are visiting this coast, and at present, are at Pasadena.

Mrs. John Scott and Miss Mary Scott are enjoying a visit to Europe for several months.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker has arrived in New York city after a visit to the city of Mexico.

Mrs. F. L. Stedman has returned to her home in Indiana, after a pleasant visit to her cousin, Mr. George Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller are visiting Los Angeles and other Southern points.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, and Miss Cunningham are contemplating an early departure for Japan on a three months' trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor left for Coronado last Thursday, intending to spend a month there.

Mrs. J. R. Deane has returned from a pleasant visit to Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bruguière and family are expected to return from the East to-day.

Mr. Charles L. Fair is at the Hotel St. James in New York city.

Mr. James C. Dunphy has returned from a month's visit to his ranch in the Salinas Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Hopkins are in New York city, and will soon leave for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip S. Bates, *né* Marshall, have gone to Portland, Or., to reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bergevin, *né* Wickersham, have returned to Chicago after a brief visit to Mr. I. G. Wickersham, in Petaluma.

Mr. Edgar Painter will return from his Eastern trip next week.

Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones have returned from Europe and are in New York city.

Mrs. E. F. Norris and Mrs. Frank Thompson are passing a month at Coronado Beach.

Mrs. John F. Merrill is passing a month at Pasadena.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury has returned from his Eastern and Southern trip.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann is in New York city. After witnessing the inauguration of President-elect Cleveland, he will return to this city and go to Unalaska late in March.

Mr. Frank S. Johnson has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mrs. Charles Holbrook and the Misses Holbrook are still at Pasadena.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco has returned from New York city and is at 200 Pine Street.

Mrs. John H. Dickinson will leave in a couple of weeks to pass three months at Pasadena.

Dr. E. B. Perrin has gone East and will be away about a month.

Mr. William G. Irwin will return to the city in a few days to go to Honolulu. Mrs. Irwin will pass the remainder of the winter in New York city with Mrs. Richard Ivers.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy and Mrs. A. J. Pope have gone to Monterey for a brief visit.

Miss Jennie McMillan has returned from a month's visit to friends in San José.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly are enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne left New York last Thursday, and, after passing a few days in Chicago, will return to this city.

Mrs. A. W. Scott has returned to the city after an absence of four months, fully restored in health.

Miss Grace M. Spencer has returned from a pleasant trip to Santa Barbara, and, after a brief visit here, returned to her home in San José on Thursday. Her father, Judge F. E. Spencer, is visiting New Mexico.

Mrs. A. Page Brown and family are passing a few weeks at Monterey.

Mr. Harry Simpkins has returned from a trip to Santa Barbara.

Mr. Edgar Mills, Jr., and Miss Adeline Mills are visiting Monterey.

Mr. C. M. Palmer is at the Hotel Imperial, in New York city.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Edward Martin are staying at the Hotel Windsor, in New York city.

Mr. Valentine Gadesden is at the Hotel St. Denis, in New York city.

Penelope Ann—"Yo' done spile yo' razzar at de pahty las' night." Augustus Henry—"Huh! Dat's nuffin. I done spile a cullud gen'lman, too."—Puck.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant Louis P. Brant, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed as acting Indian agent at Round Valley, Cal., and has gone to the agency.

Paymaster A. W. Bacon, U. S. N., has returned from the East, and reported for duty at Mare Island.

DCLXXXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, February 5, 1893.

Sorrel Soup.
Boiled Salmon, Egg Sauce. Parisienne Potatoes.
Broiled Teal Ducks.
Mushrooms on Toast. Spinach.
Roast Veal.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Iced Custard with Fruit.
Orange Cake.
Coffee.

ICED CUSTARD WITH FRUIT.—Flavor half a pint of cream with an liqueur you prefer; beat six eggs thoroughly; strain them; hold the cream with three scant ounces of sugar, and when just off the boil, pour it little by little to the eggs; add an eighth of an ounce of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine that has been dissolved in very little water and strained to the custard; whisk until cold; have ready a mold masked with candied fruits. To mask, sit the mold in a pan of cracked ice and dip each piece of fruit in strong melted jelly, made with Knox's Gelatine; build up from the bottom of the mold, having all the fruits cut about the thickness of a split candied cherry and near the size, arranged with a view to a good effect when the mold shall be turned out. Half freeze the custard, and pour it into the mold two inches high; throw in some of the trimmings of candied fruit chopped fine. When set, add more custard and more fruit until the mold is full. Let it stand in ice at least four hours before it is wanted.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Ask your grocer for it. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johnstown, N. Y., will bring you cookbook, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

Princesse Clémentine d'Orléans purchased the façade of the palace of St. Cloud and sent it to Sofia, packed in thirty large cases. The remaining statuary was bought in by the Duc de Nemours, and an Italian count paid a round sum for the wrought-iron balcony of the palace, which he expects to use on his chateau in Corsica.

Fashions in Stationery.

A notable phase of fashion has recently developed in connection with the stationery used by society people. In the height of the season, when every mail brings a varied assortment of regrets, acceptances, and invitations to social affairs, the recipients are quick to comment upon the styles and quality of the stationery used by their friends. The moment that a fashionable woman receives her mail, she can, at a glance, tell the sources from whence it came. It is exactly this point that correspondents should make a mental note of before they write. If you do not know what size or tint of paper to use for the various occasions that require correspondence, go at once to some responsible stationer and make inquiry. We would suggest a visit to the establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, as they are authorities on this subject and keep fully abreast with the Eastern and European fashions in stationery. Their large show-cases are stocked with a beautiful assortment of paper and envelopes from the leading manufacturers in the world, and polite attendants are there to give information.

—CARMANY, 25 KEARNY ST., HAS NOVELTIES IN English walking gloves, hosiery, collars, and cuffs.

BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN

Cleansed and purified of every blemish, eruption, and disease by the celebrated

CUTICURA REMEDIES



These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of itching and burning Eczemas and other itching, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, un-failing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. PORTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES! Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in five minutes by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.



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In Quarts and Pints.

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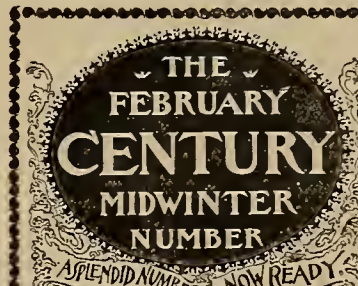
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MR. ROBERT TOLMIE,

PIANIST,

Desires to make it known that he has returned to San Francisco, and resumed instructions at No. 912 Sutter Street, where he will be pleased to see his friends.

AT STUDIO DAILY BETWEEN 10 AND 11 O'CLOCK.



CONTAINING:

A Defense of Russia.

A reply to criticisms on the policy of Russia, by the Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington.

Franz Liszt.

By the famous French composer, Camille Saint-Saëns. With interesting illustrations.

An Embassy to Provence.

First paper in a series of delightful travel-articles, by Thomas A. Janvier, illustrated by Castaigne.

The Autobiography of Salvini.

Interesting records of the life of the great Italian tragedian, including experiences with Garibaldi in the defense of Rome. Illustrated.

Preliminary Glimpses of the Fair.

An article on the World's Fair at Chicago, with many hitherto unpublished facts about the buildings—eccentric schemes that have been submitted, etc., etc. By Clarence Clough Buel.

Balcony Stories.

Two stories of life in Louisiana, by Grace King, illustrated by A. E. Steiner.

Life in the Malay Peninsula.

A travel-paper, with fifteen illustrations by Harry Fenn, Kenyon Cox, and others.

Ready everywhere Wednesday, February 1st; price 35 cents. Note the following

SPECIAL OFFER: NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER FREE. In order that new readers may get first chapters of Mrs. Burton Harrison's famous society novel, "Sweet Bells of Tune," and other serial features, we will give the NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER NUMBERS FREE (the first of the new volume) to all new subscribers beginning with January, 1893, who ask for these numbers on subscribing. This applies only to NEW subscribers who begin after January first. Remit subscription price, \$4.00, to the publishers, or subscribe through bookseller or newsdealer.

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

A BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

By W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen.

SCENE.—An apartment in the Falls View Hotel. Doors at R. C. and L. At R. a speaking-tube and bell. Window at L. fitted with a portable fire-escape. MR. ARTHUR PELTON is discovered sprinkling a new silk hat with cologne-atomizer.

There, that is better. [Surveying the hat critically.] Too bad to spoil a new hat, but this will save its value in fees every twenty-four hours. [Shaking a quantity of rice out of his umbrella.] Positively, our supply of rice seems inexhaustible. But this must be the last of it. I can't imagine why the general public should take such an absorbing interest in a newly married couple. Everybody looks at me as though I had done something extraordinary. Well, so I have. I've married Claire, and it isn't everybody who could do that. Dear Claire! I haven't seen her for over ten minutes. [Walks to door, R. C., and looks in.] There she is. [Throwing a rapturous kiss through the door.] Business, dearest. Hadn't you better take off your hat? You may catch cold when we go out. Now don't look at me like that, or I shall certainly come in and kiss you. [He does so. Reappearing.] This is dreadfully unbusinesslike. [Calling.] Claire, you mustn't interrupt me again. I've lots of things to do—the bill to pay, and everything else to arrange for before we go to the train. [Resolutely.] This my busy day. This is my busy day. [At door, R. C.] Are you sure that you don't feel a draught, dearest? No, you can't do anything to help me. I don't want you. Oh, good gracious! I didn't say that. You don't—I don't think—I mean—[Exit hastily, R. C. Re-entering.] What a brute I am! And she was such a perfect angel about it! Angel, thy name is Claire! "Angel, thy name"—why, that's rather pretty [seating himself at centre-table and writing]—"is Claire." Tell me, bright vision, where—" [biting his pen]—fair—chair— Oh, confound it! [Turns the paper over carelessly.] My bill! [Reading.] "Ice-cream, carriages, ice-cream, rooms, ice-cream, breakfast, ice-cream, luncheon, ice-cream, dinner, ice-cream, um-um-um, ice-cream, ice-cream; grand total, ninety-seven dollars and sixty cents." For three days, that is what you may call living! We—I like that word; it is so comprehensive—have certainly enjoyed our honeymoon. Dear Claire! How happy I am that I am able to give her these little luxuries! [Looking at his watch.] Nine o'clock. Our train leaves at half-past; our trunks have gone already, and the carriage will be here in ten minutes. I had better settle this at once. [Feels carelessly for his wallet. Doesn't find it. Searches another pocket. With a slight anxiety of manner looks in more pockets. Frantically turns them all inside out, dislodging a quantity of rice, but no wallet. Catches up his umbrella and opens it. Rice falls in copious showers all over him. He runs to bell at R., and rings vigorously. Examines lining of silk hat. More rice. With a forced smile.] How ridiculous all this is! Utterly absurd! [A knock at the door. He answers it, and a pitcher of ice-water is handed in, which he carefully places on table.] I must be calm; I must be very, very cool. Let me see. I had four hundred and seventy odd dollars in my wallet, and it's there yet; I know it is. The wallet is easy enough to find. [Commences a systematic search of all his seventeen pockets.] Confound this beastly rice! [Throws a handful angrily away. A coin is heard to jingle.] What's that? [He searches diligently on the floor and discovers a penny.] Well, that's a beginning. Come, now, we'll find the rest. [Searches.] By Jove, I believe it is gone! [Sinks into a chair.] I'm a perfect stranger to the landlord and to the town. Our trunks have gone to the station, and our tickets and berths are engaged. Everything is paid for but this confounded bill. We must be in the city to-morrow; I have promised Claire that we should be. [Ringing bell, R.] To-morrow is the anniversary of our wedding—that is, we will have been married just a week. I'll see the landlord. [A knock is heard at door, L.] There he is. [Walking to door.] I'm afraid it won't be so easy, after all, to make him understand. I—I can't do it. [The door opens, and a second pitcher of ice-water is handed in. He takes it, and places it upon the table.] If only our trunks hadn't gone. If I only had time to telegraph before the train leaves. [A whistle is heard from the speaking-tube.] Good heavens! What was that? Ah! [He goes to speaking-tube.] Carriage ready? Well, never mind. I think we'll go by the omnibus with the rest of them. Did I get the—er—er—bill? Oh, yes! thank you—thank you very much! [Walking up and down room.] How can I keep it from Claire? And I promised, only six short days ago, to shield her from every breath of sorrow. [Carefully opening door, R. C., and looking in.] There she is. My golden-haired darling! Eating caramels and reading "Their Wedding Journey," and I a pauper! Oh, Lord! [Groans.] No; nothing's the matter, dearest. I was only trying to imitate that funny rhinoceros we saw the other day at the Zoo. I'll tell you when it's time to go. [Throws a kiss through the door, and closes it quickly.] The only thing to do is to see the landlord at once and explain. He will understand—I know he will. [Advancing toward door, L.] Per-

haps it would be easier to explain through the speaking-tube. Happy thought! [He whistles sharply through the tube.] Yes; I'm Mr. Felton. I want to see Mr. Darling at the speaking-tube. Engaged in his office, eh? Never mind, I must see him. Very great importance. Ever so much obliged. [A pause, during which MR. PELTON stands nervously first on one leg, and then on the other. A whistle is heard.] Yes; Mr. Pelton, Room 17. This is Mr. Darling? Yes. How are you, Mr. Darling? So sorry to call you away from your engagement. My business? Oh, certainly, certainly; I'll state it at once. It is such a lovely day that I can hardly collect my thoughts. Oh, no! Nothing about the bill. It's all right—perfectly so. [Aside.] I can't do it. [At tube.] Exactly. Yes; I want it very particularly, and I hope it won't inconvenience you. [A pause.] I beg your pardon; I only require a little—a very little—ice-water. [Sinking into a chair.] Now I have done it. After that piece of asininity I might as well look for sympathy from a roaring bull of Bashan as from my landlord. [A knock is heard at door, L.] It's all up. I'm to be arrested as a common hotel-beat. [Recklessly.] The sooner it's over, the better. [Opens door and receives pitcher of ice-water, which he places upon table. Irritably.] Confound it! Do the people in this hotel imagine that I am a raging volcano, and are trying to put me out? Not that they'd let me out! [Opens door, L., cautiously. Another pitcher of ice-water is handed in.] Well, I'm getting pretty well provisioned for a siege. [Picking up his gloves.] There's my gloves. Often put bills in 'em. [He shakes them; a lot of rice tumbles out. He falls into a chair, and buries his face in his hands.] This is a weakness unworthy of me. I'll see the landlord. I'll bully him into letting us go. I'll meet him face to face or back to back, just as he likes. No; I'll toss up for it. [Takes his penny out.] Head, face; tail, back. [He tosses the penny in the air. He fails to catch it, and it slowly rolls along the floor and falls down the register.] Ha! ha! I have struck bottom at last. Now it is every one for himself, and heaven help the landlord! [He rushes to the portable fire-escape at window, L., places the belt about his waist, and is about to lower himself from the window. With a sudden start.] Good heavens! Claire! I'd forgotten all about her, forgot I was married, forgot everything—everything but the bill. [Bringing his fist down upon it.] Dash the bill! [Picking it up.] Hang the bill! [Reading.] Ninety-seven dollars and sixty cents, and—AND RECEIVED IN FULL! [A whistle is heard at speaking-tube, and a knock at the door. Opening door, and receiving a pitcher of ice-water.] Thank you. I shan't want any more. [At speaking-tube.] The omnibus ready? All right. No, you needn't send up my wallet. I'll call and get it from the hotel-safes when I come down. So much obliged to you for taking such good care of it. Ha! ha! Yes, I am quite forgetful at times. Good-bye. [At door, R. C.] Claire, are you nearly ready? [Rapping impatiently.] Hurry up; it is an age since I saw you. To speak more precisely [consulting his watch on walking up centre of stage], a Very Bad Quarter of an Hour.

CURTAIN.
—Harper's Weekly.

THE RUN ON THE BANK.

How it was Stopped by Lion-Tamer Philippini.

There was a run on the Sandhill and District Bank. It had lasted the whole of one day and had showed no signs of abating in the evening. If it lasted another day—old Mr. Bradshaw wiped his brow. It was no use talking to his son Dick, for he took no interest in business and had spent the day in a boat with the Flirtington girls; still Mr. Bradshaw was bound to talk to some one.

"We shall have to put the shutters up. One day's grace would save us, I believe; we could get the money then. But if they're at us again to-morrow morning, we can't last two hours."

Dick sympathized, but had nothing to suggest, except that it would not make matters worse if he carried out his engagement to go to the circus with the Flirtington girls.

"Oh, go to Hong Kong with the Flirtington girls, if you like," groaned Mr. Bradshaw.

So Dick went—to the circus (the other expedition, as he observed, would keep), and enjoyed the performance very much, especially the lion-taming, which was magnificent, and so impressed Dick that he deserted his companions, went behind the scenes, and insisted on standing Signor Philippini several glasses.

"Is that big chap quite safe?" he asked, admiringly.

"I can do anything with 'im," said the signor (whose English was naturally defective); "but with any one else 'e's a roarer, 'e is, and no mistake."

After the performance, Dick took the Flirtington girls home; then, with a thoughtful look on his face, he went and had some talk with his father, and came away, carefully placing a roll of notes in his breast-pocket. Then he sought Signor Philippini's society once more. And that is all that is really known about it—if, that is, we discard the obviously fanciful statement of Fanny Flirtington that, as she was gazing at the moon about two A. M., she saw a heavy wagon, drawn by two horses

and driven by Signor Philippini, pass along the street in the direction of the bank. She must have been wrong; for Philippini, by the evidence of his signora—whose name, notwithstanding that Philippini's morals were perfectly correct, was Mrs. Buggins—went to bed at half-past eleven o'clock, and snored all night.

However these things may be, this is what happened next morning. When the first of the depositors arrived at seven A. M., they found one of the windows of the bank smashed to pieces and the shutter hanging loose. A cry went up that there had been a robbery, and one or two men began to climb in. They did not get far before a fearful roar proceeded from the neighborhood of the counter. They looked at one another, and said it would be more regular to wait for the officials. The roars continued. They sent for Mr. Bradshaw. Hardly had he arrived (accompanied by Dick, breathless and in shirt-sleeves) before the backmost rows of the now considerable crowd became agitated with a new sensation. The news spread rapidly. Frantic men ran to and fro; several ladies fainted; the circus proprietor was sent for. A lion had escaped from the menagerie, and was supposed to be at large in the town.

"Send for Philippini!" cried the proprietor. They did so. Philippini had started early for a picnic in the country, and would not return till just before the performance in the evening. The proprietor was in despair.

"Where's the beast gone to?" he cried.

A roar from the bank answered his question.

"Well, I'm blowed if he's not in the bank!" exclaimed the proprietor.

It certainly appeared to be the fact that Atlas (that was the lion's name) had taken refuge in the bank and was in full possession of the premises and assets. Under these circumstances there was, Mr. Bradshaw explained, a difficulty in resuming cash payments; but if his checks would be accepted—The crowd roared almost as loud as Atlas at such an idea. Something must be done. They sent for the mayor; he repudiated liability. They sent for the fire brigade and the life-boat crew; neither would come. They got guns and peppered the furniture. Atlas retired behind the fire-proof safe and roared worse than ever. Meanwhile the precious hours were passing. Mr. Bradshaw's money was also on its way from London. At last Dick took a noble resolution.

"I will go in at any cost," he cried; and, in spite of Fanny Flirtington's tears, he scaled the window and disappeared from view. The crowd waited to hear Atlas screeching; but he only roared. When Dick was inside, he paused and asked in a low voice: "Is he chained?"

"Yes," answered Signor Philippini from behind the safe. "Is the Aunt Sally business over?" and he came out with a long pole in his hand. He used the pole to stir poor Atlas up when the roars became deficient in quantity or quality.

"The money ought to be here in three hours," said Dick. "Have you got the back-door key?"

Philippini reassured him. Then Dick took a wild running leap at the window; Philippini stirred up Atlas, who roared lustily. Dick escaped with his life and landed a breathless heap at the mayor's feet. The mayor raised him and said he should write to her majesty and suggest that Dick would be a proper recipient of the Albert Medal, and the vicar (who had no money in the bank) indignantly asked the crowd if they could not trust a family which produced scions like that. Several people cried, "Hear, hear!" and told Mr. Bradshaw that they never really meant to withdraw their deposits. Mr. Bradshaw thanked them and looked at his watch.

At half-past three, Philippini ran up; he was breathless, and his shoes were dusty from walking in the country. At once he effected an entry, amid a scene of great excitement. A moment later, he appeared at the window and cried, in a terror-stricken voice:

"I can't 'old 'im! I can't 'old 'im! He's mad! Look out for yourselves!" and he leaped from the window.

The crowd fled in all directions, and two boys were all but run over by a cart which was being driven rapidly from the railway station to the bank.

"All right," said Dick to the signor; "bring up the wagon." And then, with great difficulty and consummate courage, the signor and Dick brought an iron cage up to the window and drove Atlas in. The operation took more than an hour, because they had to feed Atlas and drink a bottle of champagne themselves before they set about it. So that it was six o'clock before Atlas was out and the money was in and the Sandhill and District Bank opened its doors for business.

"We gained just the time we needed," said Mr. Bradshaw. "It was dirt-cheap at fifty pounds!"

And Dick, although he did not get the Albert Medal, was taken into partnership and married Fanny Flirtington. It was the only way of preventing her seeing things she was not meant to see out of the window at two A. M., and chattering about them in public.—*St. James's Gazette.*

It is a fact worth knowing that, as a household remedy, for children and adults, Ayer's Pills are invaluable.

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A process that kills the taste of cod-liver oil has done good service—but the process that both kills the taste and effects partial digestion has done much more.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Among Judge E. Rockwood Hoar's dislikes was one for Wendell Phillips. They say that on the day the great orator's remains were borne to the tomb, some one met the judge, and inquired: "Aren't you going to the funeral?" "No," was the reply; "but I approve of it."

Stephen A. Douglas on one occasion was able to give utterance to a historical retort. After some one had been assailing him in the Senate by the most severe personal denunciation, Douglas arose in his seat and said: "What no gentleman should say, no gentleman need answer."

Charles Lamb's dear old bookish friend George Dyer, could never be got to say an ill word, even of the vilest miscreant. "Come now, George," said Lamb one day, on teasing intent, "what do you say of Williams?" (Williams was the Ratcliff Highway murderer, the Jack the Ripper of his day, celebrated in De Quincey's "Murder as a Fine Art.") "Well, Mr. Lamb," replied Dyer, "I must admit he was a somewhat eccentric character."

At a recent club-dinner in Boston (says the *Harvard Lampoon*), a visitor from Rhode Island had occasion to refer in his speech to "Demostheens," as he pronounced it. "Demosthenes," corrected the toast-master. "In our State," said the Rhode Islander, firmly, who knew good wine when he tasted it, "we say Demostheens." "You're very wise," retorted the toast-master; "your State couldn't accommodate the extra syllable."

The other day, two Chinese damsels invaded the San Francisco *Chronicle* building. They rode up and down the elevator, visiting the different floors, opening the doors of several offices, apparently for no other purpose than to see what was inside, meanwhile all the time jabbering and laughing, as if they were very much amused. When asked whom they were looking for, one of them answered: "We no look for anybody—we all the same slumming."

At a recent conference in England on technical education in villages, one speaker, referring to the prevalent ignorance about common things, said that he once saw a laborer digging flints in the chalk, and asked him if he thought they grew. "No," was the reply; "I don't think about it—I know they do." "Then place a flint on your chimney-piece, and see how much it grows in a twelvemonth." "All right, sir, and do you do the same with a tater, and see how much that grows."

Bartlett dislikes churches and lets ministers severely alone. The other day, Bartlett took his six-months-old baby to church to have it christened. Next day, old Mrs. Gadder met Bartlett on the street and spoke to him about it. "Why, Mr. Bartlett, I'm so glad to welcome you to the church. Have you seen the error of your ways?" "No, ma'am," replied Bartlett. "Then why did you take your baby to the church?" Bartlett looked out of the corner of his eye at the sharp-nosed gossip, and answered: "Simply for the name of the thing."

At one of the New York music-halls (says *Vogue*), a hard-faced variety actor came on near the end of the bill, the other night, and proceeded to tell stories and jokes that were meant to be side-splitting. The audience failed to see any point in them, and did not laugh once. As a matter of fact, the auditors yawned and a few left. The actor was plainly disturbed, but undaunted. He kept on. So did the audience—yawning. Finally he saw that everything was falling flat, and walking down to the footlights, he said, in a sympathetic tone: "Ladies and gentlemen, I hope I am not keeping you up."

We print this to show the latest form of theatrical advertising: The crushing business done by Mr. ——— and his company the last month is illustrated in an incident narrated by Mr. ———, of the ——— theatre. A day or two ago, there came a violent ringing at the theatre telephone, and then the following conversation ensued: "Voice—" Is this the ——— theatre?" "Yes; this is the ———." "Well, I am Mr. Dubois." "Ab, yes; what can we do for you, Mr. Dubois?" "I want you kindly to reserve two standing-room places for me to-night, and let them be together, please." Mr. ——— is now performing at the ——— theatre in this city.

Here are some newspaper stories told at a dinner given at the Gridiron Club, of Washington, recently: A telegram was once received at the office of the New York *Herald* from James Gordon Bennett: "There is something in the air. Can you get it?" The well-known editor of an Ohio paper sent this message: "Things dull here. Can you send us a sensation based on facts?" In response the Washington representative wired back: "No trouble about the sensation. Send facts at once." Another incident was the case of one of the society correspondents, who, during the last administration, received an unexpected telegram from one of her

papers on Christmas Day: "Send five hundred words on how Mrs. Cleveland took her Christmas turkey." Flashed back on the spur of the moment went the answer: "Can do it in fewer words than that. Mrs. Cleveland took her turkey as Cleopatra did her pearl—swallowed it."

Two Americans (says an exchange), who were dining at tables in front of a café in Paris, near the Seine, noticed high up on the front wall of a building a red mark, and underneath it this inscription: "Inundation of 1875. High-water mark." "Come! Come!" said one of the Americans to the restaurant-keeper; "you don't expect us to believe that the river ever rose as high as that!" "Oh, no," said the proprietor, blandly; "it only came up to here." He made a sort of scratch with his thumb-nail down near the ground. "But, you see, when the mark was down there, the children rubbed it out so continually that we had to put it up there out of their reach."

The following story in the *Christian Leader*, told of Hosea Ballou by his son, the late Rev. Massena Ballou, shows how a wise driver will regulate his speed by the quality of his horse: Father and son were in the same vehicle, bound for a religious meeting to be held at some distance from their home, at the time in Barnard, Vt. The father was apparently in no hurry, and permitted the horse to move on at an easy trot. The son, growing fearful lest the place of meeting would not be reached in season, said to his father, in a somewhat anxious tone: "Father, do you think we shall get there in season?" The answer was: "Yes, Massena, if we don't hurry." The son "saw the point."

The following anecdotes were related recently by a prominent rabbi in a lecture on Jewish humor: One of the many Hebrew apophoregms that had been preserved, referred to the creation of woman. The Emperor Hadrian was described as conversing with a rabbi on various religious questions. With the object of casting ridicule on the Bible, Hadrian exclaimed: "Why, your God is represented therein as a thief, for He surprised Adam in his sleep and robbed him of one of his ribs." The rabbi's daughter, who was present, craved permission to reply, and when her request was granted, she said: "Let me implore thee imperial protection. A great outrage has been inflicted upon us." "What has happened?" asked the emperor. She answered: "In the darkness of night an audacious thief broke into our house. He took a silver flagon from our chest of plate, and left a golden one in its place." "Would that such a robber would visit my palace every day!" said Hadrian. "And was not the Creator such a thief as this?" retorted the girl, "for he stole from Adam a rib, and in lieu thereof gave unto him a living, lovely wife."—Heine called himself one of the first men of the century; he was born on the eve of new-year's day, 1800. He came into conflict with the religion of his race, not from conviction, but because, as he said, "a certificate of baptism was then the only card of admission to the charmed circle of European culture." Yet he was always proud to have sprung from Judea. Speaking of his inability to acquire proficiency in the Hebrew tongue, he said: "I could never get on so far in Hebrew as my watch, which, by much familiar intercourse with pawn-brokers, has contracted many Jewish habits; it will never go on Saturday." Among his many shrewd comments upon French politics, was one which was not inappropriate to the present crisis. He said: "In other countries, when a man is dissatisfied with his government, he emigrates; in France, he requires the government to emigrate."—"Death is the best physician," said a Hebrew patient to his too assiduous medical man. "Why?" inquired the doctor. "Because he pays only one visit." On the stock exchange, the following dialogue was heard: "Mr. Moses, what would you advise me to buy to-day?" "What a question! I should recommend you to buy some thermometers. They are very low to-day, and are sure to rise in time."

Medical Testimony.

W. Thornton Parker, M. D., Recorder, Association of Acting Assistant Surgeons of the United States Army, writes:

"When at Stuttgart, Germany, during the winter of 1881-82, I was suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, which seemed to threaten pneumonia. I met, at the Hotel Marguardt, Commander Beardslee, of the United States Navy. In speaking of my sickness, he remarked: 'Doctor, you can cure that chest trouble of yours by using an Alcock's Plaster.' 'That may be true,' I answered, 'but where can I get the plaster?' 'Anywhere in the civilized world, and surely here in Stuttgart. Whenever I have a cold, I always use one and find relief.' I sent to the drug store for the plaster, and it did all that my friend had promised. Ever since then I have used it whenever suffering from a cold, and I have many times prescribed it for patients."

"The ALCOCK'S PLASTER is the best to be had, and has saved many from severe illness, and undoubtedly, if used promptly, will save many valuable lives. Whenever one has a severe cold, they should put on an ALCOCK'S PLASTER as soon as possible. It should be placed across the chest, the upper margin just below the neck; some hot beef tea, or milk, will aid in the treatment."

"This is not a patent remedy in the objectionable sense of that term, but a standard preparation of value. The government supplies for the U. S. Army and Indian Hospital Stores contain ALCOCK'S PLASTER, and the medical profession throughout the world are well aware of their reliability and excellence. I shall always recommend it, not only to break up colds, but as useful in allaying pains in the chest and in the back. It is a preparation worthy of general confidence."

—GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER STREET, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12:15, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Week Days 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor, Toloma, Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations. 6:10 P. M. Daily	10:25 A. M. Mondays (Wk Days except Monday) 12:15 P. M. 6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	6:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Toloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00. Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Guadalupe Point, Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Feb. 6th, SS. Acapulco; Feb. 15th, SS. San Juan; Feb. 25th, SS. City of New York.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco at noon on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—Feb. 3d, SS. San Jose; Feb. 18th, SS. City of Panama.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and Hongkong for East India Straits, etc. City of Peking.....Saturday, February 4, at 3 P. M. China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 3 P. M. Peru.....Saturday, March 4, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro.....Thursday, March 23, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893. Belgic.....Thursday, February 23
Oceanic.....Tuesday, March 14
Gaelic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, April 4
Belgie.....Thursday, May 4

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers. Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Britannic.....February 15th
Teutonic.....February 22nd
Germanic.....March 1st
Majestic.....March 8th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steamer tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Jan. 27, Feb. and March 10, 24, April 16, 30.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.....	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.....	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.....	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento, Liver Steamer.....	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.....	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.....	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Sacramento, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

† 11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	† 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	* 10:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6:10 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.....	† 7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

To reach the people and to hold before them your name and business in honest advertisements. Promises not kept, or to speak more plainly, dishonest advertisements, not only injure the advertiser's business, but also the paper which contains them.—Inland Printer.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and Sausalito: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M. Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M. From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M. From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M. Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litter Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Peta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Winter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Ukiah, Hydenville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$2.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.



To a person who does not speak German, the Liliputians' performance of "Candy" can not be said to be a bewilderingly entertaining show. Perhaps even if one did speak German, there would be times when the high-pitched chatter of these funny little people became rather wearisome.

There is a good deal of "Candy," and, like the other kind one buys for so much the pound, too much of it is rather cloying. The managers of the Liliputians, cognizant of the fact that the performance of their small-sized troupe may become monotonous, have introduced quite a good deal of ballet and some pretty electric light effects. These, mixed in with the story of "Candy" and diversified by songs, make up a two and a half hours' entertainment which may amuse those who, as Hood expressed it, "know the lingo," but is rather wearing to those who do not.

"Candy" is of the mixed candy variety—forty cents a pound. There is a little bit of every sort of bonbon in it. There are German songs, and English songs, and songs of German and English mixed. There is the sextet from "Lucia" and "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay." There are a good many ballets and a prize fight; there are a fairy grotto and the deck of a ship. There are a fire company and a brass band. And there, once more, are our old, familiar, unescapable Amazons.

These dear girls appear to be unable to tear themselves away from us. Play after play is put on at the Baldwin, at the Grand Opera House, at the California, at the Tivoli, and, sure enough, some time between the end of the first act and the beginning of the fourth, there will be a fanfare of trumpets, and in will march the female hosts, with their tall spears and their brass helmets. The Amazons of "Candy" are all about six feet high, and, with their helmets on, can hardly get in at the door of entrance. The two leaders are giantesses—large, and majestic, and with unsmiling, Teutonic faces. They look like some of those mighty heroines of Wagner, and they have an air of solemnity which is very unusual upon the countenance of an Amazon, whose radiant smiles are, as a rule, scattered generously over the first rows in the orchestra.

Amazonian marching and ballet-dancing are getting to be a drug in the market. Evidently they stand high in public favor, or we would not get so much of them. The dancing of "Candy" is of a serious and solid kind. It is not extra fine dancing, but we have not seen any of that for so long, we have forgotten what it is like. It is about as good as the dancing in "Ali Baba," and better than the dancing in "Antiope"—an extravaganza given some years ago, wherein some lovely coryphées, attired as doves, forgot where they belonged, and created some disturbance by fluttering aimlessly back and forth across the stage in a manner which may be peculiar to doves but is not supposed to impart grace to a ballet.

What with their dancers, and their songs, and their prize-fight, the Liliputians gave a performance that approached the variety line. They even bowed to the public prejudice in favor of music-hall introductions, by having a Liliputian Lottie Collins. This little fellow was really clever. He is so small, and thin, and agile, that he looked as if he were made on whalebone and steel wires. He had a singularly, high-strung, nervous vivacity that, in its magnetic tenseness, held the attention of the audience from the moment of his first appearance. When he came in, with his thin little arms in long black gloves, the big black hat, long red skirt, lined with black, and wig of auburn curls which is the style affected by the great Miss Collins, he looked such a ridiculous, monkey-like copy of that peculiar dancer, that he made the audience laugh even before he had begun that remarkably vulgar ditty, which the little of two continents seems to find so charming.

Later on, the same little fellow created some laughter as a Swedish peasant woman. He danced again with the usual feverish, spasmodic energy. What his age is it would be impossible to guess. He looked at times like a small boy, again like a man. None of the other Liliputians had this appearance of childishness. Franz Ebert, who appears to be the star of the troop, looks as if he might be a sedate, middle-aged person. The two girls, who are quite pretty and have neat little, plump, short-waisted figures, look somewhere about twenty to twenty-five. The smaller of these is a really tiny, dainty creature, not unlike one of those large talking-dolls they make in Paris and then import to this country for the curious admiration of American children. She and Miss Minchen Becker looked as if they might be sisters.

What the story was that these little people acted, heaven knows. It was something about candy,

and "Fraulein Keetee"—who was the heroine of two mad love-affairs, inspired by her beauty in the heart of a bootblack and a newspaper-boy—was the leading lady. There was a messenger-boy who came in, and, in the desolate waste of German, now and then refreshed one's ears by using the word "messenger-boy" in good, fair English. There was also the father of "Keetee," who kept coming in and talking impressively to the two Liliputian suitors about something which sounded like "meine tochter." After thinking for some time that this was a reference to the doctor, and that "Keetee" was lying seriously ill somewhere, the listener came to the conclusion that it was his daughter he was talking about, and that, with customary German phlegm, he was refusing her hand to both of her suitors. But who knows? He may have been accepting them.

Later on, when they are discovered on a ship called the *Microscope*, all hope of attempting to discover how they got there, or why they got there, was abandoned. One accepted the scenes unquestioningly, feeling that there were a story and a motive for those who could find them; but for others, silent acquiescence and a determination not to be surprised if the next act showed the Liliputians in the moon or the bottom of the sea was the only course open. Truly it is a disadvantage to try to follow a story in an unknown tongue. It is ill work singing the songs of Zion in a strange land. One began to wish the Amazons would come back. They did not talk, and their old, accustomed smiles and military manoeuvres would be cheering after all this unintelligible talk and story.

Just when one was giving up hope of them, the Amazons appeared in all the majestic dignity of their six feet of stature, and proceeded to dance a hornpipe. They were all in green and white, and their gravity was intense. The first rows did not appear to interest them in the least, and, having executed the hornpipe—which, by the way, is one of the prettiest dances in the world—they went dancing solemnly out, while the little Liliputians clustered round the mast of the good ship *Microscope*, looking no bigger than the Noah family as found in an extra-sized Noah's ark.

There is one fact to be learned from this performance of the Liliputians, and that is that the taste for the style of theatrical exhibition that approaches the good-class variety performance grows apace. What draws best in "Candy" is the "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," the sham prize-fight, and the dancing. If the little midgets undertook to perform a reasonable "story" play, unrelieved by outside acts, no one would go to see them. The variety of one of these performances, made up of interesting odds and ends, bits of songs, pieces of character-acting, and dances, is its charm. Should one actor pall, in five minutes he will go, and another, who will surely amuse, will take his place. At a good performance of this nature, one can not be bored for long. And, at the "story" play, most people can recall long acts of weary dullness.

That the real, undisguised variety performance—where the actors, singers, and dancers will be clever, original, and painstaking, and the general tone of the performance will be much higher than formerly—is close upon us, may be seen by the tremendous popularity of farce-comedies. A good farce-comedy differs from a variety performance only by the introduction of a thread of story, which holds the songs, dances, and character-sketches together. "The City Directory" was really an exceedingly clever variety play. No one listened to or thought of the fable of the John Smiths. What amused the audience was the different songs, the burlesque sketch of the bunco-man, the dancing of the three girls dressed all in black, and the scene where the theatrical manager coached his company.

Later, in the East, they have tried to break from even the farce-comedy form. They turned the Casino, where Lillian Russell used to sing in the heyday of her brilliant beauty, into a sort of better-class music-hall. The performance being dull and vulgar and the performers being commonplace and stupid, the venture was not a wild success. But when good actors, good singers, and good dancers condescend to tread the boards in the variety entertainment, then we shall see its apotheosis. We shall have it coming to us from the East, heralded by a flourish of newspaper trumpets, with Carmencita for its head-dancer, and Lottie Collins to sing "Ta-ra-ra"; Dixie will give one or two character-sketches, and Francis Wilson will "do an act"; Mrs. Potter will recite "Ostler Joe," and, on one evening in every week, that remarkable woman, Adelina Patii, on a farewell tour of the United States, will sing "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

At the theatres during the week commencing February 6th: "The Princess of Trebizonde" by the Tivoli Company; "Candy"; "A Trip to Chinatown"; and "Siberia."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The statement that Ada Rehan paid ten thousand dollars—or any other sum—for the privilege of being the model for Montana's silver statue is denied by J. D. Whelpley, of Bozeman, Mont., who says, however, that she contributes the modest sum of three thousand dollars to the State fund as a gift to the State, in recognition of the honor done her.

Offenbach's comic opera, "The Princess of Trebizonde," will be sung at the Tivoli during the coming week, with the following cast:

Prince Casimir, George Olmi; Cabriolo, Carl Witt; Tremolmi, Ferris Hartman; Sparadrap, Edward N. Knight; Prince Raphael, Felix Salinger; Regat, Gracie Plaisted; Zanetta, Liza Annandale; Paola, Grace Vernon; Lottery Director, Edward Torpy; Broccoli, Julia Simmons; Riccardo, Mamie Gray; Francisco, Irene Mull; Carlo, Aggie Millard.

The elaborate futility of the many "exits" of our local theatres was illustrated at the California a few nights ago. During the third act of "The Old Homestead," a peculiar whistling noise startled some people in the audience, and a small panic ensued. One young man from Colorado was so badly "rattled" that he mistook a large mirror for an exit, and attempted to run through it. He shivered the mirror and cut his scalp badly. But during the excitement, it was discovered that the many boasted exits were locked, and would have been worse than useless in a real panic.

Mrs. Kendal must be contemplating another raid on America. She has been telling a London reporter that the American women are the censors of the stage in this country, that our wives and mothers go to matinees here, and on their return home, tell husbands and sons whether or not they may witness such and such a play without fear of contamination. Mrs. Kendal is a mistress of *la réclame*, but this time she has overshot the mark. By the way, she has just made her reappearance in London, after an absence of four years, in Sydney Grundy's "White Lie," and there is no announcement that she is to appear in Harry Dan's play, which was produced in Birmingham a few weeks ago. It looks as if she had tried the Dam play on the dog and it had disagreed with the dog.

The latest theatrical fad is Eleanora Duse. She may be a great actress, too, but she certainly has been "boomed" into a fad. She is a fellow-countrywoman of Salvini, Rossi, and Ristori, and comes of a theatrical family, her father and grandfather having preceded her on the stage. Her first appearance was made when she was only twelve, and she played in various traveling companies for several years, finally becoming leading lady of the Florentine Theatre in Naples. She is now thirty-two years of age, but, though she has been famous in Italy for several years, her European reputation dates back only a twelvemonth or so. In the past year she has made the *tournee* of the European capitals, and has generally been hailed with praise. Alexandre Dumas is said to have declared "it is to be regretted for French art that she is not a Frenchwoman." A leading critic in Berlin was so impressed that he deemed it necessary, in criticising her performance, to commence with a history of the drama, and had filled his allotted two columns before he reached modern Italian art, to say nothing of the Duse; report does not say whether he ever attempted to finish his criticism. She appeared in New York a few days ago in "Camille," and seems to have captured both press and public, though nobody says she is comparable to Bernhardt. William Winter says she is an actress of the emotional school—the school of Desclée and Clara Morris, "the latter of whom, in a certain strange manner, she resembles but does not equal."

New York has been having a small carnival of fun over "My Official Wife" and Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Seligman-Cutting. The *Tribune* mildly calls the play "dull," and says that Mr. Cutting "seems fitted to adorn the domestic circle, rather than the stage." The *Sun* condemns the play heartily, and goes on to say:

"The assemblage was friendly to Mr. Cutting, but not in the least disposed to regard him seriously. That would not have been possible, except in the way of resentment, for as an actor he was an absurdity. He meant to portray a military Adonis, with the attributes of a Don Juan. But the people saw a more than a six-footer in acute distress from awkwardness, whose every motion was a distortion of gesture, and whose every utterance was a futility of elocution. He was an object of ridicule from the moment when he appeared as a gallant tempter of Hélène Marie until he stabbed her to death, thus reaching the tragic climax of the play and the final outburst of merriment for the audience."

The *Times* probably gives the best account, from which we make the following extracts:

"There was a vast number of spectators—more than enough to fill every seat in the theatre—and they were dressed with awesome grandeur. A goodly majority of them—something to the consternation of Sixth Avenue—came in carriages. A third peculiarity was the clear division of the audience into two classes—those who came to see Mr. Robert L. Cutting, Jr., make 'his metropolitan debut,' and those whose interest centred in Miss Minnie Seligman. This division made some of the boxes look like pictures of club-windows stolen from *Life or Vogue*, while the others glittered with gems adorning women whose features had the clearness of outline that goes with clearness of blood. All of them, whether belonging to one class or the other, enjoyed themselves immensely. Of the play, little need be said. It remains one somewhat of 'The White Squadron.' If there could be a worse play than that naval *divertissement*, 'My Official Wife' would remind one still more strongly of that worse play. With the addition of a grain or two of intelligibility, the author might be suspected of imitating 'Fedora,' but, as it is, he safely escapes all charges of plagiarism. To laugh all the way through the amazing story is not only possible, but inevitable. In it, Mr. Robert L. Cutting, Jr., appears as an incredibly black-guard young man. The out-of-town papers have said that Mr. Cutting is a bad actor. No falser, blacker calumny was ever uttered; for to be an actor, even

a bad actor, is a rank which Mr. Cutting has not yet attained. He went through the part exactly as any one of the young men in the boxes would have done if hastily summoned to the stage. None of them, however, would have been half so big and handsome as Mr. Cutting is, nor could any of them, in all probability, have expressed a love, wrath, fear, and half a dozen other emotions by a quaint and pleasing forward motion of the scalp. This gesture, overlooked by Delsarte, is not without its merits—in a Guter drama—and marks the originality of Mr. Cutting's genius. So, too, does his method of using a naturally fine voice and his queer way of contemplating the floor while his friends 'jolly' him with frantic applause. They did this frequently last night, and every time Mr. Cutting calmly waited till it was over and then let the back of his head shake hands with his eyebrows."

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The Wilkie Ballad Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave his first ballad concert of the second series last Wednesday evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. The attendance was large and fashionable, many being present who were not able to attend the first series of afternoon concerts. The following programme was ably presented, each number receiving merited applause:

Glee, "Sigh no more, Ladies," R. J. Stevens, Mrs. Dewing, Miss Jennie Eastman, Miss Anna Miller Wood, Mr. J. C. Hughes, and Mr. Alfred Wilkie; song, "Down among the Dead Men," words by Dyer, Mr. J. C. Hughes; song, "Israel," Oliver King, Miss Anna Miller Wood; violin solo, "Romance," Hollander, Miss Florence Fletcher; ballad, "The Jolly Young Waterman," Diddin, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; song, "Because of Thee," Tours, Mrs. Mollie Melvin Dewing; duet, "Love and War," Cooke, Mr. Alfred Wilkie and Mr. J. C. Hughes; trio, "The Flower Greeting," Curschmann, Mrs. Dewing, Misses Eastman and Wood; violin solo, "Tarentelle," Lauterbach, Miss Florence Fletcher; prize madrigal, "Thine Eyes so Bright," Leslie, Mrs. Dewing, Misses Eastman and Wood; Messrs. J. C. Hughes, William C. Stadfeld, and Alfred Wilkie; Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton, accompanist.

The next concerts of the series will take place on the afternoons of February 14th and March 17th, and on Thursday evening, March 2d. As the next concert will be on St. Valentine's Day, the principal number will be Brahms' "Liebeslieder." The vocalists will be Miss Julia Newman, Miss Regina Newman, Mr. Victor Carroll, and Mr. Alfred Wilkie, and the solo pianist will be Mr. A. L. Gutterston.

The Saturday Popular Concert.

The twenty-seventh Saturday Popular Concert took place at Irving Hall last Saturday afternoon. The large hall was well filled with a musical and fashionable audience, who enjoyed the following programme:

Mendelssohn's string quartet, op. 44, No. 2, Messrs. Beel, Wismer, Janulus, and Heine; Schumann songs, Miss Gill; "Chaconne," Raif (for two pianos), Mrs. Carr and Miss Weigel; Terzetto, Dvorak, Messrs. Beel, Janulus, and Wismer.

The twenty-eighth and final "pop." of the series will take place at Irving Hall this afternoon. The programme will include a Schumann piano quintet, a Bach sonata by Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel, and Mrs. Edgar Sullman Kelley will sing "Israel," a composition by Edgar Sullman Kelley which is dedicated to Robert Franz, the great German song-writer, who shortly before his death sent Mr. Kelley his letter of acceptance and thanks.

"His Majesty."

The preparations are now all complete for the presentation, next Wednesday evening, of the comic opera "His Majesty" at the Grand Opera House. The auction sale of the choice of seats netted a large sum in premiums and showed conclusively the interest that is felt in the production and the willingness of our prominent society people to assist the San Francisco Polytechnic, which is to be the beneficiary. Several choice boxes and excellent seats remain unsold to-day, so that those who have neglected purchasing may do so, and have a splendid opportunity to witness the opera. The rehearsals have demonstrated that the participants are letter-perfect in the libretto and musically perfect in the score. The audience will be a brilliant one.

A Trip to Africa.

The Grand Opera House was crowded last Thursday evening, when the San Francisco Operatic Society produced Suppé's romantic comic opera, "A Trip to Africa," for the benefit of the furnishing fund of St. John's Episcopal Church. The presentation was quite an excellent one for amateurs, and afforded considerable pleasure to the large audience. The solos and ensemble numbers were well sung, while the costumes, scenery, and music were excellent. The exact sum realized is not known at present.

The sixth concert of the Bandurria Club will be held in Metropolitan Hall on Tuesday evening, February 7th, under the leadership of Señor José Sancho and Señor José Lombardero. The club will play selections by Juaranz, Waldteufel, Bizet, Lombardero, Branner, and Sancho. The last referred to is the "Bouquet de Fleurs," which will be given its first public production. Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher, the soprano, will sing "Younger Years," by Philip, and "Golden Morn," by Caryll, and Mr. Harry A. Melvin, the baritone, "Ideale," by Tosti, and the "Song of Hybrias the Cretan," by Elliott. In every respect, the programme will be an interesting one. Tickets may be procured from Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

Mascagni was recently asked by a newspaper interviewer if he had any special aims or views regarding the music of the future in Italy. He responded affirmatively, saying:

"I want always to be true, even to be realistic, but I want never to lose beauty. I don't know how to put it quite accurately, but I can't express myself better than by saying that I should like to do for Italian music something of what Wagner did for German. I endeavor always to portray in my music the emotion of the instant and to preserve always the ideal of Italian melody."

The college glee club of the University of California will give concerts in this city on Friday evening, February 24th, and on the following afternoon. Both

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concerts will be given under the auspices of the young people's literary association of Calvary Church.

Audran, it is said, has offered Lillian Russell the honor of creating the principal rôle in his new opera, "The White Dove."

Here are some of the things to be seen in the New York music-halls and dime-museums: a "quadrille fin-de-siècle dance"; Frank Riley, "the greatest of buck dancers"; Mlle. Texarkansas, "sand dancer"; "the Russian violinist, Princess Dolgorouki, who shows a fortune in diamonds"; a "brown Patti" and a "brown Jenny Lind"; "musical blacksmiths"; William Queen, who "hangs himself nine times a day"; Count Orloff, who is "so nearly transparent that the working of his veins and arteries can be seen"; Belle Carter, who "has a mane like a horse's growing on her neck and back"; and George, "the turtle boy."

Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew are to go to Calcutta in the fall, and will probably be seen in San Francisco just before their departure for India. They are now playing "Thérèse," a dramatization of Zola's nasty story of Thérèse Raquin, and will doubtless add to their repertory "The Crust of Society," Louise Imogen Guiney's literal translation of the "Demi-Monde" of Dumas fils, another "off-color" play.

Mrs. Blanc, a Philadelphia divorcee who has recently been sued for divorce by her New York husband, Baron F. Blanc—whence her pseudo title of "Baroness" Blanc—has made a failure of her début as an actress in New York, and now threatens to come to California on a tour. It is said that when she is freed from her present matrimonial fetters she will lead Fred Yeungling to the altar.

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The Pall Mall Gazette says of London's latest serpentine dancer, Marie Leyton:

"She appears with flowing blue-gauze drapery and tights of similar hue; after two or three seconds she seems to indulge in an attack of spontaneous combustion, for electric lamps of different colors burst into light on all parts of her—head, breast, arms, legs, and all. The effect is startling, and it thoroughly wakes up the house."

Marius, who came to America as Mrs. Bernard Beere's leading man and remained after her fiasco, is soon to take Felix Morris's place in Rosina Vokes's company.

Gertrude Evelyn Coghlan, a daughter of Charles Coghlan, has made her début on the stage in the company headed by her aunt, Rose Coghlan.

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Professor—"What is a commercial bill?" Pupil—"I don't know, sir." Professor (pensively)—"Lucky fellow!"—*Il Piccolo Illustrato*.

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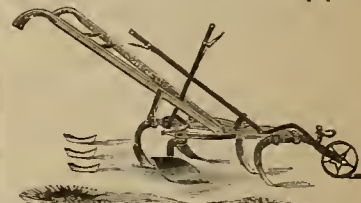
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First clerk—"There's a new baby at Simmonson's." Second clerk—"So? Type-writer or book-keeper?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

How those girls love one another; *Priscilla*—"It's too bad that we are not all rich." *Prunella*—"Yes. It's particularly unfortunate in your case."—*Truth*.

Timid youth—"Sha-shall we go and sit under the w-w-willow, Miss Ethel?" *Demure maiden*—"Why not under that pop-pop-poplar, George?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Young Nuwed is having a hard time in his venture into matrimony." "How is that?" "Neither his wife nor his servant-girl knows how to cook."—*New York Press*.

"Poor old Jobson's in hard luck." "What's be done now?" "Made a bet with his wife on the election, and now he's got to be in the house every night at nine for a year."—*Truth*.

"Neat dodge that of Hawkins, wasn't it?" "Like enough; but what did he do?" "Why, his grandmother left all her money to found a Home for Incurables, and Hawkins took to drink."—*Puck*.

Housemaid—"Oh, professor, professor, just think, I have actually swallowed a pin." Professor (looking up from his book)—"What! you've swallowed a pin? Well, here's another one for you."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Smith—"True philosophy bids us disregard petty annoyances; but, I tell you, it's pretty hard to smile at such an incident as treading on a tack." Brown—"Not if it's some one else who treads on the tack."—*Truth*.

Mrs. Binks—"Do you believe that story about a young woman swallowing a razor?" Mr. Binks—"Well, I dunno. Perhaps some one told her that razors were good for the complexion."—*New York Weekly*.

Coroner—"Is this man, whom you found dead on the railroad-track, a total stranger?" Mike (who has been told to be careful in his statement)—"No, sor. His leg was gone intoirly. He was a partial stranger, sor."—*Truth*.

Willie—"Papa, what is that big hamper for, in the box at the side of the car?" Papa—"It serves two purposes, my son—to enable the conductor to knock down fares and to help the commercial travelers to crack jokes."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

Strawber—"What's the matter, old man? You look shaky." Singlerly—"I am; I just had an interview with my dentist." Strawber—"What did he do—extract a tooth?" Singlerly—"Worse than that. He extracted twenty dollars."—*Life*.

A female lion-tamer, young and fair, beckoned to the big lion, Nero, and it came and took a piece of sugar out of her mouth. "Why, I could do that trick!" exclaimed a spectator. "What! you?" retorted the fair performer. "Certainly—just as well as the lion!"—*Revue des Sports*.

Western judge—"Why did you kill Long Jack?" Hair-Trigger Ike—"He was a bad man, y'r honor, an' it was a case o' chaw or be chawed." Judge—"Did you give him any warning before you shot him?" Hair-Trigger Ike—"Oh, yes, y'r honor. I told him to hold up his hands."—*New York Weekly*.

Proprietor—"Smith, either we'll have to stop printing an accident-insurance coupon in the *Bazoo*, or you'll have to be a little gentler with the spring poets." Editor—"Why, what's the matter?" Proprietor—"That last fellow you threw down-stairs carried one of our coupons, and he's just filed his claim for damages."—*Truth*.

Nat. Banks—"Tinker's got a new idea for a slot machine that'll make him lots of money." Kirby Stone—"What's his scheme?" Nat. Banks—"Why, it's a machine with two slots. You put a dime in one, then you put a nickel in the other and get your dime back. It works every time, and is a clean saving of five cents."—*Puck*.

Prison missionary—"Ah, you have a pet, I see." Convict—"Yes—this rat. I feeds him every day. I think more of that 'ere rat than any other livin' creature." Missionary—"Ah, in every man there's something of the angel left, if one can only find it. How came you to take such a fancy to that rat?" Convict—"He bit th' keeper."—*New York Weekly*.

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Speaking of missing-word contests, which have become so popular, here is one that does not include the gambling feature, and yet will possess sufficient interest for every intelligent observer of current events: "The tariff plank in the Democratic platform is a ———." Who can supply the missing word? Democrats are especially invited to participate in the contest.—*Rochester Democrat*.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The very probable acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States makes it interesting to note the several additions which have been made and acquired in territorial extension since the foundation of the republic. It will be observed, in every instance, that territorial acquisition has come in line with the natural spirit of wholesome progress. In no enlargement of the domain of the United States has intrigue or conspiracy received toleration at the hands of this government. On every occasion, to the contrary, the American people have displayed to the world the spirit of just observance of the rights of neighboring territories.

The purchase of the Louisiana territory, extending from

the Gulf of Mexico to the upper Mississippi and the great lakes, and westward to Mexico and the region embracing the whole territory of Oregon upon the Pacific Ocean, was accomplished by peaceful means, with adequate compensation. Following, in 1805, the United States forced Aaron Burr and Blennerhasset to cease their attempts upon Mexico. Succeeding the Louisiana purchase it was found that the possession of Florida by Spain much affected American commerce between the Atlantic and the States of the Gulf, but the United States patiently awaited the cession of Florida, by the treaty of 1819, which added to the United States that important key to the waters of the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea. In 1848 followed the acquisition of New Mexico and California by fair purchase, although the conquest of Mexico would have justified the possession of both by the United States, according to the precedents and practices of European powers. Next followed, in 1853, likewise by due purchase from Mexico, the territory comprising Arizona. Meantime the United States had concluded, in 1838, the treaty for and purchase of the Indian lands in Georgia and Alabama, by which the Cherokee and Creeks were removed to the Indian territory beyond the Mississippi, and a few years afterward similar terms were made with the Seminoles of Florida. Fair treaty and liberal price of purchase was the rule, instead of the very different examples of European powers with natives in Asia, and Africa, and all over the world—notably in India, in New Zealand, and in Africa by the English and the French. The settlement and possession of Texas—chiefly by Americans—was not encouraged or aided by the United States; nor was the final annexation of Texas entertained until years after the recognition of the independence of the Lone Star Republic. Upon the aggressive movement of Lopez and the Cuban revolutionists in the United States, to wrest that most important island from the possession of Spain, in 1851, the President of the United States made strong proclamation against the scheme, and it was not encouraged by the American people. Later attempts, of similar nature, made upon portions of Mexico and Central American States, although led or participated in by Americans, were proclaimed against by the President and condemned or disavowed by the American people. During the administration of President Pierce, fair efforts were legitimately made to acquire the Hawaiian Islands and the Island of Cuba by appropriate treaty and purchase on the part of the United States, and, in each instance, the spirit of aggression and the ingredient of force were scrupulously abstained from. On the notification of the native ruler of Hawaii that annexation to the United States was not desired, and on the declaration of Spain to surrender Cuba to the United States or to any other nation, by purchase or otherwise, the administration desisted from further endeavor in either purpose. The latest acquisition of territory by the United States was the purchase of Alaska. The offer of the Czar was at once embraced by Secretary Seward and ratified by the government. There was a subsequent effort to purchase Santo Domingo, in the West Indies, which was not concurred in by Congress, and the project was abandoned. All of these extensions of territory were in conformity to the early spirit of the American people and the unbroken record of the United States in extending the national domain and acquiring additional territory.

There is now presented to the United States the offer of the Hawaiian Provisional Government. That which the King of Hawaii rejected in 1854 is now besought by the Hawaiian people. At that time the proposition was made by the President of the United States; the proposal now comes from the qualified rulers of Hawaii. The native king, who had occupied the throne during twenty years until his very sudden death, and the high native chiefs of his island kingdom had consented to the annexation; the young king who succeeded him had rejected the annexation within two hours following his coronation. After nearly forty years, the more intelligent and substantial rulers of the kingdom ask annexation at the hands of the United States. It will be in conformity to the sentiment of the American

people, and in pursuance of wise policy by the Government of the United States, to hasten the proposed annexation.

On the fourth instant, at St. Ignatius Church, Hayes Street, this city, ceremonies were conducted that ought to have riveted the attention of the whole world. These ceremonies were in honor of St. Blaise, of whom the respectful *Examiner* gives the following information:

"St. Blaise, one of the early Christian martyrs, was Bishop of Sebaste, in Armenia, and when persecuted by Emperor Diocletian he sought refuge in a cave distant from the city. While a refugee he performed many wonderful cures, among them being that of a boy who had a bone in his throat."

In view of this bone removal St. Blaise is held by the Holy Roman Catholic Church to be good for sore throats, and he is annually called on to practice his specialty. The esteemed *Chronicle*, no less respectful than the Democratic *Examiner*, states that on the fourth instant "all of the priests connected with St. Ignatius Church and College took turns in administering the divine blessing." Thousands crowded into the sanctuary, many, it is affirmed, being Protestants whose breathing apparatus was out of order and who were anxious to try what a saint could do for them, secular science having failed to afford them relief. The application of the St. Blaise cure is thus described by the *Chronicle*:

"The reverend fathers pass along in front of the kneeling parishioners and pronounce the ritual words on each one in turn. With two lighted candles, which the priest holds on either side of the suppliant parishioner's throat, he invokes, through the intercession of St. Blaise, his or her deliverance from throat troubles during the year."

To doubt the efficacy of this remedy is, of course, to brand one's self a heretic. We have the assurance of the one true church that the ceremony described does for the ailing throat all that surgery and medicine can do, and more. That being so, as every good Catholic must believe, may one, without being guilty of treason to the faith and the incurring of deadly sin, resort to the surgeon or physician? And if prayers for the intercession of St. Blaise, accompanied by the priestly manipulation of candles, will master this class of diseases, what but impudent and superfluous deniers of revealed doctrine are the men who hang out their signs and offer for fees to cure with knife and cautery? The diseases of the throat are many and formidable. If an infallible, and at the same time accessible, easy, and economical remedy for them all has been discovered, the importance of the knowledge to the world is obviously immense. Gratitude can not be too great to the church which holds plenary power over such fatal maladies as croup and diphtheria, and that any children of Catholic parents should die from these scourges betokens either a crass indifference to the fate of their offspring or a want of faith in the pretensions of the church which must be embarrassing to our friend Archbishop Riordan and the intelligent priests of his diocese. Moreover, it is incomprehensible why any of the faithful should not prefer the St. Blaise cure to that which mere human practitioners attempt—it is so much more convenient. If you are suffering from acute laryngitis, for example, the ungodly doctor will order you to bed and confine you to a room, the atmosphere of which is made moist by steam and kept at a temperature of sixty to seventy degrees Fahrenheit. He will also impose upon you the use of warm gargles and the frequent inhalation of the vapor of hot water, containing such soothing substances as henzoine, conium, hops, and the like, and apply hot fomentations to your swollen neck. Your interior will also be visited by diaphoretics. If all this does not avail, scarification of the inflamed parts, with the aid of the laryngoscope, will be inflicted, and, as a last resort, the surgeon will perform the operation of tracheotomy—that is, cut your throat. But under the St. Blaise system you have but to kneel, confer for an instant with a priest and a candle, and, presto! you are a well man. Tumors, cancers, clergyman's sore throat (*dysphonia clericorum*), tonsillitis, and the whole family of ills that affect the inside of the human neck, flee in a jiffy before the light of that candle, even as darkness must vanish from a room at the hiding of its flame.

The proceedings at St. Ignatius, Hayes Street, San Fran-

cisco, on the fourth instant, having revealed to mankind the fact, not theretofore generally known, that the Catholic Church possesses an unfailing remedy for diseases of the throat, and that its employment is extended to Protestants in some instances, the roused world, one would think, ought to demand why the remedy is not open to all. Why did not the Pope call in St. Blaise when Emperor Frederick the Third of Germany was dying? As everybody knows, that exemplary monarch lay for many weeks suffering from chronic laryngitis, with necrosis of the laryngeal cartilages and stenosis of the larynx. Sir Morrel Mackenzie was sent for to England, and prolonged the hapless emperor's life for a little while by tracheotomy. His Holiness could not have been in ignorance of any detail of the case, for the noise of the doctors' wrangling around the death-bed filled the earth. Surely it would have been a graceful, a cousinly act had the potentate of Rome intervened with St. Blaise and saved the potentate of Berlin to his grief-stricken subjects. Are we to suppose that the circumstance of Frederick's being the heretic ruler of a heretic kingdom accounts for this cruel inactivity of His Holiness? And what must be the opinion held by the Episcopalians of the United States of the humanity of a church which refused to cross denominational lines and save the life of Bishop Philip Brooks, who died of diphtheria in Boston the other day? Since St. Blaise himself has no objection to accepting Protestants as patients—as was shown by the presence of kneeling heretics at the altar of St. Ignatius, Hayes Street, San Francisco, on the fourth instant—the inference is irresistible that the church, less liberal than the translated old-timer of the Diocletian era, is to blame for the withholding of life and health from the distinguished heretics whom we have mentioned. Can the church, can Archbishop Riordan, square such hard-hearted conduct with conscience? Is not refusal to prevent a death, homicide by assent, and, therefore, next door to murder? The church that owns a curative agent like St. Blaise is not only to be congratulated on its stupendous good fortune, but also reminded of the fearful responsibilities which go with the possession of such a therapeutical treasure. From the discharge of this duty the *Argonaut* does not shrink now, nor will it hereafter. Every death that occurs from a throat affection in this diocese must, in logic and justice, be laid at the door of Archbishop Riordan.

Correspondents at Washington say that the President is about to revoke the Treasury orders under which goods are carried in bond from San Francisco to Eastern points over the Canadian Pacific. As the correspondents generally agree that this is the case, the story is probably false. One of the fatalities of a Washington correspondent is a congenital incapacity to tell the truth.

Mr. Harrison is marking the close of his term by more independence of thought and action than he displayed at first. As Mr. Clarkson observes with grief, he is becoming his own man. In the course of his reassertion of himself, he can not fail to observe that there are two sides to the question of the intervention of the Canadian Pacific in transcontinental traffic. It seems hard on American carriers that they should have to compete with a rival which is subsidized by two governments and is rather a strategical than a commercial railroad; but would it not be even harder on American shippers if they were debarred from the advantage of Canadian competition by a refusal of the government to let freight pass over the Canadian road in bond? In these questions the interests of all sides must be considered. Government can not afford to shape its policy for the benefit of one side only. As matters stand, a San Francisco shipper can find a man in Montgomery Street who will make him a rate for carrying beans or honey to Chicago via Vancouver and Manitoba as low as he can get over the Central Pacific via Ogden and Omaha. The Southern Pacific's rate is, in fact, made by the Canadian, and the San Francisco shipper gets the benefit. Is it good policy to take away that benefit by stopping Canadian competition and leaving the shipper to the tender mercy of the American Transcontinental Pool?

The influences which have been working at Washington for several years to stop the transit of goods through Canada have claimed to be actuated by patriotic impulse; they appealed to the Treasury not to allow the foreigner to step in and take the bread out of the mouths of American carriers. But how about American shippers? Have they no mouths to be filled with bread? When the Canadian Pacific began business, it sought to be admitted as a member of the Transcontinental Pool. Its request was denied on the ground that it could not become a serious competitor in the freight market. It made war, and soon showed that it could become a very serious competitor indeed. The American lines took it into the pool, allowed it twelve and one-half per cent. of the earnings, and raised the rates on two or three classes of freight in order to provide this subsidy to the rival. But though they admitted it as a partner, the

American companies never ceased to seek the revocation of its bonding privilege.

Time was when trade was regulated from a short-sighted view of patriotism. England refused to permit wool to be exported in order to prevent Antwerp and Florence from making woolen cloth. Spain prohibited the importation of French manufactures on the ground that the peninsula was depleted of coin to pay for them. Genoa destroyed the Venetian navy in order to monopolize the carrying trade of the Mediterranean. Modern opinion does not justify such arbitrary interference with commerce. If it pays to ship the products of California to Illinois by way of Vancouver and Manitoba, the executive at Washington would travel out of its province if it undertook to stop the traffic, or if it hesitated to smooth the way by suspending the arbitrary restrictions on trade imposed by the customs laws.

Trade, if let alone, will follow the lines of least resistance. It will take the shortest lines, the lowest grades, and the smoothest routes. It will go by water in preference to going by land, because water transportation is cheapest. It will prefer a straight to a curved line. It will travel through a country which is occupied rather than through one which is empty, because way traffic is a useful adjunct to through traffic. For these reasons, it is unlikely that the Canadian Pacific can be an abiding competitor for transcontinental traffic between points in California and points in Illinois or New York. If it attempts to grab a share of it, by violating the laws of trade and doing business at a loss, it must sooner or later come to grief, and the Canadian Government can not undertake to defray its losses without committing an act of hostility to the country, which sooner or later would provoke reprisals. If, therefore, things are let alone, the transcontinental traffic will naturally drift into the hands of the American lines, and that portion which the Canadian enterprise has secured by doing violence to logical principles will return where it belongs. But any attempt to harry out the Canadian line by depriving it of the bonding privilege would not only indicate an unbecoming fear of its competition, but would retard the operation of natural laws.

The newest reform proposed by that large class of persons whose chief pleasure in life is to worry about the conduct of other people, is to make the elopement of husbands and wives with other wives and husbands a penal offense. The New York *Sun*, always foremost in good works, is receiving communications on the subject. It is one to which the myriad old maids of New England naturally give their pens with energy, and a pleasing sense of moral elevation. One correspondent wants amorous delinquents sent to the penitentiary. "Hundreds of thousands of homes are ruined," the writer says, "husbands and wives dishonored, and children disgraced by men and women" who holt with one another in contempt of the Seventh Commandment. "What objection," it is asked, "can be offered to such a law? What woman, wife, or mother would say a word against it?"

Several objections can be offered to such a law, and it is reasonable to surmise that wives and mothers, who have eloped from the hundreds of thousands of ruined homes mentioned, will not be found among its advocates. A sound legal objection is that the crime to cover which a new statute is demanded is already recognized in most of the States by the laws providing penalties for adultery. These laws vary, it is true, both in definition of the offense and in the punishment, and the variations are curiously significant of the influence which geography has on moral ideas. In California, a married and an unmarried person who offend are subject individually to a fine of one thousand dollars, or a year in jail, or both, as misdemeanants; when each has deserted a lawful partner, cohabitation is a felony, involving five years in State Prison. But in both cases the parties must live together "openly and notoriously, as if the relation of husband and wife existed." Alabama, Georgia, Indiana, Mississippi, Montana, North Carolina, Ohio, South Carolina, Texas, Colorado, Florida, Illinois, Missouri, and Washington also require continued cohabitation and notoriety. In Arkansas, Nevada, and New York the crime is punishable only when incestuous. Arizona is sufficiently fastidious to class divorced couples in the same category with near relatives. Delaware, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Idaho take no criminal cognizance of adultery. Maryland imposes a fine of ten dollars, and the punishment ranges all the way from that modest tip to justice up to our own one thousand dollars and five years' confinement. It will be seen that adulterous elopers, unless they choose to immerse themselves in Delaware, Louisiana, Tennessee, or Idaho, are now in as great danger of going to jail as they would be were the *Sun's* reformers to secure the new law they desire—and that danger would be next to nothing. It is very rarely, indeed, that the statutes against adultery are enforced. Practically, therefore, they have no influence on conduct. That they are inoperative is due to the common sense of the people, which perceives that legislation is

nearly always impotent when it approaches the domain of the private relations of men and women. The statutes are merely a moral protest against sin, recorded for form's sake, in compliance with custom. Divorce is given those who personally suffer from the infidelity of husbands and wives. For the rest, the wicked are left to the pangs of reflection and the misery of social ostracism when discovery comes. On the whole, the chances are not good for the *Sun's* crusade. Few men worth considering will interest themselves in it, since those who desire to have the law substitute itself for the marital shot-gun in certain contingencies are not plentiful in the United States, nor held in high popular esteem. Women with whom any Don Juan, married or single, would care to elope can be counted on to ignore scornfully those of their sex who clamor for State legislatures to erect palisades for the protection of female virtue. It is owing to the opinion of women, as well as that of men, that the laws against adultery remain dead. Wives with self-respect are not in need of their terrors, and the wife whose bold on her husband's fidelity is his dread of the jail confesses a want of power to charm that not one woman in a million would admit and refrain from suicide. Should the anti-elopement-law propaganda make headway, however, we may depend upon a rally of the strong-minded in opposition. Belligerent ladies, who accept the modern theory of the equality of the sexes, would view the movement as a new form of the old and odious notion that men, who alone enjoy the privilege of making the laws, have a right to hedge woman about with restrictions. The advanced doctrine, as preached from the rostrum of the lecturer and in the petticoated portion of the press, is that a woman, whether married or not, owns herself, and has a natural, indefeasible title to her person. Hence, if she chooses to elope, it is her private business, into which no statute can be permitted to poke its impertinent nose. As for the wife whose appropriated husband is a necessary incident of this act of independence, the self-owner regards her as an undeveloped, commonplace creature not worth the consideration of a powerful and emancipated intellect. If there be those who deem this outline of the advanced female a caricature, we commend to them a perusal of her contributions to the Eastern press when any aspect of the perennial "social problem" may be under discussion. This scheme for more useless legislation to huttress the most difficult of the Commandments will, of course, engage the sympathetic interest of that order of minds which attach magical attributes to statutes, which still believe that morality is mainly an outward influence and not an inward force, and which favor the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday.

The number of deaths among millionaires during the past few months must have struck even the careless observer. Most of these dead millionaires, too, had not reached the biblical age of threescore and ten. One would think that with great wealth would come the power to purchase such skillful cooks and doctors—we put cooks first advisedly—that millionaires' lives would be prolonged far beyond seventy. Not so—they do not live as long as paupers.

One of the features of the census of 1890, which attracted attention and created surprise, was the revelation that nearly every State in the Union contained one or more centenarians. But there were no millionaire centenarians. Few people know or have ever known a person of the age of a hundred years or over. Centenarians are regarded as freaks, whose proper place is in a museum. People who reach the age of ninety and over are rare; but those who exceed that antiquity by ten years are so very rare that the first impulse of those who are told of them is to inquire for the evidence of their birth.

It seems, however, that they are not so scarce as is imagined. In England, during the last seven years, there have been collected the names of two hundred and sixty-five persons who have died or were found living in England at one hundred years of age or over. The list for 1892 comprises forty-five persons, twenty-three women and twenty-two men. It is observed that a majority of these centenarians were inmates of work-houses. A few were aged persons who were dependent on their relatives, and had presumably ceased to take an active interest in the affairs of life. But most of them were residents of charitable institutions, to which they had been consigned to end their days in quiet. Both classes were exempt from the mental and bodily friction which is the chief destroyer of life. They had stepped out of their place in the world's machine when their functions became impaired, and from that time had concerned themselves about nothing but their food and their sleep. They had resumed life where they first made its acquaintance, in the cellular condition. They had become, as it were, human vegetables, having no pains, no cares, no sorrows, no joys, no anxieties, no worries. Existence for them was divided at regular intervals between meals, a slow digestion like hibernating, and a long sleepful rest in bed. Such persons have

every reason to live long. Doctors tell us that the gradual break up of the organic system which ends in death is accelerated by emotions which agitate the nerves, and require the muscles to hold themselves in readiness for action. The thickening of the tissues, and the decay of the organs which impairs their capacity to discharge their functions, are retarded by quiet and stillness. If it were possible to obtain absolute rest, and to relieve the stomach from the labor of receiving and assimilating food, life would undoubtedly be longer than it is.

Whether the list of centenarians reported in the census is reliable or not, may be a question. In England, where the birth records have been accurately kept for a long period of years, and people, as a rule, die where they were born, it may be possible to obtain legal evidence of the age of a very old person. In this country such evidence is rarely attainable. How many people in San Francisco could produce a birth certificate? Thus statisticians are forced to rely on parole evidence to prove age, and that is notoriously unreliable. Memory is impaired by age. Very old persons confound the things they heard of in their youth with the things they saw. Old negroes are constantly turning up who "saw George Washington," when, in fact, they only heard of him in their childhood from old persons who had seen him. Just so in France; numbers of old women "saw" the guillotine at work in the Reign of Terror, the truth being that when they were children they heard so much about those dreadful times that they came to fancy they had lived through them. In old age, it is often difficult to distinguish fancies from facts. Old people pore over an exciting story of past times until they sometimes delude themselves into the idea that they were witnesses of the scenes that have become so familiar to them. We believe it is Clark Russell who tells a story of a sailor who had heard so many yarns and repeated them so often about the buccaneers of the Spanish Main that, after a time, he persuaded himself he had been a buccaneer, and, had the deaths of scores of victims on his guilty soul.

It is quite unsafe to rely on the testimony of old men or women as to their being over a hundred years of age unless it is corroborated. They may not intend to deceive; they unintentionally fancy they are older than they are. There are a few well-authenticated cases of centenarians, and therefore it is impossible to say that this or that very old person can not have been eight or ten years of age when the nineteenth century began; but the assertion that he is, requires to be strongly reinforced by evidence.

That men and women live longer than they did is a proposition which requires no evidence at all. Since M. Flourens published his famous book on longevity, confirmation of his views has come from many sources. It must be remembered that the biblical term of threescore years and ten was set at a period when medical science was not even in its cradle; it did not exist. Even in the eighteenth century, the great bulk of the diseases of which people died had not been classified, and were treated empirically by physicians who were ignorant of their causes and their very name. To this day we hear skilled practitioners using such barbarous phrases as "howel complaint," "neuralgia," and "rheumatism," which are mere words meaning nothing, and simply implying that a patient is suffering from a disorder which his doctor is unable to understand. Within the past fifty or seventy-five years, progress has been made. More diseases have been classified and considered in a therapeutic aspect in that short period than were known, all told, to Dr. Buchan.

It stands to reason that the cure of these diseases, which has been rendered possible by the progress of medical science, must have tended to prolong life. It is only a little more than sixty years since Dr. Bright revolutionized the pathology of kidney disease. Before his time, after it had reached a certain stage, it was as incurable as cancer. Now a skillful physician will have a large percentage of recovery. This represents a prolongation of life for millions of invalids. So with diseases of the respiratory organs. The proportion of cures to cases is growing every year. If, when an attack of these diseases was equivalent to a sentence of death—owing to the ignorance of physicians—the average limit of life was seventy years, it is surely not unreasonable to assume that it may be eighty, when the bulk of such cases are cured.

There are physiological reasons, derived from the genesis of man, why the human race can not hope for a longevity of a hundred years or so. After eighty-five, even with the most skillful medical treatment, so many of the organs become unfitted for their purpose, through the weakening or thickening of the tissues, that, in a majority of cases, the advanced octogenarian or the nonagenarian is already half dead, and the prolongation of his life is sorrow and travail. But there appears to be no reason why people who take care of themselves should not live to be eighty.

One hundred and twenty San Francisco firms, comprising nearly all the houses engaged in iron and steel manufacture,

and in manufactures connected therewith, have signed a petition to Congress praying for the repeal of the duty on scrap-iron and coal. The petitioners are to some degree handicapped by the obvious selfishness of their demand. They want free coal and free iron, in order to make money; Pennsylvania wants to keep the duty of forty-five per cent. on scrap-iron and seventy-five cents a ton on coal, also to make money; why should Congress favor the one rather than the other? The duty on scrap-iron bears heavily on this coast, because we have no native iron, and it costs about as much as the iron is worth to get it from the East. Nearly the whole income derived from the duty on coal is paid by this coast; the imports at Eastern ports of British and Canadian coal being trifling. But the duties on iron and coal were laid for the purpose of enabling the iron and coal-miners of Pennsylvania to grow rich. California has been willing to pay the duty, although it bore hardly on her, because she believed in protection and in the greatest good of the greatest number. But now that the Democrats have come into power, with their anti-protection theories, there is no reason why California should any longer indulge in these altruistic and unselfish ideas about other communities. She wants free coal and iron, and she ought to have them. But will she get them? We do not think so. The "pull" of the Pennsylvania coal barons will fix the Democratic representatives—California will go to the wall, as she always does. In fact, nothing frank and honest need be expected from the Democratic party; the cry of "free trade" which carried that party into power will amount to nothing. We may expect no free coal, no free iron, and no free trade.

The death of Algernon Sartoris is the close of a domestic drama over which many a tear has been shed. Twenty-one years have passed since Nellie Grant, the daughter of the President and the pet of the social world, threw her heart away upon an English lout, who had not even the advantage of high birth to compensate for ill-breeding and low habits. She was seventeen—a simple, sweet, affectionate little thing, not very bright, and just a trifle spoiled by the attention which her position commanded. He was Fanny Kemble's nephew, a member of a county family of means, but one who had acquired most of his education in barracks and in the hunting-field. Sartoris was not gentleman enough to conceal the condescension with which he took a President's daughter to his hulking arms. With his characteristic prescience, the general regarded the sacrifice as one more disappointment which he had to hear.

For twenty years that simple gentlewoman has been the slave and victim of her brutal lord. She had four children, and it was by threats of taking them from her that he ruled her. To do his family justice, his father and mother took his wife's part in the quarrel. But except the estate on which they lived, they had little property; the son had managed to get hold of most of the personal property, and had wasted it at the gambling-table or on the turf. For the bulk of the money required to clothe and educate her children, Mrs. Sartoris was indebted to her own family. She was too proud to sue for a divorce.

General Grant was once heard to say, in his homely fashion: "I wish my Nellie could have seen her way to marry an American. No matter how poor he might have been, I would have preferred him to a foreigner." The wise old man, without having had much actual contact with the social world, had an intuitive perception of the incongruity of mixed marriages. He understood that those marriages are happiest in which the parties are kin in social standing, in race, and in religion. Now and then the American wife of a foreign husband makes a lucky hit—like Lady Randolph Churchill or the Princess Colonna; but these are the exceptions which prove the rule. Say what they may, Englishmen of title look down upon Americans, and, when they throw the handkerchief to an American heiress, they take care to let her feel that she is greatly honored. "It is astonishing," said old Lady Kew, "what efforts common people will make to ally themselves with persons of family." That is precisely the feeling which Englishmen entertain when American girls stalk them from hall-room to watering-place.

The people of California will shortly have an opportunity of expressing their approval of an act, at present under consideration in the legislature, not only beneficial to the State at large, but an economical business proposition. It needs no sentimental appeal to the public for its passage, but is a plain, unvarnished statement of figures and facts for the hard-headed financiers and tax-payers of the State. This is Senate Bill No. 5, introduced by Mr. Biggy, of San Francisco, providing for the erection of a State building for the accommodation of about twenty departments of the State, now located at San Francisco, and at present drawing considerable money from the treasury for office-rent. Among the offices to be benefited by this measure are: The Attorney-General's Office, drawing \$480 annually; the

Supreme Court, drawing \$7,800 annually; Hastings College of Law, \$1,200; Railroad Commission, \$1,020; Bureau of Labor Statistics, \$600; Yosemite Valley Commission, \$480; State Mineralogist, \$3,000; Board of Horticulture, \$1,620; Fish Commissioners, \$450; Viticultural Commission, \$3,720; Bureau of Immigration, \$330; Insurance Commission, \$900; and various other offices in proportion, aggregating over \$24,000 per year, drawn from the State treasury for office rent alone. As the appropriation provided for by this bill is \$300,000, it will be seen that in exactly twelve and a half years, under the present method, that amount would have been expended in office rent alone for these various offices, and the State would have absolutely nothing to show for it, except a bundle of worthless rent receipts. If the present bill passes, according to this calculation, the State will be practically \$300,000 in pocket, being in possession of a fine State building, situated in the heart of the city on property constantly increasing in valuation, and insuring to the State free offices for these departments for all time to come. And not only will such a building make an annual saving of \$300,000 to the State, but there will be a practical gain of \$24,000 thereafter. Again, it will be seen that the State in paying \$24,000 per year pays eight per cent. interest on \$300,000, being a net loss of three per cent. per annum, amounting to \$9,000 on current interest rate. In addition to these facts, there will be a saving of considerable money now paid out for the expenses of removals, for janitors' salaries, and various other items of expense necessitated by the present segregation of these offices. Aside from the financial basis of the proposition, there is another feature that appeals strongly to the people of the State. The condemnation of the site will leave no opportunity for avaricious property-owners to demand from one hundred to three hundred per cent. more than their property would bring at current market rates. The selection, condemnation, and purchase of the site and the erection of the building are to be under the exclusive control of a board of three commissioners serving without compensation, appointed by the supreme executive of the State and acting subject to his approval.

Less than twenty days remain to the Harrison administration and the existing Congress. The Democrats can not dodge an extra session. Awaiting the feverish impatience of the people there are the paramount issues of tariff and revenue, of silver coinage and the currency, besides the not less important subjects of immigration and naturalization. There is, also, the absorbing matter of Hawaiian annexation. In the face of the popular verdict of the last national election, it would be improper for the present Congress to legislate upon these paramount issues. Tariff for revenue only or free trade was the explicit declaration of the Democrats. From this there is no appeal until the next national election, and the fundamental law of the American people is obedience to the popular will. The protective tariff must be abolished, and the tariff for revenue only, with free trade, in the importation of everything produced or manufactured in the United States, must prevail. There is no escape from this majority fiat, unless by gross repudiation of the doctrine. As to silver, that was dodged in the platform declaration of the Democrats; but as concerns currency, the reestablishment of State banks is direct and positive, in substitution for the national banks. Popular sentiment is quite unanimous in respect to immigration and naturalization. Two other questions requiring settlement are the construction of the Nicaragua Ship Canal, to be under the control of the United States, and the organization of a thorough system of national quarantine throughout the republic, with stations at every port. The menace of invasion of Asiatic cholera makes the quarantine urgent, particularly in view of the great Columbian Fair at Chicago. Therefore, there is exigency for an extra session, to be convened at an early day. This rests with the President-elect, in a few days to become President in fact. Have the Democrats the courage of their convictions? Do they intend to carry out their platform promises regarding the tariff? Then let President Cleveland call an extra session.

The sentence of Ferdinand de Lesseps to five years' imprisonment as a common felon appears to have caused intense surprise in the United States. Few seem to doubt his guilt, but many condemn the severity of his sentence. This is, unfortunately, a trait which is too common here—sympathy for criminals. In this country, De Lesseps and his co-conspirators would never have been convicted, let alone imprisoned. When the rich and venerable directors of the swindling Glasgow Bank were first mulcted of their fortunes and then imprisoned for life, a cry of horror went up from the United States. In this country we dislike to convict "prominent citizens." Our moral fibre seems to be getting flabby. Our pity for criminals is fast becoming maudlin. It will be a good thing for the country when we cease to honor thieves because they are rich, and stop shaking hands with rascals because they are "smart."

A HUMAN TIGRESS.

Mexico is a queer country. Awfully strange things do happen down there. Now there was the *renegrona*—I do not know what else to call it. That happened down in the Huasteca. Awfully lonesome part of the world. *Ranchos* and *haciendas* far apart through there, and few travelers. I was making a trip. Juan de Dios Nava was with me. He was the best *mozo* I ever got for traveling. It was after dark, and we had been riding since sun-up, and had only passed two or three little *chozas*, far apart. We had been among the sugar plantations that morning; but it was *cuesta arriba*, up, up, up, all day, and the last eight or ten miles had been through the pine-trees, over a big hill rounding over gently, like a plump cushion. All at once Juan de Dios said:

"Hay gente, señor. There are people, sir."

"But where, then? How knowest?" I was about hopeless.

"Por el tabaquito, señor. By the little tobacco," for that is what the lower classes call either a cigarette or a *puro*. And so it was. I did not get a whiff of the burning weed for nearly five minutes after—and then it was more *macucha* than tobacco; but Juan de Dios was as keen as an Indian.

The men did not hear our horses' tramp till we were close upon them. Then the *tabaquito* spattered into fiery mist against a rock across the way, and I heard the rattle and clink of accoutrements.

"¿Quién vive?"

"Amigos—friends!"

"A ver! Let see, you friends, if you've got the countersign."

"But what countersign? Do you expect all the world to have your *contraseña*? What right have you to patrol this road, anyway?"

"Adelante! Forward with the countersign!" This was in another voice, and I heard a click, like the lever of a Winchester beginning to pump. My little bluster had not worked here. But bluff will, in nine cases out of ten, with these people.

"Tenga cuidado, señor, es formal! Have a care, sir, this means business," said Juan de Dios, and he pushed forward to the men, and began to palaver. I think he used flowing arguments. I know he was in the still-room at San Rafael that morning, and I thought I heard a gurgling. At all events, the men told us to go ahead, we would find the Sir Lieutenant "*á la vueltecita*"—around the little corner—and we could understand ourselves with him. Sure enough, a turn in the road, a few yards farther on, showed us an encampment that was mighty pretty and picture-like. A spur, or shoulder, of the hill cropped out in ledges or boulders at the edge of the road, and camp-fires blazed beside it, with a group of men around them.

They started up to attention as we came close, and when he heard my voice, the one who had stayed crouching over the fire jumped up, and ran forward also.

"God bless my soul! Jack Dexter!" he cried; "but how I am glad to see you! I thought you are in Chihuahua—they said you are gone on the Sierra Madre. Well, it is to 'spend a bad night' that you have come, for true this time, Jack; but I am so selfish as be glad of it for my own self."

Enrique Candado always butchered the queen's English into very funny slices of idioms when he thought he was speaking that language. Queer, how anxious these fellows are to affect a foreign language. Now I, American as I am, always prefer to keep up my Spanish.

Enrique hustled his men around as lively as if a regiment had come in, instead of one man and his *mozo*. They helped off-saddle, and hopped our horses at feed, and then Juan de Dios lent a hand to the *madre*—the camp-cook, trundling away at the *metate*, grinding corn for *tortillas*. I settled down on a *sarape*, spread over a thick, soft pile of boughs of *pinabete*—mountain larch.

"But what dost thou here, Enrique, man? I thought wert assigned to the Citadel as soon as thou camest down to the capital from up-country."

Enrique scowled. Then he twirled his mustache, and his face took on a look that reminded me of something I once heard a woman say: "Most men, when their thoughts are amative, look either hatefully sensual or silly sheepish; your Mexican lady-killer adds to these facial tones one of supreme and disgusting self-satisfaction—the essence of smirking conceit." That described Enrique exactly.

"Cuestión de amores," he said, "a love affair. Knowest thou the *dulcería* in the street of the Mariscalá? Well, upstairs over that sweet-shop lived a little girl—oh! but a pink! a rosebud!—and General Rocas made the court there—paunchy old monkey! Well, his hard dollars suited her people, and they made him the beard (cubked his chin, petted, coddled), until I came. The little girl was a little girl of good taste—naturally she had eyes for a fine young fellow, poor, if you will, as forty thousand devils on foot, but well-set-up and clever, and—oh, well! in short, you know what our service is! a poor devil of a subaltern is ground like corn on the *metate*, if he falls under the hand of a superior officer—and worse, if that officer be frothing at the mouth with jealousy. Thus you see it was the fortune of love, not of war, that I was torn from my appointment in La Ciudadela, and sent down here to scrub my soul in this"—he used some words that were robust but not very applicable—"of a Huasteca!"

I thought I understood the run of things now. Enrique was always getting into scrapes about some woman. His father used to say that Enrique would run after the devil himself, if his majesty would put on petticoats. Oh, yes! I thought I could understand why he had been sent down here to command *rurales*.*

"Well, it is hard," I said, though I could not help laugh-

ing; "let's hope General Rocas will be fickle, and let you go back again. But why this particular rendezvous, wasting government pay and *ranchos* (rations), keeping guard over a tripe of *pinabetes*? Or, have robbers found out the Huasteca, or are the *jarocho*s unruly?"

"There is cause enough to choose this place. At Cuatitlan, five leagues ahead, there is a whole company of *rurales*, but this is the very spot that most needs guarding—here where you see us, and we are only ten here, for greater quiet. By night we only guard—by day we patrol all the four leagues of the Paso, hunting in couples. Didst not notice that the sentry is doubled? None would stand guard alone, I warrant, even if I had them. *Virgen Santísima!* Jack! you have come over the very road! Ah, yes; but with a *mozo*!" he had jumped to his feet in great excitement, but he sat down again.

Just then the men brought over the supper. The food of the country is not especially choice, though it is savory, but the Mexican commissary department does not prescribe the most luxurious dishes for its *ranchos*. Still it was not so bad. We had here a steaming *guiso*—a stew of jerked beef in red pepper, rice with dried garden herbs, rich brown beans, *tortillas*, and Uruapan coffee. Juan de Dios had brought out of my pack some American cheese—at a half-dollar the pound in Mexico—a bit of *guayavate*, the famous guava paste of Morelia, and a bottle of decent claret. While we began to eat, one of the men kept hovering around on the outer edge of the firelight.

I said: "Enrique, what does that chap want? Do dispatch him. He takes away my appetite." So Enrique called him. By George! he was such an old fellow, he looked as if he might be blown away by the first little whirlwind. He said it was his night off, and he asked his lieutenant's license to go to a *bailecito* over at Las Hornitas.

"And the *renegron*?" said Enrique.

The old fellow laughed. "*Válgame Dios!*" he said; "what does your worship think a *renegron* would want of an old man, with all the juices dried up and the meat on his bones turned to leather? I'll risk the *renegron*, if I may go to the *baile*. Please, your worship, it is but three leagues—say I may go, *mi tentente!*"

Enrique cursed him for an old fool a while first, and then he told him to clear out and go, and get torn into mince, if he wanted.

"Tramp three leagues through these woods for a dance!" said I; "that old fellow!"

"But what then? Thou knowest the old saw: 'All of devilish that the devil is not because he is devil, he is because he is old.' This Filemon is fuller of caper and courting now than any of the youngsters—there where you see him!"

Of course I knew that well enough myself; I had been thinking of something else at the moment. Old Mexicans, like this one—brown and dry and hard as mahogany—have got more go and stay in them than any of the tender younger sprouts.

"But what was this of a *renegron*, Enrique? What is a *renegron*, anyway?"

The word sounded familiar, but some way I could not place it.

"*Aja!*" said Enrique Candado; "here thou hast the pretext for my exile, and a good enough cause, too, but for the little damsel! *Por Dios!* a *renegron* is not so bad a test of a fellow's courage. It is only the occasion that displeases. What is a *renegron*, thou askest? *Hola! hepa!* thou who knowest so well our glorious republic—not to know what is a *renegron*! Good, my Jack, I will enlighten thee. Thou knowest the jaguar, is it not so? Yes—thou hast even killed them? Good—well, a *renegron* is a black jaguar, but huge and savage—oh! fierce beyond any conception of such as know only the jaguars common and current. And a *renegron* it is that has brought me here into this fourteen-thousand-devils-on-horseback of a Huasteca. Thou seest, Jack of my soul, for nearly a year past, no solitary traveler has come alive over this Paso del Cerro de Santo Elias. That made nothing, so long as the beast killed only Indians, and *rancheros*, and travelers of little category. But a little while ago—about a *trimester*—it tore up a government official, a treasury collector making his rounds, and this has made a great stir. Thus it is that a detachment is sent hither to guard and watch the pass; and for my sins and the hatred of old Rocas, they must choose me for the exile."

"Oh, yes!" I said, "now I remember. There was a *renegron* raising the deuce of a row down on the lower Balsas, when I was in Southern Colima. All the hunters and *hacendados* along the *banda* were out after him—I had to leave before they caught him. I'd like to see one. They say they're as big as a royal tiger. But see here, Enrique, you're off! it's no *renegron*—it's only a common jaguar! for now I remember the other brute lives only in the *selvas bravas*" (wild woods, primeval forests) "of the river jungles—it never gets up this high, to the pine belt. Oh, no! a jaguar, Enrique, if you will—they often do visit the summit regions."

"It's a *renegron*! Did you ever hear of a jaguar that attacks no horse, no cow, no turtle, *jabali*" (peccary), "sheep, calf, swine, chickens? nothing but *gente*—humans? And brave! it always chooses men, *por Dios!* never has assailed a woman. The *hacendados* have been, for this reason, sending the *peonas* to market with the loads, instead of the men-carriers. By your leave, this lordly animal scorn to prey on anything weaker than grown men."

I had been feeling around in my brains to see what was the weak word in Enrique's yarn—there was something that did not seem to fit together. "Why! do they carry to market at night, Enrique?"

He looked at me rather oddly: "No, not at night, Jack. In fact—well, every one that has been killed has been killed in broad daylight. It is like this: two men go along the pass, or a man and a woman, and nothing happens. They are out of sight, over the slope, and one man follows. One quarter-hour more and a squad, now of *rancheros*, now of soldiers, now of travelers, comes along and finds that man dead—disemboweled. It is always like that—the victim is

always a lone man, and his life is torn out with his entrails. One or more every week, sometimes four or five in a week, for more than a year past. Said I not well that the post has of excitement? But little of glory, and naught of comfort."

"Enrique Candado," I said, "this thing you tell me makes me more sure than ever. This scourge of the pass is no *renegron*—that beast lies hidden all the day and hunts only in the darkness. Indeed, its usual name is *carra guar*, or night-tiger. That is why I did not easily recognize the other name."

Well, we kept at it, hammer and tongs. I would not admit that it was anything but a jaguar, for it did not answer the description of the night-tiger. To tell the truth, I never was right sure that there was any such animal as the *renegron* anywhere. The people in the Colima jungles are ignorant and superstitious, like all the country people in *tierra caliente*, and they let their own fears work on them till they imagine any number of horrid things that never had any existence.

At last, Enrique went off to change the sentinels, and one of the men came over to our fire. He offered me one of his corn-husk cigarettes, and I gave him one of mine from Antonio Morfin's, at Aguas Calientes. You never lose anything by being polite to these people. If you do it the right way, there is no danger of their trying to be over-familiar. It only makes them feel nice and friendly toward you, to treat them as if they are humans, and not dirt to be trampled. You never would believe how much can be found out about curious things from people who appear stupid and sullen to their masters and to most folks.

"With your mercy's leave, señor," said this big fellow in the brown leather suit, "I would like to say four words to you. Your worship is quite right about this Thing that drenches these roads of God with the blood of Christians—it is no *renegron*! But, señor, neither is it a jaguar, nor a bear, nor a puma. What is it? Ah! what? Now, see, your honor, I may speak to you, as a foreigner and no officer, with *confianza*. The Señor Teniente—believe me, your honor may listen, for I mean no disrespect—he makes a great mistake. He is young, and he thinks it fine to be *filosofo*—an unbeliever, a skeptic, and to mock at the things he can not explain or understand. Yet in his heart he believes and fears. Did your honor note his look when he said the killings are daylight doings? He knows, but will not heed, the words that are whispered, with gray lips and wide eyes, in every cabin of the Huasteca. He can never take this evil Thing by the power of guard or patrol—it must be by spell and prayer. Señor, this Horror that walks abroad and drags the vitals from men is no beast of the field or the forest, neither is it a human slayer. It is a Creature of Hell. Why does it slay men only? The women that have been put on as carriers were scared out of their outside skins at first; but not one of them has ever seen so much as a coyote on the pass, not even though some have chanced to fall behind, and make the trip alone. Why does it choose solitary passers? Surely and surely, two rickety young fellows unarmed, such as often pass unmolested, are less to overcome than one lusty six-footer, with a carbine, a knife, and two revolvers, like Poncho Hirigoyen, who was turned inside out within this fortnight. What is its way of attack? Your honor has come over the road—even in the dusk you could see that this Pass of Santo Elias is but a long hill of gentle slope, with the pines not too closely set—no chance for a surprise or an ambush. How does it do the jobs so quickly? Cases have been where one man, pushing ahead of his comrades, has been found by them, mangled, within ten minutes' absence. Many others, where a rider has dismounted and tied his horse to a branch—not to hunt or pursue some foe or wild beast, since he left his gun slung to the saddle. Señor, I am no coward. Brigand and Apache, rebels and contrabandists, men escaped from prison, who must kill or be recaptured—all these I have fought, and I may say without false shame, fought bravely. I would have had my commission but for one mad night in Puebla, when I spent my future for a word from a woman. I will do my duty here. I will patrol alone the Pass of Santo Elias, if I am bidden. But, señor, it is God's truth that my cheek-bones turn to ice whenever I think of what may be this Horror. Your honor's nation knows many things of philosophy and science—can not your honor plan for the *terrible*?"

Enrique waked me at sunrise, rifting and tearing because old Filemon had not got back yet. If an American officer should curse his men like that, they would rend him into slivers. Mexican soldiers just salute and take it as all in the day's work. One of my women-folks says it is a kind of atavism from Aztec subjection to the Spaniards.

I went out with Enrique to change the guard. We found the two men shaking as with buck-fever, and of that sickly color that dark faces get when they turn pale. They were shuddering together, and pointing up the slope of the road. In the shadow of the pines some very queer-looking object was coming toward us slowly, with a strange motion. The next moment Enrique and I were getting over that road with leaps like antelopes. "Follow who will!" he had shouted; but only my big Poblano of the night before accepted.

Well, sir, I have seen some rocky sights, young as I am: one or two railroad accidents; what the Apaches left behind them in raids on ranches; a squad of deserters caught and "passed under the arms" of their regiment. Perhaps the worst in small compass was a fellow I saw at the guard-house in Chihuahua, where I went with Henry Bent; he was employed by the authorities to go down and photograph the corpse—owners of the gallery wouldn't have it brought there; the dead man had been laid on the pilot of an engine, to make it seem that the night-train had struck and caught him, but the ones who did it had forgotten there are different stages of deadness; this was a very dead stage—at least four or five days so—cost Henry and me twelve reals' worth of *tequila* to steady on. Well, what we met under the pine-trees had been old Filemon; it was now a sort of whitey-brown husk, with two yards of entrails dragging from it.

* Rural guards—a compromise between police and soldiery.

He rolled over—he had been hitching along on one hip and one elbow, holding a little of himself in with the other hand—and grinned up at us.

"I—know—" he said, "how the—hors—es—feel—at—a bull—fight. Thought—I—could—live—to—tell—you. Se—ñor—it is a woman that—"

The big Poblano knelt down and made the sign of the cross over the body. Then he said: "How they are tough, these old ones! Which of us could have done that?"

I must say that Enrique was good pluck, but it was the big Poblano who stirred the common sense in; he let us get over the first horror, and then he insisted that we ought to look into things "while the trail was fresh." That just expressed it. The trail was very fresh, still warm, in fact, for a mile and a half back, to where the *sendero* (foot-path) from the *hacienda* of Las Hornitas, down in a side-valley, struck into the high-road. Just around the corner, we found old Filemon's *sarape*, and his belt, with the revolver and cartridges, which looked as if he had taken it off and laid it carefully on the blanket. There was no sign at all of a fight or a struggle, only the red puddle where the thing had happened, and the loathsome track of his crawl to where we found him.

I may as well say here that a first-class surgeon from Mexico—Dr. San Juan—happened to be passing through Cuatitlan, and he was so much interested when the news was taken in, that he stayed over and made autopsy on the bodies. He told me that he never saw wounds in the least like those; they looked to him as if they were made with weapons shaped like *chulupas*, as he put it (*chulupas* are Indian boats, long and narrow, much the form of the horn "spoons" used by miners), and he thought they must have been as sharp as razors, and thrust in like a set of claws and pulled out curving, so as to scoop the viscera. "Only," he said, "to correspond to such claws, the animal must be as big as a bison. The wounds are too big and deep for any claws of tiger or of grizzly that I ever saw or beard of." Now I want it understood that Dr. San Juan told me this of his own notion, before I had told him anything whatever. When I did tell him, he agreed with me that the proper thing was to keep a close mouth, as we both have done until now. We talked over all the reasons as we went on to Mexico together after all was over.

The thing that had happened set Enrique's men wild. They ran about the camp aimlessly, like a nest of *arriero* (muleteer) ants when the ground is stamped in above them. This was the first death on the pass since they had come here, just after the finding of Hirigoyen. Enrique seemed as addled as the others, and leaned on the Poblano and me for guidance. We both were of one notion: nothing was to be gained by this hide-behind-the-bush scheme. The thing was to beat up the whole country thoroughly. We finally keyed him up to sending for the company from Cuatitlan, and turning out his own squad to search in the meantime.

When it came to the scratch, his men hung back like scared children. That disgusted me; but it amazed me more, for the *rurales* are fighters second to none, and they have the name of not knowing what fear means.

"Don't blame the mates too much, señor," said the Poblano. "The men in leather fear naught of flesh and blood, but when it comes to things not of this world—well, we sort of lack a tonic, since we have stopped relying on the *padres* for safety in the next world, if we slip up in this." Then he delivered to them a little discourse that at first made the fellows half-pull their guns, but afterwards sent them into saddle saying they were ready for business.

We planned it so as to cover as much country as we could with the men, stretched in a long line, a good deal like shooters in the old country, only we were mounted. They were within gunshot sound, and each man understood he was to shoot at sight of the first suspicious object, beast or human, and the shot would call his neighbors. Enrique and I were about equally distant from the road, one on either side. Next to me was Juan de Dios Nava, my *mozo*; next beyond Enrique was the big Poblano. We all moved forward in line, at the uniform pace agreed. About two miles from the camp, I caught the first sight of one of the others—it was Enrique. The pines here were very scattering, and I could see clear across to where thicker growth began again. I thought I could even see the Poblano striding along in the edge of it. All at once, Enrique's horse began bucking, and in less than a minute it threw him—a splendid rider, too—and bolted for the woods. Enrique got up, and the next moment I saw something white come from behind a bush toward him. Without looking away, I slewed around a good glass slung over my shoulder.

"Well, by heaven!" I said to myself, "the *renegron* has broken its record and jumped a woman! No *renegron* at all—no wild animal—two-footed tigers these are—the brutes have stripped her!"

For the woman was as naked as Eve in Eden. The sun shone full upon her, and the glass was a powerful one, that brought her close beside me. She was very fair—her skin looked pinky, like a baby's; her hair hung nearly to her knees, and it was a light auburn, glistening beautifully. By George! she was a beauty—my heart seemed to beat faster and harder, and the blood seemed to thicken and crowd in my veins as I watched her. Why couldn't it have been me to meet her, instead of that ass, Enrique? He was making the most of it, too. He took off his cap and bowed as killingly as if he had not just got a nasty tumble, and started toward her. She backed away. I could almost read in Enrique's face what he had said to her. But it occurred to me even then that her retreat was coquetting, instead of offended modesty, or else she would have tried to cloak herself with all that long thick hair that streamed like a mantle, while she kept her hands behind her. She hung her head and looked up from under her brows at Enrique. He gave one quick look around, and sprang to her side with his arms outstretched. At that moment I happened to think that I was really letting my interest get the better of my discretion, and I dropped the field-glass into its holster. As I did that,

I heard a cry—just one, but—good God! I want never to hear again such another. It came from the spot where were Enrique and the woman, and I thought I had a right to intrude, if the cry was any guide to her feelings.

I spurred slanting toward the road. As I struck it, out jumped from the brush the big Poblano.

"I took the back track," he panted, "for the horse of the *teniente*, and he led me back to the road. What will that white thing be, your honor, beside the *teniente*? It was too far to trust my eyes, or I would say it was a person—"

"It was a person—a woman! and Enrique—fall back with the horse!" I cried, for it flashed across me that to her humiliation, the fewer witnesses the better.

"*Santo Dios!*" cried the Poblano; "he has cut her down with his sabre!"

We were near enough now to see the two that had been struggling close together, and the Poblano spoke truth. Enrique had swung his sabre—it flashed in the sunlight. The excited *rural* forged ahead; but the led horse reared and tugged till it dragged him around in his seat. I saw this indistinctly, as I looked past him at the goal. All this was in the instant that followed the flash of the steel—the instant in which I saw Enrique reel and fall to the ground, while the white figure wrenched itself away and bounded like a cat across the open and into the dark forest. My horse reared and plunged; I gave the Poblano the bridle and ran. The horses kept him back just long enough for me to pick up and wrap in my handkerchief something on the ground beside Enrique.

The lieutenant's love of women had thrilled him once too often. He was already as dead as a creature could be, in whose veins the blood was still warm and pulsing. And the treatment of old Filemon was a very botch job beside the workman-like, thorough way in which Enrique's torsal cavity was, as the Spanish word it, "emptied."

The Poblano may look, when he shall come to lie in his coffin, more ghastly than he did when he stared into my eyes; yes, he may, but I think it not likely.

"Señor," his voice rasped and grated in his throat—"señor, unless you would be left alone with the dead, not a word about the woman—do you understand? God knows, as it is, there will be enough of a panic." And with that, he fired into the air, and then staggered to one side and dropped down with his face between his knees till the others got there. He was right enough. It was all I could do to keep the men together and march them into Cuatitlan with the corpse, in very bunched, huddling order. We met the company coming out, and they went on, and in the next month they scoured every foot of the country where so much as a fox might hide.

They found—nothing. But there was no more killing on the pass of Santo Elias, then or ever since. To-day it is one of the very safest roads in Mexico, where really no road is dangerous. It is a very lonesome road, though, and that, or something else, prevents much travel over it. There is another road used, longer and rougher, but much traveled, that has been laid out around by Las Hornitas.

After the Poblano's show of how he could hold his tongue, I suppose I ought to have taken him into my confidence. But I did not—I have never before told anybody but Dr. San Juan. The thing I picked up by Enrique's body, close beside his bloody sabre, is a hand and a part of an arm, lopped off halfway between the wrist and the elbow. The skin was beautifully fine, and the shape was perfect as far as the palm. Instead of fingers, there were—oh! I do not know what to call them—not claws, exactly, for they are not so much curved, but a good deal what I described already. They were a little longer than ordinary fingers, and as sharp as lancets. They were all over clotted blood and shreds of flesh. Dr. San Juan and I put the thing into *aguardiente*, and I have it yet in alcohol, in a glass jar, sealed, and soldered into a tin jacket, so the women folks can not see it.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1893. Y. H. ADDIS.

Among the many *jeux d'esprit* called forth by the Panama business, there has been nothing more amusing or more piquant than Caran d'Ache's "Carnet de Cheques." The incomparable draughtsman has never been in better vein, and his exceedingly comical sketches in the form of checks would move even a Panama shareholder to mirth. These are, of course, supposed to be the famous checks with which the bribing was done by the ubiquitous Hebrew financier—"L'Homme-Protée," as Caran d'Ache calls him. We have *La Cheque-obsession*—a man pursued by a demon check which grows larger every time it is seen. The Teutonic gentleman with Israelitish features who seeks to bribe the virtuous legislator is eternally turning up under some new disguise, his tempting bit of paper in his hand. At last, when the check reaches three hundred thousand francs, it is forced upon him by *L'Homme-Protée* disguised as a nurse-girl, seated on a bench in the Parc Monceau.

Tom Garrison, a well-known guide and fisherman at Greenwood Lake, went on the ice with his team and broke through. The horses got ashore, and one of them turned to look at her master. Tom saw her and called to her. The intelligent beast approached him and he continued talking to her in a coaxing voice. When she was within ten feet of him, he thought of her training in plowing. "Whoa, Nell!" he shouted. "Gee, now, gal! Whoa, there! Steady, gal. Back up! Whoa!" and, in an instant, he seized her long, flowing tail, and shouted: "Git up!" Nell started forward and Tom was dragged out upon the ice.

The Casino building at St. Augustine, Fla., was burned down a few days ago. It contained a large swimming pool and Russian and Turkish baths, and the walls were of solid concrete. Nevertheless it burned down, at a cost of about one hundred thousand dollars.

If crinoline comes in fashion again, it will lessen women's chances of obtaining the ballot to an alarming degree.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mgr. Satolli has a salary of six thousand dollars a year, and, in the matter of income, is far behind many parish priests.

A son of Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, will contest in the State University oratorical bout shortly. Mr. Lease still minds his drug-store and keeps in the background.

Sir Edwin Arnold has abandoned his proposed spring trip to this country, and, for the present, will remain in England, working up his claims for the poet laureateship.

Ruskin is still in possession of some of his faculties. He plays chess with great interest and equal skill. Moreover, it is said that he is in very excellent health, physically.

Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator-elect from Massachusetts, is the great-grandson of another man who held the same seat a century ago. George Cabot was senator from 1791 to 1796.

Lieutenant Totten, the New Haven prophet, has resigned from the army, to take effect next August. He will then probably devote his entire time to the arrangement of the grand final cataclysm, which has so far failed to come up to his advertisements.

It is known that the Turkish Sultan has always declined to have his portrait painted or to be photographed, and is consequently on guard against the treacherous instantaneous camera. A portrait has, nevertheless, been taken of his majesty, and appears in the *Eastern and Western Review*.

Colonel Daniel S. Lamont is arranging his private business with a view of taking a four years' leave of absence. He will not be a gainer financially by becoming a member of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet. Fortune has smiled upon him during the last few years. He is said to be making twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

When it became known in Atlanta that a certain literary society talked of inviting Colonel Ingersoll to lecture in that city, the local clergy opened a campaign against the project. "Sam" Jones remarked: "If old Bob comes, all I have to say is that I would like to divide time with him for about two hours. If I did not make him wipe his bald head more than once you may have my hat."

Prince Poniatowski, who was recently reported engaged to a California girl, Miss Virginia Fair, is a modest youth. His income, he declares, is twenty-five thousand dollars a year. This is sufficient for his own wants, and he adds that he can not think of marrying and taking on the expense of an establishment unless the girl who seeks the social position he can give her is able to bring fifty thousand dollars a year to the common fund.

Hans von Bülow, who has been more or less off his balance for a good many years, has at last become so distinctly insane that he is confined in an asylum near Berlin. Von Bülow is a man of small physique, testy temper, and the manners of a disciplinarian. He is said to be averse to meeting strangers, and he has a violent dislike of hotels. But there are many of us who share these last two peculiarities, and yet are sane.

Father Kneipp, the physician-priest of Worisbofen, was invited to dinner a short time ago by the Prince Regent of Bavaria, to meet some of Munich's greatest medical men. He does not appear, however, to have made a good impression, for his crude manners grated on the refined taste of his royal patron, and his medical opinions failed to convince. When questioned about his methods of diagnosis, he said that he simply looked at his patients, and always knew after a minute or two what was the matter with them.

Queen Natalie of Serbia and her husband have amicably settled their differences and mutually retaken the marriage vows. The romantic version of the story sets forth that the queen on one of her regular visits which the authorities allow her to make to her son, met her husband through the intervention of the boy king, and directly the allegiance of the deposed king for his early love returned. The beauty of this charming romance is rather dimmed by the rumor that the Russian Government, desiring Queen Natalie's influence in Serbia, revived this early love with Russian gold.

A story of how Alma Tadema learned to paint marble is being circulated which goes far to prove that practice makes perfect. He says that his first master was a Dutchman, who set him at work on a subject wherein marble was conspicuous; but he painted this so painfully that his teacher was quite ill. The master then set the young painter at work on a block of marble, which he was made to copy day after day and week after week until he loathed the sight of it, and forever after Mr. Tadema was able to paint marble as it is painted by nature.

During his late rambles through the extreme East, the young heir to the throne of all the Russias developed a fondness for ladies. It is asserted that several attempts on the life of the embryo monarch could be traced to jealous husbands. The lively young man met on his travels a certain charming young matron, originally of German descent, the three months' wife of a European ambassador. The husband of this young woman, not being a Russian subject, objected to the attentions which young Nicholas paid her. Then the charming young matron suddenly determined to become a widow. She became one in about three or four hours after she came to that decision. At least, the husband never appeared on the scene to dispute her claim of widowhood. Now there has suddenly appeared at St. Petersburg a very charming young lady, to whom money seems to be of no account, who dresses as richly as any member of the royal family, and who, in short, seems to be at the very apex of prosperity. One wicked paper has expressed the hope that the Czarevitch, while visiting the German court, will not be asked if he knows of the whereabouts of the before-mentioned German ambassador or his wife.

OUR THRIFTY CONSUL.

A Pen-Picture of John C. New, American Consul-General at London.

One of the morning trains which every day bring from the outlying suburbs and villages of Kent their contingent of shabby clerks and well-fed city merchants to swell the army of modern Babylonian toilers, deposits regularly at clock-work at St. Paul's Station a spare, gray-headed personage, who seems to occupy a position midway between the two extremes of plethoric opulence and starveling poverty. He has not the shabbily starved gentility of the one, or the empurpled, sartorial magnificence of the other. With quick, nervous stride he elbows his way through the hurrying throng of his fellow-travelers, some of whom have, like himself, taken their seats in the cheerless carriages at the pleasant and economical suburb of Bickley; and, as he folds up his morning paper with somewhat pedantic carefulness, preparatory to stowing it away in his overcoat-pocket, a careful observer would note that he hugs closely under his arm a small, flat package wrapped up in brown paper. Deaf to the strident voice of the bus-conducting charmers, who allure a majority of the other travelers by their seductive offers of "Orl the way to the bank for a penny!" he walks briskly by the hideous building from which the *Times* thunders to an awe-struck world, and so continues through Queen Victoria Street, past the gloomy fastnesses of the Royal Exchange. He forms but a unit—and an unimpressive unit at that—of the almost bewildering sum of humanity which at this time of day packs almost solidly the sidewalks of the commercial centre of the world. And so, with his flat package still pressed tightly under his arm, he traverses Cornhill, with its odd combination of poky retail shops and gorgeous plate-glass-windowed insurance offices, and, turning off into Bishopsgate Street, eventually forsakes the main current of self-engrossed traffickers to dive into a quiet, gloomy, but eminently respectable *cul-de-sac*, whose name recalls the past glories of the old church and parish of St. Helen's, and eventually to pass into the old-fashioned portal of one of the red-brick faced houses with which the little place is lined. He pushes open a swinging-door, gorgeous with an extensively lettered brass plate, and, with the celerity born of habit, has in a few seconds divested himself of hat and coat, has deposited his little flat parcel in one of the drawers of the shabby desk near the window, at which he has taken his seat, and the United States Consul-General to London has begun the arduous duties of his official day.

When General John C. New (I fancy he was only a colonel then; but, since our beloved Waller's day, the consul-general has always assumed brevet rank) was asked by the administration to name the reward for his invaluable services in securing the election of Benjamin Harrison, it was not unnatural to expect that the millionaire proprietor of a most successful newspaper would "put a name to it" in the direction of a minister plenipotentiary, and I believe that Vienna had been practically scored off the list as likely to be his "peculiar poison." But those who so obligingly ticketed him off, reckoned without John C. New. There is a fair amount of glory hovering round the post of minister at one of the great European capitals, and to a rich man with an ambitious wife, the bait is so tempting as to be gobbled up at the very first dangle. But neither glory nor social position was exactly what the Indianapolis editor was after. He telegraphed to Washington and asked how much in good United States dollars the berth of consul-general at London might be worth, and when the laconic reply of "fifty thousand a year or more" came hurtling over the wires, his mind was made up. "I am going to be consul-general at London or nothing," said he, and as it was quite impossible that the real President-maker should be "nothing," consul-general he became.

Now there has never been any question as to the relative quantity of ornamental trimmings attaching to the several positions of minister to St. James's and consul-general. The former represents the American nation in its white tie and dress-coat; the latter typifies the same glorious country in its shirt sleeves, hard at work in its counting-house. But in view of the fact that the greater number of traveling Americans come much more frequently into contact with the consulate than with the legation, it has become the habit of late years for the consul to usurp some of the ministerial functions as regards the entertaining of his distinguished compatriots and so forth—a habit that, perhaps, has been fostered by the far from inconsiderable revenue he is known to enjoy. It was not unfairly to be expected, therefore, when the American colony in London heard of the appointment of so rich a man as John C. New to the post, that the consulate entertainments would now openly vie with those provided by the legation. But this was literally a reckoning without the host. John C. New had views of his own. In the first place, when he arrived in London, he quickly made up his mind that the atmosphere of the West End and, perhaps, the house-rents, also, were not likely to agree with his constitution. Besides which all extravagant display was foreign to his habits of mind. In the true spirit of a Cincinnati, he found himself a delightful rural retreat at Bickley, where there was a real garden in which a few early vegetables might be grown. Here he settled his lares and penates. Unfortunately its distance from town prevented his asking his compatriots to come and visit him; but, then, health is of more importance than hospitality, and entertaining is expensive. More than this, it is the duty of the official representative of American business interests to bring himself into touch with the English mercantile classes, not with the bloated capitalists, of course, but with the rank and file, the humble clerk, and the unassuming bookkeeper. What more consonant with this view than a residence at Bickley?

But I have left the consul-general all this time seated at his desk in the dingy office in St. Helen's. He has had time to open his letters and to place on one side those requiring an immediate answer, including those from errant

American citizens inquiring as to the best shop in London at which to purchase rubber over-shoes, or the address of a boarding-house at which Boston baked beans and hot waffles may be counted upon as daily delicacies. In his own, neat, formal autograph, the general answers these letters, intermitting his labors now and again to take into consideration the care of some forlorn-looking specimen of humanity, who answers to the description of an American citizen in distress. Now, if General New were a British consul, he would put his hand into the figurative pocket of his country's tax-payers and pay the fare home of this unhappy human derelict. As it is, the American nation believes firmly in the adage that charity not only begins but ends at home, so far as it, the collective nation, is concerned; and so the general, after listening carefully to the tale of woe, and by skillful cross-examination satisfying himself that the narrator does not fall into the category of the common or garden dead-beat, heaves a sigh which may be evoked by the distressful yarn, and which, yet again, may not, puts his hand not into a figurative and national, but into an actual and personal trousers-pocket, extracts therefrom a silver coin of the realm, and sends the unfortunate on his way mildly rejoicing or blatantly cursing, as the case may be. Then he turns to his correspondence again, and eventually to the signing of a heap of official documents which a clerk has just laid at his elbows. It is monotonous work this; but as each signature has a cash value of a certain number of dollars, General New performs the task with becoming resignation. He has just dashed off fifty dollars' worth of "John C. News," when the door opens, and a young man enters and drops familiarly into the chair on the other side of the consul-general's desk. He is not like the last caller, is this young man. With his Noah's Ark coat of the latest fashionable cut, his shiny and curly-brimmed silk hat, his tan-colored gloves of exceeding clumsiness of cut, and his patent-leather shoes of amazing thickness of sole, you would set him down for an Englishman if you met him in the Desert of Sahara. And you would be wrong. He is a New York newspaper correspondent, and a recent importation of the article at that. He has come to chat with the general upon nothing in particular, and the free and easy principles upon which the office is run—principles which are as far removed as possible from those circumlocutionary ones in vogue in every other office in London—render his access to the busy man a matter of no sort of difficulty. So the general intermits the action of his profitable autograph-mill and obligingly and smilingly talks commonplace for a few minutes. A reference is made to politics and the late regrettable affair of November, 1892. Then a startling change comes over the former President-maker. His remarks can only be signified by an arrangement in blue of dots and dashes which would make the late Mr. Morse envious. He has so many different people to swear at that he gets them tangled up, and the cyclone to which, in a momentary lull, he compares the Democratic "clean-sweep" is nothing to the obnoxious cyclone for which he is himself responsible. Aghast at the Frankenstein of indignation he has created, the young man filters slowly out, and the consul, after a pause, begins to earn his fees again. But emotion has given him an appetite, and he determines that it is about time for his midday repast. St. Helen's is surrounded by gilt-edged, modern restaurants and quaint, old-fashioned chop-houses, at one class or other of which it might be expected the consul would restore exhausted nature. But he cherishes a deep distrust of foreign cookery, especially when indulged in at his own expense, and so the flat parcel, to which I have already referred, comes into requisition. Carefully untying the confining string thereof, he rolls it neatly up and puts it in his pocket, and also folds up the brown-paper ceremonial and stows that away, also, for future use. Some neatly cut sandwiches and a hard-boiled egg are exposed to view, and, drawing his clasp-knife from his pocket, the consul-general proceeds to eat, with satisfaction, a home-prepared lunch of which he can vouch for the digestibility—and the economy. The afternoon passes after much the same fashion as the forenoon, his visitors, perhaps, including a few English reporters, who are received by him with courtesy and handled with hard-headed shrewdness. Four o'clock strikes, and, donning his coat and hat once more, he cheerily wishes good-evening to his subordinates, and, plunging into the evening mists and gloom of the City of Dreadful Night, he retraces his steps to St. Paul's Station, and is soon whirling off, with the mitigated rapidity of a suburban train, across the ice-laden river to his comfortable little nest in Kent.

No one who knows John C. New can fail to be struck by those outward peculiarities, by that instinct to *faire des économies*, at which I have, I hope good-humoredly, just hinted. In a man not quite so rich as he, they would, perhaps, not stand forth so prominently, but then, without them, he would doubtless not be the rich man he is. Apart from them, the longer one knows him, the more one sees of him, the more respect and liking one has for his sterling good qualities. When he leaves us next March—for it is not likely that he will give Mr. Cleveland an opportunity of recalling him—London will lose the best consul-general the United States has ever sent it. A consul-general who, while never for an instant forgetting that he is an American and the servant of the American public, has, nevertheless, impressed every merchant or manufacturer with whom he has been brought into contact with a sense of his unflinching impartiality and probity. One would as soon look for reckless extravagance as for a hint of commercial scandal where John C. New is concerned. He is kind and generous in his own fashion, too, and, as I have said, the destitute American, who is invariably packed off by the people at the legation to the consulate, never leaves the latter place without a small sum from the consul's own pocket. And this, in the course of the year, amounts to no inconsiderable total. Out of his own pocket, too, he raised the salary of every clerk in his office, though for years they had been kept at a minimum point by consuls who made much more display and showed more ostentatious liberality in quarters where liberality was only advertisement writ small.

LONDON, January 16, 1893.

LOVERS WOMEN LIKE.

An Analysis of Woman's Weaknesses, by a Woman.

[The following curious chapter is taken from a book just published, called "Amor in Society." The author is Julia Duhring.]

Those who have manly beauty and grace are the lovers whom women like. There may be nothing in the brain, nothing in the character save selfishness, yet women are attracted and won through sheer force of beauty.

Next are the picturesque, fascinating men, such as artists, soldiers, sailors, actors, singers, musicians, dandies, men of the world. Then come jockeys, hull-fighters, gamblers, adventurers, especially those with a Don Juan reputation. Certain good people profess doubt and express indignation over such facts, earnestly asserting that only women who have left the borders of respectability can be attracted by men below their own class or known to be good for nothing.

Not so by any means. Both on this side of Bohemia and within its borders are found the bold, dashing, reckless, picturesque men, who, with or without reason, captivate the fancy and the affections of so many women—and not merely women of inferior degree or education, but women of rank, of refinement, of immaculate lives.

Best lovers does not imply best men. The most ardent, the most daring, the most reckless in pursuit of love, are, in the eyes of women, the best lovers.

Women love beauty and grace as fervently as men do. Women would wish their lovers perfect in manly strength as well as ardent in love. Failing that, perfect women accept, as men accept, the one of opposite sex who approximates the ideal of the mind. Women of sensibility are shocked by a thousand ugly babits that certain men think it justifiable to practice; are repelled by vulgar modes of speech, by awkward manners, by carelessness of person and dress. That most women accept men inferior to an ideal as lovers or as husbands, in no way disproves the above. Women in civilized life are for the most part trained hypocrites. They accept a lover or a husband, in many cases, simply because they are expected to do so. They are to be "established" in life. They must choose—rather, they must accept—somebody while young, or run the awful risk of missing their market.

To see the choice that beautiful, brilliant women sometimes make out of a crowd of adorers is to be at first amazed, and, after due world-experience, amused, at the so-called inconsistency of the sex. At the bottom, however, of every fantastic selection, there is a solid reason. A lover who knows how to love and how to make love, is the ever successful one.

Women like lovers who are eager, demonstrative, earnest, devout worshippers. With these qualities, real or assumed, lovers are not scanned too closely as to morals or mental strength.

As women of musical ability seek the society of musicians of acknowledged skill, so women of amorous nature delight in the society of men skilled in the art of love. To be a lover of renown requires, first, native ability, and, next, much experience of women and the world. If to love much is natural for some men, to love well, agreeably, and ardently demands skill, daring, fearlessness.

Every one knows that many severely virtuous women delight secretly in hearing about or in meeting men of wicked reputation. Some of these women do not know themselves, therefore could never be made to acknowledge their secret delight. This ignorance does not alter the main fact.

Show me the woman who does not receive pleasure from even the uniform—the glittering sword, silver or gold bands, buttons, braid—who does not thrill at the recital of adventures of hair-breadth escapes in foreign lands—show me that woman, let her swear never so roundly that she does not like those men, and straightway I will bring proofs that she believes herself. She likes such lovers often without knowing that she does.

Women like the men who know how to woo, who have had and are still having experiences in the great passion. They are attracted by the strange, the daring, the dashing, the audacious even. Not that they are in sympathy with what is bad in the adventurer or the fast man, but that they dearly love the daring spirit that makes an ardent lover.

Certain people naively wonder why women love army and navy officers. That the uniform is an attraction, no woman would deny. But the uniform on an awkward, dull-witted, ill-bred man would be decidedly worse than no uniform at all. It is the manner of the man in uniform. A similar attraction is found in men educated as diplomats—in countries, of course, where a diplomatic service exists. That they wear a uniform on certain occasions is pleasing to the eye and sense of fitness, but the greater attraction lies beneath the uniform, in the courtesy, the graceful movement, the appropriate fluent speech, the desire to please.

That civilians are obliged to wear the extremely unbecoming costume of the age is not their fault. They are to be pitied—especially those among them who have an innate appreciation of form and color. But there seems no reason whatever why civilians should not be taught to use their bodies with grace and dignity. No woman can understand why men do not teach themselves how to hold themselves when in repose, how to walk, how to move the whole mechanism of the body, with ease. That there are civilians here and there who do show that sort of self-training is only proof that many more might.

Lovers they are never quite sure of, are the lovers women most adore. Obstacles and uncertainty are the best known means of augmenting the most fickle, most skittish, most puzzling of human passions. The most faithful lovers are likely to be least appreciated by even the best of women. Men of the world soon find this out and act upon it, often simulating indifference, coldness, even a cynical cruelty, in order to excite uneasiness or jealousy in a mistress. A quarrel, with all its excitements and dangers of a rupture, is often a means of arousing a new, intense love.

PICCADILLY.

BOBBY CUTTING'S DÉBUT.

The Young New Yorker's Leap from Society to the Stage.

The topic of the week has been the début of Mr. Robert Livingston Cutting, Jr., in the part of Sachsa in "My Official Wife." I say the début, for, though Mr. Cutting has been seen on the stage in various places in the wild and woolly West—including, if I mistake not, San Francisco—that does not count with a New York audience. An artist must be applauded here to be entitled to take rank in the profession. The West is all very well on questions of grain, or pork, or silver ore; but, when it comes to art, do men gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles?

Mr. Cutting's début, then, roused varying emotions. He is a member of one of the best families of New York—a family which counts three generations of clubbability, and has produced a prominent member of Congress, a leading lawyer, and a leading banker among its contributions to society. For half a century the Cuttings have figured among the Upper Ten, or, as we should say now, among the Four Hundred. The men have always married judiciously, seeking blood and beauty rather than money. Several, if I mistake not, found their wives in Baltimore, where young women of the most exquisite loveliness are raised under glass for the New York market. They are connected with the Moales, and the Masons, and ever so many others of the real aristocracy. That the heir-apparent of such a family should go on the stage was monstrous. It was flying in the face of the Providence which watches over the immaculate purity of New York blood.

If Mr. Cutting had been a lady, it might not have been so bad. Girls are often stage-struck, and high birth is no guaranty against the disease. Were not Mesdames Piccolomini and Sontag baroesses, Grisi a countess in her own right, and Ristori a lady of title? *Femme ne peut déroger*—that is to say, the sex have no nobility of their own to tarnish; what rank they possess, they derive from their fathers and their husbands. If the daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt should go on the stage, people would not say poor Miss Vanderbilt; at the utmost, they would qualify their admiration for her genius with a twinge of sympathy for the feelings of staid Cornelius. But if her brother should announce his début in "Julius Cæsar," it would cause a panic in New York Central shares. The honor of families is in the custody of men.

That is why the fall of young Cutting has created such wailing and gnashing of teeth among the blue-blooded. He is a man who might have been a stockbroker, like his father; who might have led germaos at the Patriarchs or knocked his brains out against a wall at the hunt; who might have dealt in sugar and tobacco; and this man, forsooth, throws himself away on the calling of a stage-player. To think of one who might have made a fortune by selling bleached cottons devoting himself to the art which has made the names of Coquelin, and Booth, and Salvini, and Jefferson household words everywhere! Such catastrophes shake one's faith in human nature.

It is not so much, says a disciple of McAllister, that Cutting has become an actor as that he is such a bad actor. Apparently, when a scion of aristocracy does derogate, it is expected that his high and lofty lineage will lift him straightway to the pinnacle of fame. That was not found to be the case with George the Fourth, who let Colman out of jail, because he was the only man who did not laugh at his act; nor did it appear to be the rule at the amateur theatricals in which the Empress Eugénie delighted. Some of the Parisian ladies could act, but the men were uniformly sticks. Nor has high birth ever proved a guarantee of genius. In this particular case, Mr. Cutting's critics forgot that acting is a trade, like shoemaking. It must be learned by a long and arduous apprenticeship, and that young Cutting has not had. It would be as remarkable a miracle if he could act, as the creation of a dress-suit by a man who had never handled a goose.

Here is a boy who emerges from college with the usual training, and who feels no vocation for trade, or the law, or medicine, or stock-gambling. He does think he might do something on the stage. Perhaps he is mistaken. Most boys are when they first choose a calling. But, surely, it is no crime in him to try. He falls in love with an actress. Perhaps it would have been wiser not to do so. But if we are going to crucify all the boys who make fools of themselves about actresses, the price of hard-wood will advance. He marries her. Perhaps it was a pity. But as Penderennis retorted fiercely to his preceptor, "What else do you think, sir, would be my purpose?"

Art is all very well, and letters are respectable; but when a person of family cultivates either, he must do so at arm's length, with the tips of his fingers. We are minded, like Mr. Congreve, the author of "The Way of the World," who, when Voltaire called upon him, apologized for his literary productions, declaring that he desired his visitor to consider him not as an author, but as a gentleman: "If you had been nothing but a gentleman," said the great Frenchman, "I would never have called on you."

NEW YORK, February 5, 1893.

Ex-President Hayes invented an ingenious method of shaking hands with a crowd. He once made a short speech to ten thousand people in Columbus, regretting that he could not shake hands with every one present. "But I have a plan," said Hayes; "I'll hold up my hand, and when I shake, every one shake." He did it, and it seemed as though ten thousand hands went up.

When the late Sir Richard Owen was told of the innumerable authentic instances of the sea-serpent having been seen by trustworthy witnesses, he made reply: "All this does not outweigh the negative evidence that its dead body has never been found, nor a tooth from its head, nor a vertebra from its body, nor a scale from its skin."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Dream of Clarence.

Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand happy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O heaven! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

... Often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

... My dream was lengthened after life;
Oh, then began the tempest to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud: "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud:
"Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury."
Seize on him, furies! take him to your torments!
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.—*Shakespeare.*

Darkness.

I had a dream which was not all a dream—
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went—and came and brought no day;
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes and their mountain-torch.
A fearful hope was all the world contained;
Forests were set on fire; but hour by hour
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash, and all was black.
The brows of men, by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of the past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled. The wild birds shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing but sungless—they were slain for food;
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glint himself again; a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corpse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men at bay
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies. They met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up
Aod, shivering, scraped with their cold, skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populace and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths.
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped
They slept on the abyss without a surge.
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The Moon, their mistress, had expired before.
The wolds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished! Darkness had no ood
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.—*Byron.*

A PARISIAN ECCENTRIC.

The Unique Cabaret of Aristide Bruant, Poet and Singer.

In a recent article in the *Speaker*, Mr. Edmund Gosse dealt, very ably, with one aspect of that famous and singular personage, Aristide Bruant. Mr. Gosse had treated him simply as a poet, and I have nothing to add (comments Arthur Symonds, in another English paper) to his appreciation of the poems, "splashed with mire and spotted with blood," which form the collection known as "Dans la Rue." I have, of course, seen the book, but I am more familiar with the songs as they are sung; and it is, after all, not as a poet exactly that Bruant is best known in Paris. For he is, first and foremost, the host of the Cabaret du Mirliton, certainly one of the curiosities of Paris, where—inkeeper, poet, and singer at once—he gives his nightly entertainments.

"Le Cabaret du Mirliton," says the official announcement in *Le Mirliton* ("journal illustré, paraissant douze fois daos l'année, le plus irrégulièrement possible"), "est situé près de l'Elysée-Montmartre, le plus chouette hal de Paris." To get to it, you must begin the long climb that leads to Mootmartre, turning off at the dubious, fascinating Boulevard Rochecouart, which stretches on, with its long, dusty central avenue of sickly trees, from the brilliant Place Blanche, and the whirling red wheels of the Moulin Rouge. The boulevard gets darker, dingier, more suspicious, as, passing street after street that curls crookedly up the hill to the left, you come at last to No. 84, just this side of the great gates of the Elysée-Montmartre, one of the oldest, and at present one of the most disreputable, of the Parisian public halls. If you can resist the attractions of La Macarona, the most thorough-going *chahut*-dancer of Paris, you will stop at No. 84. It has the appearance of a small shop after working hours; or, perhaps, the scraps of colored glass, visible here and there between the shutters, might give you the idea of a cabaret. There is no name over the door, and nothing of the interior can be seen but those few paces of colored glass, only half-covered, and behind them, at intervals, the flash of a match. Through the closed doors comes the sound of loud voices, the jingle of a piao, the words of a song. The people who pass halt for a minute outside, listening, trying to look through the key-hole. And occasionally the door is half-opened, and in a dazzle of light, a dark figure appears on the threshold.

For a nervous person, a first visit to the Mirliton is rather an ordeal. You come up to this noisy, masked, and guarded place; you knock at a door that seems over made to open; and, presently, you hear the harsh, grating sound of two bolts being drawn back. The door does, indeed, open; but the man who opens it scrutinizes you from head to foot, and, if you do not please him, he will refuse you admittance. A lady is never refused admittance; but the chances are that she pays toll in a kiss. She is, at all events, greeted by a slang refrain ("of little meanig, though the words are strong"), chanted by the whole assembly. Inside, as you look round, you find yourself in a small room, with a yet smaller room opening out of it. It is a little in the style of a Germao *bier-keller*, with brown walls, half of wood, half papered. The tables, chairs, and benches are of the plainest wood, and on the sideboards are rough, red-plaster images. Swords, masks, all sorts of queer carvings dangle from the roof, and on the walls are curious unframed canvases, a portrait of Aristide Bruant, by Masson, and another, Toulouse Lautrec's remarkable *affiche*, with its crude, fine violence of line and color. One wall is completely covered by a plaster frieze in high relief, representing a sort of Bacchanalia à la Bullier, ornamented with a fantastic mythology. A piano, loaded with music, stands in a corner by the bar, and on it rests for the moment the famous tea-pot, to be used presently for the collection. It is hoisted round after every song, with a suggestive rattle of the coppers inside it; and, if you are liberal, you will soon have got rid of another franc in addition to your entrance-fee, which, of course, you pay, nominally, for your *bock*. It is the master of the house who has opened the door, and as he paces heavily to and fro he continues the song you have interrupted. Aristide Bruant is, I should imagine, about forty; his face is large, powerful, and clean-shaved, the hair brushed back over the head. There is an air of singular dignity, of calm power, about the big, smooth face, with its proud *bonhomie*, its cynical seriousness. He dresses in a large, loose coat, and trousers of black velvet, a black scarf under the red shirt-collar, and black top-boots. With his hands in his coat-pockets he saunters to and fro, chanting rather than singing, in a loud, monotoneous voice, to the accompaniment of a piano, played by a one-eyed man. Then the one-eyed man sings, or a sleepy-looking young man with eye-glasses—always in the same monotonous chant, with the same casual, absorbed saunter up and down the floor. The monotony is a calculated monotony: it is Bruant's "note," a part of his brutality, his unemotional way of taking things. He never permits himself to use emphasis, he gains effect by his persistent disregard of it. There is certainly something gruesome in his measured, rather matter-of-fact rendering of these gruesome songs, "Au Bois de Boulogne," "A la Villette," "A la Roquette"—songs with brief, significant refrains, caught up in a sudden chorus, after each stanza. The singing, like the songs, is grim, *macabre*, with a certain bare, unaffected simplicity, matching well enough the sordidly tragic simplicity of the words. And the tunes, limited to a few notes, almost in recitative, have the same quality, the same effect. The whole matter is an attempt to do something more realistic than has ever been done before; it succeeds in its painful way, because Aristide Bruant, both as writer and as singer, is a true artist.

Of the sixty-four cardinals who compose the Sacred College but five are English-speaking, and only one of these is an American.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

R. L. Ketchum, who has contributed to the *Argonaut* a number of striking sketches and stories of life among the cowboys, is writing a novel of South-Western life, in collaboration with J. Percival Pollard, a Chicago newspaper man who has written some clever *vers de société* and "society" stories. It will be published early this summer. Mr. Ketchum is now a special writer on the staff of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.

A poem by Charlotte Brontë, which has never yet been published, is to appear in one of the forthcoming English magazines.

New editions at low price of Donald G. Mitchell's "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life" will be brought out soon. On the first edition of the former work the copyright has already expired, although the second edition is still protected. On "Dream Life" the copyright has more than a year to run.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale is preparing a series of papers on his college days for one of the magazines.

A new volume by Ella Wheeler Wilcox called "Men, Women, and Emotions," will be published in Chicago early in the spring. Her publishers report that they sold one hundred per cent. more of her books last year than the year before.

Several stories will soon be issued which will meet with the favor of novel readers. Among them are:

William Black's new novel, "Wolfenberg"; a volume of short stories of Southern life, entitled "A Golden Wedding and Other Stories," by Ruth McEnery Stuart; "Katharine North," by Marie Louise Pool; a new tale by David Christie Murray, entitled "Time's Revenges"; and "From One Generation to Another," by Henry Seton Merriman.

The work on Lincoln for the American Statesmen Series has been written by John T. Morse, Jr. It fills two volumes. Volumes to follow it are on Seward, Sumner, Chase, and Charles Francis Adams.

A paper on the "African Slave Trade" has been prepared by Henry M. Stanley. It is to have illustrations by Mr. Remington.

"Island Nights' Entertainment" will, it is said, be the title of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's new illustrated volume of Polynesian stories. "The Beach of Falesa," "The Bottle Inn," and "The Isle of Voices" are included in this volume. The period of Mr. Stevenson's new novel, which is to succeed "David Balfour," is the close of the last century and its scene is laid near Edinburgh.

Mr. Howells has written a series of poems which are to appear in one of the magazines under the title of "Monochromes."

A dinner, at which thirty guests sat down, was given by Mr. J. Henry Harper and others of the Harper firm at the Union League Club a fortnight ago, as a *bon voyage* to Mr. Alfred Parsons and Mr. Richard Harding Davis. The latter has gone for a trip "way down in Egypt-land" in the interest of his paper.

A New York firm announced, some days ago, an authorized edition of Bourget's new novel "Cosmopolis," and now a Chicago firm also announces an authorized edition of the same.

A volume of verses by Mr. W. H. Mallock is now in the press.

An autobiography of Audubon, the naturalist, recently discovered by one of his descendants, will be published in a February magazine, with illustrations. It is said to be as full of romance and adventure as if it were pure fiction instead of being a true story.

Great will be the popular curiosity concerning the libretto of the next comic opera of the Savoy—for Mr. Barrie and Mr. Coonan Doyle have written it.

A volume of literary essays from the French of Emile Zola is ready from the press of an Eastern publishing company. It is called, from the opening essay, "The Experimental Novel."

The report that Robert Louis Stevenson is dying, which has been attributed to Mr. Leigh Lynch, Samoan Commissioner to the World's Fair, who arrived in San Francisco on January 19th, is confidently denied by the novelist's friends in England and by his American publishers, the Messrs. Scribner.

New Publications.

Shakespeare's comedy of "Twelfth Night" is the latest issue of the English Classics for Schools published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 20 cents.

"Lady Verner's Flight," the latest new novel by "The Duchess" (Mrs. Hungerford), has been issued in the Broadway Series published by John A. Taylor & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Let it Burn," a story by E. Anson More, Jr., has been issued in the Idle Moments Series published by The Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Gaulthier Upcott's Daughter," by Tom Cobb-leigh, is an uneventful little love story, notable

chiefly for the clever portrayal of English rustic characters. Published in the Unknown Library by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 35 cents; for sale at the Popular Book Store.

"The Siberian Exiles," a novel by Colonel Thomas W. Knox, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Danesbury House," a prize temperance novel by Mrs. Henry Wood, the author of "East Lynne," with an introduction by Miss Frances E. Willard and Lady Helen Somerset, has been issued in the Kialto Series published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Hermine's Triumph," a wholesome and fairly entertaining story of the adventures of a little French girl, has been translated from the French of Mme. C. Colomb, and, with the one hundred and twelve original illustrations by H. Vogel, has been published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Veiled Hand: A Novel of the Sixties, the Seventies, and the Eighties," by Frederick Wicks, who holds that the novelist's aim should be "to give pictures of the life of the day, reflecting the most startling developments of social relationship," is published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Short Stories is bound in volumes of four numbers each, the latest comprising those from September to December, 1892, and making the eleventh volume of the series. In its five hundred pages are gathered some threescore short stories and etchings, some of them being original, others translated from the literature of France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and other European countries, and others, again, reprinted as "famous" tales. It is a fine magazine of entertaining fiction. Published by the Current Literature Publishing Company, New York.

"The Squire," by Mrs. Parr, is a story of English country life, so long, so complicated, and so densely peopled, so to speak, that only the most patient reader will finish it. In the beginning, a charming old lady and her two sons—one good and the other bad—are discovered; the wicked son jilts a young woman, Barbara, and marries Janet Hall, and they have a son. The son, in due time, falls in love with the daughter of the girl his father had jilted, and their baps and mishaps continue to the end of the book. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

A "French Reader on the Cumulative Method" has been devised by Dr. Adolphe Dreyssing, which is to be heartily commended. It tells in French the story of "Rodolphe and Coco the Chimpanzee"—not a wildly exciting tale, but good for its purpose—showing the personages and action of the story in numerous illustrations, giving the meaning of the new words on each page, propounding a scheme of questions for drill in grammar, and vocabulary, setting forth French grammar in a series of synoptical tables, and concluding with a lexicon of words in the story. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

Among the best works on American history in which a single epoch or question is specialized is "A History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850," by James Ford Rhodes. It is in two volumes, the first covering the period from 1850 to 1854, and the second from 1854 to 1860, and is an admirable exposition of the events that led up to the "irrepressible conflict." The South was boldly attempting to extend slavery to new States and Territories, and it is the history of the various compromises made by the North that Mr. Rhodes has set forth. The author is evidently a Republican, but not a blind partisan, and he throws new light upon several historic characters. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$5.00 for the two volumes; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Short History of the Christian Church," by John Fletcher Hurst, D. D., LL. D., is based on his five earlier histories, and forms a connected history of the church nearly down to the present time. The work is divided into five parts: "The Early Church" (A. D. 30-750); "The Mediaeval Church" (750-1517); "The Reformation" (1517-1545); "The Modern Church in Europe" (1545-1892); and "The Church in the United States," which last part is divided into the colonial period (1492-1783) and the national period (1783-1892). In the last division separate chapters are devoted to the Protestant, Episcopal, Congregational, Reformed Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, American Methodist, Roman Catholic, Unitarian, Universalist, Moravian, Campbellite, and Quaker Churches; other chapters are headed "Other Denominations," "The Transcendentalists," "Communitic Churches," and "The Mormons," and the achievements of various Christian churches in many reforms are shown in fifty pages. In appendices are given statistics of churches in the United States, and there is an index of authors in addition to the general index to the work. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Miss Ruth Burnett, of Southborough, Mass., Mrs. Cleveland's intimate friend, after whom little Ruth was named, has been formally received into the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Kenwood, N. Y.

"Ouida" is reported to have suffered recently a severe financial loss. Corroborative evidence is offered by the fact that she has left her magnificent house, the Villa Ouida, in the suburbs of Florence, and has taken a suite of rooms in the city itself.

A Washington correspondent remarked in Eugene Field's hearing some weeks ago:

"After the death of Blaine, a good many of us people are going to take pleasure in telling the story of the sinister influence which Mrs. Blaine exercised throughout her husband's career. It can be shown that she is responsible for every political, moral, and social offense he ever made."

Patti receives two thousand dollars a night for her operatic performances at La Scala, in Milan. In England, the diva's rates are higher, for she is paid four thousand dollars for every concert in London and two thousand five hundred dollars for concerts in the provinces.

Mme. Juliette Adam, of the *Nouvelle Revue*, thinks of proposing herself for the French Academy, incited thereto, it is said, by Mrs. Potter Palmer and a number of American ladies whom she has lately been seeing about the Women's Department of the World's Fair.

It is not often that the Czar decorates a ballet-dancer. He did so, recently, in the case of Mile. Marie Ogoleit, upon whom he conferred a gold medal, to be worn with the ribbon of St. Vladimir, for having saved the life of a peasant girl who tried to drown herself in the River Ordeja.

Lady Pauncefote, wife of the British Minister at Washington, finds that city overwhelmingly sociable. On a recent afternoon, she had calls from fourteen hundred visitors whom she had never seen nor heard of. She had made an informal announcement that she would be "at home" from four to six o'clock.

Among the skaters at Richmond the other day, Princess May was seen gliding gayly over the ice, looking as bright and bonny as ever. She is still wearing black, unrelieved by any color, and has, indeed, never been seen in any but sombre garments since last January, when the Duke of Clarence died.

Mrs. Peary, of Arctic fame, is a tall, willowy woman, whose personality is extremely attractive. Her youthful appearance is a surprise when her pluck and endurance are recalled. She says her height aroused much curiosity among the Esquimaux women, who are rather below size, and they were anxious to know if all white women were "so high."

The Princess of Wales is a very graceful figure on skates, and exceedingly fond of the healthful exercise. She wears a peculiar kind of skating-boot, laced nearly to the knee, the upper portion lined with fur. The heels are wide and low, and the skates cover the soles of the boots and have springs under the insteps, the whole under part being steel.

Miss Rhoda Broughton has just narrowly escaped inheriting a share of a large fortune, in this wise: The estate of the late Henry Thomas Coghlan, of England, valued at over three million dollars, is now in litigation. No will has been found, and the next of kin are a hrother, a sister, and a cousin. Miss Rhoda Broughton is a first cousin once removed, and the law does not recognize the lesser degree of relationship until the higher is exhausted. The next of kin at present entitled to the estate claim through Mr. Coghlan's mother, who was a Broughton.

Mme. Pinitza, widow of the Slavie major of that name, who was assassinated by M. Stamboulloff some three years ago, has outlived her sorrow and disgusted her friends by marrying a banker at Sofia, who is Stamboulloff's intimate friend. Aristocratic society at Sofia is shocked and scandalized. What makes the affair worse is the fact that Mme. Pinitza has turned over to the slayer of her husband all the private papers left by the latter.

The melancholy Empress of Austria is fond of making sudden and strange journeys. Says a recent paragraph:

Last year her whim was for a house in Corfu with magnificent environment, where she paced the garden walks conversing in Greek with her Grecian tutor. This year it is a sojourn in Spain with a large and expensive suite and apparently indefinite purpose. Just at present she is on a cruise in her steam-yacht, the *Mirra*, which may take her to the West Indies in search of a warmer climate. She will return to Europe early in the spring. Her majesty will then go to Wiesbaden, where she will place herself for some weeks under the treatment of the celebrated masseur, Dr. Metzger, who has treated her with a certain amount of success before.

Pierre Loti has roused a hornet's nest by his unfriendly references to the ladies of the Court of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, which have appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue* of Mme. Adam, under the title of "Une Exilée." Mrs. Crawford writes from Paris: "In the poet queen, to which he had been especially invited by 'Carmen Sylva,' he asserted that the congratulations offered the queen by her ladies were of manifest insincerity, and that their royal mistress was in their eyes an object of derision and ridicule. One of their number has published in the *Indépendance Roumaine* a letter addressed to him to which he will find considerable difficulty in making reply."

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VANITY FAIR.

The outcry against the crinoline has been so universal that it is interesting to read the defense of that much-abused style of garment set up by a woman in an English paper. She says: "I have suffered silently for years during the long innings of square-shouldered and narrow-hipped women. I have sloping shoulders, and my style of figure had a long spell of popularity, thanks to the Empress of the French. According to the fashions that have prevailed for some time, my shoulders might be called a little weak; but to atone for this, my feet are as small as my hands. Now, the beauty admired by artists—the natural shape of the female form divine—has been destroyed by the grotesque clothes of the last fifteen years. But we all have our day. Mine is dawning, and all the crying to the 'inconstant moon' of fashion will not prevent the sun of the crinoline from rising. No Anti-Crinoline League will crush the introduction of the only rational and feminine style of garment which has clothed all the beauties of the world, and nothing will keep the men from off their knees before it. With its return will come all the old graces and chivalry toward women, which has died out since they took to dressing like men. There are only about five hundred women who dress at all; the others merely wear clothes. If *les autres* choose to go about like men in a sack-race, *tant pis pour elles*. What I have endured for about fifteen years past, from having the shoulder-seam of my bodice in quite another part of my anatomy to where my arm is set on to my body, no tongue can tell. The padding, also, that has provided me with the correct width of back has given me infinite discomfort, though, perhaps, not quite such intense physical pain as have the endeavors of my dress-maker to lace and squeeze my waist into the requisite length and slenderness suitable for a Louis Quinze coat or an eel-skin frock. According to classical measurements, I am a well-made woman; but dressed in the various fashions which have prevailed since I grew up, I have invariably looked either dowdy or ridiculous, generally both. It is also my misfortune that I am exceedingly short-sighted. I have always been as ready and willing as any other woman to make myself crimson in the face, lank in the locks, and generally untidy, with the hope of catching a mild curate during the pauses of a set of lawn-tennis. But I have been obliged to sit by and watch, as best I can through my lorgnettes, the romping game. But the time of the short-sighted woman is at hand. Crinolines and croquet must go hand in hand, and this summer will find me and hundreds of other women strolling about smooth lawns, mallet in hand and cavalier in tow, instead of being put away under the trees with the tea-table and the chaperons. I can understand my sisters who have been a little too liberally treated by nature with respect to their feet dreading the incoming crinoline; but women with pretty extremities will surely rejoice at a fashion which will give them every opportunity for displaying beautiful feet and ankles without having to cross a muddy road. The point of cleanliness and hygiene is scarcely necessary to touch on with respect to the crinoline. There need never be a trailing dust-trap hanging round a woman's ankles; wet, and dragged, and dirty skirts will be unknown. Spoiled boots and muddled stockings can not be where the crinoline is worn. As regards the indecency of the crinoline, I must only beg women, and men, too, to carry their minds back to the days of eel-skin skirts and Jersey bodices; let them recall the *exposé* of outline, the exhibition of form and shape; and then let them earnestly pray for the speedy return of a fashion that conceals, as well as covers, the short-legged race."

A good deal of fault has been found in New York this winter with the pushing and rushing in the supper-rooms and the absolute want of decency, to say nothing of good breeding, with which young men have surrounded the tables and secured refreshment for themselves, to the absolute exclusion of women both old and young. "I assure you"—said a middle-aged lady who has been chaperoning at all the balls of the winter her own daughters, as well as three or four collateral relatives—"I should never get so much as a glass of champagne if I did not occasionally fall to the lot of some gentleman among my own contemporaries. The young men of the day think and act only for themselves, and one pretty dance was actually spoiled by the want of courtesy shown in the supper-rooms."

The performance of the Theatre of Arts and Letters in New York, recently, was made a very delightful and graceful occasion by the presence of hundreds of women who were suitably costumed for the theatre. In obedience to the rule of the association, they sat with uncovered heads, and thus gave to the house an appearance of refinement and polite cultivation which was altogether refreshing. This innovation in the prevailing feminine practice in New York produced a remarkable effect (according to the *Sun*). It lent something of the character of an elegant social function to a theatrical performance, and thus tended to soften manners and promote the considerate regard for others which lies at the basis of good breeding. It kept the audience within the bounds of courtesy, as if they were at a private entertainment in a private house and not the spectators at a public performance. It also gave an æsthetic

tone to the assemblage, which was both agreeable and refining. The ladies were generally not more elaborately dressed than they would have been at any theatre. The moral change was effected by the mere removal of their bonnets and hats out of respect to the rule of the association and in deference to the proprieties of such an event. The improvement in the appearance of the house, brought about by so slight a modification of costume was complete and surprising. The women looked far better because of it, and the bearing of the men was more polished. The sight of the audience from the lobby and the galleries was very beautiful. Nobody was craning his neck to catch a view of the stage from behind nodding plumes and huge and grotesque hats. Instead of scowling faces here and there and porcine manners, everybody was civil, gracious, cheerful, and polite. The women seemed to have no difficulty about disposing of their head-coverings in the dressing-rooms or on their laps, and their toilet being congruous with the place, their comfort was manifestly greater than it would have been if they had followed the prevailing fashion of keeping on their bonnets for several hours in a crowded house in which such covering is wholly unnecessary, if not actually deleterious to health, and is, moreover, unbecoming. Any woman attending the theatre can follow this example without inconvenience to herself, but with gain to her own comfort, and with the happy consciousness of increasing the enjoyment of her neighbors.

People who regard dancing as an art rather than an inartistic romp, will be glad to hear (says the *St. James's Gazette*) that, though the barn-dance still retains its popularity, there is every sign of a return to more graceful movements, the old English minuet being now largely taught and likely to be the fashionable dance next season. The chief difficulty in the way of reviving these stately measures is due to the attitude taken up by dancing men. Minuets are not dances in which masculine grace is seen to the best advantage; nor can the dignity and stateliness necessary to insure their success be imparted by the dancing-master in half a dozen lessons, especially as men decline to wear the delightful cocked hat. The National Park Quadrille (?), which has some vogue in America, and which permits each man to have two lady partners, would be more likely to win approbation in a country where the women so largely outnumber the men.

The voluminous skirt without hoops is already "in" (a writer in the *New York Times* declares). It is a handsome skirt, but should be objected to because of its weight. The amount of material, lined throughout, is only one item in this weight. The stiff buckram or horse-hair interlining that runs to the waist in the full back breadths, and to the knee, or above, across the front and sides, adds noticeably. The new skirt in its perfection is not merely voluminous, it is ponderous. The more conservative gored skirt is made uncomfortably weighty by its deep facing of stiffening. It is almost as pretty a skirt, though, as the bell which women are relinquishing with reluctance. The wide skirt-trimmings have become familiar through the winter, having been used on street and ball-gowns—on the former, in the shape of rolls of fur encircling the skirt half-way to the waist; on the latter, as a wide flounce or succession of narrower flounces.

The majority of New York clubmen have received invitations within the last few weeks to join one or more of what are to be known as "World's Fair Clubs," which are being organized by some Chicago men for the Columbian Exhibition. One of these projected clubs places the dues at fifteen dollars for the period of the exposition, with no initiation fee, and another places them at fifty dollars for the same period, with a small initiation fee. The payment of these sums will give to the men joining the privileges of the restaurant and bar, of comfortable club-houses near the exposition grounds, and of rooms in these houses for a period not longer than a fortnight, application, of course, for these to be made at once, and the rooms to be allotted in the order of application. The idea is a good one, but it is difficult to see how any large number of members can be accommodated with rooms in such club-houses, particularly if each member has the privilege of a fortnight's stay. The Rittenhouse Club, of Philadelphia, has secured a house near the exposition grounds, has appointed to manage this house a committee large enough to have two members constantly in attendance from May 1st to November 1st, and this annex or auxiliary club is to be run on the same lines as the parent club at Philadelphia. Any member of the Rittenhouse Club who desires to subscribe toward the expenses of this Chicago annex, can have set apart rooms for himself and a limited number of the ladies of his family for any one week during the exposition. The burning of the large and handsome building of the Calumet Club, of Chicago, a few days ago, was a particularly unfortunate occurrence at this time. Not only was the building one of the most beautiful club-houses in the country, but the members of the club had arranged to entertain many of their friends among Eastern clubmen. The building can not be replaced in time for the exposition.

"With every respect that a man and a journalist can feel for a lady and a *littératrice*," says a writer in *Black and White*, "I still do not believe that Mrs.

Stannard holds high rank enough among milliners, and the fashionable throng who follow in the wake of milliners, to stand up for the women of England and do fight against the giant Crinoline. Rather would one see a champion start up from among merely frivolous society, or even from the theatre itself—whence many of our fashions do actually come. All the efforts of all the writing ladies in Great Britain will not avail against crinoline if the milliners really want to bring it in. Indeed, their efforts will rather help than hinder the common enemy. It held its own once before against argument and ridicule far more powerful than anything the Anti-Crinoline League are likely to employ."

The "maidens of Vienna" are not quite so well accustomed as their American or English sisters to the existence of bachelors' clubs. A club of that kind was lately formed in Vienna, to the great indignation of the ladies, who regard it as their mission to prevent celibacy becoming too popular. The unlucky members were threatened with all manner of boycotts by their fair friends, and to such a condition of terror were they reduced that not a man could be found to accept the presidency of the club. Not satisfied with this victory, the young persons of Vienna have gone in for a counterblast in the form of a Spinners' Club. But this Verein will not be so selfishly exclusive as that formed by the men. Gentlemen are to be admitted to it, upon occasion; for, as the lady president candidly admitted at the very first meeting, the object of the club is to "bring about the speedy and happy marriage of its members."

A serious drawback to the cause of higher education for women in the English universities is reported from Oxford. The cost of "chaperonage" has risen. The older women, who are considered indispensable escorts to the girl students who attend examinations and lectures, are demanding and receiving higher pay than ever before. In many cases, the students can not afford to meet this increased expense, and a daring reformer has suggested that chaperons be dispensed with. While this has horrified the conservatives, it has pleased the independent young women, who are beginning to realize that there is no lurking peril in the streets of Oxford.

The Anti-Crinoline League now has a membership of eleven thousand, and, although royalty still holds aloof, one duchess, Her Grace of Montrose, and two or three countesses have joined. The duchess is young; but most of the titled members, and, it is whispered, a great majority of the league's rank and file, are of mature age. It is very sad, but the melancholy fact can not be blinked at, that the majority of young and handsome society ladies are engaged in the unlady-like occupation of sitting on the fence. They are not particularly anxious to wear crinoline, but they will do it without demur if it should be decreed fashionable. The league leaders apparently are not altogether sure of the constancy of their followers, and it has, therefore, been decided to label them. Every member is to wear a white-metal badge, with monogram, "which may be had either as brooch or badge on ribbon," and a monopoly of the manufacture of this emblem of emancipation, price one shilling, has been given to Messrs. So-and-So, who, presumably, have a female relative on the executive committee. This badge business will probably bring just enough ridicule upon the movement to insure its early collapse.

Houses will soon be all top. Men will go upstairs to play billiards when they will not go down. In the basement they are too near the servants, who have preternaturally acute ears. Upstairs there is greater freedom of conversation. Fathers have discovered that if there is a well-equipped billiard-room near the roof, with good air, an unrestricted outlook, adequate privacy, and satisfactory means of refreshment, that their sons, after business hours, are much more apt to come home and bring their friends with them to play until dinner than to go to their clubs. The hand-somest billiard-table ever made in this country was for Patti, who is an enthusiastic lover of billiards and plays a good game. It cost three thousand dollars, and is now at Craig-y-nos, her castle in Wales.

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SOCIETY.

The Scheld-Carroll Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Leila Carroll and Mr. Adolph Scheld, both of Sacramento, took place last Wednesday at the residence of Mr. C. H. Clark, in Sacramento. The bride is the daughter of the late John Carroll and sister of Mr. Edgar B. Carroll and Mr. H. W. Carroll. The groom is the son of Mr. Philip Scheld, of Sacramento. Rev. G. A. Ottmann, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, officiated. Miss May Carroll was bridesmaid, and Dr. G. C. Simmons was groomsmen. At twelve o'clock noon, the bridal party took their places, and although all brides look beautiful, this one excelled in that particular. She was dressed in cream-colored faille Française, covered with point lace, in train, with high neck and long sleeves, a veil of tulle covering the costume. She wore diamonds as ornaments, with hyacinths and orchids in her hair, while a beautiful bouquet of hyacinths and orchids, made in loops and bunches, extended to the bottom of the dress. The house decorations were beautiful, being arranged by Miss Mary Bates. The bridal bower was composed of manzanita boughs, palms, and bamboo, wound with ribbons and with the beautiful pink blossoms of the manzanita, making a beautiful arbor. The dining-room was decorated with silk cords, oranges, mistletoe, and pussy willow.

After the ceremony an elegant luncheon was served, the bridal-table being made up of twelve persons. Only intimate friends and relatives of the families living in Sacramento and San Francisco were present, as the wedding was intended to be a quiet one; but they formed, nevertheless, quite a large assembly. The happy pair took the evening train for an extended bridal tour through the southwestern portion of the State, to last for several weeks, and many of the guests departed for San Francisco on the same train. The presents, consisting largely of silver and cut glass, were numerous and beautiful, filling the tables in a large-sized room.

The Howard-Mills Wedding.

Miss Adeline Mills, daughter of Mrs. Edward Taylor, of San Mateo, and a niece of Dr. O. O. Mills, was married last Wednesday, in Grace Church, to Mr. Frederick Paxton Howard, son of Mr. Charles Webb Howard. Rev. Giles A. Easton officiated in the presence of a limited number of relatives and intimate friends. Mr. and Mrs. Howard left for a southern trip on the afternoon train.

The Whitney Lunch-Party.

Mrs. J. D. Whitney gave a charming lunch-party last Tuesday in the tapestry room at the Palace Hotel. Covers were laid for fourteen and the effect of the decoration of palms and ferns under the illumination afforded by candles and electric lights was particularly striking. After a delicious menu, Turkish coffee was served in the adjoining room. Those present were:

Mrs. J. D. Whitney, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. J. S. Hager, Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. John Boggs, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Theodore Payne, Mrs. W. L. Ashe, Mrs. Leonard Wood, and Mrs. James W. Keeney.

The McMurtry Supper-Party.

After the performance of "His Majesty," last Wednesday evening, Mr. W. S. McMurtry gave a delightful supper in the tapestry room at the Palace Hotel to the party who had been his guests during the evening. La France roses afforded a very pretty decoration for the table and the menu was a delicious one. Mr. McMurtry's guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss McNutt, Miss Carolyn, Miss Hager, Miss Bates, Mr. Walter Lee Dean, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, Mr. Oscar I. Sewell, and Mr. A. S. Tubbs.

Notes and Gossip.

The Lenten season will begin next Wednesday. Miss Antoinette Roman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Roman, will be married to Mr. John Warren Dutton at half-past eight o'clock next Tuesday evening in Grace Church.

Miss Florence Moulton, daughter of Mrs. A. W. Moulton, will be married next Tuesday evening, in St. John's Presbyterian Church, to Mr. Arthur Albert Martin, of the firm of E. T. Allen & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Graham have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Alice Rossella Graham, and Mr. Axel Hull Fish, which will take place next Tuesday noon at the Westminster Presbyterian Church.

The wedding of Miss Lillie Hageman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hageman, and Dr. O. F. Westphal will take place next Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, on Bush Street.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, assisted by Mrs. Fredrick Green, Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, will give a tea to-day (Saturday) at her residence, 1609 Sutter Street.

A ball will be given in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening, February 13th, under the auspices of Mrs. George D. Boyd, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Co-wives Festetics, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. J. W. Mailliard, Mrs. Percy Moore, and Mrs. Hugh Tevis. Dancing will commence at half-past eight

o'clock. It is a subscription affair, and about two hundred ladies and gentlemen are expected to be present.

Mrs. Catherwood has indefinitely postponed her domino-party, which was to have taken place on Monday evening, February 13th, owing to the serious condition of her father's health.

Miss Lake will give a reception at 1534 Sutter Street this (Saturday) afternoon, from two until six o'clock, to the faculties of the University of California and the Leland Stanford Junior University and the members of the Century Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cluff will celebrate the fifth anniversary of their wedding by giving a reception at their residence, 1714 Vallejo Street.

Miss Wilson will deliver a lecture on "Venice" next Friday evening at the Van Ness Seminary.

Mrs. Louis T. Haggin gave a charming dinner recently at her home on Taylor Street at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Purdy, Miss Leroy, Mr. L. T. Webb, and Mr. H. M. Jones, of New York, and Lord Ernismore, of England.

Miss Emelie Kirkerterp gave a delightful card-party last Tuesday evening at her residence, 1017 Bush Street, in honor of Mrs. Judd, of Honolulu. Those invited to meet her were Mr. and Mrs. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Belden, and Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert A. McLean gave a delightful matinee tea last Thursday at their residence on Pacific Avenue in honor of Lieutenant and Mrs. H. E. Parmenter, U. S. N., *nee* Taylor, who had just returned from their wedding trip. The rooms were handsomely decorated with flowers, and several hours were pleasantly passed in music, conversation, and feasting.

Miss Breeze gave a very pleasant matinee tea last Monday at her home, 1330 Sutter Street, and delightfully entertained a few young ladies.

Mrs. Volney Spalding invited quite a number of her friends to enjoy a private theatrical entertainment last Thursday evening, the attraction being the comedy entitled "The Chimney Corner." The play was produced on the stage in the ball-room in a most acceptable manner, and the cast included Miss Pratt, Miss Dorland, Mr. Evans, Mr. Davies, and Mr. Clement. The service of refreshments and dancing concluded the pleasantly passed evening.

Mrs. M. E. Pendleton gave a very enjoyable dancing-party last Tuesday evening which was participated in by about one hundred and fifty of her guests and their friends. The large dining-hall was used for dancing, which was kept up until midnight, and an elaborate supper was served.

The ladies and gentlemen who participated in the performance of "Living Whist," recently at the Grand Opera House, had a reunion last Wednesday evening at which they enjoyed dancing for several hours.

The works of the composer Balfe, whose son at fifty-four is poor and wretched, were gold-mines to the publishers. The enterprising gentlemen who published "The Bohemian Girl" made forty thousand dollars profit out of "When Other Lips," a similar sum out of "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and twenty-five thousand dollars from "The Heart Bowed Down." The composer's unfortunate son is a little old man, bent with years of hard and unremunerative work.

Fashions in Stationery.

Not one of the fair sex who worship the goddess of fashion would wear a bonnet that is a year old, yet there are some who will use stationery that was in style half a decade ago, and think nothing of it. The question is often asked, "Why is this?" and the answer comes soft and low, "Because they have not been educated to the use of stationery as an adjunct of fashion." It is, however, a most important factor in the world of society, and its use and abuse are commented on by those who are properly informed. It is a very simple matter to ascertain just what is the proper thing in stationery to use for certain purposes in polite correspondence. A visit to the large establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, directly opposite Grant Avenue, will demonstrate this. They are thoroughly *en rapport* with the latest European and Eastern fashions in stationery, and keep on hand a large stock of all of the novelties in paper and envelopes. Call on them at your leisure and their courteous clerks will tell you just the proper sizes and colors of stationery to use, and as their prices are most reasonable, only a small outlay is necessary.

As with stationery, so it is with calling-cards; they also change occasionally in size and style. Sanborn, Vail & Co. have unrivaled facilities for the execution of copper-plate printing and engraving, and do the largest business of any firm in San Francisco. They engrave and print invitations for weddings, receptions, teas, dances, dinners, and other social affairs in the highest style of art and at prices that defy competition. They are always willing to show samples of their work, and a visit to them can not be considered as time lost.

—SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. *Crème Simon* marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Stanislas Rozynski, corner Powell and Ellis Streets, 433-435, San Francisco, and druggists, perfumers, and fancy-goods stores.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents, stamps or postal notes.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS the late shades in neck-wear. See the Bagdad scarfs.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander Burnell, U. S. N., of the Norfolk Navy-Yard, has been ordered to the command of the *Pinna*.

Passed-Assistant Engineer Rowbotham, U. S. N., has been detached from the receiving ship *Independence* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Assistant-Paymaster F. W. Reynolds, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Thetis*. The retirement of Chief-Engineer C. H. Baker, U. S. N., will result in the promotion of Passed-Assistant Engineer J. S. Ogden, U. S. N., to be Chief-Engineer, and Assistant-Engineer Joseph L. Wood, U. S. N., to be Passed-Assistant Engineer.

Commander John J. Read, U. S. N., has successfully passed his examination for promotion to captain, and his name will soon be sent to the Senate for confirmation. Commander E. T. Woodward, U. S. N., who was examined by the same board, failed physically, but will be re-examined in about six months.

Lieutenant Myers, U. S. R. M., of the *Richard Rush*, will go East late in March on a leave of absence.

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of six months on his former leave of absence, owing to continued illness.

Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A., of the inspector-general's department, is traveling in the East on leave of absence.

Lieutenant E. M. Blake, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of two months.

Paymaster J. R. Stanton, U. S. N., has been ordered to join the *Mohican* at Honolulu, and will leave here next Tuesday.

Paymaster W. W. Galt, U. S. N., has been relieved from duty on the *Thetis*, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Paymaster W. W. J. Thompson, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Monitor*.

Ensign E. T. Witherspoon, U. S. N., has been detached from the coast survey steamer *McArthur* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant and Mrs. McKinstry, U. S. A., have returned from their trip to Europe, and are at West Point, N. Y.

When Charles Mathews was in this country, the rapidity of his speech was a cause of much astonishment, but there was no loss of distinctness on that account. He was said to be the most rapid talker and singer on the stage. Sarah Bernhardt talks at a furious speed sometimes; but every speech that is to be spoken fast is practiced again and again, a little more quickly each time, in order to insure clearness of utterance.

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SOCIETY.

The Lent Ball.

The ball given by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, nee Hooker, on Friday evening, was one of the particularly brilliant affairs of the winter season. Their wedding, just four months ago, will be most pleasantly remembered, and since then they have occupied their beautiful home, 2229 Washington Street. Ample as it is for most occasions, it was not considered quite large enough to accommodate comfortably all of their friends at once, so Mr. Lent's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Lent, kindly offered the use of their spacious residence, 699 Polk Street, for the evening. About three hundred guests were invited, and the popularity of the young couple is such that regrets were almost an unknown quantity. The hallway, parlors, reception, and music rooms were all decorated in exquisite taste, and the floors were canvassed. The guests met with cordial greetings from the host and hostess, the latter appearing radiant in a very becoming and modish gown of pink brocade, beautifully designed and tastefully trimmed. Dancing commenced about ten o'clock, to the melody of the Hungarian Orchestra, and continued until midnight. Then a sumptuous supper was served under the direction of Ludwig, and it was followed by a continuance of the dancing for a couple of hours. The hospitality of the host and hostess was generous, and their guests all felt that they had been admirably entertained. Among the invited guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Donohoe, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ford, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Givins, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Holman, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Moody, Dr. and Mrs. Beverly Mac Menaghe, Mr. and Mrs. George Page, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Mathieu, Mr. and Mrs. H. McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Carnody, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Tallant, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tibbs, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Tibbs, Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. Fritz King, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tatum, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sprickles, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Zeile, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Favre, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Bettie Ashe, Misses Bates, Miss Julia Bowen, Miss Breeze, Miss Floy Brown, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Carroll, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Cunningham, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Deming, Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Emily Hager, Miss Mamie Harrington, Miss Small, Miss McAllister, Miss Harvey, Miss Clara Taylor, Misses Upson, Miss Gertrude Wilson, Miss Anna Head, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Mamie Kohl, Miss Moody, Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss McNutt, Miss Mills, Miss Moulder, Miss Helen Otis, Misses Pierce, Miss Reynolds, Miss Jennie Sherwood, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Smedberg, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Sperry, Miss Mollie Torbert, Miss Jennie Watson, Miss Nellie Hillier, Miss Laura McKinty, Miss Mahel Yost, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Norwood, Miss Ralston, Lieutenant Harry O. Benson, U. S. A., Lieutenant G. W. Stevens, U. S. A., Lieutenant Burnett, U. S. N., Mr. Lawson Adams, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. G. C. Boardman, Jr., Mr. R. Porter Ashe, Mr. James M. Brown, Mr. G. Vernon Gray, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. William Heath, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. E. G. Schmiedell, Mr. Joseph Tohin, Mr. Samuel H. Knight, Colonel C. Fred Crocker, Mr. Walter Lee Dean, Mr. W. S. McMurry, Mr. W. S. Newhall, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr., Mr. Jerome Watson, Mr. Harry Dimond, Mr. Breeze, Mr. Berry, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. Sidney Ashe, Mr. John O. Blanchard, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. Samuel Buckner, Mr. W. M. Randall, Mr. Francis Michael, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. O. Shafter Howard, Mr. Karl Howard, Mr. Paul R. Jarboe, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. R. L. Coleman, Mr. Harry Coleman, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. A. B. Moulder, Mr. W. H. Sherwood, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. R. P. Hammond, Jr., Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln, Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, Dr. William G. Mizner, Lieutenant S. L. Paison, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. N. K. Kittle, Mr. George Sbreve, Mr. A. Gerberding, Mr. Harry Durbrow, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. Augustine Casserly, Mr. George Nagle, Mr.

The Monday Evening Club.

The Maple Room at the Palace Hotel was the scene of the second meeting of the Monday Evening Club, and the affair was a marked success. It was given in compliment to the officers and ladies of the United States army and navy stationed around the harbor. There were about one hundred and fifty members and guests present, and the scene in the ball-room was a brilliant one. The large number of very pretty girls present, several of them debutantes, and the beauty of their gowns were particularly attractive elements of the ball. The floor will be canvassed at the next party. The hall commenced at nine o'clock, and dancing to the music of the Hungarian Orchestra was continued until almost half-past one o'clock. Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., was the very efficient floor-manager. During the evening lemonade, punch, and light refreshments were served from the buffet. The members of the club and their guests were as follows:

Count and Countess Caroli, of Austria, Lieutenant and Mrs. A. T. Dean, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. E. Sanford Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Dickman, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Roe, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Trout, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hittell, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Halsted, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Patton, Colonel and Mrs. Charles Sonntag, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. McGovern, Lieutenant and Mrs. Kehrlin, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Buckingham, Mrs. P. E. Horton, Mr. M. A. Fritz, Mrs. Kelson, Mrs. Laura L. Burdett, Mrs. J. I. Martel, Mrs. D. E. Fried, Mrs. J. Tremaine Smith, Mrs. G. E. Barnes, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. S. A. Parker, Miss Mabel Love, Miss Helen Walker, Miss Lorena Barhier, Miss Helene Berger, Miss Maude Smith, Miss Ada Trezevant, Miss Louise Horton, Miss Susie McEwen, Miss Elsie Knox, Miss Ethel Martel, Miss Addie Mahan, Miss Daisy Witham, Miss Alice Ziska, Miss Maud Kaufmann, Miss Maud Buckner, Miss Blanche Dorland, Misses Kinzie, Miss Bessie Rodda, Miss Albertia Gruenhagen, Miss C. V. Wate, Miss Barker, Miss Fannie L. Dunne, of San Carlos, Misses Alice and Lizzie Whorton, of Redwood City, Miss Carrie Bright, of Sacramento, Miss Laura Gerlach, of Stockton, Miss Dollie Fritz, Miss Agnes Failey, Miss Dollie Failey, Miss Ella Kelson, Miss Maud Rothermel, Miss Ella Fritz, Miss Lulu Fritz, Miss Saidee Austin, Miss May Donohue, Miss Blx Smith, Miss Currier, Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen, Miss Anna M. Hunt, Miss J. Brunner, Miss Jackson, Miss Annie Bosquet, Miss Josie Bosquet, Miss Mamie Hoesch, Miss Rose Sweeney, Miss Ada Conrad, Miss Carrie Lampe, Miss Mackay, Miss Twitchell, of Sacramento, Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, U. S. A., Lieutenant Thomas W. Winston, U. S. A., Lieutenant John A. Lockwood, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. P. Sumner, U. S. A., Lieutenant E. E. Benjamin, U. S. A., Major D. H. Kinzie, U. S. A., Captain Parker, U. S. A., Captain J. J. O'Connell, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Commander T. G. Phelps, Jr., U. S. N., Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., Lieutenant C. M. Fahs, U. S. N., Lieutenant T. F. Ruhm, U. S. N., Lieutenant A. L. Broadbent, U. S. N., Lieutenant White, U. S. N., Lieutenant Myers, U. S. R. M., Lieutenant J. J. Gensaul, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., Mr. O. Albert Bernard, U. S. L. D., Captain Robert R. Searle, Dr. William J. Younger, Mr. William H. Chambliss, Mr. Adolph Spreckels, Mr. C. C. Hoag, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. R. P. Greer, Mr. Clement T. Bletcher, Mr. J. A. Ritchie, Mr. Harry W. Goodall, Mr. Fred S. Pbeby, Mr. H. H. Harkey, Mr. E. G. Cabrera, Mr. J. W. Browne, Mr. W. F. Sawyer, Mr. Walter Peterson, Mr. Thomas N. Swynep, Mr. James P. Sweeney, Mr. F. O. Heydenfeldt, Mr. A. J. Fritz, Mr. H. T. Bickel, Dr. A. H. Wallace, Dr. Harvey Holmgren, Mr. E. A. Mantell, Mr. L. E. Phillips, Mr. W. A. Keeter, Mr. J. H. Shaw, Dr. N. T. Coulson, Mr. S. Antoldi, Mr. A. Locher, Mr. Castelazo, and others.

The Spalding Dinner-Party.

Mrs. Volney Spalding gave an elaborate dinner-party recently as a farewell compliment to Mrs. Curtis J. Hillyer, prior to her departure for her home in Washington, D. C. The decorations were in tones of yellow and violet. The table was covered with yellow crepe, adorned with light and dark violets, while the service of china and crystal was of yellow. The menu was a bounteous one and several hours were delightfully passed in its enjoyment. Mrs. Spalding's guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Curtis J. Hillyer, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mrs. A. P. Benham, Mrs. L. H. Colt, Colonel Harry I. Brady, Mr. Lester O. Peck, and Mr. A. T. Vogelsang.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John W. Mackay and the Princess di Colonna, of Italy, are expected in New York late in April, and will visit the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. de Rascon arrived last Monday on the delayed steamer *Feking*. Mr. de Rascon is the Mexican Minister to Japan and Mrs. de Rascon will be remembered here as Miss Cora Townsend, of New Orleans. Their visit will be of four months' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pilcher, nee Bissell, who have been enjoying a wedding trip to Japan, left there last Tuesday en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor are enjoying a visit at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin are at the Hotel Gerlach, in New York city. They will leave soon to pass the season in London.

Mrs. William Greer Harrison has gone to New Zealand to visit her mother.

Mrs. James Phelan, Miss Phelan, and Mr. James D. Phelan have been at Coronado Beach for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., are at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York city.

Miss Georgia Emerson, of Seminary Park, has gone to Honolulu on a visit to friends.

Miss Twitchell, of Sacramento, is in the city on a visit to her cousin, Miss Knox.

The Messes Coleman, of Grass Valley, are visiting Miss Edith Cohen at her home in Alameda.

Mr. W. E. Zander left for Chicago last Saturday on a brief visit.

Mrs. J. B. Wright, of Sacramento, who has been seri-

ously ill for several weeks, is reported as being in an extremely critical condition now.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Hume have gone to the Hawaiian Islands, and will be away several weeks.

Miss Hattie Belle Goad, of Colusa, is in the city on a visit to her cousin, Miss Ella Goad.

Mrs. A. Page Brown has returned to the city after passing two weeks at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Dingley, Jr., are the guests of Mrs. Albrecht at her home in Fruitvale.

Mr. Edgar Painter returned last Monday from a pleasant visit to the Eastern States.

Mrs. W. F. Bowers is enjoying a visit at Coronado Beach.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Haldan has been brightened by the advent of a baby boy.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford left for Washington, D. C., last Tuesday, and will remain East until Congress adjourns.

Mr. W. A. Bissell is at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York city.

Mrs. George A. Crux will leave for the East early next week, having been appointed by the Sequoia Chapter as delegate to the Continental Congress of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to be held in Washington, D. C. During her stay in Washington, Mrs. Crux will be the guest of Admiral and Mrs. T. O. Selfridge, U. S. N. On leaving Washington, Mrs. Crux will visit several friends and relatives in the East and in Virginia.

General and Mrs. McBride, of Pasadena, are the guests of Mrs. English in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown, of Oakland, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Woodington at Franklin, Penn.

Mrs. A. M. Randol, of Oakland, is the guest of Surgeon General and Mrs. Sutherland, U. S. A., in Washington, D. C.

"Why do you sign your name J. John B. B. B. Bronson?" asked Hawkins. "Because it is my name," said Bronson; "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."—*Life*.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, Merchant tailor, has a fine line of latest English worsteds.

BAD COMPLEXIONS

Pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple hairy



CUTICURA SOAP

Most effective skin-purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated Toilet soap, and the only preventive and cure of facial and hairy

hairy hlemles, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of minor affections of the skin, scalp, and hair. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps. Sold throughout the world. PORTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston.

Get "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.



HOW MY BACK ACHES!

Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains, and Pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only pain-killing strengthening plaster.

CLARKE'S ABSOLUTELY PURE.

The purity and elegant bouquet of Clarke's Pure Rye has won for it the title—

PURE RYE

The Finest Whiskey In the World and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity. None genuine without trademark C. B. & Co., on label. Price: per Bottle, \$1.50; per Doz. \$12; per Gal. \$14; per 2 gal. \$25.00, securely packed. For sale by all druggists or COLBURN, BIRKS & CO., Sole Agents, 20-A St., Peoria, Ill.

It Goes!

Rain or Shine!

Storm or No Storm!



43 LOTS

HAYES, FELL, FILLMORE, STEINER, FULTON STREETS.

40 per ct. Cash

At Auction, Without Reserve,

THURSDAY, February 16

12.30 o'clock P. M., sharp.

Be on Hand

Thursday,

At our Salesroom,

10 Montgomery

12.30 o'clock P. M., sharp.

Baldwin & Hammond.

Baldwin & Hammond.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

AN ENGAGED MAN.

A Daring Maid's Device to Drive Away a Suitor.

MR. JOHN WARDALE, 26. MISS VALENTIA MANNINGTON, 18.

SCENE.—A garden lit by Chinese lanterns. Enter, from the house, JOHN and VALENTIA.

JOHN [throwing himself on a rustic seat]—The evening begins well; that was a splendid waltz. Perfect floor, perfect music, perfect partner, eh, Valentina? You will have to dance with me all night.

VALENTIA—I shouldn't mind, but what would mamma say?

JOHN [suppressing a yawn]—Has a modern mother any control over her daughters?

VALENTIA—Not exactly; but she can say things, you know. She can make my life a burden to me—about people—

JOHN—I don't imagine she dislikes me, at any rate.

VALENTIA—No—but she doesn't like me to waste my time—and [hesitating] she knows—

JOHN—That I am not a marrying man. I should think not, indeed [laughing].

VALENTIA—Ha! ha! The idea of your being married! [Laughing.] It would be too funny.

JOHN—You can't imagine me married, can you?

VALENTIA—No, indeed. But—Jack—you might be engaged.

JOHN—Being engaged is apt to lead to being married.

VALENTIA—It needn't.

JOHN—Breach of promise.

VALENTIA—Oh! in our class! No nice girl—

JOHN [lazily]—You are the only nice girl I know, and—

VALENTIA [desperately]—Well, then, Jack, would you mind being engaged to me just for five hours?

JOHN—Val—my dear girl—

VALENTIA [speaking very fast]—Jack, you once taught me a slang word—but I like it—we always said we were "chums," didn't we?

JOHN—Yes, and always will be.

VALENTIA—I want you to be a real "chum" and help me.

JOHN—Yes, of course; what is it? Want me to take you to supper at a restaurant or get you tickets for—

VALENTIA—Oh, none of that nonsense! Listen. I am bothered out of my life by mamma and Mr. Sturley; you know him?

JOHN—Well, he is a very good *parti*—not so good as I am—[laughing]—but—

VALENTIA—But old!

JOHN—Make you a widow the sooner!

VALENTIA—Don't say that, Jack. It is horrid of you, but— isn't he hideous?

JOHN—Diamonds!

VALENTIA [plaintively]—Oh, Jack, I didn't think you would take mamma's part against me. I think he is simply hateful.

JOHN—Well then, Val, don't marry him; it's quite easy. You can afford to wait. Besides, the man's going abroad isn't he, to-morrow?

VALENTIA—Yes, that's just it—and he means to propose to me before he goes—and make me a kind of widow. Mamma wishes it—Aunt Margaret wishes it—Frank wishes it—they all—

JOHN—And they all—mother, aunt, and brother—bully you? It's a shame; the liberty of the individual ought to be respected. I'll do anything I can for you—come now!

VALENTIA—Jack, you are a good chum. Well, then, if you really think you can bear it—it's not for long—would you mind being engaged to me, Jack, till the end of this ball, and I'll do as much for you another day? I promise you.

JOHN—No fear. Once engaged, twice shy. But look here, and this must be properly managed if I am to have a share in it. I don't think—excuse me—you have not had much experience—nor have I, for that matter. But we'll pull through it somehow. And I meant to dance with you all the evening! Now we shall have to be rather distant.

VALENTIA—Distant?

JOHN—Almost as distant as if we were married. People might talk—

VALENTIA—But I want them to!

JOHN—Ah, but disagreeably! They would say: "Poor things, they've got it badly!" or "They are very far gone." You wouldn't like that, would you?

VALENTIA—But engaged people—

JOHN—Val, my dear, I don't think you have been properly brought up. This is your first season. You ought still to be very cynical—

VALENTIA [angrily]—It is you, Jack, who are cynical. But go on.

JOHN—And there's another thing to think of. Which of us is to be jilted?

VALENTIA—Oh, me, of course.

JOHN—Generous girl! I couldn't think of allowing it, though. No, you shall jilt me—no one ever did before. It will do me good.

VALENTIA—Really and truly, Jack, I think you can stand it better than I can. I am sure it would do you no harm to be thrown over by such an eccentric girl as Valentina Mannington.

JOHN [kissing her hand]—By such a beautiful girl as Valentina Mannington! All right. Now we must go and tell your mother; everybody in the room will

know in a quarter of an hour. Are you aware of that?

VALENTIA [laughing]—Of course, including Mr. Sturley—

JOHN [admirably]—You have lots of pluck! Come along, then. [Aside.] How the fellows will laugh! I shall be grieved unmercifully. [Exit.]

* * * * *

[It is the last dance of the evening. Enter JOHN and VALENTIA to the same seat in the garden.]

JOHN [throwing himself down wearily]—Well, I've been patted on the back, and exhorted to be cheerful, and bidden to make you a good husband, and grieved almost beyond the brink of endurance.

VALENTIA—And I've been told you were a good sort of fellow, and envied by my girl friends, and congratulated to distraction.

JOHN—Thank goodness it's over. I had no idea it was like that. I wouldn't go through it again for worlds.

VALENTIA—So you'll never be married?

JOHN—No, I suppose not—now.

VALENTIA—Everybody has been very kind. I confess I rather liked it. And, oh, Jack, what do you think? Mr. Sturley has proposed to Ethel Stafford, and she has accepted him.

JOHN—So, you've lost that!

VALENTIA—Do you think I care?

JOHN—One never knows—women are so funny, when once another girl has accepted him. And, oh, I say, Lillian Kingsley would hardly speak to me all the evening.

VALENTIA—I'm sorry for that. But never mind; you'll meet her again in the autumn. Where do you go for the summer?

JOHN [wearily]—I shall go up in the mountains, I suppose; but, really, I'm pretty indifferent. And you?

VALENTIA [drearily]—The usual watering-places, of course; but really I take no interest.

JOHN—Poor little girl!

VALENTIA [quickly]—I pity you just as much.

JOHN—Why?

VALENTIA—Oh, it's a stupid sort of existence we lead, isn't it?

JOHN [gloomily]—There isn't any other.

VALENTIA—I don't know about that. At any rate, there might have been an abominable kind of existence for me, if it had not been for you, Jack. But now Mr. Sturley is off my hands permanently, and it will take mamma some time to find a new match for me. Even old and fat like that, they are not so common.

JOHN—There will be an awful row.

VALENTIA—Yes, there will. It's worse for you. It will give me a certain consequence to have jilted you, which will, perhaps, compensate in mamma's eyes—

JOHN—I can't say I quite like being jilted, Val.

VALENTIA—I knew you wouldn't. Let me be—do!

JOHN—No, no; I know of a better way. I have been thinking. Look here, Val, I talk a lot of nonsense, and I let people talk a great deal of nonsense about me; it's partly laziness, I fancy. I pose—

heaven knows why—as a selfish, vain, heartless, cynical man about town. I seem to take a pride in letting people see the worst side of me. But I hope I am not such a bad sort of fellow after all. I can appreciate a sweet, natural, honest girl like you when I see her, and I think I could endure—by Jove! I should enjoy—the thought of domesticity with you! Don't call me a conceited ass, Valentina, but listen to what I propose—

VALENTIA [softly]—Jack, I don't know you. What do you propose?

JOHN [laughing]—I see I am being too deadly serious. Well, dear, I propose that, as we are engaged, we stay engaged and save trouble. Should you mind very much?

VALENTIA—Mind! No, indeed, Jack. But you know I never pretended to be cynical.—Black and White.

* * * * *

Among the Wide Range of Benefits

Conferred upon the invalid public by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, its good effects in cases where the kidneys are inactive are conspicuous and amply proven. An imperfect discharge of the duties of these organs is the preliminary, if disregarded, of their dangerous disease. The Bitters will forestall this and avert disaster. Experience has demonstrated this in numberless cases. Malarial, liver, and stomach disorder also should be treated with the Bitters.

The officials who look after the morals of the people of Koeslin, Prussia, have given notice that the works of Alexander Dumas, Alphonse Daudet, Eugene Sue, Count Tolstol, and Paul de Kock are subject to confiscation.

Mothers should remember, when a physician cannot be procured, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral promptly relieves the croup.

Staid old Beacon Hill has not had so great a shock for many a day as it received when Dr. Cilley announced that Ben Butler's brain weighed four ounces more than Daniel Webster's.

Ripans Tabules correct a bad breath and improve the complexion. Order of your druggist.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Parisian Creation.

Mary had a little bunch
Of silk with feathers on it;
Her husband had to foot the bill
For a hundred-dollar bonnet.
—Washington News.

His Choice for Straight and Place.

I want to be a robin,
And it would just suit me,
While all the birds are singing there,
To perch upon the tree.
But if I can not be the bird,
With breast of red, why then,
With eggs at forty cents a doz.,
I'd gladly be a hen.
—Minneapolis Journal.

Popular Song in South Dakota.

The marriage tie of olden days
Was an unyielding fetter;
But every modern couple says
A slip-knot answers better.
—New York Truth.

A Doubtful Benefit.

Winning a bet doesn't always pay;
In fact, there are men who rue it;
Smith won a hat on election day
And has ever since talked through it.
—New York Press.

A Modern Monte Cristo.

"You are the world to me, dear May!"
With instant— "William, you may say,
Like Monte Cristo in the play:
'The world is mine!' "—Puck.

Where He Drew the Line.

For he swore he'd wade through fire,
Or swim the widest river;
In deserts roam, in jungles sleep,
Or suffer pain forever;
He'd tunnel mountains high to-day,
And bridge the sea to-morrow;
But when she wanted coal brought in
He drew the line with sorrow.
—Washington News.

The Resolution he Kept.

"Well, Jagley"—questioned Bagley—
"Now answer frank and free—
How stand the resolutions
You made for '93?"
"Well, Bagley"—answered Jagley,
With a deprecating cough—
"My resolution's pretty well—
I swore off swearing off."
—Minneapolis Journal.

A Clew to Guess By.

He ate old cheese and young mince pie
And dreamed—well, what he dreamed,
Was faintly indicated by
The way in which he screamed.
—New York Recorder.

A Surprise.

A maiden fair of Boston town,
Whose hose were azure as her eyes,
Who'd ranged the scale of all the fads,
Woke in my heart the god of sighs;
She loved me, and I thought to hear
Some erudite endearing name,
But no, the learned darling called
Me "lovie-dovie," just the same.—Life.

A Modern Maid.

Quoth she: "Pretty miss, will you grant me a kiss?
'Tis for one—only one that I sue."
A look of surprise came into her eyes,
And she said: "What's the matter with two?"
—Kansas City Journal.

The New Stamps.

Now, bring me a ladder and chair, my lad,
And a whitewash brush that's damp,
Give me plenty of room, for I'm going to use
The new Columbian stamp.
—Washington News.

Attraction of the Unattainable.

He laughed at Mary, and Maud, and Jane,
Who loved him well, yes, loud laughed he;
But he madly wept for the sweet Elaine,
For she didn't love him a bit, you see.
—New York Press.

Life Insurance.

Hobbs, believing that insurance was a profitable plan,
On his life one hundred thousand dollars carried;
And I must indorse the judgment of that very prudent man,
For unto his charming widow now I'm married.
—Truth.

For Brain Fog

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Dr. W. H. FISHER, Le Sueur, Minn., says: "I find it very serviceable in nervous debility, sexual weakness, brain fog, excessive use of tobacco, as a drink in fevers, and in some urinary troubles. It is a grand good remedy in all cases where I have used it."

Sixteen thousand cases of butter, weighing in all five hundred tons, were shipped from Melbourne for London last week.

Easily Taken Up

Cod Liver Oil as it appears in Scott's Emulsion is easily taken up by the system. In no other form can so much fat-food be assimilated without injury to the organs of digestion.



Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites has come to be an article of every-day use, a prompt and infallible cure for Colds, Coughs, Throat troubles, and a positive builder of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation ofW. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Care should be taken to see that every advertisement expresses a business idea clearly and definitely, so as to be easily remembered.—J. W. Thompson.

QUINA-LAROCHE'S FERRUGINOUS TONIC

CONTAINING
Peruvian Bark, Iron and
Pure Catalan Wine.
GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE OF
16,600 FRANCS.Used with entire success in Hospitals of Paris for the cure of
ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DISEASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, and POORNESS OF THE BLOOD.
Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIFFE.

This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle, in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Quina are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Quina affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

22 rue Drouot, Paris.
E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U.S.,
30 North William st., N. Y.

QUINA-LAROCHE

People used to buy a watch complete. Knowing ones do so no longer. They select their movement and then ask to see a case. People know about movements, they don't know much about cases. Please remember to ask your jeweller to see a Fahys Gold Filled Case hereafter for it will pay you to do so.

Fahys

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Scotchman had two sons, one of whom was a doctor and the other a clergyman, of whom he was very proud. "If I had kent," said he, "that one of my men was to be a medical man and the other a meenister, I would never hae had auld Jenny McCosh for their mither."

When Frederick Robertson, of Brighton—the great preacher who had written much about Tennyson's poems, and for whom the poet had a high regard—first called upon him, "I felt," said Tennyson, "as if he had come to pluck out the heart of my mystery; so I talked to him about nothing but beer."

A duchess now often dresses no better than her lady's-maid. A lady of this rank, who apparently did not dress up to her title, went into a London shop and ordered a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, and asked to have them embroidered with a T and a duchess's coronet. "Oh, ma'am," said the friendly shopwoman, "if I was you, I wouldn't have a duchess's!"

A New Yorker forwarded to one of his friends in the West a set of Colonel Ingersoll's works. Then he sent a telegram informing him what he had done, and expressing the hope that the books would arrive safe and sound. A few days afterward he received a telegram from his friend—who was an orthodox Presbyterian—which ran this way: "Books arrived safe, but not sound."

Ludicrous deliverances are common in advertisements, especially in those of a personal nature. Here is one that appeared not long ago in a New York paper: "Willie, return to your distracted wife and frantic children! Do you want to bear of your old mother's suicide? You will, if you do not let us know where you are. Anyway, send back your father's meerschaum."

A judge in a rough-and-ready but ambitious frontier town, had occasion, or thought he had, to comment severely upon the heinous crime of horse-stealing, and thundered forth: "For century after century, that dread command, 'Thou shalt not steal,' has rolled along the ages. It is, moreover, a standing rule of this court, if not yet a by-law of our progressive and soon-to-be-incorporated city!"

The late Bishop Brooks received a great amount of affectionate attention from women of whose existence he was probably unaware, except as it lay in his power to do them some Christian service. A story has been told by a woman, who had met Dr. Brooks at dinners, that she knew of a lady who asked him to marry her. His reply was: "Madam, give your heart to God and your hand to the man who asks it."

Bridget was a "hired girl" who was too amiable to believe in a scolding. A story of her should be remembered as an item on the credit side when the delinquencies of "help" are being counted over. "Why, Bridget," exclaimed the housewife, "I can write my name in the dust here!" "Deed, ma'am," replied Bridget, with generous admiration, "thot's more nor I can do. Sure, now, there's nothing loike education, after all, is there, ma'am?"

It was the great reproach against the English workhouse in old times that husband and wife, even in advanced age, were separated, and the touching wish embodied in "John Anderson, my Jo," could not be carried out. But, as a matter of fact, it now appears that the wish itself is wanting. "I've looked after her for forty year," says an ancient dame, "and I've had enough of it"; and "I came in here on purpose to get out of the reach of the old gal's tongue," retorts the husband. Only a few couples still care for one another's society, we are told.

Caleb Cushing desired people to keep at a distance from him while talking, and many of his callers had a habit of gradually moving their chairs nearer to him during a conversation. So one day, having been very much annoyed in that way, he sent for a carpenter and made him fasten two pieces of board to the legs of the chair, and then screw it to the floor at the place he wanted people to sit. When it was done, he contemplated it with a smile and remarked: "I guess I have got them now. They can't blow their bad breaths in my face any more."

Before the fish commissioners of California decided to stock the streams of the State with the German carp (and thereby nearly ruined the streams), they were greatly concerned as to whether it would live in certain waters. The question was debated at several meetings, and was finally submitted to a college professor who was an eminent authority. Samples of the water were obtained and turned over to the professor, who, in a short time, submitted a favorable report, and the carp were accordingly turned loose in the rivers. The commissioners were greatly impressed by the professor's

knowledge; but one of them had a question to ask. "How could you be sure that carp would live in the water submitted to you?" he inquired. "Why," answered the professor, with an amused look, "I bought a carp for ten cents, and put it into the water. It lived."

Congressman McKenney, who ran as the Democratic nominee for governor of New Hampshire, rarely gets the worst of it in repartee. Mr. McKenney was a person before he became a congressman, and can deliver a sermon or make a speech with equal ease. With him originated one of the classic stories of pulpit wit. During a canvass, Mr. McKenney was interrupted in the midst of a public prayer by a man who persisted in shouting "Louder!" Mr. McKenney could not ignore the call, so he merely looked at the interrupter, and coolly said: "I wasn't addressing you, sir. I was addressing the Almighty."

Mr. Ardesoif, a young man of vast fortune and position, was an ardent cock-fighter, and with one fowl had won many matches. This unhappy bird, however, chanced on one occasion to be beaten, whereupon his owner had it tied to a spit and roasted before a large fire alive. Its screams were so affecting that even Mr. Ardesoif's cock-fighting friends expostulated, whereupon he seized the poker, and, exclaiming that he would be the death of anyone who interfered, fell down dead upon the spot. This circumstance is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1789. "If Mr. Ardesoif had his foibles," says the editor, "his merits greatly outweighed them."

The people of Wyoming, who permit women to vote (says the *Bazar*), are apparently not in sympathy with the English bachelor of long ago, who got himself into a controversy on the subject of women's rights with his *vis-à-vis* at dinner. After *proing* and *coning* for a few minutes, the lady asked: "Candidly, sir, why do you oppose giving the franchise to women?" "You will excuse me for saying it, madam," he replied, "but I have not sufficient confidence in their capacity to conduct government affairs." "But what evidence of woman's mental inferiority to man can you advance?" persisted the lady. The bachelor thought a moment, and then answered, slowly: "A simple fact is enough to satisfy my mind, and that is the frightful way in which they do up their back hair." He might have added that until men went around with one hand holding up a trousers leg, the sexes were mentally unequal.

The extraordinary recklessness of some of the British burglar fraternity is illustrated by this story: A sergeant of police saw a light in a secluded house in Edgeware, and found that it had been broken into. Proceeding down the passage he went into the kitchen, where a singular sight met his view. The fire was alight and a frying-pan stood on the hob. On the table were the relics of a fried rasher of ham, and other evidences of a meal, including half a bottle of sherry. Lying about the floor were several bundles of goods ready for immediate removal. The air was still heavy with the aroma of fried ham. No one being visible, the sergeant proceeded to search the apartment, and it was not long before, on opening a tall cupboard, he discovered a middle-aged man about six feet in height. Stepping forth, the culprit cheerfully remarked: "I say, guv'nor, if you'd been ten minutes sooner, you'd have spoilt my breakfast. There's a drop of sherry left, and you'd better help yourself before we start."

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NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:25, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 N.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:55, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:35, 3:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Week Days 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor Tocaloma, Point Reyes, Tomes, and Way Stations	10:25 A. M. Mondays {Wk Days 12:15 P. M. { Monday
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomes, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Weekly Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00 and Tomes, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY

(except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Feb. 12th, SS. San Juan; Feb. 25th, SS. City of New York; March 6th, SS. Colima.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco at noon on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—Feb. 18th, SS. City of Panama; March 3d, SS. San Blas.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: China—(via Honolulu)—Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 3 P. M. Peru—(via Honolulu)—Saturday, March 4, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro—Thursday, March 23, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets,

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: Belgium—Thursday, February 23

Oceanic—Tuesday, March 13

Gaelic—(via Honolulu)—Tuesday, April 4

Belgic—Thursday, May 4

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Teutonic—February 22d
Germanic—March 1st
Majestic—March 8th
Britannic—March 15th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

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29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 8, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	El Yerrano and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:30 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
9:00 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Yerrano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Yacaville, Niles, and Livermore.	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Los Gatos, and Wrights.	6:20 P.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:10 P.
12:05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:40 A.
3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows: From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:25 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS. WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Petaluma 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 3:00 P. M. Santa Rosa 6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Wilton, Windsor, Healdsburg, 7:30 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 10:30 A. M. 6:10 P. M.

3:30 P. M. 3:00 P. M. 7:30 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 10:30 P. M.

3:30 P. M. 3:00 P. M. 7:30 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 3:00 P. M. 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 10:40 A. M. 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 3:00 P. M. 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Yichy Springs, Santa Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Caho, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays

to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.60; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3.40; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$6.80; to Guerneville, \$7.80; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.

PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 7 New Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Jan. 27, Feb. and March 10, 24, April 16, 30.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound, ports 9 A. M., every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesday.

9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

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THREE POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3. TINTS

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POZZONI'S

All Druggists and Fancy Stores.



The country of Patata, feeling that it ought to have a king, advertised for one. The Patatans were an economical people. They had a palace of historical magnificence, which, however, they found it very expensive to keep up. "Let us," they said—"let us have a king. It will save our artistic reputation, and save, also, the wages of a janitor."

So they inserted an advertisement in the principal European papers. This stated that a king was wanted. He must be possessed of great personal dignity, and would be required only to dedicate public buildings, open parliaments, and keep the palace in good condition. His salary would be fifty dollars a week.

It was in answer to this advertisement that King Cadenza came to the throne of Patata. He was chosen for his personal dignity, which was immense. This peculiarity, however, was not shared by his salary. King Cadenza found fifty dollars a week quite insufficient to keep up the style of a king. It was on his natal day that he dared, timidly but firmly, to ask for a raise of twenty-five more a week. But the cabinet was obdurate. Not even when tempted by the promise of additional dignity in their chosen ruler, would they yield to his request. Kings had gone down, they said. A first-class monarch could be procured for thirty dollars a week—indeed, they had been offered a bonus for the position.

It is in this extremity of poverty that the queen—an eminently prudent and practical lady—comes to the conclusion that nothing can be done but to let out furnished rooms in the palace. She has heard that among common people large fortunes have been made by keeping boarders. Being a queen, she does not exactly know how boarders are kept, but supposes that when they come she will find out. So she swings aloft from the palace portals a sign, "Furnished Rooms to Let," and awaits developments.

The first development is a gardener. He is really the Crown Prince of Muscovy in disguise, but he has chosen to masquerade as a simple village lad. As is the way with the hero of comic opera, the crown prince is a person of sentiment and heart. He lives in a little cottage covered with honeysuckle and trailing vines. The queen is attracted. The gardener appears to be poetical, and poetical people do not eat much. And how is the little cottage furnished, upon what couch does the gardener sleep? A cot—a rude cot. Would not the gardener a great deal rather have a comfortable, airy room? There are unoccupied rooms in the palace to be leased for a trifling consideration. The gardener acquiesces readily, for is he not in love with a hand-maiden of the queen—Enid—who lives in the palace? Thus the queen captives her first boarder, and the king of Patata is relieved from his immediate need of funds.

All this dialogue is capital, sparkling, and gay. The king and queen—their pecuniary embarrassment, their melancholy and anxious conversations on the lowliness of the exchequer, and their desperately gloomy predicament when the crown prince's arrival is announced—are Gilbertian in the quaint demureness of their humor.

The situation, too, appears to be quite original with Mr. Robertson. Hiring a king is something new in comic opera—and ought not the person who invents a new situation for the bouffe stage to receive the heartfelt thanks of his fellow-beings? Moreover, the idea has that charm of contemporaneity about it that editors tell aspiring writers is the secret of modern success. Why should not this be the case on the stage as well as in the story? Some years ago, people would have mocked at the person who suggested hiring presentable young men to fill up vacancies at a dinner-party or make partners for wall-flowers at balls. Yet we hear to-day of a London agency where dancing-men may be hired at so much the evening—warranted to dance every dance and guaranteed not to dance more than three times with any one woman. This is the latest in the way of hiring. And while its possibility agitates the mind of society, Mr. Robertson steps forward and presents to us his hired king, just one step further up the ladder.

The king and queen are Mr. Robertson's masterpieces. He has invested them with a quiet humor that is delightful. Whenever they take the stage, the scene becomes absurdly funny. The best situation in the opera is that where, in their extremity at the arrival of the crown prince, the impresario and the prima donna appear suddenly and offer a solution of the difficulty. What can the king do to entertain the coming prince—he has no coat, no clothes, no money. The impresario is equal to the emergency. If the king will patronize the first performance of his opera, he will loan his chorus—remarkably trained to personate the vari-

ous strange collections of humanity that haunt the opera stage—to portray the court. As for clothes, he has a superb regal outfit—jewels, crown, court trains, and all—and, moreover, warranted to fit anybody.

This scene—its dialogue and the novelty of the situation adding to its originality—was the best bit of the evening. The prima donna and impresario made a telling entrance. Arrayed in plaids of the size that Englishmen wear in French plays, the distinguished pair walked briskly down the stage. The prima donna, with a glass in her eye and a cane in her hand, had a very swagger and dashing air. Notwithstanding this, it appears that the company is "broke." Will not the king permit of a performance being given in his realm? The chorus is superbly trained—as for the prima donna, she will give an exhibition of her voice and style of art.

In this rendition of a typical Italian aria, Mrs. Brechemin scored the success of the evening. She really gave a capital piece of character acting. Her imitation of the vocalization of a prima donna, coupled with her ridiculously natural gesticulation, would have done credit to a clever professional. Mrs. Brechemin possesses that most unusual gift for a woman—a sense of humor. No one, who had not felt to the full the deep absurdity of the modern prima donna's style of singing, could have given so truthfully funny an imitation of it. Its best humor lay in the fact that it was hardly at all exaggerated. The peculiar sob in the voice in harrowing moments, the famous gesture where the singer in frenzy clutches her ears, the well-known impassioned pressing of one clenched fist upon her breaking heart, and the old, reliable, serpentine shiver which seems to pass through the performer like one large-sized, concentrated chill—all were there, just as we have learned to know them from long acquaintance with the stage manners of Patti, Nilsson, Scalchi, Nevada, Valda, and all the rest of the noble army of singers.

Of Mr. Stewart's part of the performance, it is not so easy to judge as of Mr. Robertson's. A fair criticism can not be written on a comic opera after only one hearing. As for the first hearing seem delightful, on the second, on the third bore one's ears, and, again, airs that at first seem dull and heavy, on repetition develop unnoticed charms. Mr. Stewart has certainly written some charming melodies for "His Majesty." He has put his daintiest music into the mouth of the Princess Enid. Her romanza, "I know not how Love's message came," is an extremely pretty song, and was extremely prettily sung by Mrs. Williams. In the music allotted to Prince Feodor, there are also many charming things.

The amateurs selected to perform "His Majesty" were more at home singing Mr. Stewart's score than in acting Mr. Robertson's libretto. A better collection of voices could hardly be found. Rarely could the professional stage—rather a poor comparison, by the way, as they never have any voices in the comic opera—have shown a better soprano, tenor, contralto, or baritone. They could sing, and they could sing well. Their voices quite filled that echoing, barn-like building. They did not evince the slightest nervousness, and they did not get out of tune at all. This, when one remembers having constantly heard the great singers of grand opera singing flatter than any number of pancakes, is a compliment worth having.

In the matter of acting, the Gifted Amateur is a difficult person to deal with. They always say to you: "Now tell us exactly what you think of us; don't mind mentioning defects." Then if you say apologetically: "Well, you were perfectly splendid, but just the least little, tiny, trifle stiff," they are ready to condemn you to being hanged, drawn, and quartered. Therefore one is obliged to approach such a subject with fear and misgivings, or else—which is generally the better thing to do—not to approach it at all. An amateur who acts in a play or opera where the tickets are sold for so much money to any one who can pay for them, ought to expect to be criticized truthfully; but an amateur who acts or sings for sweet charity's sake, ought, on the other hand, to be commended only for his or her good points, while histrionic defects are left in undisturbed silence.

That the performers of "His Majesty" did full justice to Mr. Stewart's music, and were unable from lack of stage training and tradition to do the same to Mr. Robertson's libretto, no one can deny. It is only just to say this. The real wit and brilliancy of the dialogue could only be brought fully out by professionals, trained to make their points, and knowing how to accentuate every witticism that occurs in the give and take of the conversation. When a leading lady looks as pretty and picturesque as a lady by Watteau or a Dresden china shepherdess, and sings like the Angel Israel; when a hero is dashing, and dark, and romantic-looking, and sings like a bird; when a contralto is handsome, and sings in a way that would give pleasure to the most critical—it would be a person of that nature which is said to demand the earth who complained that they did not have the histrionic powers of Marie Jansen and Francis Wilson.

For the rest—to author, and composer, and company, congratulations. To the well-dressed and well-trained chorus, congratulations. To the sweet-voiced and dainty princess personating a village maid;

to the princely gardener, with his charming songs and his air of elegant ennui; to the worried and delightful queen; to the unhappy king; to the business-like and energetic impresario; and to the inimitable prima donna—*au revoir, hasta mañana, auf Wiedersehen*, but not, we hope, good-bye.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing February 13th: The Liliupians in "The Pupil in Magic"; the Tivoli Company in "Cavalleria Rusticana," preceded by "Cabman No. 93"; "A Trip to Chinatown"; and "Our Boarding House."

Augustin Daly's company are to appear in a revival of "The Twelfth Night" next week. Ada Rehan will be the Viola, for the first time in her career.

May Yohe has gone on the stage again, this time in London in a new comic opera called "The Magic Opal." Aida Jenoure, another American girl, is also in the cast.

Kingsley's stirring novel, "Hypatia," has been dramatized by a young Englishman, and has just been brought out in London by Beerbohm Tree. It is a magnificent play, spectacularly, six of the scenes having been specially designed by Alma Tadema.

Isabelle Urquhart, whose beauty of face and figure have won her more fame in the Casino chorus than her histrionic ability in the Daly and Barrett companies, was married, a few days ago, in London to Guy Standing, son of the English actor, Herbert Standing.

Henry James has made a new venture in the playwright's field—his "American," it will be remembered, was more or less of a failure, a year or so ago. The new play is a comedy in three acts, and it is to be brought out by Augustin Daly at his new theatre in London. The principal female rôle was written for Ada Rehan.

At the two hundredth performance of Georges Ohnet's "Maitre de Forges" in Paris, the author presented every member of the company with a cravat-pin representing an anvil, surmounted by a hammer of gold containing a brilliant. He could well afford to do so, for his royalties on that play alone have amounted to nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

The Tivoli Company will sing "Cavalleria Rusticana" next week, the cast of characters being as follows:

Santuzza, Tillie Salinger; Lola, Lizzie Annandale; Lucia, Grace Vernon; Turridu, Ferdinand Schuetz; Alfio, Ed. N. Knight.

The opera will be preceded by a one-act farce, entitled "Cabman No. 93," in which Ferris Hartman, Phil Branson, Grace Vernon, and Gracie Plaisted will appear.

"A Wife's Folly" is the present title of the play in which Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew are acting in Philadelphia; but it is soon to go to New York as "A Marriage Spectre." It is Dumas's "Frangillon"—in which a wife, holding to the "eye for an eye" principle, pretends to have retaliated in kind on her unfaithful spouse—and it is apparently more successful in America than it was in Paris. The Parisians found nothing to commend in it except the famous Japanese salad.

Some of the papers published in this country print pictures that are supposed to be humorous, representing interviews between "Johnnies," old and young, and ballet-girls behind the scenes of theatres. Of them the *Sun* says:

"Pictures of this kind are wholly unfounded inventions. No such interviews are possible in any real theatre in the United States. It is a busy place back of the curtain during a performance, and strangers are heartily unwelcome there. A manager would rather pass fifty dead-heads into the front of the house than to allow one dude to tumble over people and properties, and interfere with work behind the scenes."

W. H. Gillette's latest play is called "Ninety Days." Like Verne's play, which its name suggests, it takes its characters on a tour of the world, but there the similarity is said to cease. This play Mr. Gillette produces entirely on his own account, which speaks volumes for the financial success of his career as a playwright in the past six or eight years, for the expenses of producing a play with forty-four speaking characters and a large ballet must be heavy enough to deter all but the most sanguine and prosperous of authors.

A curious thing about new plays and operas is the utter inability of playwrights and composers to tell anything about their workings on the stage. When Dumas wrote "La Princesse de Bagdad," he confessed to a friend that the celebrated "virgin gold" scene moved him to tears. When it was produced upon the stage, this scene made Paris roar, and shriek, and yell with laughter. Even the street-boys picked it up, and "de l'or vierge" was for days the gamin's cry. The play made an awful fiasco. When "Our American Cousin" was produced, it was written as a framework for the stage Yankee, Asa Trenchard, as all the world knows. But Lord Dundreary—a shadowy rôle in the playwright's mind—ran away with the play. There are numbers of such instances. The latest is in the new opera, "His Majesty." There can be no question that in the minds of the composer and the librettist the Prince and Princess were the two leading rôles. There can be

no question also that, in the minds of the audience, the Impresario and the Prima Donna were the two leading rôles. This reflection has nothing to do with the abilities of the persons intrusted with these rôles, nor even with the music and the business allotted to them. It is simply and solely that those two rôles ran away with the piece.

DCLXXXII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, February 12, 1893.

Mullagatwny Soup.
Fillet of Sole, Tartar Sauce. Fried Potatoes.
Smothered Quail.
Asparagus, Ladies' Cabbage.
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Potato Salad.
Snow Pudding, Ladies' Fingers.
Coffee.

LADIES' CABBAGE.—Boil one fine white cabbage; when cold, chop fine and add two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful butter, three tablespoonsful of milk, and salt and pepper. Mix well and bake in a buttered dish until brown.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I beg your pardon!" sang out the convict as the governor passed by his cell.—*Truth*.

"By Jove, Mabel! I sometimes think you only married me for my money." "Those lucid intervals are encouraging."—*Life*.

Larkin (at telephone)—"Hello!" *New girl* (at central)—"Is that the way to address a lady who is a perfect stranger to you, sir?"—*Truth*.

"Say, don't you notice a strong smell of paint? What is it?" "That's the ballet in the wings. They'll be here in a moment."—*Truth*.

Wife—"Darling, I wish you would let me have forty dollars to-day." *Husband*—"Why, you seem to think I married an heiress, my dear."—*Ex*.

Servant—"Please, sir, the coal is all out." *Mr. Wearie*—"Well, here's a big pile of dunning letters for that last ton. Burn them."—*New York Weekly*.

"George!" said Maud. "I am William," said William, sternly. "Oh, I know that, Willie," returned Maud; "I hurt my finger, and that was my little swear word."—*Basar*.

McGinnis—"That's a mighty fine whisky; how would it be, Pat?" *Pat* (pouring the last drops into his friend's glass)—"Faith, Oi don't know; but it's owid ez it iver will be."—*Life*.

"Oh, for the age of chivalry," sighed Chappie. "Why so?" queried Hickley. "The knights used to wear tin trousers and they never bagged at the knee."—*B. K. & Co.'s Monthly*.

He—"But I hear that, at the ball the other night, she received a great deal of attention, and danced every dance—so—" *She*—"Yes; but it was a *bal masqué*, you know!"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"Johnny, I don't think you behave very nicely to Jimmie Wilkins. You are always interfering with him. Why do you do it?" said Johnny's ma. "Cos I can lick the life out of him if I want to," explained Johnny.—*Truth*.

Timid youth—"Miss Gracie, perhaps my coming here so often may seem—may seem to—to smack of undue persistency." *Demure maiden*—"George, your coming here has—has never smacked of anything yet."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Perdita—"Did he kiss you when you accepted him?" *Penelope*—"No; I wouldn't let him. *Perdita*—"Why not?" *Penelope*—"Well, mamma told me that we ought to act differently toward each other after the engagement."—*Truth*.

Jess—"I told you Ethel would wind George around her finger after they were married." *Bess*—"What makes you think she does?" *Jess*—"She told me he had 'such a lovely disposition.'"—*Truth*.

Jess—"How in the world does Miss Fitz make herself out to be twenty-two?" *Bess*—"Twenty-two years ago the family Bible was lost in a fire, and to fix the date beyond question, she had to begin all over again."—*S. G. & Co.'s Monthly*.

Dudleigh—"Where is Mlle. Kickup to-night?" *Mlle. Souriante*—"She is unable to appear." *Dudleigh*—"Why?" *Mlle. Souriante*—"She attended a little private party last night, and unfortunately stubbed her toe on the chandelier."—*Ex*.

"One strong point about this broom," said the grocer, "is the handle. It's made of tough, seasoned wood. You could knock a man down with it and not break it." "I think," observed Mr. Enpecque, timidly, "I would—hum—prefer one with a pine handle, if you please."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Lady (at large dry-goods store to floor-walker)—"I wish to exchange something I bought yesterday." *Floor-walker*—"Yes, madam. Do you remember whether you were attended to by the gentleman with the dark mustache, or the gentleman with the light beard?" *Lady*—"Oh, neither! It was the nobleman with the bald head."—*Life*.

News editor—"Here's a dispatch from Swamp-town, saying a citizen was murdered, and asking if we want particulars." *Managing editor*—"No. Just add that the people are scouring the country for the murderers, and if caught they will probably be lynched by the infuriated populace. That's all the particulars there ever are in such cases."—*New York Weekly*.

A German and a Frenchman sat opposite each other at a *table d'hôte* in a Swiss hotel. "You are a Frenchman, I suppose?" inquired the German at the commencement of the meal. "Yes," was the reply; "but how did you manage to find that out?" "Because you eat so much bread," said the German. There was a long pause. When the dinner was over, the Frenchman in his turn questioned his *vis-à-vis*: "You are a German, I presume?" "To be sure; but tell me, pray, how you made that discovery." "Because you ate so much of everything," was the dry retort.—*Schweizer Volksmund*.

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THE SERPENTINE DANCE.

How it Looks at a Rehearsal.

An afternoon or two ago, three dancing-girls, who are to play in a sort of a three-act farce, were on the stage of a New York theatre (says the *Sun*) to practice their dance, which was to be one of those gauzy, skirt-whirling, butterfly entertainments of the moment which are done under changing, many-colored lime-lights, and end with the disappearance of the dancers in the darkness. On the stage were the three women, standing up, the ballet-mistress who was to coach them seated in a chair, and the pianist at an upright piano in one corner. Looking in from the orchestra were three well-groomed men, in shining high hats. The naked gas-torch sputtered and flung its flames about the shadowy stage, and a double line of men and women sat up in the dark gallery, looking on. They had been let in by the doorkeeper as a favor.

The girls had warm work to do and had flung their hats, and cloaks, and gloves on top of the piano. In their indoor attire, they looked like three ordinary women, such as one might meet in a shopping store—except that one was French and *petite*, with very thick black hair and eyes that would have attracted attention anywhere she took them. The music began, and the girls floated rather than danced about the stage, with something like a waltz step. Their dresses were too heavy and scant of material to be flung about as they would toss and flirt the voluminous, web-like drapery of gauze they were to wear in the regular performance, so they merely made believe fling the gauze about by making the requisite waving, willowy motions with their hands and arms. It was this practice that they were being drilled in by the teacher, who knew just exactly how the gauze would float and fly about under the circumstances, precisely as if she saw it before her.

This dance is as proper as it is pretty. It is only the outer drapery that the girls fling about, and their under-skirts hang down and keep their place all through the dance. Even at the close of the dance, when the music quickens hotly and the dancers whirl with all their might, it is only the outer web-like stuff that is disturbed, and the under-skirts still remain as they would were the dancers resting. But on this occasion these dancers wore their street attire, as has been said, and the effect upon it from the paroxysmal whirling at the end was very remarkable. Their dresses swelled and began to rise higher and higher, first to their shoe-tops, then above their knees. Real ballet-girls wear Turkish trousers for rehearsal times. Such ballet-practice garments are made of French flannel, very baggy, are fastened at the knees, and are altogether commendable from a public point of view. These were not ballet-dancers, and they wore the garb of their sex.

The ballet-mistress looked on with a calm though critical glance; but the pianist, happening to turn his head from his score, ceased playing. Of course, when the music stopped, the girls stopped. The three men in the polished hats down in the orchestra-seats sat upright and rigid; but from one of them proceeded a voice that carried these words:

"Vont you please do dot again?"

It was a German friend of the manager.

The three girls went all through the long dance again, the pianist sitting with his head turned around as if it had been put on the wrong way, the teacher calm and critical, and the three men in front rigid and statuesque. The final whirl of the dance was accompanied by the same waywardness of the street-dresses as at first.

"They are becoming very proficient," said one of the men in the orchestra row.

"I tell you vot," said the next one to speak, "if dey done dot in such dresses like dey got on now dat would make a sure success, ain't it?"

"Will I play it over again?" the pianist asked. "Good Lord, no," said one of the dancers. "What do you think we're made of—wood?"

One of the girls advanced to the footlights and bent over and spoke to the three men in the shiny hats. "Do you remember that German piece we was in last spring—the one with the ballet and the Turks—yes, that's the one. Well, do you remember that dance, 'The Spinning Rose,' that the fat girl done?"

"Oh, that was splendid. It almost saved the piece," said a voice from under one high hat.

"It was great," said another of the trio.

"Well," said the dancing-girl, "Miss Mathilde here, she can do it. She's been practicing it all summer. She's way up in it."

"Grand!" said one of the three men. "What an encore act that would make. That knocks any dance I ever saw. Do it, please, Miss Mathilde."

"Oh, sare," said the French girl, with flashing eyes, "I mooch like to do zat for-r-r you, but zese clothes, zey will make ze dance not possible."

"How do you mean?" from the leader of the high hat trio.

"Oh! in zis clothes eet ees eempossible, I do assure you. If you please, ze dancer-r mus' have plenty white ballet-skirt—twenty-two dozin—vairre white. Zat make ze r-r-rose leaf. Zen ze dancer mus' have bright red slinker tight. Zat make ze petal of ze r-r-rose. And pinker sleeper on ze two feet. I show you in zis clothes it ees eempossible."

With that the very earnest young Frenchwoman

literally threw up one leg beside her head, flung out her arms, poised herself on the toe of the foot that was on the boards, and revolved like a top. In her street-garments, the effect was startling.

"You see eet weel not make etself pretty in zis clothes," said she, ceasing to spin and walking to the footlights; "hut to-morrow, please, I come wiz ze ballet-dress propaire and I make for you ze dance."

"Sa-a-a-y," said the German under one of the high hats, "dot's immense, dot's fine. I will be here."

"At eleven o'clock to-morrow, then, ladies," said the leader, "and the clothes for the spinning rose. Miss Mathilde—eleven sharp." And the ballet-teacher led the way to the back entrance and the street.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Saturday Popular Concert.

The twenty-eighth Saturday Popular Concert, the final one of the fourth season, took place last Saturday afternoon in Irving Hall. The hall was filled with a music-loving audience, the same faces that are always seen at the "Pops." The programme was one of the best of the series, a special attraction being "Israfil," a composition by Mr. Edward Stillman Kelley, which was given its first public production. The selections presented were as follows:

Serenade, op. 82, (for flute and strings), I. pastorale, II. larghetto, III. intermezzo, Th. Gouvy, Messrs. Neubauer, Beel, Wismer, Jaulus, Heine, and Miller; sonata (for piano and violin), I. andante, II. allegro assai, III. andante un poco, IV. presto, J. S. Bach, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel; "Israfil," E. S. Kelley, ("And the Angel Israfil whose heart-strings are a lute and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures,"—Koran.) Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Kelley, (first time of performance); quintet, for piano and strings, op. 44, I. allegro brillante, II. in modo d'una marcia, III. scherzo, molto vivace, IV. allegro ma non troppo, Schumann, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel, Wismer, Jaulus, and Heine.

This was the twenty-eighth consecutive concert given under the direction of Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel, making a longer series than has ever before been given in San Francisco under one management. They have done much to popularize a high class of music here, and it is to be hoped that the concerts will be resumed in the near future.

The Bandurria Club.

The Bandurria Club, under the direction of Señors José Sancho and José Lombardero, gave its sixth concert last Tuesday evening in Metropolitan Hall, and attracted a very large and fashionable audience. The club was ably assisted by Mrs. Maud Berry Fisher, soprano, Mr. Harry A. Melvin, baritone, and Miss Ada E. Weigel, accompanist. The following well selected programme was presented in excellent manner, and with each number an encore was granted:

(a) March, "Puerto Real," Juarranz, (b) waltz, "A Toi" (by special request), Walteufel, Los Bandurristas; song, "Younger Years," Biz. Philip (with violin obligato by Dr. Fisher), Mrs. Maud Berry Fisher; duet, bandurria and guitar, selected, Srs. Lombardero and Sancho; (a) "Ideale," Tosti, (b) "Song of Hybrides the Cretan," Elliott, Mr. Harry A. Melvin; (a) selection, "Carmen," Bizet, (b) mazurka, "La Graciosa," Lombardero, Los Bandurristas; song, "Golden Moon," Caryll, Mrs. Maud Berry Fisher; (a) schottische, "La Querida," Branner, (b) danza, "Bouquet de Fleurs," Sancho (dedicated to Los Bandurristas), Los Bandurristas.

The Symphony Orchestra, comprising sixty amateurs, under the direction of Mr. Louis C. Knell, will give a concert in Metropolitan Hall next Tuesday evening for the benefit of the King's Daughters' Home for Incurables. The orchestra will be assisted by Miss Emma Fitch and Mr. George McBride, as vocalists, and Signor S. Martinez as solo pianist. The programme comprises several interesting numbers, and a large audience is expected.

Mr. Adolph Bauer, leader of the Tivoli orchestra, was given a testimonial benefit on Friday afternoon at the Tivoli Opera House. "Cavalleria Rusti-

cana" was given in its entirety before a large audience. There was an orchestra of forty pieces and the stock company of the Tivoli, which, in combination, gave an excellent presentation of the opera.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his second ballad concert of the second series next Tuesday afternoon, in the Maple Room, at the Palace Hotel. Miss Julia Newman, Miss Regina Newman, Mr. Victor Carroll, Mrs. A. L. Guterson, Mr. F. S. Guterson, and Mr. Alfred Wilkie will appear in a choice programme.

Adele aus der Ohe arrived in New York from Europe last Sunday after a tour in which she played at the Philharmonic in Moscow and also in Berlin. She will give a few concerts in New York and then come direct to San Francisco, where she will give four concerts, the first taking place March 16th.

The Berkeley Glee Club of the University of California numbering nineteen members, vocalists and instrumentalists, are to make their debut in San Francisco, at a concert under the auspices of the Calvary Club, on Friday evening, February 24th, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald has been appointed chairman of the committee for the examination of amateur musicians who intend to participate in the musical exhibition at the Columbian Exposition. The remainder of the committee will be named hereafter.

The Loring Club will give its third concert of the sixteenth season next Thursday evening. An interesting programme will be presented under the direction of Mr. David W. Loring.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla creates an appetite and gives tone to the digestive organs.

World's Fair Souvenir Coins.

One of the most creditable pieces of advertising that has been done lately is that of the World's Fair Souvenir Coins. It must have been an inspiration that led Lord & Thomas to suggest to the directory the payment of the advertising in these coins.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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If Ferdinand de Lesseps is in such a bodily and mental condition that he can not be conveyed to prison, as Mme. de Lesseps intimates, there is nothing to be said. But if there is no physical reason why he can not suffer the penalty which has been imposed on him, he must submit to it just as if his career had been commonplace. For society would fall to pieces if it were admitted that an illustrious career conferred the privilege to break the law with impunity. The higher a man's station and the wider his renown, the higher should be his standard of honor.

It is not altogether discreditable to the French that the sentence of De Lesseps should have evoked a burst of compassion. None but savages contemplate the downfall of

heroes with indifference. The civilized man acquiesces in the decree of Rhadamanthus, but veils his face in sorrow. Still, a just appreciation of the rights of mankind is irreconcilable with a sympathy for the criminal, if that sympathy tends to forgiveness. Crime must be punished, in high as in low places, and it is not wholesome to mourn over the punishment. When a poor devil steals a purse to provide himself with a breakfast, nobody weeps over his sentence to jail; why should people hew the thoroughfares when the jail yawns for one who, by bribery, swindling, and corruption, took many purses, and took them when he did not need their contents?

It is important that correct views on this question should be impressed on the public mind here, because, in this community, there is an element which carries commiseration for the criminal class to the verge of defeating the impartial administration of justice. It is difficult to convict and punish the most heinous criminals, because of the efforts of humane people to exculpate them. A brutal murderer, who ought to have been banged long ago, has been enabled to cheat the gallows by the energetic intercession of a half-crazy minister of the gospel. A number of worthy but wrong-headed people are now laboring to reduce all sentences for crime, with a few exceptions, to one year's imprisonment. Every district attorney who has held office in this city will testify that his endeavors to convict unquestionably guilty prisoners have been constantly thwarted by persons of misguided benevolence, who, with the best intentions, have taken the side of the criminal against society. We seem to have among us even more than our fair share of the monomaniacs who sympathized with Jesse Pomeroy and sent flowers and books to Guiteau.

This aberration of intellect is, perhaps, a reaction from the cruel stage in which arrest, conviction, and execution were convertible terms. Having swung so far and so long in one direction, it is, perhaps, only natural that the pendulum should swing to the other extreme. But one is as bad as the other. The mind is filled with horror by the burning of witches, and by the judicial murders of innocent creatures who fell victims to public ignorance. It is equally abhorrent to all sense of right—though less shocking—to observe that a perverted sense of humanity is at the present day impeding the punishment of miscreants who escape their proper doom to repeat their crimes, and that criminals who should be regarded with universal loathing are often objects of tender sympathy.

There are, at this moment, in hiding in the foothills lying east of the railroad, in the San Joaquin Valley, two robbers and murderers, named Sontag and Evans. Justice—stimulated by the offer of liberal rewards—is after them hot-footed. But it does not overtake them, simply because almost the entire population of the valley is in sympathy with them. The sympathizers have property, which they would not care to have stolen; they have lives, which they would like to keep; but because Sontag and Evans took other men's property and other men's lives, the people of the San Joaquin Valley feel no resentment toward them, and are not anxious that they should be caught and punished. They have no innate horror of crime in the abstract. So long as it lets them alone, they are indifferent to its existence. If the train-robbers are taken and tried, they will have as many sympathizers as enemies in the audience. It will be difficult to find a jury to convict them. If they are acquitted, they will be dined and wined, and their valor will be celebrated in speeches.

Thus the prevailing sympathy with crime exhibits itself under various forms, according to locality and degree of discernment. The feeling is the same whether it appears in the shape of foolish women coddling a murderer, in the shelter afforded to Sontag and Evans, in the flowers sent to Guiteau, or in the compassionate tenderness for M. de Lesseps. It is a wrong-headed espousal of the cause of the wrong-doer as against society. It is an ebullition of the shallow intellect which, when a malefactor is caught and is being dragged by the police-officer to the station, prompts the hy-stander to cry: "Poor fellow!" When Mme. de

Brinvilliers, the poisoner, was put to death, after the barbarous preliminaries of that day, all Paris burst into convulsions of fury at the cruelties to which so beautiful a woman was subjected—nobody then remembered that she had poisoned every relative she had, and had put to death a score of hospital patients whom she did not know, merely to see them writhe in the agonies of death.

In each of the States of Washington, Montana, Wyoming, and North Dakota there is a United States Senator to be elected. The legislature in each State has so far failed to make the election. The question is accordingly broached whether, in the event of no election by the legislature, the governor of the State is empowered to make appointment to fill the vacancy until the legislature shall duly make the election. The Argonaut has already stated that the unbroken ruling is to the effect that the vacancy contemplated in the Federal Constitution is only in case of the resignation, or death, or expulsion of the senator during the recess of the legislature; that the governor may in such case make temporary appointment until the next meeting of the legislature, which shall then fill such vacancy. In the event of non-election by the legislature, the governor is without authority to appoint to fill the vacancy.

The first case of the kind was in Indiana, in 1845, when the legislature failed to make election. Accordingly, Indiana was represented in the Senate by only one senator until the succeeding legislature, two years afterwards, elected the senator to fill the vacancy. Subsequently, in 1851, and again in 1855 and 1856, the legislature of California—the sessions were then annual—failed of election, in each case, with the consequence in each that California was represented by only one senator in the United States Senate during the three stated years of the two occasions. Neither Governor McDougal, in 1851, nor Governor Bigler, in 1855, nor Governor Johnson, in 1856, made an appointment temporarily, as in each case it was recognized that only the legislature had authority to fill the vacancy. Further, in the case of Oregon, in 1859, the legislature failed to elect one of the two United States Senators to succeed Senators General Joseph Lane and Delazon Smith—re-electing only General Lane—and leaving the vacancy for successor to Smith unfilled in the Senate of the United States until the legislature of 1860 elected General E. D. Baker to the vacant seat. Governor Whiteaker recognized the unbroken precedents of other States in the whole past record of the Union, and abstained from temporary appointment to fill the vacancy of 1859–60, occasioned by the failure of the legislature to elect a senator to succeed Delazon Smith. In 1879, the governor of New Hampshire made an appointment to fill a vacancy temporarily in the Senate of the United States. The vacancy was caused by the change in the time of the meeting of the legislature upon the adoption of the new State constitution and the omission of the preceding legislature to make provision for the change. Under this peculiar condition of things, the governor made temporary appointment of a senator—Charles B. Bell—and he was accordingly admitted to the seat, to which Senator Blair was re-elected by the succeeding legislature. The case was without precedent, and has since had no following. In West Virginia, 1887, upon the expiration of the term of Senator Campden, the governor made temporary appointment of D. B. Lucas; but the legislature convened in extra session and regularly elected the senator to fill the vacancy, which obviated any action by the United States Senate upon the appointment by the governor. As a matter of fact, the Senate of the United States has on no occasion given warrant for the assumption that, in the event of the failure of the legislature to elect a United States Senator and the temporary appointment of the governor to fill the vacancy, the appointee will be admitted to the United States Senate.

During the memorable contest for the senatorship in California, in 1854 and 1855, between William M. Gwin and David C. Broderick, while John Bigler was governor—the fast friend of Broderick, and opposed to Gwin—the opinion of senators and of Asbury Dickins, who had been S-

of the Senate since 1836, was solicited by friends of each of the two upon the probability of the admission of Mr. Broderick to the Senate, in the event of his appointment as senator by Governor Bigler. In every instance the response was that the governor was without the authority to make an appointment—only the legislature had authority to fill the vacancy by due election as prescribed. Secretary Dickens emphatically stated that such was the established rule of the Senate. Every one of the senators gave similar judgment. Among these were Isaac Toucey of Connecticut, James A. Bayard of Delaware, Jesse D. Bright of Indiana, Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, G. W. Jones of Iowa, John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, William H. Seward of New York, William P. Fessenden of Maine, James A. Pearce of Maryland, James S. Green of Missouri, John P. Hale of New Hampshire, Lewis Cass of Michigan, William Bigler of Pennsylvania, Solomon Foot of Vermont, George E. Pugh of Ohio, John Slidell and Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana, Albert G. Brown of Mississippi, John Bell of Tennessee, Sam Houston of Texas, A. J. Butler of South Carolina, R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia, Henry Dodge of Wisconsin, C. C. Clay of Alabama, Robert Toombs of Georgia, William Wright of New Jersey—Democrats, Whigs, and Free Soilers—of every shade of politics and party factions—composing the greater number of senators in 1855–56—many of them of long service in the Senate, and all in unison on the one point in question. It seems clear, accordingly, that unless the legislatures in the four States of Montana, North Dakota, Washington, and Wyoming finally select a senator, each State must continue represented in the United States Senate by only one senator, until the succeeding legislature shall make the election. The governor has no authority to fill the vacancy by appointment. Only in case of resignation, death, or expulsion, during the recess of the legislature, has the State executive the authority to fill temporarily a vacancy in the Senate of the United States.

This winter there has been a most remarkable mortality among millionaires. East and West, North and South, these auriferous individuals are passing away. A long procession has taken up its march to the other world, headed by that multi-millionaire, Jay Gould.

When a male individual of the human species has passed the age of fifty years he is no longer young. There is no use in attempting to disguise the fact—that person is old. He is over the divide; he is on the downward track; he is on the home stretch, going down the grade. It is time to put away delusions, to fling away ambition, to forgive your enemies, to put your household in order. There sits the grim old croupier Death just on the other side of the green cloth, with his rake in his hand. Every year he makes his game; every year the rake comes nearer and nearer; every move gathers in your neighbors, friends, and associates. You may look the fleshless old skeleton square in the face; you may affect to be brave, to be careless, to be indifferent—but every time his long, gaunt fingers take away an acquaintance, there comes over you a nervous twitch, and your smile when he is gone is a ghastly, nervous one.

One of the most common conceits of old gentlemen past fifty is to claim that they are "just as young as they ever were," "never felt so well in my life," "just as vigorous as ever," "prime of life, sir," "full of intellectual vigor." Some of these elderly persons will wink and look wise, and boast of their unimpaired vigor. But they do not ride horseback any more; "have lost their taste for such vigorous exercise." They do not go over the mountains for quail any more; they shoot duck from a punt hid in a tule blind. They do not dance, nor ride horseback, nor go upstairs two steps at a time, nor jump upon a car while it is in motion. Just see one of these well-preserved old gentlemen get out of a buggy or walk up hill; hear him pant and wheeze; see him avoid a draft from a crack in a door or window; see him throw his handkerchief over his bald head when he goes to sleep in church. This elderly gentleman carries a substantial cane, wears thick underclothes, a huckskin over his chest, corsets, if too fat, and a liver pad. His hair gets thin, his legs get weak, he gets irritable, thinks this generation not so good as the last, thinks the world is growing dishonest, and the country is going to the devil. If he is a lawyer, he has become an old foggy, and the boys worry him with sharp practice. If he is a doctor, he regards all young men as quacks, and all progress in medicine as empiricism. If he is a banker, he looks wise, and continues to look wiser, till at the age of fifty the countenance is rigid with frozen sagacity.

Women never get to be fifty; that is, not by the regular process of gradually growing old. The dentist, the hair-dresser, the corset-maker, the milliner, the importer of French bonnets, form a body-guard around the advancing female, and when, finally, she can not dodge old age any longer, she just skips, with a bound, from thirty-five to seventy, throws up the sponge and turns pious, finds that

consolation in religion that she formerly found in flirting, becomes charitable, and contributes free soup to the indigent.

We are not discussing poor old men past fifty. They never die, and if they do, it is of no consequence. The old croupier sends his rake after those who have something on the cloth. All the way up from half a million to ten millions, the old man past fifty is worth raking in. At fifty, the rich old man begins to take care of himself. He stays at home nights—he does not so often have an appointment to see a man down-town. He begins to pinch off on his wine and cigars. He finds that champagne inflames his toes and makes chalk in his joints. He begins to diet—eats mush for breakfast, has a light dinner, and goes to bed several drinks of brandy-and-water earlier than usual. The rich old man of fifty begins to moralize on the vanity of wealth, and philosophizes upon the accumulation of unnecessary millions. He admits, with an undertone of regret, that he can not take his money with him, and that if he does, it will melt. The rich old man past fifty now finds his hands full. First is the nervous anxiety concerning death. He is a watchful observer of the little indications with which Death is good enough as a rule to herald his coming. He takes better care of himself, and just now he begins to realize that he has a family. He has a dim consciousness that all these years past he has had butcher and other bills to pay; but now, as the bills increase, he realizes that he has sons and daughters. Boys are beginning to assert themselves, and the girls are making raids upon the treasury. Europe must be done, society makes its demands, and the rich old man past fifty begins to realize that just as his faculties are beginning to decay, just as he is weakening from old age, just as he feels the gout twingeing at his toes, just as he is threatened with paralysis, softening of the brain, and apoplexy, all his faculties are strained to hold on to what he has. He finds it harder to keep than to get. Young fellows whom he does not like, steal his daughters. His boys marry girls whose families he does not know. He bates to dower and divide, and if he does not, the world says he is an old hunk.

Society is very busy gossiping over the rich old man past fifty. Having exhausted itself over the important inquiry as to how he got his money, all the cognate facts of his family, his early education, his former employments, whom he married, etc., are explored. Having plowed and harrowed this field, the next inquiry is as to what he will do with his money. If he builds a mansion in town and country, drives four-in-hand, sends his family to Europe, educates his boys in Germany and his daughters in Paris, he is extravagant, and society deplors the fact that he spends his money foolishly. If he is economical, lives quietly, hoards at a cheap restaurant, and sleeps in a garret, society denounces him as a money-grub, a usurer, and a mean old cuss. Everybody speculates as to what the rich old man past fifty ought to do with his money. Everybody agrees that he ought to build a monument for himself and lay the foundation of some princely charity, some great, noble, generous scheme of philanthropy; and it is singular with what unanimity all assert that, if they were rich and past fifty, they would astonish the world by some great act of large-hearted benevolence.

The life of the rich old man past fifty is beset with difficulties when he lives, and if he can look down from the bright mansions in the skies—where, by the way, all rich old men go—he will see his heirs quarreling over his estate, contesting his will, and raising the question of his sanity. If he endows a charity, the heirs fight it; if he does not, society denounces him. If he leaves no heirs, no wife, no children, the lawyers hunt them up, and, out from some vile boarding-house or alley, some draggled widow, or servant, or demirep, is dragged to smirch the good name and steal the estate of the rich old bachelor or widower past fifty. We have been casting about us, and in San Francisco we have penciled the names of nearly one hundred rich old men past fifty, all of whom in due course of nature will soon be compelled to pass in their chips to the old croupier and give up their seats around the green table. What a crop of lawsuits, contested wills, scandals, secret tales, involved mysteries, will grow up around their graves.

Far-sighted Americans have always desired to see the Hawaiian Islands annexed. They are the natural advanced post of this coast. In the hands of an enemy they would in time of war prove an annoying base of operations, and possession of them would facilitate operations against this country. They are a half-way house between California and Japan. The power which owned them could strike in either direction in a week's time. They are needed, too, as a coal-station for the United States Pacific squadron. We have secured a station at Pearl Harbor, which, by the way, we have done nothing to improve; but it is only ours by treaty, and the power which made the treaty may revoke it. But it is not clear that the people of Hawaii are unanimous in their desire for annexation. The opinion of

the fifty thousand natives on the question is unknown. There have been no public meetings at which they have had their say. Nobody ever took the trouble to ask them whether they would like to be annexed or not. The people who want annexation appear to be the white foreigners, who number about three thousand, all told; and several of these have turned up in this city, with a more or less official character, and profess decided opposition to the scheme.

Nor is this all. The second batch of delegates from the islands affirm that the first batch merely seek annexation in order to raise the value of sugar estates which they own. When the McKinley Bill passed, placing foreign sugar on the free list, plantations in Hawaii became comparatively worthless. Hawaiian sugar had to compete with Manila sugar and Central American sugar; plantations of cane could hardly be given away. To some of the bright spirits in Honolulu, it occurred that if the United States could be induced to annex the islands, not only would the island planters get the benefit of the bounty on sugar so long as that lasts, but an immigration would set in from this country to Hawaii, which would surely be followed by a boom in property. So they concocted their little revolution. As everybody on the islands wants the value of land to rise, nobody opposed the ingenious fellows who proposed to use the United States as a lever to lift it.

But the policy of the United States in regard to the acquisition of foreign territory is well defined. The three largest pieces of property acquired by this nation since its organization—Louisiana, the Mexican possessions north of Chihuahua, Sonora, and Lower California, and the Territory of Alaska—were bought, the first for \$3,000,000, the second for \$15,000,000, the third for \$7,200,000. In each case we dealt with an established and responsible power, and in no case was an opposition to the transfer made by the inhabitants of the purchased territory. Florida we acquired by a treaty with Spain, which involved an equivalent on our part. Texas was annexed at the request of its people duly represented in their legislature. To which of these various transactions can the envoys refer as a precedent for the action which they invite Mr. Harrison to take?

We can not buy the Hawaiian group, for no power could give a title to it. We might annex it on the application of a clear majority of its people—not of the foreign merchants or planters, who are there as sojourners, but of the real Hawaiians, the Kanakas, who were born there and in whom—if anywhere—the sovereignty of the islands rests.

Acquisitions of territory are not as much thought of as they used to be, except by obsolete politicians. We once nearly went to war with England over a slice of Maine; but we were in bad luck that day, and we got the slice. So England thought it was a smart achievement to secure a tongue of coast between Puget Sound and Alaska. Yet Great Britain dare not at this moment submit to the British Columbians the question whether they would rather their country remained Canadian or became a territory of the United States.

In all this Hawaiian business, one fact is very plain—this great republic can not afford to do an unrepudiated thing. If we take possession of a helpless country, against its people's wishes, we strike a fatal blow at the roots of our republican system. Our government is based on the consent of the governed. We can not make the Hawaiian people an integral part of this republic without their consent.

Still it is probable that their consent will be secured, and that the Hawaiian Islands will become a part of the United States. But many points are involved. Hawaii must not become a State. She is not fit even for the measure of autonomous government we accord to a Territory. There must be some special form of government devised for her. The mass of semi-civilized Kanakas, Chinese, and Japanese who make up the vast majority of her population are very poor material out of which to make American citizens.

At the approach of the Lenten season, serious topics are in order, and a number of ladies, impelled by certain caustic remarks in the *World* of New York, are discussing in that journal the grave question: What sort of man makes the best husband?

As might be expected, opinions differ. One smart girl whom we may call Miss A., replied: "A middle-aged man." When she was asked why, she replied that the honeymoon was long enough for a woman to understand men, but men take ten years to learn to understand women. Thus no man may be said to be a good husband till he has been ten years married which, in an average of cases, makes him middle-aged. This is in contradiction to the generally received opinion that after ten years of matrimony most men begin to neglect their wives. Indeed, psychologists have laid down the doctrine that the normal duration of a real and serious love affair is five years.

Another respondent—let us say Miss B.—says that the

best husband is he who is "considerate." This is a vague and complex answer. If a man is a gentleman, he is thoughtful, kind, and considerate to his wife, even when the period of adoration has passed away; and if he is not a gentleman, he can not under any circumstances make a good husband.

Miss C., without stating her ideal of "the best husband," proceeds to exclude certain classes of men as not likely to fulfill that requirement. She says that a "good-natured man" will never do, because a woman could not respect him. She thinks a husband ought to have something of the tyrant in him, and that a woman is not happy unless she is under compulsion. She admits that women differ, but she thinks a majority of her sex would prefer Charlotte Brontë's Rochester to a polite creature who deferred to his wife's wishes; and she mentions, as a not uncommon type, the case of a lady who "was one of those women who require knocking down-stairs, and who, having married a gentle husband, soon got a divorce from him."

Very few men are equal to the task of knocking a woman down-stairs. But there is no doubt that the "equality of the sexes," which some women claim, is not favorable to conjugal happiness. There is no getting away from the proverb that power goes with the beard. If a girl can not submit, let her stay single. Where husband and wife differ in opinion, one must yield, and cases may occur in which the woman is right and the man wrong. But unless the latter is a fool, his superior age and experience, and his masculine mind are likely, in an average of cases, to lead him to sounder conclusions than his wife can reach. In a well-regulated household, Darby is boss, and Joan would not have it otherwise.

A fourth young lady discusses the question as if a matrimonial shopman had set before her an assortment of putative husbands, deferentially inquiring: Which will you take, miss—the tall one, the short one, the fair one, the dark one, the one with the straight legs, or him with the wart on his nose? She is not aware that sexual selection is not governed by reason. A man and a woman come together in obedience to an instinct which is not under the control of the will. They can not help it. Given two men, one upright, honorable, well-to-do, kind, intelligent, steady, the other rakish, sporty, impecunious, selfish, wild, and dull, it is odds that a girl may prefer the latter, though her reason warns her that she is preparing for a misfit marriage. Why? Heaven only knows—that is, if heaven does really concern itself in the making of marriages.

But what rubbish is all this talk of "best possible husbands!" A girl takes the man who offers, if he appears to be upright, honorable, and in earnest. If she does not, she runs a risk of going to seed, with a red nose, a canary bird, and a lap-dog. The chief trouble with her is not to know whether she has got the best article in the market, but whether the man, who says he loves her, means what he says. It is easy for a man to acquire the art of love-making, and, with a little practice, some men can do it quite skillfully. How to know when they are acting, and when they are obeying an irresistible and ungovernable impulse, is the thing a girl wants to be able to determine. Better learn that than make herself a connoisseur in men. A woman's happiness is to a large degree dependent on the quality of him to whom she has given herself, body, soul, and heart; but if he really loves her, she can mold him to her will. Then—considering that all women believe they know how to "manage" a husband—she can make a "good husband" out of him, for he will be like clay in the hands of the potter.

One day last week a banquet was given in New York city to Dr. Jenkins, quarantine officer of that seaport, and son-in-law to Richard Croker, Esq., Tammany boss. This banquet was to commemorate the victory which Tammany has won over the people of the United States. The National Quarantine Bill was so emasculated by Tammany congressmen that it is practically null. Tammany has exclusive control of the landing of the swarms of steerage immigrants from European ports. The State of New York has a system of quarantine at the port of her great city, which is under the absolute management of the Tammany government. Dr. Jenkins's position is a high-salaried and lucrative one. He has about four hundred subordinates and attaches, with good, fat salaries. The additional patronage of the chief-quarantine officer is large and rich. Dr. Jenkins, and his powerful father-in-law, the Tammany boss, are determined to retain this exclusive patronage and power. The establishment of a national system of quarantine would greatly impair, or practically destroy, their profit. This is the chief cause of the antagonism to the project of a national system. It is clear that a sound national quarantine would vastly minimize the danger of invasion by infection, contagion, and pestilence of every degree—as in Asiatic cholera, small-pox, yellow fever, typhoid fever, and other malignant maladies. The different systems of State seaboard quarantine are notoriously inadequate. As recently as last September an In-

ternational Quarantine Inspection Commission, consisting of eminent physicians specially qualified for the very important service, after a studious examination of all the seaports of the Atlantic Coast—Canadian and American—in view of cholera invasion, made report that: "We have carefully examined every station on the coast, from the St. Lawrence as far down as this point—Delaware Breakwater—and find that much the same conditions exist everywhere, to wit: not a single station is supplied with appliances for cleaning and disinfecting ships; only a few have facilities for disinfecting baggage, while nearly all have poor hospital accommodations." Within this scope of examination was the port of New York. The experiences of last fall in the cholera excitement and the condition of quarantine at the port of New York are readily recalled, with the harrowing scenes at Fire Island, the protracted detention and brutality imposed on cabin passengers, and the alarming deficiency of the New York quarantine system in the management of cholera patients and the protection of passengers and the people of the city and of the country against the dreadful infection. But the safety of the people of the United States is as nothing compared to Tammany's greed for rich pickings. The Democratic congressmen who vote with Tammany in this matter are shameless.

The *Call* has drawn attention to a trick of the city politicians to get control of the patronage of the school department. Twelve years ago, when this class of persons were reaching out in every direction for everything that was in sight, an amendment to the Political Code was passed to head them off, so far as the schools are concerned. It was provided that teachers appointed without limitation as to time should hold office during good behavior, and could only be dismissed for incompetency, or unprofessional or immoral conduct. This was an eminently reasonable provision. A school-teacher should be stimulated to do her best by a feeling that efficiency will be rewarded by life tenure, whereas if the teacher feels that she is liable to be displaced whenever a school director wants a berth for some female friend, she has no incentive to exertion or improvement. Under the code (Sections 1,793 and 1,617), if a school director wants to get a place for a female dependent, in advance of a vacancy, he must bring specific charges against some teacher, and the latter must be afforded an opportunity of answering them. In this way, and in this way only, can the schools be saved from becoming poor-houses for the school directors.

It is whispered now that a knot of politicians have hatched a plot to incorporate, in an "omnibus" bill, a provision repealing Section 1,793. Such a change in the law can only have been inspired by one object. It is evidently intended to pave the way for the removal of school-teachers as fast as school directors want their places for their "lady friends." In other words, it proposes to drag the department into politics, and to pave the way for a revival of the régime when a school-teacher had to pay one or two months' salary to get an appointment. The public would like to know whether any of the present board of school directors is manœuvring to restore that happy régime. Who is trying to repeal Section 1,793? Let us have his name, so we can all honor the statesman who wants to make a living by blackmailing school-teachers.

This legislature has thus far escaped reproach for corruption. If there have been any steals, they have not come to light. People are beginning to think that California can elect a legislature of honest men. But we must not be too sanguine. It is almost impossible that the city delegation can consist of men of probity; the circumstances of their nomination and election forbid the possibility. It will be glory enough for 1893 if it should turn out that only a few knaves got into the legislature, and that these were sat upon when they were found out. The attempted amendment of the school law will afford an occasion to apply the discipline.

Careful examination of the original law of naturalization will convince the intelligent that in the efforts to progress much that has been abandoned was of great importance. Prior to 1787, under the original confederation of the thirteen States, there was no general law of naturalization; all whites in the country, whether native-born or aliens, were accounted citizens. In the convention which framed the constitution adopted in 1787, in considering the subject of naturalization, there appears to have been no purpose of making provision against the immigration of obnoxious classes. The burden of debate was upon the fixing of the term of probation for citizenship. Those afterward known as Federalists mostly contended for a probationary term of not less than fourteen years; some advocated twenty-one years, and a few held that all of alien nativity should be forever ineligible to public office. The first Congress made the law of naturalization—in 1790—require two years' residence in the country, but it was soon obvious that a longer term of probation was necessary, and, in 1795, the law was amended to make it five years. Subsequently, in

1802, the law was adopted which, in effect, still holds, establishing five years as the time of residence essential to citizenship. Since the law of 1802, other amendments have been added, mostly to render naturalization easier.

As long ago as 1836, the errors and evils of the incongruous and mixed order of citizenship and suffrage were expressed in Congress. The incongruity was pointed out in the paramount law of naturalization under the constitution, which endows citizenship and qualifies suffrage, and the authority of the State, and of the residents of a territory about to be created into a State, to admit as citizens and voters persons of alien nativity. The naturalization law of Congress can alone confer citizenship upon the alien; Congress has no authority to prescribe the elective franchise in the States. On the other hand, the States are inhibited from making laws to govern naturalization, but the States only have the authority to prescribe the regulations to govern the ballot, and, in preparing for Statehood, the inhabitants of a territory exercise the authority of framing the organic law by which the voters of the embryo State shall determine the provisions of the State constitution—subject only to the supervision of Congress. The Federal Constitution ordains that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." Against this are the laws of many of the States which qualify for suffrage persons who are not recognized as citizens and voters in other States. The alien citizen of Colorado, for instance, who is allowed to vote upon declaration of intention to become a citizen four months before an election, is interdicted from voting in any of the States which require citizenship by naturalization and above four months' residence. States have elected members of Congress, the legislatures which have chosen United States Senators, and the Presidential electors who have cast the vote which elected the President and Vice-President—all of these within the limits of national election, in which the right to the ballot would seem to belong to none others than qualified citizens.

The apparent incongruity is becoming more alarming every election. It should be abated or remedied.

The extraordinary condition of affairs in Kansas is bringing disgrace upon that commonwealth. As for the Populists, they have turned out to be an organized mob, setting law at defiance.

The lower house in Kansas consists of one hundred and twenty-five members. The State Board of Canvassers gave certificates to sixty-three Republicans, fifty-six Populists, five Democrats, and one Independent. The Republicans thus had a clear majority over all. On the third of January they organized the house, the Independent voting with them, and the Democrats not voting at all. The Populists then took this most high-handed and outrageous action—they swore in three men who had been defeated by large majorities, admitted seven others who had no claim to seats, elected officers, and proceeded to organize. Two speakers were elected—a Republican and a Populist—both of whom held their ground, and at night slept behind the speaker's desk. Many of the members also remained in the house at night, supplied with food by female sympathizers. Matters went on in this way for a week, when the senate, which has a Populist majority, recognized the illegal house. The legal or Republican house refused to pay any attention to this recognition. The new governor, Lewelling, also a Populist, was inaugurated on January 9th, and recognized the illegal house; but this had no effect on the Republicans. On the evening of inauguration day the Populists held a meeting, at which speeches were made by Jerry Simpson, Mrs. Lease, and other cranks. Simpson, among other things, said: "You must organize the legislature in this hall to-morrow. Do not let the technicalities of the law stand in the way. Call this revolution, if you will." These are truly rare words coming from a Senator of the United States. The Populists should be proud of their leader. Simpson also urged the impeachment of the supreme court judges in case they did not give decisions favorable to the Populists. This certainly smacks of revolution. After such a grossly illegal stand had been taken by the Populists, it is not to be wondered at that the Republicans determined to defend themselves by force, if necessary. Hence the dispatches of the last few days, showing that the Populist Governor Lewelling had called out the militia to eject the Republicans from the legislative chamber where they rightfully belong.

The Populist party has covered itself with shame. If from the ranks of that party there can come as leaders only such demagogic cranks as Mrs. Lease, Jerry Simpson, and Lewelling, it bodes an early death for the Populists. The American people believe in the reign of law. The knot of Republicans in Kansas who are fighting for their legal rights have behind them the sixty-five millions who make up this great commonwealth. The Populists have behind them nothing. In a few years they will be forgotten, and even the name of their party will pass from men's minds.

AN OLD MAN'S WIFE.

How a Pretty Woman Caused a Tragedy in a Mining Town.

The spring sunshine had made itself felt upon the sage and cedar-covered hills. The usual brown hues were changed to green, except in the shady spots where the snow still lay. The roads were very bad; there were deep cuts on each side of them in the valleys, washed out by the streams from the melting snow, which came down from the high lands. The stages were delayed, sometimes for days, business men growled over the bad times and the credit system, predicting the failures of their principal rivals before summer came. People grew bilious for want of exercise; others, who took exercise, caught cold and had pneumonia. So every one cursed the country and said that there never had been such a winter before within the memory of the whites.

The gamblers had lived off each other, and most of them were very seedy, and some were hungry as well; but handsome Jack Briggs stood out in the sunshine in front of the Palace, tapped his nicely fitting trousers with his ebony cane, and blew out into the air clouds of fragrant smoke from his "two-bit" cigar. What cared he for mud, for hard times, for hunger, or for illness? He had no occasion to walk in the mud. He had won plenty of money at short cards before the times had grown so hard. He was well fed and well clad. He was a picture of manly health and beauty. To be sure, he had thrown with a lavish hand much of the gold he had won so gracefully to those of his cloth who were needy from ill luck or ill health. For these he had much sympathy; but it was not like being in such straits himself—that is, not exactly. On the pleasant afternoon of which I write, he was specially content. He smiled and stroked his black mustache. I wonder if he was thinking of the little note in his breast-pocket. Perhaps so, perhaps not. It was a note from a lady; so, perhaps, he had reason to be pleased; but it was from a married lady, and not the note that such a one is supposed to write to a reckless, handsome young gambler; so he had no right to look pleased. Perhaps he was not thinking of the note at all. It was not a note that showed any impropriety upon its face, it simply stated that the writer would be at the ball on that evening, and that she wished to see him—that was all. She was the wife of one of the great men of the little mining camp. The superintendent of the largest mine and mill, a man who had been a busy bee in his youth and who now at fifty was rich and respected, not only in the little camp in which he was engaged in increasing his hoard, but in all the country round. The wife was young, and she was fair—men of his age marry women who are young and fair—and he idolized her—men of his age generally do. His wealth was only dress to him where she was concerned; he showered his gold upon her fancies, and she loved him, too. There was nothing singular in his loving her, but in her loving him! Well, she was proud of him; this man who had married her was a lion of a man, he was brave, and strong, and grave; she knew this, and she respected him, and she liked to caress him and toy with his long beard, which was more than tinged with gray. It has been a dangerous thing for a man to allow a woman to play with his hair ever since the time of Samson. But men do not think of these things. Her gaiety delighted him, and he was trustful of her, because she was his wife. She was modest and she was good; but, alas! she was young. How and why was it that this model wife—barring the youth—had written to the handsome outcast?

She had attended a party of some kind, some time before, and, as social distinctions are rather obscure in the mountains, she had been introduced to Handsome Jack, and they had danced together. She was surprised, or, rather, dazzled—his manners were perfect, except, perhaps, that he had adopted some of the breezy freedom of the West, to which no woman ever objected deep down in her heart, though her face might try to frown it down—and he danced divinely. Her husband was her idol; but he had not the polish which was so charming in this vagabond. Even this was a charm, that he was a vagabond, and then he had said such pretty things. He had not been impudent in his compliments, and yet, somehow or other, he had told her that she was beautiful, and that he was in love with her. I will not say that she was charmed, delighted; but she certainly liked it.

That night, in their conjugal privacy, her husband kindly advised her not to allow such persons to be presented to her, and said that he hoped that she would not dance with that man again; "for, truly," he added, "he is a very low character." For the first time she was annoyed at her husband, rather offended, and she immediately set about, in her idle moments, weaving together the threads of a pretty little romance, of which the hero was not Jack Briggs, to be sure, but a man just like him.

And what of Master Jack? What did he think of the lady? Truthfully, it must be admitted, he thought of her not at all. It was his way; he had probably told a dozen women the same thing that very night, and so it might all have ended then and there. But there are gossips, even in mining camps. Our little lady had a confidant, to whom she imparted, under the seal of secrecy, her husband's advice. The confidant had a friend, and so the story grew, passing through wider and wider channels until, at last, Jack was twitted with it. By a slight addition here and there, gathered from the silt which always accompanies the flow of small talk, the tale which he heard was that the lady was madly in love with him, that her husband was fired with jealousy and had forbidden her to speak to him. No breath of this medley of absurdity had reached the ears of the husband or the wife; it goes without saying, as a matter of course, it never does. And yet Jack believed the silly story of this woman's love. Some men, if they cared not for the woman, would have turned away their hearts and minds; but it was not so with Jack; his vanity was agreeably tickled, and he waited, if he did not seek, his opportunity.

A sympathetic gossip, who lived at the hotel—one of

those dear, middle-aged, childless women who have nothing to do but to brew mischief—brought these two together one evening at her rooms. The lady of our story was greatly annoyed; but the affair was brought about as though by accident, so she could not show her displeasure without making a scene.

Mr. Briggs bore himself in his most graceful manner; talked of things real and unreal most charmingly, and when the honest little lady was asked to sing, and, after much solicitation, consented, he offered to accompany her upon the piano, and this led to his singing a duet with her. This was all very harmless; but she knew that it would displease her husband if he knew it, and, foolishly, she did not tell him. A few days later, her husband was called to San Francisco upon business; and, when she was alone, she worried that she had not told him how she had disregarded his advice; she was still more worried when her sympathizing friend rallied her about Handsome Jack. She blushed very much, which you may be sure was noted, and determined that she would write to her husband; but then, thought she, he would be displeased, and then she thought again. The Lord only knows what she did think. What her feminine reasoning was, who can tell? True, the result was a note to Jack Briggs asking him to be present at the ball the very next evening. My opinion is that she believed that she could explain to him in some way that she wanted him to keep away from her; but it was a very delicate and diplomatic task for a pretty little woman, with no knowledge of the world, to undertake such an explanation to a dashing, heartless rogue, with a tongue as nimble as his very nimble brain.

The night of the ball came. Mr. Briggs was one of the few gentlemen who wore dress-coats; and, as he threw off his overcoat—which, by the way, had the little note in the breast-pocket—he looked very handsome indeed, so handsome, in fact, that the poor little woman, whom he thought was in love with him, could not but give him an admiring look as he asked her to dance. Perhaps she thought she could make her explanation while he had his arm about her waist in the waltz; but he talked so fast that she did not even have a chance to remonstrate against the things which he ought not to have said, but, to his shame, did say; and as she had not refused to listen—or rather could not interrupt him—he thought that she cared for the words he spoke. They danced again; possibly she thought that she could manage better with a second trial; but I fear she would have failed again, had she not caught sight of smiles and knowing glances directed at them as they whirled around the room. She asked him to stop, and, with her face burning with blushes, she took his arm and they walked out of the ball-room into the corridor. Her heart was beating very rapidly—and Jack's, too, for that matter, but with what different emotions! We will leave them thus for a moment, notwithstanding the very evident impropriety, and I will remind you that the stages had been very irregular in their trips at this time—for two days no mail had arrived.

The stage was due usually at seven o'clock in the evening. It was now nearly two in the morning. No one was looking for it, but, with many a flourish of whip and roll of body, the ponderous coach drew up to the door of the hotel. The music within drowned the usual commotion attendant upon this ceremony. The passengers alighted. Now, had the stage made its regular trips, the little wife upstairs would have had a letter the morning before, saying that her husband would follow his missive the next day, and all I have written might have had a different termination. But the roads were bad, and the stage was delayed, and the husband and his letter arrived at the same moment. He threw off his heavy buffalo-skin coat, cut the sacks off his feet, and trudged up the stairs, his big heart full of the expected meeting with his wife. As he was about to pass the gentlemen's dressing-room, he looked in. Some friend caught him by the hand, drew him in, and began questioning him about his trip. As he good-naturedly replied, he awkwardly brushed against a clothes-rack and an overcoat fell off. He caught it, but too late to save it from the floor; he only caught it by the tail. As he lifted it, an envelope fell from the pocket. He stooped and picked it up, and was about to replace it, when his eye caught sight of the hand-writing. His face grew white under its rich red; he pulled out the note and read it. Poor old chap! He could not speak; for when his friend spoke, he tried to reply, but seemed to choke. He turned and left the room, hurrying toward his wife's apartments.

After we left the young couple in the corridor, there was a good deal said, but, as much of it was irrelevant and immaterial, I will not attempt to give it in detail. Suffice it, the lady at length managed to tell Jack what she desired to say. Her eloquence, when it did come, came in a torrent; and when she had had her say, Jack knew that she cared no more for him than she did for the carpet beneath her feet, and that she worshiped the honest man who was her husband; and she wound up by appealing to his honor to avoid her and anything which would compromise her.

Jack was not crushed, but he was conquered. He had too much address to let her see that his vanity was wounded; he had too much tact to pay her any meaningless compliments. He simply said: "Madam, I respect you and your wishes, and I honor the husband who deserves such fidelity and love." And then the little fool began to cry—cry in good earnest, wetting her handkerchief with her tears, and with it rubbing the powder off her cheeks and nose. She had sense enough to know that she ought not to be seen crying in the corridor, so hurried toward her rooms. Jack walked beside her, trying to soothe her as best he could. He opened the door and they entered the room. She soon dried her tears, and her companion turned to leave her. He was about to place his hand on the knob, when the door opened, and before him stood the husband. The poor little lady simply screamed and fainted.

Jack started to leave the room, the husband stood between him and the open door.

"Meet me in the bar-room, sir, in an hour, and I will ex-

plain," said Jack, little thinking what a difficult thing he had to explain.

The husband, now as cool as ice and with nerves as firm as steel, looked intently at him and stepped aside, and Jack passed out, probably feeling as kindly toward him as he had ever felt toward any man in his life.

In half an hour the husband joined him in the bar-room, where he had amused himself playing solitaire. He looked up as the injured man came in. As the latter drew near, he pointed to a chair. The husband sat down, then, looking straight into Jack's eyes, he said:

"Do you know why I did not kill you then and there?"

"Yes," answered Jack, without flinching. "If you had killed me, you would have ruined her."

The husband nodded.

"But I shall kill you, nevertheless," he said.

"Why should you?" said Jack.

"Do you ask why?" said the other.

"Has she not told you all?" said Jack.

"Told me?" rejoined the other; "told me what you will tell me; but am I a fool to be fed upon such lies? Am I to be robbed and then calmly convinced that I have not been? Have I not seen enough?" he said, throwing the note down before Jack, who coolly picked it up, lit a match, and, holding the paper, burned it.

"You know what I am," he then began; "a gambler—a thief, if you like—an outcast. I have fought and gambled all my life. I have had many women who have loved me; but never have I loved one—and yet if I could ever have loved a woman it would have been your wife; and the feeling first came to me to-night when she told me she honored your gray hairs, and would not change your love for all the world beside. If such a woman could have been my wife, I might be other than I am. Whatever your wife has told you is the truth. That I would have seduced her, I tell you frankly. But she is not of those who stoop to men like me. You say you will kill me. You may have my life if you want it; but you may rest assured that yours is safe from me. Her honesty is your safeguard at my hands. Do you believe me?" said Jack, still looking straight into the other's eyes.

"It may be true—but the charm is broken. You have touched the glass—that you have not drunk from it matters but little; it is not the same to me. The thought, the doubt, the question, has destroyed my love. Your face would always come between mine and hers. I would always see your eyes, your smile, and—Here his hands twitched. "No, young man, I must kill you!" Jack smiled—"or you must kill me. That you will kill me, I trust; for what will my life be if she is not to me what she was? I shall never see her face again." As he said this, he looked down sadly, and seemed to be but thinking aloud; but he looked up again, and said fiercely: "But I will try to kill you. God knows I hate you bitterly enough."

Jack leaned his head upon his hand, thought for a moment, and then replied: "Just as you please. The poor woman must suffer anyway, I suppose; but perhaps the shame of having her name mixed up in this might be saved her."

The husband gave him a look in which hate and gratitude were queerly mingled.

"Will you leave it to me?" continued Jack.

The husband nodded.

"We will meet, then, this morning at eight o'clock at the ranch above the vegetable-garden, in the water cañon."

Again the husband nodded.

And so these two proposed to save the woman shame, little thinking that the whole camp had been turning their names over, in a bed of filth, for a month past.

Jack now called out loudly to the barkeeper, who was asleep in his chair at the other end of the room, and who had heard no word of the conversation, and ordered drinks for himself and companion, as if they were the best friends in the world. These consumed, Jack said: "Let us go," and the twain walked down the street together.

The Palace Saloon was a blaze of light. It was very late; but the Palace closed neither night nor day. In spite of the hour, there was a crowd about the place, occupied in gambling or loafing. The billiard-table was vacant. Jack looked at his companion. "Let us play," said he, and they entered the place, took cues from the rack, and began a game. They both played well, and soon the majority of the loafers drew around the table to watch the game.

They had played only a few minutes, when the cue-ball of Jack's opponent rolled slowly against the object-ball. Jack held his hand over the two, and said, laconically: "Froze." The other followed his example, but said "No," and proceeded to play. He made the count. Jack laid his cue across the table and claimed a foul. The loungers stared, for it was not the custom to dispute over so small a thing as a game of billiards.

"I say it was foul, and you shall not play again," said Jack.

"You say *shall* not to me!" said the other.

"To you or to any one else who tries to cheat me," said Jack.

"If you say I cheat, I say you lie," retorted the other.

Both men threw their hands back to their pistol-pockets. Some of the crowd started for the back-door, some for the front, one or two crawled under the billiard-table, many stood and looked on, others stepped in and caught the two disputants by the arms and drew them away from each other. Some friendly souls led the husband to his hotel; for every one knew that Handsome Jack was a "bad man," and there were few there who would not have hesitated to meet him in a fight, and some reckless ones who would have held a "short bit" between finger and thumb as a target for his unerring pistol aim.

All were glad that the man they respected had gone away in safety, and Jack laughed good-naturedly, and said: "I was to blame; come, boys, take a drink to the old fool's health. Come up, all of you."

When the admiring loafers had drunk, Jack, after asking the all-night bartender to call him at seven o'clock when he

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1893.

MIDNIGHT CLUBS.

February XIV.

But yet if any word of truth
Lie in the jest that Fate
For every mortal on this earth
Has set apart a mate,
There must be somewhere in the world,
A heart that's meant for mine,
And this shall let the owner know
That I'm his Valentine!—*M. E. W.*

Cupid's Auction.

"Cupid & Company will sell,
This month of February,
A stock of Loves, selected well.
Cupid & Company will sell
To man and maid; to beau and belle,
Loves bright, and fresh, and merry—
Cupid & Company will sell,
Fourteenth of February."

This is Cupid's auction sale,
 " Maidens rosy! Lovers pale!
 All attend," I hear him cry:
 " Now's the time to price and buy!
 Here's a passion short and gay;
Love for a day!

Love for a day!
Take your choice; perhaps you seek,
Love for a week!

Love for a week!
Now's your chance; I offer here,
Love for a year!

Love for a year!
Bid on this ; the price is high !
Love eternal!

It will not die!
—Harry Romaine in *Life*.

• Valentyne.

What can I send for Valentine,
 What can I send, oh! sweetheart mine,
 To tell the love I have for you,
 To show it still my love is true
 And ever to you doth incline?
 What fancie can I now entwyne
 To telle my love inne everie line?
 To prove my love, so old yet new,
 What can I send?

To send my heart I did design,
 But fownd it not, 'twas long synce thine
 And since thou art ye mynstress, too,
 Of all I thinke, or say, or do—
 Of everie thyng I am, inne fyne—
 What can I send?—*H. H. Bennett.*

Valentine.

Unknown to you this rhyme who sends,
Yet are we, Love, the best of friends ;
But should you scorn this waif of song
Of him who loved in silence long,
Be cruel then—be cruel then.
And send young Cupid home again :
And he who loves will love forego
Because Love's first reply is *No!*

But, Sweetheart, when this message lies
Beneath the heavens of your eyes,
And looking into them above,
Whispers the secret of my love—
Be kind I pray—be kind I pray;
Remember Valentine, his day,
When he who loves may love confess
And hope to hear Love answer Yes!
—F. D. Sherman in *Harper's Weekly*.

A Modern Valentine.

I've written it, love, with a stiff steel pen ;
For the geese, I understand,
Are so learned, now, that their quills, I trow,
Must supply their own demand.

I've secured it, love, by the aid of glue,
Instead of a strand of hair,
Which I can not obtain, for I see, with pain,
I have really none to spare.

I send it to you by the postman, love ;
For Cupid, I grieve to hear,
Is afraid of the cold, and has grown so old
That he doesn't go out this year.

But the message is ever the same, my love,
While the stars their course fulfill,
Though to me and to you it may seem quite new,
'Tis the old, old story still.
—*Caroline W. Latimer in Harper's Magazine.*

A series of experiments has demonstrated the relations between red flannel, monkeys, heer, and rheumatism. Two groups of caged monkeys were abundantly supplied with heer by the experimenters, one group being clad in red flannel, the other group left naked. All the naked monkeys contracted rheumatism and all the flannel-clad monkeys escaped. Then the experimenters, having thoroughly cured the rheumatic monkeys, clad them in flannel and let the other group go hare. The supply of heer was continued, and the hare monkeys were attacked by the rheumatism, while the flannel-clad monkeys recovered. The experimenters declare the heer made all the monkeys apt subjects for rheumatism, but that the flannel, by keeping off cold air from the joints, prevented its development.

Mrs. Anna Louise Cary Raymond, with voice unimpaired, sings in a New York church choir.

If the club fails, it will not be because Messrs. de Koven, Teall, and their co-laborers, show an incapacity to learn by experience. They are adapting themselves to each public whim as it develops. Some people wanted dinner at the club; it is announced that a meal will be served at a *table d'hôte* from six-thirty P. M. to eight-thirty. Others complained that the hours kept by the club were too late; it is now arranged that the performance shall be in two parts, one beginning at nine-thirty and lasting till ten-thirty, the other beginning at eleven and ending at twelve-thirty. The Sunday concerts are to begin at nine-thirty. Thus it will be possible for frequenters of the club to get to bed at midnight on Sundays and at one A. M. on week days. Partly in consequence of these concessions to the public wishes, the attendance has been better during the last week. Last Sunday the house was really full.

A lady who insists that the club is going to be a permanent institution observes, sententiously, that midnight mixed clubs are an acquired taste. People are not born to appreciate the Vaudeville Club any more than they are born with a liking for absinthe; but they can be educated to enjoy both, provided they are concocted with skill. Women, says she, hear their husbands and brothers talk about Koster & Bial's; about the little devil of a girl who sings that her papa will not huy her a how-wow; and about the latest thing in skirt-dancing. Being members of the human race, they are endowed with curiosity, and they would like to see the girl who dances and hear the girl who sings. Yet they can not go to Koster & Bial's because the audience is too mixed. Now comes Mr. de Koven, who offers to serve them the latest thing in vice on a platter in an atmosphere which they can breathe without fear of moral hacilli. Doesn't it stand to reason that they will welcome the novelty? The managers of the club know their world. To satisfy Mrs. Grundy, they proclaimed that they proposed to give the least objectionable performances from the variety shows, hut, as a matter of fact, they have engaged the women whose "turns" are the most *échevelé* of their kind. Those gentlemen were connoisseurs in women. Women's moral standard depends upon their surroundings. A woman who goes heffired to the jawhone in a society of strangers, will wear a corsage four inches deep in a society she knows and where other women are served *au naturel* or *à la sauce piquante*.

The gilded youth of New York, who spend a part of each year in Paris, and wish to be understood as very *fin de siècle* indeed, approve of the Vaudeville Club, because without it New York is too conventional and you miss the toot of continental cities. They admit that girls will have to be broken in to the all-night caper. But they think it can be done by the progeny of the God-fearing Puritans who fought the flesh and the devil and left us a heritage of valor and virtue. One of them goes so far as to advocate the introduction of ladies to slogging matches and cocking mains—not on the ground that feminine society would refine the spectacle, but that the spectacle would give vigor to the feminine fibre.

Jean Leon Gérôme taught the lesson with his brush. The coarsest, and, at the same time, the most life-like faces in "The Gladiators" are those of the ladies who are in the next box to the emperor; and, in his famous Greek "Cock-Fight," the most realistic figure is the pretty girl of sixteen who is so excited over the match that she has probably forgotten she has nothing on worth mentioning.

Did Spanish mothers warn their daughters against the inconvenience of bull-fights, and the insidious attractions of the *torador*? It is on record that when Ferdinand took his wife, Isabella the Catholic, to her first bull-fight, that admirable woman sat the spectacle out, but when it was over, sternly reminded her lout of a husband that she was a lady, and would be obliged if he would not forget the fact. Which has not prevented Spanish ladies of the highest refinement, old and young, languishing and tender, from attending bull-fights to this day, and gushing with ecstasy when the *pica-dor's* horse gushed in a very different way. In various shapes, under various names, the mixed club which has loomed up here as the Vaudeville has existed throughout all time. Jessamy will take her tod by Jessamy's side if she can.

Our British busins, who are nothing, if not proper, are just now ventilating club ethics in a London police court. One of the best known of the gay resorts of London—the Corinthian Club—has been hauled up before a magistrate on the ground of impropriety. It is a mixed club, and, while the closest scrutiny is exercised to keep the male membership select, a large liberality is extended to the sex. A London correspondent thus describes it:

"The place is full of people as 'faultlessly' dressed as if they were at a smart dance in Grosvenor Square. The only difference is that every woman is young, and, what is more, pretty. The men are all known to me. They have common tastes in studs and butterfly ties, and have no surnames for one another.

[illegible]

Is this sort of thing the normal evolution of a mixed, all night, music-hall club?

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, February 12, 1893.

Among the exhibits at the World's Fair will be a pack of cards which were captured from Chief Geronimo, of the Apaches, and which are made from human skin.

THE WIDOW'S COMPLEXION.

Her Lover's Attempt to Find Out Whether It was Genuine.

Mrs. Redmayne was decidedly pretty; she dressed well, and was very careful in wearing only the colors that suited her. She was a fragile, delicate-looking little woman, and affected half-lights, like a rare fern; the strong sunlight, with its fierce glare, did not suit her. Her little drawing-room—"my little nest," as she used to call it—was shaded by heavy lace curtains; stained glass, Japanese screens, and a thousand and one pretty things, each interesting and beautiful in its way, were crammed into it; but not one of the pretty trifles was half so interesting and beautiful as pretty little Mrs. Redmayne herself. She was a pathetic creature, too; doubly fascinating, doubly dangerous when narrating the troubles and trials she had experienced during her married life; and with her troubles and trials she was accustomed to entertain her numerous adorers in the drawing-room of her little hijou residence in Blank Street, Mayfair. There was something almost intoxicating in the heavy odor of sandal-wood and potpourri mixed which pervaded the apartment. Mrs. Redmayne herself, like most eminent consulting physicians, never received more than one patient at a time. Her visitors were all men, not that there was anything shady about Mrs. Redmayne, but she did not encourage lady callers. She invited a few female intimates to dinner, but she took very good care that those ladies whom she distinguished by her friendship should be good talkers, and, at all events, plain enough to act as foils.

The real fact is that Mrs. Redmayne had married the justice because he was reputed to be a very wealthy man, and Cissy Redmayne herself, as a girl, had known all the real bitterness of poverty, being a poor curate's daughter. Justice Redmayne's income was very large when he married the pauper curate's only child. Though he was sixty, and an experienced man of the world, it was purely a love-match on his side. Till she was seventeen, Miss Cissy had dreamed of pretty frocks and a pretty house, of good living, of an endless succession of halls and entertainments, and of the public recognition of her own beauty. In marrying Justice Redmayne she secured all these things, and escaped from cold mutton and penury. But the justice, though he fondly loved his pocket-Venus of a wife, loved old port wine still better, and, after ten years of happiness, the justice fell a victim to his favorite poison, and left Cissy five thousand pounds in hard cash and the freehold of the little house in Mayfair. And then Mrs. Redmayne made the following simple calculation: "I can live at the rate of three thousand a year for three years; somebody worth having will marry me in that time; and if I fail to find the somebody, I must throw up the game and go back to papa and cold mutton."

From this it will be seen that pretty Mrs. Redmayne was a practical-minded little woman. She had been quite right; several somebodies and a good many nobodies had paid her a great deal of attention, but not one of the somebodies got half so much encouragement as Lieutenant and Captain Strongitheatm of Her Majesty's Carpet-Warriors. To be a Carpet-Warrior nowadays needs a considerable deal of money, blood, or interest; Jack Strongitheatm had money and interest, too. He was a fool, but the mere fact of his being a fool by no means disqualified him for the Carpet-Warriors. They have their own special cluh, where they drink magnums of costly dark and peculiarly dry champagne for lunch; they play whist there on an afternoon, and haccarat, nap, and marmora until the small hours of the morning, and a good deal of money changes hands. As a rule, save for the very wealthy, three years as a Carpet-Warrior is seldom exceeded—a man either marries, exchanges into a cheaper regiment, or hursts up. It is a short life and a merry one; and it is a very great privilege, indeed, to be a Carpet-Warrior at all.

Now Lieutenant and Captain Strongitheatm, being wealthy, was quite a veteran among the Warriors; he had been ten years in the regiment, and he was deservedly looked up to by his brother officers as a connoisseur and judge of beauty. He was very critical and terribly hard to please. He it was who had blasted the chances of Lady Dorothy Fitz-Urse, when he gave her the nickname of "Dolly the Dairymaid," and likened her lovely pink and white complexion to strawberries and cream. Many had been the nets laid by wily mothers for that too wary bird, Captain Strongitheatm; but no one, till he met Mrs. Redmayne, had yet succeeded in putting salt upon his tail. But Strongitheatm was very far gone, indeed, upon the widow. Twice during the justice's life-time had he solemnly entreated her to fly with him. On the first occasion, she had simply replied: "If you were not so terribly tall, I'd box your ears"; the second time he had been shown the door, and Justice Redmayne's wife had cut him for a whole month. Nothing increases a man's affection like a real good snubbing, and Captain Strongitheatm, now she was a widow, not only fervently loved Mrs. Redmayne—he actually revered her. He assiduously paid his court, he was never tired of dancing attendance upon the little widow, and he praised her till his brother officers were sick of her very name. And now he was her accepted lover, and, although their marriage was not announced, it was tacitly understood.

Strongitheatm had but one failing: he smoked morning, noon, and night. It was a real grievance to him that the queen's regulations did not allow him to smoke on parade. Now Mrs. Redmayne hated tobacco, and ever since his courtship Strongitheatm had become a non-smoker for her dear sake. It was a severe penance to him, but he bore it like a man; he suffered in silence, and never complained.

But one fatal afternoon Strongitheatm was tempted, and Strongitheatm fell. A very Exalted Personage, indeed, was accustomed occasionally to drop into the Warriors' Cluh. Once inside its exclusive walls the Exalted Personage used to unbind and become very much like an ordinary mortal. His proceedings were always exactly the same: he would take up his position in front of the fire, or at the window, ac-

ording to the season of the year, order a brandy-and-soda, pull out his cigar case, and politely offer a cigar to one of the Warriors; and then for the next half-hour the Distinguished Personage was hut an ordinary member of the cluh. But there is an etiquette even in little things. No one had ever been known to refuse to smoke the offered regalia—it was a kind of royal command which could not be disobeyed; and so it happened that Strongitheatm, who had been innocently sitting at the window, waiting for Mrs. Redmayne's little victoria to pass, found himself the recipient of the royal hounty in the shape of a very dark-looking Havana of exquisite flavor. There was nothing for it; the captain lighted up with a smile and a groan, and all the other Warriors envied him his luck, and then he and the Distinguished Personage continued to stare out of the window and criticise the passers-by.

They had not been three minutes there when the little victoria flashed past, with its cocked coachman and its pair of fiery chestnuts; the big pink sunshade was tilted on one side, and pretty little Mrs. Redmayne looked up at the window and smiled. Then Strongitheatm blushed to his ears and returned her salute, as did the Distinguished Personage at his side.

"I fancy that how was meant for you; you're a lucky fellow, Captain Strongitheatm. Ahem! Who is she?"

Strongitheatm would have liked to lie to him, but that, unfortunately, is contrary to etiquette. "Widow of Justice Redmayne," he replied; "at least, I believe so."

"Seemed to know one of us, at all events," said the Distinguished Personage. "Splendid complexion—wonder if it is her own?"

"Oh, it's perfectly genuine," blurted out Strongitheatm, and then he felt that he had made an ass of himself.

The president of the Warriors' Cluh (he was likewise the titular colonel of the regiment) looked annoyed; he did not say anything, however, but went on calmly fumigating himself and Captain Strongitheatm. Strongitheatm would have holted if he had dared, but the stern, unwritten law of tyrant custom forbade it.

"I wonder whether her complexion would stand the clove test," said the Distinguished Personage; "it's a wonderful thing, that clove test," he continued, with the air of one about to impart a scientific fact. "You know the clove test, Captain Strongitheatm?"

The Distinguished Personage, like the rest of his family, hardly ever forgets a name.

"Can't say I do, your—"

"Not know the clove test? I've known it ever since I was a boy!" hurst in the other. "It's an invaluable thing to know—an infallible test. You get a clove, you know, and you've only got to get near enough to the suspected cheek—and that's not generally so very difficult, by Gad!—and just to breathe upon it, and if it's paint, it turns black at once."

And there was instantly a chorus of testimony to the truth of the Distinguished Personage's assertion from the Warriors present.

"You don't seem to be getting on with that weed," continued the Distinguished Personage; "try another," and out came the hospitable cigar-case.

There was nothing for it. "To hear is to obey" is, in London, as solemn a duty as at the Sublime Porte. Strongitheatm accepted the cigar, and this time took good care not to let it out. The conversation then became general, and the Distinguished Personage having turned his back for an instant, Captain Strongitheatm seized the opportunity to make his escape.

And as he went down the stairs of the Warriors' Cluh, his soul was tortured by unworthy suspicions. Was it possible that Cissy Redmayne's complexion was not her own. "At any rate," thought the captain to himself, "I'll get some cloves; it'll take the heastly smell of the smoke away, anyhow." And he went into the nearest chemist's and made his purchase. Then he had his hair brushed at Douglas's, and was vaporized with strong odors, and he bought a squeeze of "The Exclusive Bouquet" from the young lady with the ringlets, and then he jumped into a cab and drove straight to Mayfair; and in the cab he deodorized his garments to the best of his ability with the pungent perfume, and munched away at his packet of cloves.

The captain was not unexpected; there was pretty little Mrs. Redmayne in a very low chair indeed, her little Dresden tea equipage upon a toy tea-table of hambo plush and embroidery. There were only two tea-cups, so the captain must certainly have been expected.

Never had Cissy Redmayne looked so charming. A crimson-satin tea-gown would be trying to most women; but the tea-gown and the old lace, with which it was trimmed, suited Cissy Redmayne's blonde beauty, and, as he gazed at her with a lover's eyes, the enamored captain swore to himself that he had never seen so pretty a picture as that formed by Cissy and her artistic surroundings. The heavy odor of sandal-wood seemed to act like an intoxicant to the gallant officer, and when the little Louis Quinze shoe, with its coral huckle, was innocently protruded, the captain felt that he was the luckiest of men.

"You hardly noticed me, Captain Strongitheatm," said Mrs. Redmayne, with a little pout, "when I passed the cluh-windows this afternoon. I can quite understand it. I recognized him at once. I could see the people taking off their hats a hundred yards off. Oh, Jack, how I envied you!"

"So did he, I think, when you howed," he replied, with a smile.

"You're quite a classic Warrior to-day, Captain Strongitheatm. How you've scented yourself! I've been reading 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' and I know that they went in for it tremendously in those days. Why, you're 'perfumed like a milliner,' as Shakespeare—or was it Bacon?—says. You needn't stroke my hand as if it were a kitten. What a very curious perfume, Captain Jack!"

"The fact is, Cissy, that *he who must be obeyed* always drinks gin-and-cloves of an afternoon."

When a Carpet-Warrior stoops to a lie, he prefers to use a good large one.

"I like him for that," she said; "there's a touching humility about it that I admire."

"Yes, and of course we all have to do the same—out of tumblers, you know, no heel-taps," said Strongitheatm, expanding his lie as if it were a concertina. "Now, let's talk about ourselves," he said, affectionately; "Cissy, dear, why should we shilly-shally any longer? I'm not eloquent, Cissy."

"Don't talk of eloquence," said Mrs. Redmayne, petulantly; "the poor justice lived by it, and I know exactly what it's worth," and she drew her lace handkerchief across her eyes as a tribute to the memory of the departed.

"I'm a plain man," continued the captain, as he expanded his mighty chest.

"You're the only person who thinks so," said Mrs. Redmayne, with a little purr of pleased proprietorship.

"Awfully good of you, I'm sure," said the captain; "you don't help a fellow a hit, Cissy. What I wanted to say was—" and the traitor slid his chair close to hers, keeping tight hold of her hand all the time. "I'll whisper it, Cissy," he said, and his voice trembled in his excitement.

The poor little woman turned her cheek toward him; she thought the wretch was going to kiss her, and she was nothing loth—such innocent familiarities are very dear to engaged persons. A smile of anticipatory pleasure stole over her countenance as she felt his hot breath upon her cheek; and then she gave a little scream of terror as he suddenly dropped her hand with a military oburgation.

"Cissy—Mrs. Redmayne!" he exclaimed; "good heavens!" and then he became scarlet in his indignation.

"Captain Strongitheatm," said Mrs. Redmayne, severely, as she rose to her feet in mingled astonishment and terror, "you ought not to have come here. You've been drinking. Don't deny it, Jack," she added, excitedly; "you look exactly like poor old Redmayne used to look when he returned from the monthly dinners. But Justice Redmayne drank port wine, like a gentleman; he didn't fuddle himself with gin-and-cloves."

"I haven't been drinking, Mrs. Redmayne. Farewell, Cissy," he added, tragically; "we shall never meet again, except in society. Look in your glass, unhappy woman, and you will learn the dreadful truth. Farewell forever!" and, seizing his hat, he rushed from the room.

Mrs. Redmayne turned in astonishment to the mirror. What could those terrible words mean? Alas! one side of her face was covered by a hideous, smutty-looking discoloration. Little Mrs. Redmayne gave an eldritch scream, and fell fainting in a heap on the white hearsein hearth-rug.

He never told her secret, for Jack Strongitheatm was a gentleman. Pretty little Mrs. Redmayne had played her cards and lost the game. Within the twelvemonth, the brokers were in the little hijou house in Mayfair, and Cissy Redmayne returned to her papa, the curate, and the cold mutton. She does a great deal of good in the parish, and is a pretty, soft-eyed little woman still; a trifle pale, perhaps, for she never seeks to paint the lily now, knowing, as she does, that the clove test is infallible. C. J. WILLS.

We have received the following communication from an Argonaut reader:

SAN FRANCISCO, February 15, 1893.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some one in Tucson claims that that town was chartered by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1552, and goes on to say that the proof of it still exists in the shape of a document—the charter itself—"written on vellum," showing the signatures of those sovereigns.

There can be no objection, of course, to the *Chronicle* publishing a Sunday romance purporting to be founded on facts, as it did last Sunday; but there can be no possible excuse for that paper indorsing the story in its editorial columns of the fourteenth instant. It apparently wishes to have its readers believe the "vellum" yarn.

Ferdinand and Isabella had to be pretty lively old corpses to rise from their graves to sign that "vellum" in 1552, for Isabella had been dead forty-eight years and Ferdinand thirty-six. She died November 26, 1504, and he on January 23, 1516. Charles the Fifth reigned in 1552, and Philip the Second succeeded him in 1556.

M. F. GAME.

The *Courier des Etats-Unis* is authority for this curious etymological story: Marshal Augereau, who was governor of Wurzburg under Napoleon the First, was a lover of wine and women. Before emptying his glass of wine and mineral water, it was his habit to say "Toujours l'amour!" The good Wurzburgers used to imitate their governor; but the nearest they could get to it was "Touschourlamour." In time they said "Schourlamour," and at last "Schorlemorle," which to this day is the name by which the Wurzburgers know a glass of wine mixed with mineral water.

Dr. Mary Walker left her overcoat and silk hat on the rack in the Young Women's Christian Association Building at Albany a few nights ago, and sought a frugal chamber upstairs. Twenty young women saw the masculine articles of attire, but did not see the owner, and promptly put their rooms in a state of siege against the possible invasion of the supposed man, and watched vigilantly for dawn.

Between 1792 and 1815, as the French Academy of Sciences shows by official figures, four million five hundred thousand Frenchmen went to war, and one-half of them were killed or died of wounds and diseases contracted in the field. War has cost France in this century, according to the same authority, not far from six millions of lives.

Seven London built coaches and sixty English horses, together with professional drivers and guards, are to be taken to Chicago, to ply between the principal hotels and the exhibition there during the Fair.

A consignment of canvas-back ducks from Chesapeake Bay was sold readily in London at about eight dollars and a half apiece.

THE WOMEN IN THE CASE.

"Parisina" Drags Out some Petticoated Panama Skeletons.

San Francisco has supplied Paris with an important chapter in the life of the adventurer Cornelius Herz. The story of his nefarious machinations in that town, which has only been published here within the last twenty-four hours, is read with extreme interest and curiosity. Until now his history previous to his arrival in France, some fifteen years ago, was a blank. He had been known so poor that he was thankful for the twenty-franc pieces doled out to him by his French mother-in-law, though his sudden and extraordinary rise had obliterated the remembrance of this lowly beginning. It is doubtful whether there was ever so successful a rogue, and we shall probably never see his like again—nor, indeed, are we anxious to do so. There is something marvelous in the way in which he captivated the confidence of people, and how he grew to be a power in the State. When he was with you, he contented himself with obtaining money on false pretenses from private persons; here he went in for higher game, and was hand and glove with ministers, and with the wealth he soon accumulated, heaven knows how at first, he could sway the destinies of party.

But you have heard all this. What you have not heard yet, for it is fresh news to us, is the actual part played by Cornelius Herz in the Panama affair, divulged by "Vidi"—a pseudonym which, I am assured on the best authority, conceals the personality of Andrieux—the ex-prefect of police, one of the few men who have been able to gather the various threads of this most complicated affair. (It is not the least curious feature of this Panama business that the law has systematically failed where individuals have succeeded.) Herz had reached the zenith of his extraordinary career when the Panama affairs began to go seriously wrong; nothing seemed too great or too difficult for him to accomplish; and when he came forward and proposed the following terms, M. de Lesseps accepted with alacrity: "Give me ten millions of francs, and I guarantee that the cahinet shall propose a bill empowering you to issue your lottery bonds." As you know, M. de Freycinet did bring forward such a bill, but it met with such determined resistance that he thought fit not to push the matter further. Then it was that Shylock Herz demanded the payment of his money in full. In vain de Lesseps argued that the bill had not been carried. Shylock stuck to his bond, he had said "proposed," there was no question of "carrying." In the meanwhile, he consented to put off the reckoning day, and pocketed an indemnity of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Two years later, the bill was again proposed and carried without the aid of Herz, who, however, insisted on the payment of his two millions of dollars. The company gave him no less than a million of dollars in the course of three or four months; still he was not satisfied, he must have his other million; and if the company could not pay it, Reinach, who had countersigned the bond, should. Well, Reinach bled to the tune of eight hundred thousand dollars. Still the leech held on, and, during the last two years of Reinach's life, never ceased to dun him for the remainder of what he insisted was his due. In an evil hour, the haron, maddened by the reiterated demands of his remorseless creditor—who had learned that a big sum had been paid to him by the company—made out a list—the famous list—of those he had been commissioned to bribe, and sent it to London to prove to Herz that he, at least, was not the gainer. What a false move! Herz now thought he had the game in his own hands, and began dunning Reinach more persistently than ever. Could the haron then have begged or horrified the money, he would have done so, as every day menaces of exposure reached him; but he was ruined, his credit was gone, and there was nothing to do but swallow that cup of "cold pizen" which the analytical chemists have vainly been endeavoring to trace in the purulent entrails of the haron's corpse.

Reinach was a rogue; but, nevertheless, one can not help pitying him during those last terrible months; while Herz, lying ill at the Tankerville Hotel under the eyes of two constables, excites in us nothing of the kind. Still, maybe, it is sympathy thrown away, for here is an anecdote which shows that there were times when he could throw off his anxieties and play the fool when the spirit moved him. Last winter, one of our *belles mondaines* gave a masked ball, to which half of that *Paris qui s'amuse* was invited, and with it Reinach. In the course of the evening arrived a clown in full war-paint, who immediately began cutting the most extraordinary capers. After balancing himself on his head, and otherwise exhibiting a most unusual lissomeness of limb and sinew, he disappeared. A few minutes afterward he was seen again, and was immediately surrounded by a bevy of ladies, one and all eager to penetrate his disguise. For some time he persistently refused to take off his mask; but the hostess was so pressing that he consented to do so, disclosing the well-known features of Baron Reinach, who was much complimented on his wonderful agility. The fun was that no one for one moment imagined but that Clown No. 1 and Clown No. 2 were one and the same person; whereas, in reality, it was Medrano, of the Nouveau Cirque, who had played the acrobat, while Reinach accepted the compliments due to his *confère*, both wearing identical dresses. It was Medrano himself who let the cat out of the bag the other day, but not until the haron had shuffled off this mortal coil and had done with masked balls forever.

There was never a scandal in Paris in which the "eternel féminin" did not play a part. For some time we were led to believe that the Panama was going to be an exception to the rule, and town talk had to content itself with whispering about Rouvier's little villas in the neighborhood of the Bois, and the various spicy adventures of Messrs. Constans, Clemenceau, and others more or less implicated in the affair. It was, therefore, with no small relish that Paris learned that the sale of Mlle. Leonide Leblanc's famous pearl necklace,

which excited so much comment some months ago, was connected in a way with the Panama. This once lovely and still good-looking actress, as every one knows, was on very friendly terms with Deputy Clemenceau, and those who somehow manage to know everything, heard that for a time Cornelius Herz had transplanted him in the affections of the *belles*. The manner of it, however, did not transpire until quite lately. It appears that Herz, who had so many irons in the fire, happened to be short of cash, and, therefore, applied to his friend, the Radical deputy, to obtain a big sum of which he was in pressing need. The latter, having no large balance at his banker's, persuaded his Dulcinea to part with her jewels and a house of which she was possessed, and hand the money over to Herz, who, of course, gave her an acknowledgment in due form. It was not without difficulty that she obtained payment of the cash she had advanced, and Herz, in the interval, had captivated her with his insinuating ways and fair promises, so that she threw over Clemenceau for his friend, who was once more in funds. He played the generous lover to perfection, and executed a deed by which he assured her a monthly income of two hundred dollars. The reader will not be surprised to learn that having placed the channel between himself and his enslaver, Herz failed to send her a check when her allowance came due. Whether or not the fair Leonide has discovered a substitute, contemporary history does not inform us.

It was a woman who was the cause of Baihaut's undoing. Had the ex-minister of public works contented himself with pocketing bribes and not made love to his friend Armengaud's wife, the chances are he would not now be an inmate of Mazas. For Armengaud was not a man to forego his vengeance; he has been hiding his time patiently, ever since the lovely Mme. Armengaud ran off to Constantinople, three or four years ago, with the man who had been his school companion and chum; he has been putting this and that together, a hint dropped here and there. This worthy engineer had not only to revenge himself for the loss of his wife—after he had divorced her, she married the captivating Baihaut—but also half his fortune, for by marriage settlement his wife was entitled to claim her share of the common hoard, and this she did not fail to do, nor Baihaut to profit by what the law allowed. In the innermost circle of the financial world, reports of the minister's dealings with the Panama Company were circulated months ago; but the public knew nothing of them, and would, perhaps, have gone on knowing and suspecting nothing had not Armengaud taken the matter in hand and succeeded in bringing it home to his enemy. He would not be human if he did not rejoice in the downfall of this precious pair. Society, too, is rather ashamed at having tolerated the lady after all that had passed, and shows less sympathy than it might otherwise have done. It does not like to remember that it was ever ready to accept invitations to her dinners and soirées, which were princely in their magnificence. Indeed, it is amusing to see what trouble people now take to explain why they thought it expedient to put their prudery in their pockets. Many an official dame of good repute thought there was no harm in extending the hand of friendship to a lady who had a nice box at the opera, and was so very affable about her carriage, and tried to forget all about Armengaud and the little episode of the elopement—an unusual trait of social generosity which they now bitterly regret, I have no doubt.

I am pleased to be the first to impart to you a piece of news which can not fail to be interesting. Miss Loie Fuller is engaged to be married to Mr. John Fitzpatrick, of Philadelphia, whose father was the owner of the great Canton Mills. This young man, who has been staying in Paris for some time past, made the acquaintance of the charming serpentine dancer a few weeks ago—he came, he saw, and he conquered. No later than yesterday rings and promises were exchanged, and we are told the marriage will probably take place on the young lady's return from Russia. Perhaps the interest of the public in this event would be lessened if the bride-elect were to bid adieu to the stage as soon as she became Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but this, she declares, is not to be. Loie Fuller intends to keep the engagement she has made with the Folies Bergère, at the expiration of which she will probably retire. On the very day when Loie accepted the addresses of Mr. Fitzpatrick, she celebrated the hundredth anniversary of her appearance before a Parisian audience.

PARISINA.

PARIS, January 27, 1893.

Johns Hopkins University still gossips of Professor Sylvester, the marvelous mathematician who came over from England to teach the science in which all his interests centered. His mind was ever occupied with mathematical problems, and all sorts of odd things happened to him on the streets of Baltimore. The most amusing episode of his life on this side, however, grew out of a voyage to Europe. While abroad he made some highly important calculations, but on reaching Baltimore he found that the paper on which he had figured was missing. So important were the calculations that he took a steamer back to England in order to look up the papers. He did not find them, and started back to the United States deeply disappointed; but during the voyage over he accidentally discovered in a pocket of the overcoat he had worn on the previous voyage the very thing he was in search of.

From present appearances, the looting of the First National Bank of Little Rock, Ark., was one of the most successful operations of the kind on record. There is apparently not much left besides the bank-furniture and furniture. The former president, a Mr. Allis, loaned himself the entire capital of the bank, without security, and then he and his friends drew on the surplus.

If Charles Dickens were alive he would be about three years younger than Dr. Holmes. Gladstone is as old as Lincoln would be if alive, and older than Hayes, Grant, Arthur, or Garfield would be. Mendelssohn, if living, would be eighty-four and Macaulay ninety-three.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Cleveland's check for twelve cents has been received by a Baltimore importer in payment of the duty on a pair of foreign gloves recently received from abroad for the President-elect.

President Hayes was wounded four times during the war and had three horses killed under him. And he was honorable enough not to press these strong claims upon the Pension Office.

Instead of using a new Bible, according to the general custom, Mr. Cleveland was sworn in at his inauguration in 1885 with his mother's Bible, a small morocco-bound copy, and it is understood he will use the same one in the approaching ceremony.

John L. Stevens, American Minister to Hawaii, is a citizen of Augusta, Me., and the controller of the *Kennebec Journal*, the newspaper which was conducted by Mr. Blaine before he first went to Congress. Mr. Stevens was an old friend and neighbor of Mr. Blaine.

Cook Talcott, who died in New York city a few days ago, enjoyed the distinction of having defeated General Grant for the position of county surveyor of St. Louis County before the war, and but for that defeat Grant's later career would probably have been very different.

The impression made by Mr. F. Marion Crawford in Chicago has been a pleasant one. The novelist looks like a cross between the typical Yankee and the typical heavy swell of the Du Maurier cartoons. Mr. Crawford has been lionized somewhat during his sojourn in Chicago.

Archbishop Satolli receives a salary of six thousand dollars, and has comfortable apartments, rent free, in the Catholic University buildings in Washington. His attendance costs nothing, but he has to pay for his table, which he enjoys in common with the dignitaries of the university.

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, of Vienna, is about to start on a trip to Africa, to last six months. He has chartered a steamer for the use of himself and party where possible. The haron is an excellent amateur photographer, and proposes to bring back a number of photographs. He also expects to go on many exciting hunting expeditions.

One of the most heroic of New York's workers is Marvin Clark, the blind newspaper man. Five years ago he lost his sight, after a journalistic career of thirty years. As soon as it was decided that he was hopelessly blind, he taught himself the use of the type-writer, and, by having the papers read to him daily, manages to keep his place as a worker in his profession. He is cheerful and uncomplaining.

Zola, speaking of the errors of his interviewers, says: "The funniest mistake ever made by any of them was perpetrated by De Amicis, the well-known Italian writer. It was in 1878, when I was living in the Rue Ballu. I received him in my study. In an adjoining room were two puppies, who were playing and harking. De Amicis mistook the yelps of these dogs for children's cries, and he imparted to the world in his interview that I was the happy father of two houncing babies."

General Saussier, military governor of Paris, is one of the three French officers who, being taken captive by the Germans in 1870-71, refused a parole and escaped from the enemy's country. One of the last official acts of M. Freycinet, before withdrawing from the French Cabinet, was to sign an order exempting him from the regulation that retires military officers at a specified age. General Saussier has reached the prescribed limit. It seems to be understood that in case of a European war he would be the commander-in-chief of the French forces.

Mr. Isaac Holden, M. P., is eighty-six. He appears about sixty, and, in the small hours of the morning, when the House of Commons is having a late sitting, he looks fresher than any one else. Mr. Holden's daily bill of fare is as follows: For breakfast and supper he takes one baked apple, one banana, one orange, twenty grapes, and a biscuit made from banana flour, with butter. His midday meal consists of three ounces of beef or mutton, reduced to powder in a mortar, and then passed through a collander, with a half-cupful of soup occasionally poured over it.

The Rev. Frederick Z. Rooker, whom the Pope has appointed secretary to Mgr. Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate for the United States, was born in Albany, and was graduated from the high school in that city about thirteen years ago. He subsequently studied at Union College, and, after he was ordained a priest, he became a member of the faculty of the American College in Rome. He is hardly thirty, a graceful orator and a fluent writer, and a man of handsome personal appearance. His knowledge of religious and of educational affairs in America will make him a very valuable assistant to the Italian prelate.

At the meeting of the Council of the American Geographical Society on the thirtieth of January, Paul B. Du Chaillu was presented with a silver cup, commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his return from the Dark Continent. Du Chaillu was the first white man to penetrate the great equatorial forest. Many of his statements concerning his discoveries seemed so incredible that the scientific men of Europe refused at first to believe them. Subsequent explorations, however, confirmed the truth of all that Du Chaillu had said. Mr. Du Chaillu was born in New Orleans, and his explorations of Africa were begun at the early age of nineteen, with an expedition equipped and conducted by himself alone. The following is the inscription on the cup: "Presented to Paul B. Du Chaillu by Officers and Members of the Council of the Am. Geog. Soc., on the 25th Anniversary of his return from Africa, after discovering the Gorillas, the Pygmies, and the great Equatorial Forest of that Continent. New York, 1892."

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Marion Crawford is quoted as saying of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's familiarity with Indian life: "It seems to me we might all leave this field to him. He knows India as no one else knows it, and no one else can picture it so perfectly as he."

Douglas Campbell's "The Puritans in Holland, England, and America," has reached its fourth edition.

An English author of a volume of verses, J. James Hewson, has had the courage to give his book the title, "Rank Doggerel," which rather knocks the ground out from under the critics.

M. Lanin, the Russian writer—or syndicate of writers—in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, describes the Czar as the embodiment of Trollope's hero, Lord Chiltern—"a dull, fierce man, who meant well, but had imperfect control and could not help, when strongly moved, rushing at his object like a bull." Hence the Czar's nickname, "The Bull."

The following letter, dated 1871, addressed by Mr. Swinburne to an English magazine editor, has got itself into print:

"I received your note in answer to my reply of the first, asking for 'not more than sixteen lines.' I fear I can hardly undertake to supply verse to order in point of length or otherwise; in any case, I should certainly not think it worth while to let a magazine have the first-fruits of anything of mine for less than ten pounds."

Herbert Spencer finished his "Principles of Ethics" a few weeks ago, and at once took to his bed from nervous exhaustion. His health is poorer than at any time during the last ten years.

Mr. Andrew Lang has a volume of Homeric essays nearly ready.

The first volume, containing "Gabriel Conroy," of a new Danish translation of Bret Harte's complete works, has recently appeared in Copenhagen. The translator is Fr. Winkel Horn.

It is said that on the Pacific Coast over 7,000 copies of Stanley's "In Darkest Africa" have been sold and 5,000 copies of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Other books to sell well are Arnold's "Light of Asia" and "Light of the World," of which a dealer in San Francisco reports a sale of 10,000 copies each; "An Englishman in Paris," between 1,500 and 2,000 copies; Zola's "Down-fall," 2,500; and Barry's "Little Minister," 2,000.

The British Society of Authors, which began its career in 1884 with sixty-eight members, now has a membership-list of eight hundred and seventy.

New volumes already arranged for the American Men of Letters Series are one on James Russell Lowell, by George E. Woodberry, and one on George William Curtis, by Edward Cary.

Mistral, the Provençal poet, is writing his memoirs. He has abandoned the idea of ever becoming a candidate for a seat in the French Academy.

A correspondent of the *Literary World* of Boston is responsible for this story concerning Sir Edwin Arnold:

"During his last visit to this country, he had occasion to call upon a certain author of this city. 'What name, sir?' asked the awe-stricken servant, gazing upon his imposing figure. 'Tell your master,' the poet replied, 'that the Light of Asia wishes to see him.'"

A revised and rewritten edition of "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," by Professor R. G. Moulton, of Chicago University, is in the press of a New York firm.

Gail Hamilton is suggested as the biographer of Mr. Blaine. She would be sure to produce a readable book; but other histories on the same theme would still have a field.

How many readers have ever heard of Miss Annie S. Swan, or read one of her stories? Yet she is thought to be the most popular author in Scotland, about twenty thousand copies of her books being sold in one shop in Edinburgh yearly. She was born in Leith in 1859, was well educated, and, in 1883, she married Mr. Burnett Smith, who was first a school-master and is now a physician. She and her husband now live in London.

The second volume of the illustrated edition of Green's "Short History of the English People," will be published this month by an Eastern firm.

New Publications.

"On the Altar of Manmon," by Marie Petravsky, has been issued in the Ideal Series published by W. D. Rowland, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Cypher Despatch," a novel by Robert Byr, has been translated by Elise L. Lathrop and is issued in the International Library published by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Spanish Treasure," a novel by "Isabella Castelar"—who is in private life Mrs. William Winter, wife of the dramatic critic and poet—has been issued in the Choicest Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A new edition of "The Tongue of Fire; or, The True Power of Christianity," by William Arthur, A. M., has been issued, with a new preface by the au-

thor and an introduction by Dr. William M. Taylor, Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Crusaders," Henry Arthur Jones's comedy of modern London life, has been issued uniformly with his "Saints and Sinners." The play itself is prefaced by an "exposition" by William Archer, the London critic, which is well worth reading. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Winter Hour and Other Poems" is the title of a thin little volume of verse by Robert Underwood Johnson. In addition to the long poem which gives the book its title, it contains some thirty-odd poems from the magazines and some that have been read at dinners and other public occasions. Published by the Century Company, New York.

The vast army of amateur photographers will welcome a little book on their art which has recently been translated from the German of Dr. E. Vogel, of the Royal Technical High School at Berlin. It is entitled "A Practical Pocket-Book of Photography," and gives elaborate instructions in all the branches of the art and mystery of light-printing. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

"First Days Amongst the Contrabandists," by Elizabeth Hyde Botume, is a record of the personal experiences of a woman who went to Beaufort, South Carolina, during the Civil War, to teach the negroes. Stirring events were happening all about her, and she describes them and her impressions of the people she came in contact with in a graphic and entertaining manner. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Born Player," by Mary West, is a novel in which the hero is an English country lad who feels a strong vocation for the stage, while his guardian destines him for the pulpit. He is in love with his guardian's daughter; but witnessing a performance by Edmund Kean is too much for him, and he goes up to London. He makes an instantaneous success as Romeo, but dies in the dawn of his career. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

In "The Last Touches and Other Stories," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, there are nine short stories, of which the first is by far the best. In it we see an old artist cajoled into painting the portrait of the woman whose fickleness made him a misogynist. She is now "a restored" beauty, and he paints her as she is, in all the hideousness of her paint and powder; but she brings his thoughts back to the old times, and gradually he changes the portrait here and there until it is a picture of the girl he loved—and still loves. And then she secures the canvas and then laughs at his folly. This story is told with admirable art; the others are like it in cynicism and pessimism, but have not its virtues. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Sir Edwin Arnold's long-promised play, "Adzuma," is a dramatic poem in celebration of the purity of the Japanese wife. The time of the action is at some period between the fall of the Shinto government and the introduction of European ideas, the Japanese age of chivalry, in fact, and the hero is a *samurai*, who excels in all knightly feats and has the high moral qualities that supplement his physical perfection. He falls madly in love with the beautiful wife of a friend, and is led on in his folly by the deceptions of an envious and hypocritical rival, until the lady is so ensnared that to clear her fair name there is no way but death. The story is very simple and direct, and it is told in graceful prose and verse that admirably present the beauty of the theme. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Mr. Henry L. Nelson is writing the leading editorials in *Harper's Weekly*, filling the place formerly occupied by George William Curtis.

The Sioux Indians have a newspaper published at Madison, S. D., called the *Anpokin*. Its motto is from Luke i., 78: "Wankantanhan Anpaokin hiyounhipi."

The first number of the *Houyhnhnm*, the "Journal for Yahoos," has appeared in London, and its critics imply that the chief point of interest in it is its explanation that the title is to be pronounced "whinini."

The Sketch, a new pictorial weekly, will be published by the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* early in February. The management will be in the hands of Clement Shorter, editor of the *Illustrated News*.

Professor Arthur Sherburne Hardy, of Dartmouth, who is reported to have been selected as editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, is a Bostonian by birth and a son of the late Alpheus Hardy. He is both an instructor in mathematics and a writer of novels.

The *National Magazine*, formerly the *Magazine of Western History*, is to be consolidated with the *Magazine of American History*, of which the late Mrs. Martha J. Lamh was editor. The name of the

latter magazine will be retained, but the publisher will be the National History Company, which already publishes the former periodical.

A newspaper for the blind, the *Weekly Summary*, printed in Braille type, and published in London, has just passed its thirty-fourth number. It has a considerable circulation, its success being evidenced by a recent enlargement of the paper.

The following interesting literary and business question is asked by the *New York Sun*:

Does any newspaper ever sell an additional hundred copies, or even an additional single copy, because it contains a chapter or a part of the most perfect and most interesting novel that can be procured? How about the publication of a novel in parts? Is it as effectual and profitable a plan as publishing it entire, all at once?

J. L. and J. B. Gilder, the editors of the *Critic*, have acquired the controlling interest in that paper hitherto held by Mr. Charles E. Merrill. Mr. Joseph B. Gilder succeeds Mr. Merrill in the presidency of the *Critic* Company. Miss Gilder and her brother founded the *Critic* in January, 1881, and have always been its editors.

The *Pagan Review*, which was started in London last September, has collapsed. The purpose of the magazine was to "withdraw from life the approved veils of convention." "Sic transit gloria Grundi" was its motto, and "literature dominated by the various forces of sexual emotion" was to prevail. A cruel critic said he gathered that its mission was to induce people to bathe in public places. "We aim," its editor wrote, "at thorough-going unpopularity," and he achieved it.

The *Citizen* has been decided upon as the name of the new Philadelphia weekly, the *Point of View* being discarded. Mr. Henry Collins Walsh will be the managing editor; Mr. Francis Howard Williams the literary editor, and the following staff will have charge of departments and assist in the editorial work: Mr. Harrison S. Morris, Professor Angelo Heilprin, Miss Agnes Repplier, Mr. Owen Wister, Mr. Thomas Earle White, Miss Anne H. Wharton, and Professor Edmund J. James.

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Treasurer World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill.

VANITY FAIR.

A correspondent sends to a New York paper a new view of the crinoline movement. He thinks it is in the interests of the surface railroads. The disclosures of hosiery now made by ladies climbing the elevated stairs are as nothing, he says, to what they will be under crinoline. Under this dreadful fear, he writes: "There is more in this movement toward crinoline than Mrs. Stannard, the author of the London *Times* article, is aware of. The surface street-railroads in New York city are to a great extent under one management, and a very shrewd and long-sighted management it is. Cars propelled by cable will soon be in operation, and the fight between surface cars as against elevated will be on." If crinoline should be adopted and worn in this city, the elevated roads would lose one-quarter of their patrons, the surface street-cars would benefit correspondingly. No lady attired in the old-fashioned 'hoop-skirt' will climb the stairs to the elevated trains. They and their escorts will all take the surface cars. I happen to know that this movement toward crinoline is being aided by the management of the New York city surface lines, with both money and efforts. The Manhattan Company is just awaking to the danger. Mrs. Stannard should immediately coöperate with the latter company, from whom she can obtain material aid. The movement toward crinoline is so far advanced that no mere cry to 'arise against' it is effective. It is a disorganized mob fighting a regular army. Before long the only occupants of the elevated trains will be the tramp and the woman-hater. Beauty, fashion, gallants, dudes, and mashers will be found only in the surface cars."

The recent failure of the Chaperon Guide Bureau in New York (says the *Times*) ended the existence of a unique and, to some extent, useful institution. It was questionable, however, from the very outset, whether a sufficient need for chaperons and guides existed here in America to demand a special service of them. The bureau was founded on the same general lines as the London one of the same name, which has for some time successfully proved its right to be. Our social customs are, however, radically different from those in England, so far as the chaperon question is concerned, and it is the comparatively few women over here who can not go about without one. And New York is not yet the Mecca of foreign travelers, which London is, to demand an elaborate guide service.

Postmaster-General and Mrs. Wanamaker have stirred up the Washington Four Hundred as it never has been stirred up before. Three weeks ago they issued invitations to a big dinner and reception. The engraved cards contained the usual formula: "The Postmaster-General and Mrs. Wanamaker request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. — at dinner," etc. Another card was inclosed bidding guests to a reception from nine to twelve o'clock. The dinner invitations were promptly accepted. But it was discovered that, while the dinner invitations were limited to the "Swell Set," the cards to the reception had been sent to every man, woman, and child employed in the Post-Office Department, "without regard to race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The tempest that arose when this discovery was made threatened the very foundations of official society. The indignation of upper tendom knows no bounds. Soon the women clerks who had been invited learned of the storm raised partly on their account, and at once, and with one accord, sent their "Regrets" to Mrs. Wanamaker. But the charwomen and the messengers resolved to go, and, if possible, to be in time to see something of the dinner. The women who had accepted invitations to the dinner were in a quandary. Nothing short of an epidemic would enable them all to withdraw their acceptances. It was doubtful what the outcome would have been but for the sudden death of ex-Secretary Blaine, which was at once seized upon as an excuse for canceling social engagements. The Wanamaker dinner and the reception were declared off. Swelldom breathed freely again; but the messengers and the charwomen are much disappointed. As one of the colored laborers expressed it: "We all done lost de onliest chance ob our lives to git into sassiety."

As many believe that the occupations of women are badly paid in Great Britain, the following list of salaries earned by the employees of a London dress-maker may possibly prove of interest. It must be understood, of course, that the establishment in question is one of the first in London, but about the same salaries are paid by most of the leading firms: Lady managers get \$2,500 per annum, with board and lodging, etc.; first assistant, \$1,500; second assistant, \$800; two third assistants, \$400 each; one accountant, \$2,500; and six show-room women, salaries ranging from \$400 to \$600 per annum. In addition to the above there are about 100 workwomen who earn from \$3 to \$6 per week.

Statistics prove, beyond a possibility of refutation, that marriage is slowly dying out in this country. The men who marry are marrying later; the women who are married are married younger. For an American girl who passes the nubile age unmarried there is little hope; her chance will never return. And the man of forty, who reaches forty single,

will probably remain a bachelor all his life. It is an amazing and a distressing state of things. Nothing is gained by hiding it. It is unquestionably the fault of the women, according to *Truth*, of New York. In old days, when they were gentle, home-staying, prettily dependent, the men might even have practiced polygamy, so fond were they of marriage. To-day the women ride, shoot, box, fence, do all that men do, and their charm is gone. The American woman who boasts of her independence, and of her superiority over her European sisters, little knows the risk she runs. "If you are so independent," say the men, "live by yourself. I want none of you." They see her surrounded by luxuries; they see these luxuries become an essential part of her existence; they can not afford the luxuries themselves, and they do not want a wife who can not give them up.

The celebrated Comte Aymery de la Rochefoucauld is the recognized arbiter of etiquette and good taste in Paris, and, in fact, is a kind of social and infallible oracle. He is one of the most chivalrous of men, and yet (writes the *Tribune's* correspondent) so fervent a disciple of etiquette that his code of politeness does not allow him to advance more than a certain number of steps to meet a marchioness entering his salons, while a duchess or a princess is entitled to twice the number, and a mere haroness need not expect him to advance to greet her at all. If commoners were ever admitted in so noble a drawing-room as that of the Hôtel de la Rochefoucauld, the count would probably recede instead of advancing, in order to show his disapproval of the lowliness of their social standing. There is not a great dinner given in the Faubourg St. Germain without Count Aymery being implored to decide on the subject of precedence. Another of his "fads" is the extreme nicety with which he calculates the moment of making his appearance at a house where he is invited to dinner. At that of a royal or imperial prince, he arrives ten minutes in advance; at a duke's, five minutes before the appointed hour; at that of an equal, he comes at the precise minute; and when he happens to dine with somebody whom he considers his social inferior, if ever so slightly so, he does not appear until five or ten minutes after the time mentioned on the invitation he has received.

Vogue, the organ of "high societee" in New York, is down on the dinner-dance in this wise: "Your dinner-dance is not like a simple dance, to which, if you fail at the last minute to go, it is no killing matter. Nor is it like a dinner, where, of course, you must appear, but from which you might go whither you liked. No, the dinner-dance is something much more complicated. Not only must you dine in a given spot, but from half a dozen given spots must the unhappy diners be dragged to the scene where, willy-nilly, they must dance and disport themselves, after three or four hours at table. Now a brisk drive of twenty blocks or so is in the nature of active exercise. The girls who started out at eight p. m. crisp and fresh, the men who were well groomed and cheerful when called upon to face another perilous and uneasy trip at midnight, have no longer the light-heartedness of ignorance. As for the chaperons, even young and merry matrons object to being jolted, and bumped, and rattled about from place to place, all the time with the obligation on them of appearing to be as well entertained at the dinner as at the dance and, *vice versa*, under peril of the displeasure of two different hostesses. There was a good old plan, highly to be commended, which used to be followed in the days before the dinner-dance had been invented. A girl who was going to any sort of late-beginning revel dined quietly at home, had a nap and a bath, and was rubbed until she was in the pink of condition, fit to dance for her life. A man, meantime, spent the first part of the evening as he pleased, at his club or a theatre, but in untrammelled freedom, with the result of being at his best when the hour for duty arrived. Whereas now the mere effort to appear pleased with one's surroundings for a period of three hours is often sufficient to exhaust one's energies to the point of lassitude. The advocates of the dinner-dance would persuade us that the double event gives play, not alone to the agility of the heels, but to that of the intellect, also. But the real fact is that those who really care for dining do not care for dancing, and those who really care for dancing do not care for dining in the true sense of the word; and in this lies the inherent weakness of the dinner-dance."

A great crusade has been organized in England against the prevalent sin of tight lacing. English girls seem to be divided into two classes, those of the strong-minded type, with no waist at all, and those whose waists are laced down by strong-handed maids to most unnatural slenderness. That happy medium attained by the healthy-souled average American girl who, if she wears a corset, can bend down to put on her own rubbers, and, if she does not wear a corset, has her clothes so fitted that you would never know the omission, seems to be unknown among the English girls, whose splendid health and physique are always held up as models to our more delicate girls. Most interesting developments are brought to light under the investigation of the crusaders. Among the letters, one civilized barbarian writes: "I live with a relative who insists that I must

reduce my waist to seventeen inches, or no man will marry me. What would be the best kind of corsets, or would it be a good thing to wear a leather belt strapped on underneath them? Shall I sleep in the corset and tighten it every day?" Another woman writes: "A friend of mine has a wonderfully slender figure, which she says is the result of her mother's putting a tight flannel band around her when she was a year old, a tight corded waist at six, and a tightly laced boned corset at thirteen." "I am a confirmed tight lacer," writes another poor, misguided woman, "and enjoy the feeling so much. I am tall and rather inclined to stoutness, though I never let my waist exceed seventeen inches night or day. My maid can sometimes lace me in to fifteen and three-quarter inches if I have no breakfast, but I can not walk outdoors. The feeling is delicious though painful, when I sit in a drawing-room. I can not eat, of course, but while the other girls get flushed and hot, I am pale and cool. Do you think a permanent steel belt would keep my complexion like that? One of my sisters wears a steel zone night and day."

M. Felix, the well-known Parisian *couturier*, has always condemned crinolines in any shape. He takes some credit to himself for having brought into vogue the infinitely more graceful style that has reigned of late. Both Felix and Worth always forbade the introduction of steel springs into skirts made in their establishments during the whole time that the majority of the feminine world wore "dress improvers."

The New York *Tribune* tells the following amusing tale of a slipper: "I had the most dreadful experience at my first dinner," a *débutante* said, naively. "It was really too dreadful for anything, and it was all the fault of my bootmaker, who persuaded me to keep a pair of slippers that were too small for me; but I must say, besides, my feet looked so especially nice in them, I could not bear to give them up myself. So I told mamma that I would keep them for dinners or quiet things where I would not have to dance. Well, I put them on, on this especial occasion, and went to my dinner feeling quite pleased that, although they were a little squeezed, my feet did not hurt me a bit; and I pictured to myself how nice they would look crossed just outside of my gown in the drawing-room afterward when the men came in. Alas! I rejoiced too soon, and my woes began with the second *entrée*, when one of my feet began to pain me so frightfully that I could not stand it. I finally kicked off my slipper—and, oh, what a relief that was! I felt quite like another person, and cheered up and ate all the delicious things they brought me, and chatted to my neighbors, and had a lovely time until dessert, when my tribulations began again. I found that, although it was easy enough to get my slipper off, it was quite a different matter to get it on. In vain I futilely pulled and tugged. I could not get my foot into it, and I had just made up my mind to shuffle out of the room, when I gave a last desperate push, and away went my slipper out of reach! By this time the ladies were rising, and there was absolutely nothing for me to do but to walk out in my stocking, and wait until the gentlemen left the dining-room, when I proposed to invoke the good offices of Mrs. A.—'s maid and regain my lost *chaussure*. I felt too shy to confess my predicament to any one, and, as you may imagine, I did not cross my feet in front of my frock as I had fondly fancied, but I thought it more diplomatic to thrust 'my best foot foremost' rather boldly, as if the other was only out of sight. I chose a seat by the door so that I could steal out unobserved at the first opportunity; but the moment the men entered the room I knew by the amused face of Mr. —, my *vis-à-vis*, and by his manner that he had discovered the slipper if not the owner, for he remained standing somewhat apart and deliberately scanned each woman in succession. I will never forget how scared I felt when his eyes encountered mine, or the hot wave of color that flew over my face, neck, and arms; and what do you think he did? He never hesitated a moment, but crossed directly over to me and said quite softly, so that nobody else could hear him: 'May I put on the slipper, Cinderella?'"

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SOCIETY.

The Martin-Moulton Wedding.

St. John's Presbyterian Church was the scene, last Tuesday evening, of the wedding of Miss Florence Moulton, daughter of Mrs. A. W. Moulton, and Mr. Arthur Albert Martin, of the firm of E. T. Allen & Co. The church was filled with friends of the young couple, and the chancel was tastefully decorated with potted plants. The wedding march was played at half-past eight o'clock, as the bridal party made its appearance. Leading the cortege were the four ushers, Mr. J. F. J. Archibald, Mr. Albert Edwards, Mr. George Wellington, and Mr. Daniel O'Callaghan. Next came two little flower-bearers, Miss Phyllis Moulton, in a gown of yellow-brocaded satin, and Master Duncan Davis, wearing a suit of cream-white cloth adorned with a yellow sash. After them were the two bridesmaids, Miss Edith Kittredge and Miss Julia Fiske, of Lowell, Mass., who were followed by the maid of honor, Miss Florence Livingston. Last of all came the bride, who was escorted by her brother, Mr. Frank F. Moulton. At the chancel they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Frederick Teller. The dresses worn by the young ladies in the bridal party are described as follows:

The bride was attired in an elegant robe of blanc-ivoire faille Française, made with a court-train. The corsage was high and the sleeves bouffant to the elbows, where they met the gloves of white undressed kid. The veil of white silk moline was confined to her collar by a spray of orange-blossoms and fell gracefully to the end of the train. She carried a bouquet of bride roses.

The maid of honor wore a becoming gown of yellow and white striped silk, made with a demi-train. The corsage was cut square and the sleeves extended to the elbows. She wore white undressed kid gloves and carried Niphetos roses.

The bridesmaids were attired alike in pretty gowns of yellow-figured silk, en train. The round corsages were trimmed with violets and the sleeves extended to the elbows. Their gloves matched the dresses in color, and their hand-bouquets were of violets.

Rev. Edgar J. Lion performed the marriage ceremony according to the Episcopal service. Afterward a reception was held at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. A. Warner, 2323 Franklin Street. Only the bridal party and a few relatives were present. In the handsomely decorated rooms the party enjoyed music and dancing and an elaborate supper. A large number of elegant presents were sent to the newly wedded couple. On Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Martin left on a Southern trip. When they return they will reside at the home of Mrs. C. W. Poindexter, 2933 Clay Street.

The Dutton-Roman Wedding.

Miss Antoinette Roman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Roman, was married to Mr. John Warren Dutton last Tuesday evening in Grace Church. Many of their friends were present to witness the ceremony which was performed at half-past eight o'clock by Rev. R. C. Foute. Mr. Edwin Tucker acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Cornelius Roman, Mr. William Richardson, Mr. Ray Benjamin, and Mr. Edward Davis. The bride was escorted by her father. Her dress is described as follows:

The robe was of heavy white-corded silk, with a long court-train. The corsage was cut square, and the sleeves were bouffant from the shoulders to the elbows and tight at the wrists. A ruffle of the silk outlined the bodice from the centre to the shoulders. The flowing veil of white tulle was confined to her collar by a gold sword pin. She wore gloves of white undressed kid and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley.

After the wedding the bridal party passed the evening pleasantly at the home of the bride's parents on Pine Street. The young couple were well remembered in the way of beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Dutton left on Wednesday for a Southern trip, and when they return will reside at 1328 California Street.

The Westphal-Hageman Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lillie Hageman and Dr. C. F. Westphal took place last Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Hageman, 723 Bush Street. Only a limited number of relatives and intimate friends were invited. The decorations of the house were in exceeding taste, and a profusion of flowers was used. The ceremony was performed at half-past eight o'clock by Rev. J. M. Buebler. Miss Millie Siebe was the

maid of honor, and Mr. J. Henry Mangels acted as best man. After the ceremony and congratulations, the hours were passed very pleasantly and an elaborate supper was enjoyed. Dr. and Mrs. Westphal left on Wednesday to make a tour of the Southern counties.

The Wadsworth Cotillion.

Mrs. Henry Wadsworth gave a delightful cotillion last Monday evening at her residence on Alice Street, in Oakland. Every room was beautifully decorated with smilax and violets, and the arbor was arranged with flowers, palms, ferns, and mirrors. The German was danced in the parlors, and Mr. Frank L. Owen acted as leader, introducing some unique figures. A sumptuous supper was one of the features of the pleasant affair. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stratton, Mr. and Mrs. William Allender, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McNear, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Victor Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Edington Dietrick, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hinckley, Mrs. Swan, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Breeze, of San Francisco, Miss Lucy Upson, of Sacramento, Miss Janet Haight, Miss Violet Whitney, Miss Dunham, Miss Walt, Miss Janet Vail, Misses Tompkins, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Bessie Wheaton, Miss Alice Grimes, Miss Bayley, Miss Gertrude Bayley, Miss Harriet Hall, Miss Louise Bromwell, Miss Nellie Chabot, Miss Mollie Hutchinson, Miss Marte Hutchinson, Miss Griffin, Miss Grace Mosser, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. James F. J. Archibald, Mr. Edward Brayton, Mr. A. P. Brayton, Jr., Mr. Harry Haight, Mr. Arthur Goodall, Mr. Samuel H. Knight, Mr. William Wheaton, Mr. Arthur Pope, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. Edson Adams, Mr. William Breeze, Mr. Charles Hubbard, Mr. Albert Tompkins, Mr. E. Vincent, Mr. Joseph Clement, Mr. William Meek, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Wallace Alexander, Mr. Arthur Bayley, Mr. J. A. Wadsworth, Mr. William Kaabe, Mr. James C. McKee, Mr. George Wheaton, Mr. Paul R. Jarboe, Mr. J. A. Folger, Mr. Everett Grimes, Mr. James Spier, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Mr. Lester Herrick, Mr. H. A. Mdivin, Mr. Alfred Clement, Mr. Alexander Rosborough, Mr. Leon Smith, Mr. Carl Howard, Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. Henry Wadsworth.

The Lake Matinée Tea.

Miss Lake gave an enjoyable matinée tea last Saturday at her residence, 1334 Sutter Street, and hospitably entertained some two hundred and fifty of her friends. The affair was given in honor of President David S. Jordan, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, President Martin Kellogg, of the University of California, and the members of the Century Club. Miss Lake was assisted in receiving by Mrs. William Alvord, Mrs. John Vance Cheney, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. John Garber, Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Miss Garber, and Miss Helen Otis. The hours of the reception were from two until six o'clock, during which time the Hungarian Orchestra played concert selections, and light refreshments were served in the gymnasium. The affair was a pleasant and successful one in every way.

The Tobin Dinner-Party.

Miss Tobin gave a charming dinner-party recently at her home on California Street. The table decorations, in tones of yellow, were exceedingly pretty, and the menu was most elaborate. After dinner, music and dancing were enjoyed in the parlors. Those present were:

Miss Tobin, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Agnes Bailey, Miss McNutt, Miss Deming, Miss Dimond, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Alice Ames, Lord Ennismore, Mr. George E. F. Hall, Mr. Basil Ricketts, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. J. C. McKee, and Mr. Robert L. Coleman.

The Boyson Musicales.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson gave a very pleasant musicale recently in their parlors at the Palace Hotel. The guests were invited specially to meet Mr. Louis Crépeaux, a former member of the Grand Opéra, in Paris. He sang several numbers in which his fine basso was heard to much advantage. The others who contributed to the pleasure of the affair were Mme. Seminario, Miss Sadie Austin, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. George McGuire, Mr. A. Locher, and Mr. Cruvels. Light refreshments were served, and the affair terminated about midnight.

Last Saturday evening Dr. and Mrs. Boyson gave an elaborate dinner-party in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel and entertained twenty-two of their friends.

The Cluff Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Cluff celebrated the fifth anniversary of their wedding last Tuesday evening by a reception at their residence, 1714 Vallejo Street. About eighty of their friends were present and passed the evening in a delightful manner. The parlors were prettily decorated and canvassed for dancing, and a string orchestra played the latest music. Large bowls of punch and lemonade were set in the dining-room for the refreshment of the dancers, and tête-à-têtes were arranged for the non-dancers. At midnight a sumptuous supper was served in the large banquet-hall down-stairs, and several felicitous speeches were made by General John H. Dickinson, Major William Cluff, Major George Burdick, Major Charles T. Stanley, and others. Afterward dancing was resumed, and it was three o'clock when the last carriage rolled away from the residence. Mr. and Mrs. Cluff are charming entertainers and their hospitality that evening was bountiful.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford are settled at their home in Washington, D. C.
Mr. James L. Flood has returned from his Eastern trip.
Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson will leave early in

March on a six months' trip to Southern California, Texas, New Orleans, Florida, Washington, New York, and the exposition in Chicago.

Miss Helen Van Winkle has returned from a month's visit to friends in Portland, Or.

Miss Laura Gerlach will return to her home in Stockton on Monday after an enjoyable visit to Miss Anna Hunt.

Judge F. E. Spencer has returned to San José after a prolonged visit to Southern California, New Mexico, and Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. C. Perkins, née Liffin, have taken rooms at The Colonial.

Mr. H. H. Russell and family are residing at 2020 Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith are making an enjoyable visit to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and family, Mr. D. O. Mills, and Mr. Ogden Mills arrived from New York last Wednesday in a private car, and are at the country residence of Mr. D. O. Mills, in Millbrae, where they will remain a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Thorn have returned from a pleasant visit to Santa Cruz.

Mr. J. D. Maxwell is at the Hoffman House, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis are residing at The Colonial.

Mr. William G. Irwin returned from New York last Monday and left for Honolulu on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth have returned from a visit to Southern California.

Mrs. Webster Jones has returned from a pleasant visit to San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Raymond, of Denver, will return to The Colonial next Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Stokes left last Tuesday to visit Dr. and Mrs. Stokes, U. S. N., in Japan.

Mr. James D. Phelan has returned from a two weeks' visit to San Diego.

Mrs. Robert A. McLean and her son will leave early in March on an Eastern visit, and will be joined by Dr. McLean later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, who have been at the Palace since their return from Europe, have gone to housekeeping at 2409 Octavia Street. Mrs. Marks is at home on the first and second Fridays of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson will go to Japan on the steamer *Peru* early in March.

Miss Kate Jarboe has returned from a visit to Miss Urmy in San José.

Mr. J. L. Martel and Miss Adèle Martel will leave New Orleans early in March, and, after a visit to some of the Northern States, will return here in April.

Mrs. Edna DeBane and Mrs. Edward Martin are at the Ponce de Leon Hotel, in St. Augustine, Fla. They will go to Washington, D. C., early in March.

Society reporting would seem to have reached its lowest level in the recording of juvenile parties, but a lower deep has been reached in the following paragraph from *Harper's Bazar*: "Such a droll little party that was the other day, given by Mrs. Eugene Clarke in honor of her royal Japanese poodle Ootah. Ootah is a beauty, and is said to have come to America directly from the Mikado's kennels. Mrs. Clarke and her friends entertained the dainty little dogs whom Ootah invited, serving them with chicken and ice-cream at little tables six inches high. The dogs behaved perfectly, and looked charming, dressed as they were in ruffles and ribbons, and groomed as became their princely rank. There were twenty of the little pets, and they proved their claim to be caressed and adored by loving mistresses."

A physician told a story the other day to illustrate the difference of nervous tension between men and women. About two months ago, he was called upon to amputate a man's leg, before a lot of students and male nurses. During the amputation the male nurses expressed their pity by sighs and sympathetic little whispers, but when the limb was parted from the body they examined it curiously, without a sign of pity for the sufferer. Two weeks ago, it became his duty to amputate a woman's leg. The women nurses looked on like so many female Spartans, without so much as the tremor of an eyelid, but when they saw the dismembered limb, they keeled right over, faint, and ill.

"What are you doing around here?" said the woman to the tramp who had got over the fence just in time to escape the bulldog. "Madam," he said, with dignity, "I did intend to request somethin' to eat; but all I ask now is that, in the interests of humanity, you'll feed that dog."—*Washington Star*.

The *Herald* says: "The Riviera is no longer the American vogue; it is more correct to go on to Egypt and the Nile. Go to Cairo."

Fashionable Stationery.

Now that the Lenten season has commenced, society people will give up gayety to a large degree, and, as a natural consequence, they will have more spare time to deal with than heretofore. Many people devote considerable time during Lent to correspondence, to answering those letters that have laid in the escritoire for months, and in renewing former acquaintances by mail. To do this, paper and envelopes are requisites.

But even if you have paper and envelopes at home, do not think that it is all that is necessary. Stop a moment and ask yourself the question: "Are they the proper style?" If you do not know, or are in doubt in the least, the best thing to do is to call at the large establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, directly opposite Grant Avenue. Go to their stationery department, and you will, by looking in the show-cases, see exactly what the proper sizes are of both paper and envelopes and the pretty tints that are now in vogue. Sanborn, Vail & Co. keep fully abreast of the times on all matters of this kind, and their courteous clerks will give whatever information is desired.

Another advantage about the Lenten season is that you can do a great deal of calling. To do this, you must have visiting cards, and to be in the fashion, the cards must be engraved from copper-plate. An ordinary printed card should never be used for calling. In copper-plate engraving, Sanborn, Vail & Co. possess unrivaled facilities for the execution of the best class of work, and their prices are very reasonable.

— CARMANY, 25 KEARNEY ST., HAS NOVELTIES IN English walking gloves, hosiery, collars, and cuffs.

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Torturing, disfiguring eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the



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and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity.

None genuine without trademark C. B. & Co. on label. Price: per Bottle, \$1.50; per Doz. \$12; per Gal. \$14; per 2 gal. \$25.00, securely packed. We ask a trial order. For sale by all druggists or COLBERT'S, BIRKS & CO., Sole Agents, 50 A St., Portland, Ill.

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In consequence of the present facilities in our Press Room being inadequate to the demands of our large and increasing circulation, the Argonaut is having constructed for it in the East the latest improved perfecting machinery for working off its edition. This will be in our Press Room in a few weeks. We offer for sale the

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Now used in turning off the Argonaut. The machine will handle a sheet as large as 32 x 46. It folds, pastes, trims, and delivers 2,000 perfected copies per hour. It is in first-class order, as the excellence of the present work done on the Argonaut will show. The machine can be seen running at the

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LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

A Household Drama in One Act.

SCENE.—The boudoir of Mr. and Mrs. Henry DOLLIVER.

TIME.—Very early morning.

COSTUMES.—Modern and primitive.

MRS. DOLLIVER [awakening]—Ah—hoo—yaw—yum! [Regards Mrs. DOLLIVER fondly.] Helen, my bride!—my darling!—it does not seem possible. Ha, she awakes!

MRS. DOLLIVER [in her sleep]—Oscar—
MR. DOLLIVER [paralyzed]—Oscar! Can I believe my ears? Friends and furies! Hel—

MRS. DOLLIVER [awakening]—Henry—my precious—in alarm—what is the matter? Your old stomach complaint? Where is the brandy?

MR. DOLLIVER [coldly]—My old stomach is all right. If you cared as much about me as you do about [huskily] Oscar.

MRS. DOLLIVER [fondly]—Dear fellow—it has been a month since I saw him.

MR. DOLLIVER [with suppressed passion]—This to my face!

MRS. DOLLIVER—Henry! [Sitting up.] Why, you poor jealous boy! Have you forgotten that Oscar is my poodle? And you promised I should keep him, and I may send for him to-morrow, may I not?

MR. DOLLIVER—Why, certainly! Oscar—of course! Ha! ha! how could I forget! [Repentantly.] To think that I could have been so unjust!

MRS. DOLLIVER [pouting]—And this is our first morning at home—in our own real home—not living in poky hotels and stuffy cars, and to think that we start out with a quarrel! [Sobs.]

MR. DOLLIVER—Quarrel! Who's quarreling? Helen—my life—my love—great heavens! what have I done?

MRS. DOLLIVER [drying her eyes on the pillow-case]—There—there—I forgive you. We will never speak a cross word again.

MR. DOLLIVER [serenely]—Never.

MRS. DOLLIVER—Why should we? I am sure I have everything any reasonable woman could wish for: a handsome and devoted husband, the cutest poodle in the city, and a brand-new furnished house—

MR. DOLLIVER—But no help. I must see to getting a competent girl this very day. On my way to the office—

MRS. DOLLIVER [checking him fondly]—And intrude upon our hilling and cooing? No, Henry; I will be only too glad to do my own work.

MR. DOLLIVER [anxiously]—Are you sure you are strong enough? Of course we will give out the washing and ironing, and have a woman to scrub out once a week, but even then, pet, there is so much to do—

MRS. DOLLIVER [gayly]—Now, darling, not another word. I shall try it, at any rate, and I promise you that I will let you know when I tire of the bargain. [Getting out of bed.] And we will begin right now. You may make a fire in the range while I am dressing.

MR. DOLLIVER—What's that?

MRS. DOLLIVER—Fire in the range—you know where the range is, don't you? Why, how you stare! We can't have breakfast without a fire, you know.

MR. DOLLIVER [vacantly]—Yes, I know. [Getting out of bed slowly.] But, my dear, I never made a fire in my life.

MRS. DOLLIVER [soothingly]—Well, you needn't look so ashamed of your ignorance; you'll be an expert before long. Put in plenty of paper, then lay on a lot of wood cut fine and a layer of coal, and light the paper. Turn on the drafts, and when it catches well, put on more coal.

MR. DOLLIVER [admiringly]—What a house-keeper you are! Perhaps if you made the fire every morning—

MRS. DOLLIVER [hastily]—It will be so much nicer if you make it, dear! Then while I am cooking the breakfast you can come up and dress. Won't that be nice?

MR. DOLLIVER [drawing on his trousers and stockings]—Ye—cs. I've no doubt I'll enjoy it after awhile. Did you say paper first?

MRS. DOLLIVER—Yes—and lots of it.

[Exit Mr. DOLLIVER.]

MR. DOLLIVER [after pause—from below]—Where's the paper?

MRS. DOLLIVER—You'll find some in the cellar, I daresay. Don't take that bundle on the chair—it's a saque pattern.

MR. DOLLIVER [after another pause]—There isn't any paper in the house. Shall I steal the neighbor's paper off the door-step?

MRS. DOLLIVER [after nearly swallowing a hair-pin]—Good gracious! Take anything, only don't tell everybody what you're doing!

MR. DOLLIVER [after another pause]—Where's the hatchet?

MRS. DOLLIVER [severely]—It isn't up here, I'm sure. Can't you look in the cellar? [A pause, and then a great noise.] Henry! My gracious! What has happened? Henry!

MR. DOLLIVER [savagely]—Hello!

MRS. DOLLIVER [in alarm]—What was that?

MR. DOLLIVER [coldly]—Only me falling downstairs. Where's the wood?

MRS. DOLLIVER [aside]—What a stupid he is! [Aloud—sweetly.] Take any wood you can find. Perhaps I had better come down and help you.

MR. DOLLIVER [fiercely]—Never mind! I'll go through this if it kills me. There! blast you! [Chops.]

MRS. DOLLIVER [excitedly]—Henry! Don't chop on the floor!

MR. DOLLIVER—I'm not. I'm chopping on a chair. Who's making this fire, anyhow?

MRS. DOLLIVER [resignedly]—How impulsive he is! There! he's putting on the coal, and I'm sure he'll smother it. Where's that button-hook? [Dressing hastily.] My! what a smoke! Henry!

MR. DOLLIVER [chokingly]—Hello! a—chew!

MRS. DOLLIVER—Have you forgotten to turn on the drafts?

MR. DOLLIVER [from the back-yard]—I'm going to turn on the hose directly!

MRS. DOLLIVER [hurrying down to the kitchen and groping her way to the range]—Why, Henry, you've forgotten to put on the lids!

MR. DOLLIVER [groping his way upstairs]—You never said anything about the lids.

MRS. DOLLIVER [bursting into tears]—I thought you'd have enough sense to—Oh, look at that chair!—completely ruined!

MR. DOLLIVER [bathing his eyes]—So am I!

MRS. DOLLIVER—I declare, I never saw—[After a horrified pause.] Henry DOLLIVER!

MR. DOLLIVER [defiantly]—Well!

MRS. DOLLIVER [tragically]—You have chopped up the bread-board!

[TABLEAU.—MRS. DOLLIVER goes into hysterics and MR. DOLLIVER frantically rushes out of the house to get his breakfast at the nearest restaurant.]

—S., G. & Co.'s Monthly.

THE INNER MAN.

The Big Public Dinners of New York.

There are many big, formal dinners in New York in the course of each winter, and a great many thousands of men attend and enjoy them. It will surprise all such persons to know that there are many men who view them differently. The persons who presume to criticize these great dinners are the public men, the journalists, and the "good fellows" who have to go to many of them every year. The reason they find fault with them is that they are practically all alike. A recent article in the *Sun* says:

"They are to be enjoyed in only three restaurants: Delmonico's, the Brunswick, and Sherry's, and they are all ordered in about the same way, with the same general features and the same bills of fare. There is the five-dollar-dinner-without-wine and the ten-dollar-dinner-with-wine, and there is the ten-dollar-dinner-without-wine and the fifteen-dollar-dinner-with it. Within the limits of these variations, the scene at each dinner, the dining-room arrangements and fittings, the stereotyped dress of the men, the food that all tastes alike and is always the same, the speakers, the music—all are cast in one mold."

Here is the routine that follows the receipt of a card of admission to one of the public dinners at this season:

"It is announced for an early hour, half-past six or seven. It is in one of three places—upstairs. Through a hall in a wall the overcoats, and hats, and canes of the diners are exchanged for numbered tickets. A lot of servants are standing about in the hall in a purposeless way, waiting to be waited. The men who are to dine together struggle into a large reception-room, in which the man who has the chief care of the arrangements for the dinner on his mind is as easily distinguishable as a bull in a meadow. He has a piece of paper in his hand. He rubes at the people he knows, wrings their hands, tries to look at ease, induces conversation, and then bolts with the first waiter who whispers to him. The dinner is always at least half an hour late, and in that time the man with the care of it on his mind ages perceptibly like one who has been hanged and cut down before he died. Toward the last he gives himself up to a hysterical laugh, and looks at everybody, without being asked, that everything is all right."

"The reception-room is now filled with a lot of men whose uniform attire of black suggests a gathering of crows in a barn-yard. These men stand about in couples, some of them at ease with old friends and the rest talking stiffly with those persons whom a few very young men have insisted upon introducing to everybody and each other. Then comes the inevitable wag or clown of the clique or society that gives the dinner. He is so happily constituted that he enters the room with the confidence of a lighted fire-cracker, and wearing a fixed smile of self-satisfaction, he begins to 'guy' every one he knows with banalities that is always extremely personal. If he is a good-hearted and irresponsible creature, he thaws out the company and serves a commendable purpose; but too often he is an egotist, with a hide like a modern ship's armor, and in the effort to freeze him, there is generated a chill that penetrates every one."

"If it is a dinner 'with wine,' there is apt to be a side or centre-table carrying glasses and bottles of sherry, orange bitters, and a cocktail mixture. With a preliminary drink together, the couples of friends or acquaintances who are brought together are apt to kill five minutes."

The arrangement of the guests at table is thus accomplished:

"There is always a diagram of the tables and seats displayed in the room, and each man studies it intently. The discoveries the men make affect them differently. Now and then a man reads it, smiles, and goes over to some one else, with the remark: 'Good! I'm to sit by you,' or 'I'm beside So-and-So; I shall be glad to see him.' But sometimes a man who is studying the diagram exclaims 'Great —!' and instantly dashes around the room, and out into the hall, and back again, in search of the equally excited man with the care of the dinner on his mind. 'Go in and change the cards. I'll go home before I'll sit with that bore' (sometimes he says 'scoundrel'). The man of care makes some change or other, which he regards as safe, and regrets it the rest of the night, when he finds that two old friends, who had not seen one another for years and who had planned to sit together, were torn apart by his action."

"The 'honored guests' and spokesmen of the evening, who are to sit at the chairman's long table, with all the other diners arrayed beside them, are usually the last to come, and seem to the rest quite self-important and stiff, whether they really are or not. Little circles of deferential men form about them, and the discovery is made that the crowd is filing into the dining-hall."

As has been said, there are but three fashionable

dining-halls in New York, and they are in the main alike:

"The long table at the head faces a line of tables at right angles to it. Here and there on all the tables are flowers, and those perennial and maddening ornaments made by German and French culinary artists, that look like bad dreams frozen into the icing that is put on wedding cake. Then comes the old familiar dinner with a little cheese and a lot of sautee, or fillet or sherry and a torrent of claret that is suspected to be Californian, and is none the worse for that, since when wine has to be cheap, it is best when it is from California. The champagne used to come on early in the meal, with the first composite dish after the fish, in former years. Now it is beginning a dignified retreat, and is usually caught up with at the game course. That course is always the same—duck. The variety consists in sometimes calling it canvas-back and sometimes redhead. At certain important dinners one particular old country dish is made much of. At the Scotch dinner it is the haggis that is paraded about one room; at the St. George's dinner it is the roast beef of Old England, and at the New Englanders' gathering, it is the pork and beans."

Certain invariable features characterize the conduct of the men while dining:

"Some men of wide acquaintance and exuberant vitality wander from table to table shaking hands, and exchanging stories and distributing cigarettes and cigars before those luxuries are brought on by the waiters. Some of the great and bonored guests, at the chairman's right and left, come down and mingle with the 'boys.' At every table there is one man of means, who eschews the wine that is serving as the dull, red background of the dinner, and orders champagne. There is also, at nearly every table, one man who gets speedily drunk, and, after making that fact apparent, confers a favor on his neighborhood by falling asleep with his head on his chest."

"At one end of the room there is music. Last year it was 'Annie Rooney,' 'Mary and John,' Della Fox's 'Sherry-Nock song,' 'An Elephant on every table.' This year it is 'The Bowery,' 'Brown October Ale,' the night-ingle song from 'The Tyroleans,' and 'My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon.' A less careful historian would have declared that last year it was 'Annie Rooney' and this year it is 'The Bowery'—the Bowery. The first time it is played, it is sung by men here and there. The next time, it is sung by twice as many. The last time, it is sung by everybody, including men who never in their lives sounded a note that a musician would recognize."

At last, with the coffee and under the first hazy wreaths of cigar-smoke, the speech-making begins. Of this characteristic feature, we learn:

"If the affair is a college or a college society dinner, the ordeal is dreadful, because it is the custom to lead off with the oldest alumnus, to follow him with the next oldest, and then to call on the next in turn. The lion of the evening is awaited with impatience. The committee in charge rank the affair as a success or a failure according as they have got or have not got Chauncey M. Depew. The second chance is Joseph G. Choate. Failing to get either of these, they must have Horace Porter, or meditate suicide. These are the men whose after-dinner speeches always embody at least one serious, well-ellaborated, timely, and valuable thought."

"New York public dinners have made and killed great reputations besides those of our own public speakers. The case of H. H. W. C. is the most notable one. Coming right after General Sherman at a New England dinner, and representing the new South, not only in his youth, but in his patriotic and well-timed utterances, he achieved a splendid and instantaneous reputation. Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, also introduced himself to the entire American public as a brilliant talker on one of those occasions, and within a few days, the gentleman whom Chicago proudly boasts of as 'Jim' Norton has attracted the attention of the nation by his speech at the Yale dinner. But reputations have also been ruined and ended at these dinners, even reputations so strongly entrenched that they seemed eternal. Two presidents of cabinets, Messrs. Bayard and Vilas, paid that price for attempting to compete with the masters and to satisfy the expert gatherings at our dinners."

Mr. Depew was asked if it were true that he did not prepare his speeches until the night he delivered them:

"Yes, said he, 'that is true, and it is also a fact that I seldom said the dinners any more. If I do, I make my matter of what I say, and I say it only once. I come to the rest—hash it up, and turn it about, and wait for it to be taken away. But, as a rule, I stay at home and eat my dinner there. Why? In order to get a good dinner and enjoy it at home with my family. The night of the Yale dinner I was kept at my desk until six-thirty o'clock. The next morning I had a breakfast dinner with my family, and went upstairs and dressed at my case. After that I arranged my speech. I got to the dinner at nine-thirty o'clock. Some persons do not like my doing that, but it is the best way on all accounts. The people who sit next to a man who is to speak are an unbounded trouble to him. Each has found out the dinner that he is to be next to such a man, and each primes himself with a subject for discussion. As a rule, they talk all the time, and there is no chance to think until the speaking begins, when they really do stop and listen. When I am second or third on the list I enjoy that respite, I tell you."

Mr. Depew was asked, for curiosity's sake, how many speeches he had delivered during the previous week. He replied that on Monday he delivered one, on Tuesday another, on Wednesday a third, and then went to a hall; on Thursday he spoke at a dinner and left at half-past twelve o'clock for a hall; and on Friday he spoke at a fifth dinner.

Go West!

Right enough. But if you go to a malaria-troubled region, protect yourself against the prevalent scourge in bottom lands and new clearings. How? With Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The answer comes clear and unanimous from thousands of new settlers and pioneer emigrants, whom the great preventive has kept in health when threatened by miasma. Use the Bitters for kidney, liver, rheumatic, and stomach difficulty.

The theatrical profession of Paris feels highly honored by the nomination of M. la Roche, the comedian, to be a member of the Legion of Honor. A committee from the Comédie Française called upon the minister of public instruction and thanked him for his action.

For the removal of dandruff, and for curing humors of the scalp, there is nothing better than Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Large watches, that sell for one dollar and a half, designed to be carried in the overcoat-pocket, are made by a Connecticut firm. They are said to find a ready sale among men who are too lazy to unbutton their coat when they want to know the time.

Ripans Tabules cure indigestion. Take one at meal time. One Tahule gives relief.

Two Stepping Stones

to consumption are ailments we often deem trivial—a cold and a cough. Consumption thus acquired is rightly termed "Consumption from neglect."

Scott's Emulsion

not only stops a cold but it is remarkably successful where the cough has become deep seated.

Scott's Emulsion is the richest of fat-foods yet the easiest fat-food to take. It arrests waste and builds up healthy flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of

W. Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa,

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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Peruvian bark and a rich Catalan wine,
For General Debility, Fever, & Ague,
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RUNS 1000 TUNES
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WGT. 23 LBS. HGT. 18 IN. MUSIC
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LOST HEARING RESTORED
by one who was deaf for 30 years.
Call, or send stamp for particulars and testimonials. JOHN GARMORE, Hammond Building, Fourth and Vine, CINCINNATI, O.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In an article on "The Tragic Side of Alpine Life," in one of the current magazines, a famous epitaph is quoted thus:

"Here perished the honored and virtuous maiden,
G. Y.
This tablet was erected by her only son."

Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, remarking on President Lincoln's dry humor, says that on one occasion a delegation of colored men had waited upon Mr. Lincoln, and were evidently at a loss to know just what to say. The President waited a while, and then remarked: "Well, all who are here seem to be present." This self-evident proposition broke the ice and removed the spell from the African jaw.

Carlyle told once of a lawsuit pending in Scotland affecting the succession to a great estate of which he had known something. The case depended on a family secret known only to one old servant, who refused to reveal it. A Kirk minister was sent to tell her that she must speak on peril of her soul. "Peril of my soul!" she said. "And would ye put the honor of an auld Scottish family in competition with the soul of a poor creature like me?"

When the late General Butler was in command in New Orleans, a woman of that city applied to him for a pass through the Union lines that she might see her son, who was lying wounded in a house in the suburbs. The general told her that she could have one if she would take the oath of allegiance. This she refused to do, and argued long and earnestly against it, breaking into a flood of tears at length, and exclaiming: "You do not know how I love my son!" "Ah!" cried Butler, with scathing emphasis, "but you love secession better."

It is told of a well-known Kentucky colonel that once he invited a gentleman to dine with him at Chamberlin's, in Washington. Among other things ordered was porterhouse steak, with onions. His guest asked to be excused from partaking of this dish. "It gives me a bad-smelling breath," he said. "Never you mind about that," remarked the colonel; "wait till you get the bill—that will take your breath away." The ease with which the colonel changed from host to guest nearly took his friend's breath away. The bill did so completely.

The late Duke Maximilian, father of the Empress of Austria, was one of the most simple and affable of men. One day, as he was traveling on the train between his country residence and Vienna, he fell into conversation with a banker from Stuttgart. "Are you going to Vienna?" asked the duke. "Yes; to see my daughter. She has just been married." "Ah!" said the duke; "mine has just married, also. Was it a good match?" "Excellent! And that of your daughter?" "Not bad, either." "My daughter married the Banker Goldschmidt." "Mine, the Emperor of Austria."

One day as Sir Isaac Heard was with George the Third, it was announced that his majesty's horse was ready to start for hunting. "Sir Isaac," said the good monarch, "are you a judge of horses?" "In my younger days, please your majesty," was the reply, "I was a great deal among them." "What do you think of this, then?" said the king, who was by this time preparing to mount his favorite, and, without waiting for an answer, added: "We call him Perfection." "A most appropriate name," replied the courtly herald, bowing as his majesty reached the saddle, "for he bears the best of characters."

At the mining-camp of Carbondale, Col., in one of the gambling-houses, a "brance" game of faro was being dealt. A stranger sauntered in, watched the game for a moment, then produced some money and commenced to play. Bet after bet was lost, and the entire pack was dealt through without a winning card. As his last bet was taken, a look of suspicion, that had gradually stolen over the stranger's face, deepened into conviction, and, with a comprehensive glance at the burly proportions of the dealer, he started out. "Are you off?" called the dealer, politely. "No; I'm on," he replied, not stopping in his march for the door.

The chance that General John Corse, who "held the fort" at Altoona, and, after a terrible battle, declared that he could "lick all hell yet," may again be appointed to office, recalls to the Boston *Globe* this incident: When he was made postmaster of Boston, the newspapers were full of stories of his valor, and scores of clippings were sent to him at his home in Winchester. Repetitions of the phrase just quoted were abundant. At length, one day, his wife, half in jest and half in a feeling of annoyance, said to the general: "There is one consolation at least, and that is you have got through licking all hell, and will occupy yourself for some time to come in licking postage-stamps."

The favorite recreation of Pope's leisure hours was the society of painters. Nothing was more agree-

able to the poet than to spend an occasional evening with his friend Kneller, who, to use the words of Thackeray, "bragged more, spelt worse, and painted better, than any artist of his day." Warburton tells an amusing anecdote of the two friends. Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller, one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honor of seeing the two greatest men in the world." "I don't know how great you may be," said the Guinea man; "but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you together—all muscle and bone—for ten guineas."

A gentleman stopped at a cabin, where an old negro woman lived, and, while waiting for one of the children to get a bucket of fresh water, entered into conversation with her concerning the crop prospects. "I did hab fo' or five hogs," said the old woman; "but dat's dwindled down till I an't got but one now." "Somebody steal them?" "I nebber talks 'bout my neighbors, an' I doan' like to say what become ob de shoats. I nebber makes mischief, I doesn't." "Did the hogs die?" "Da muster died; but yer ain't agwine to say nuthin' agin' my neighbors. De hogs disappeared away from heah while dat man was libin', but I ain't agwine to say nuthin' agin' him." "Do you think that he took them?" "Mister, dat man's dead, an' I doan' want ter say nuthin' agin' him; but lemme tell yer, while dat man was libin', he was a powerful stumbling-block ter hogs."

The elevated stations (says the *New York Times*) are a constant source of turning about to absent-minded folk. Those at crowded thoroughfares, where there are stairs, not only on both sides of the avenue, but also of the cross-street, prove particularly confusing to "transients." The other day, a young woman, not often in New York, stopped at one of these to ask the guard a question. "You're on the uptown track," he answered; "go down-stairs and cross the street." Down-stairs she went, crossed Twenty-Third Street, and appeared again. "I told you," repeated the man, on seeing her, "to go down and cross the street." Thoroughly bewildered, she went down, re-crossed, and once more presented herself before the same guard. "What ails you?" he cried; "I said go down and cross the street." Down she crept, abashed, crossed the street, and climbed the stairs for the fourth time. As she reached the top, she peered cautiously over. There stood that man. She gathered up her skirts, and, turning on tiptoe, raced down again at the top of her speed. A little reflection on the kerb-stone sent her, finally, rejoicing across the avenue to the other track.

Doctor Hildreth, in his "Memoirs of the Early Settlers of Ohio," devotes a chapter to Abraham Whipple, of Rhode Island. He was born in 1733, and was one of the first to take a hand in the Revolutionary War. In 1786, he was elected a representative to the legislature from the town of Cranston. The advocates of the paper-money system were then in power, and had chosen Othniel Gorton, a clumsy old man, for Speaker. Gorton was in the habit of keeping a large quid of tobacco in one side of his mouth, which pressed out one of his cheeks. Most of the debaters were on the opposite side of the hall from that on which Commodore Whipple sat, and the Speaker's face was commonly turned that way. Once, in the course of the debate, Whipple had cogitated a speech, which he waited for an opportunity to deliver. At last, out of patience, he rose and called: "Mr. Speaker!" The Speaker, whose face was turned the other way, did not hear him. He raised his voice to its utmost: "Mr. Speaker!" Gorton started, and, turning to the commodore, said: "I hear you." Thereupon Whipple began: "I wish, Mr. Speaker, you would shift your quid of tobacco from your starboard to your larboard jaw, that it might give your head a cant this way, so that you could sometimes hear something from this side of the house." Then he went on with his speech.

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NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12:45, 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10, 11:20 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M.
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Week Days	Tacoma	12:15 P. M. except
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations.	(Monday)
		6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Saturdays		6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tacoma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.
Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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Through Line to New York, via Panama.
Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Feb. 25th, SS. City of New York; March 6th, SS. Colima; March 15th, City of Sydney.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco at noon on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—Feb. 18th, SS. City of Panama; March 3d, SS. San Blas.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

Peru.—Saturdays, Saturday, March 4, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro. Thursday, March 23, at 3 P. M. City of Peking. Thursday, April 13, at 3 P. M. China. Tuesday, April 25, at 3 P. M.
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.
3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1893.
Belgic.....Thursday, February 23
Oceanic.....Thursday, March 14
Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 4
Belgic.....Thursday, May 4
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

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WHITE STAR LINE.

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FROM NEW YORK:

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Majestic.....March 8th Majestic.....April 5th
Britannic.....March 15th Britannic.....April 12th

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 8, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, ...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	8:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:30 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento and Livermore.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Haywards and Martinez.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	8:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Los Gatos, and Wights.	6:20 P.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Pismo Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:10 P.
12:05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:40 A.
3:30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations.	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8, 10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:30 P. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Fleta for Highland Springs, Keseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cactus, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usl, Hydenville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Jan. 27, Feb. and March 10, 24, April 15, 30.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and Santa Ana, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.
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In the making of operas, are the librettos written before the music, or the music before the librettos? This is a question that, since the performance of "His Majesty," has been asked a good many times.

However it may be with Messrs. Robertson and Stewart, with the great mass of opera-makers the libretto is done first and the music written to it. Sometimes the composer buys it outright of some needy poet willing to sell cheap. Sometimes the composer orders it of a "hack" writer. Sometimes he finds a story that suits his fancy, and gets a literary acquaintance to cast it into libretto form for him. Sometimes, indeed, he writes it himself, roughly patching together, from some favorite incident in the classics, any sort of doggerel verse that he can beautify with his melodies.

The real importance of the libretto is not apparent to the casual spectator of grand opera who has his favorite themes, his particular fancy for this aria and that romanza. To him the libretto appears a mere excuse for the music. Many people who patronize grand opera have not the least idea what is the story of their best-beloved operas. Once, at a performance of "The Giacinda," the question was asked of one of the spectators—a girl whose love of opera was matter of comment in her circle—"What is this about, anyway?" "Oh, I haven't the least idea," came the placid response. "Haven't you ever seen it before?" "Dozens of times."

Yet operas have died, and worms have eaten them, by reason of a poor libretto. Nothing short of the music of the spheres will keep an opera living where the libretto is absurd and dull. If some one to-day would transfer the music of Bellini's "Sonambula" to a probable and entertaining libretto, it would enter upon a new lease of life. It is not Bellini that we are tired of, it is Amina and her remarkable exploits. On the other hand, "Norma" has lived by reason of the romance and human interest of its impassioned story, which Bellini decked with melodies that organ-grinders have led us to know not wisely but too well.

The difficulties in procuring good librettos seem to have been tremendous. Of Weber's numerous operas, only "Der Freischütz" has lived. His other operas died, musicians tell us, because Weber, in the dearth of good librettos, took bad ones, which, tied like stones to his own scores, sank them. Yet Weber was one of the composers most careful and attentive to his stage effects. Old-style opera-makers laughed at him as he hurried about the stage at the rehearsals of "Der Freischütz," insisting that the eagle shot in the act should be a real stuffed eagle, and that the actors should be in correct costume. The operatic world had not yet grown to expect the perfect stage setting and finish of detail that Wagner enforced—one of his orders being that the tenor who sang Tannhauser should study the accompaniment on the harp to his song in the Venusberg, so that, though the real accompaniment came from behind the scenes, the movement of his fingers on the strings might be absolutely correct.

That the great musicians felt the importance of a fine libretto is shown by the fact that when they found a good story, they could not let it go, composer after composer arranging music to suit the cherished plot. Beaumarchais's "Marriage of Figaro" and "Barber of Seville" were honored by being chosen by the two greatest writers of opera of the day—and witness the worth of a good libretto, "Il Barbiere" is the most charming light opera in the world, especially if you have Mme. Patu—even at fifty and growing stout—to do Rosina. When Mme. Patu became a great opera-singer, the stage lost the finest soubrette of the age.

Many times in their despair for librettos, the composers turned to Shakespeare. They wrote the Divine Bard's works over, they transposed his masterpieces, they Gallicized his soaring fancies. Hector Berlioz, the forerunner of Wagner, wrote "A Beatrice and Benedick." Wagner himself—even before the salad days of "Rienzi"—used one of the comedies as a peg for an opera composed in his teens. As for "Romeo and Juliet," it has been essayed at least half a dozen times, with Gounod's the only setting that has lived at all.

Scribe, one of the most successful writers of libretti that ever lived, once undertook to arrange "The Tempest" for the operatic stage. If ever story was suited to music, it is "The Tempest," with its thunderings of the angry sea, its summer smiling isle; where rainbow spirits dart and fly, or dance in magic circles on the yellow sands; where Miranda dreams, encircled by enchantment, and Ferdinand, led by mystic music, finds her on this island lost in unknown seas. The ethereal beauty of the story

fascinated Mendelssohn, who said he would write the music. But he grew tired of the task before it was completed, and "The Tempest" was passed on to Halévy. Mendelssohn never completed any opera. He, like Beethoven, would not condemn his muse to the uncongenial labor of composing a score for a poor libretto. Beethoven, moreover, would take no libretto which did not deal with a lofty and dignified theme. The one opera that he wrote was composed for a libretto taken from a little French melodrama. It was a story of noble constancy and faith, and the master, deeming it worthy, for once condescended.

When the Music of the Future first began to be talked of, it was said by its advocates that not only would the composer write his own score, but his own libretto, too. Wagner, the founder of the new school, had done this. In his early twenties, he had founded an opera on Bulwer's "Rienzi," dramatizing the story himself and then setting it to Meyerbeerian harmonies, of which he afterward was extremely ashamed. The Parisians had heard of this dual form of composition before. They had witnessed "Les Troyens," by Hector Berlioz—an opera that had the peculiarities of a Chinese play, and to be seen in its entirety would have continued for several evenings.

But a Wagner does not come any oftener than a Napoleon. This Titanic genius was universally gifted. He was as great a dramatist as a musician, and as great a poet as a dramatist. If he had never written a note of music in his life, he could have risen to the highest pinnacle as a writer of great romantic dramas. Long before he executed such masterpieces as "The Valkyrie" and "Siegfried," his libretto of "The Flying Dutchman" was recognized as a work of the highest art. He sent "The Flying Dutchman" to the Grand Opéra at Paris. Here Spohr read it, pronounced it a splendid work, and regretted that he had never been able to find such a libretto. Wagner afterward said that they stole his story, but this was after Paris had hissed "Tannhauser."

Any of his great operas would have lived without music. The impassioned romance of the stories he chose, and the breadth and almost epic grandeur of their treatment, place them in the front rank among the great romantic dramas. The fantastic and unearthly picturesqueness of the legends of "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin" have given these two weird and wonderful operas a charm outside and beyond that which the music exercises. The first works of the Trilogy have the majestic sweep, the elemental simplicity, the savage and barbaric grandeur, of the myths of the northern hierarchy. These were the times when giants walked the earth, and the sons of God looked upon the daughters of men and found them fair. Wagner could treat his great themes with the great simplicity that belongs alone to genius.

His dramatic instinct was unrivaled. Every opera that he wrote contains magnificent scenes and climaxes. The scene in "Tannhauser," where Tannhauser listens silently to Elizabeth's artless confession of love; the finale in "Lohengrin," where the Knight of the Swan appears suddenly on the river—beautiful, unearthly, unknown, shining in his silver armor; the scene in the first act of "The Valkyrie," where, in the moonlit forest, Siegmund sings his love-song and the trees break into bloom; the climax in the second act where, as Sieglinde sinks exhausted to the ground, to the despairing Siegmund appears the terrible and beautiful figure of the Valkyrie, stern, immovable, solemnly pitying, strangely and awesomely magnificent—a helmeted and armored maiden, bearing the bitter message of the gods; the scene in "Siegfried" where Siegfried, dreaming under the shade of the summer forest, over the murmuring of the leaves and the whispering of innumerable hidden brooks, hears the Forest Bird singing of Brunhilda—these are unsurpassable.

The modern composers do not seem to have quite such a hard time to find their librettos as "the great ones" did. They certainly do not suffer for lack of stories for which to compose the scores. Mascagni, it is said, has to employ two secretaries to answer his correspondence and read the librettos submitted to him. A short time ago some correspondent found him setting his secretaries upon a pile of manuscripts, in which there were eleven hundred librettos awaiting the composer's consideration. And this was the unknown man who two years ago took, with his "Rustic Chivalry," Sonzogno's prize of one hundred dollars, and nearly went crazy with delight. In the evening after the prize had been awarded, Mascagni, his wife, and his children, went forth to an inn, and there ordered the finest feast the hostelry could set to celebrate the happy occasion. They had never before had so much money or so good a dinner.

Mascagni owes a great deal to the libretto of his first success. It is singularly fresh and modern in spirit. Like Wagner's dramas, it is capable of standing alone without the aid of the music. It has broken away from the dreary old opera tradition, and presents an impassioned story with truth and naturalness. This romantic story, throbbing with human interest, wedded to music fully as fresh and vigorous, came into the opera world, with its improbabilities, its dreary monotones, its dusty traditions, like a breath of spring breezes into a tarnished room long closed and unaired. Mascagni has shown that he knows the importance of a libretto. He chose for his second opera "L'Ami Fritz," one of the most tenderly idyllic of love stories.

With the other great modern Italian—Verdi—the libretto has also been a matter of studied care. But Verdi had a Boito at his elbow to write him some of the finest librettos on the stage. Boito, an artist and composer himself, has arranged the dramatic part of the new opera, "Falstaff," for Verdi's score. It is to be humorous, with the fat knight as the central figure, the action taking place in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

Verdi, *en passant*, has lately told a story of his first success. It was at a rehearsal of "Nabucco," at the Scala, in Milan. The composer, then young and unknown, had been terribly discouraged by impresarios and publishers, and had only through dogged obstinacy succeeded in getting "Nabucco" rehearsed. The singers were singing as badly as possible, the performance going miserably. To add to everything else, some carpenters, employed in altering the interior of the great hall, were pounding and hammering with a tremendous noise. Presently the chorus began to sing "Va Pensiero," and, as they continued, the hammering slowly stopped till absolute silence reigned. The composer, looking aloft, saw, sitting on the beams of the scaffolding, the carpenters, mute in entranced delight, listening. When the chorus ended, a storm of clapping descended from the upper air, and loud cries of "Bravo! bravo! viva il maestro!"

That was Verdi's first encouragement. And what a glorious country for an artist to live in! Imagine an American carpenter offering discriminating applause at the rehearsal of an opera!

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing February 20th: The Tivoli Company in "The Postillon de Longjumeau"; Frank Daniels in "Dr. Cupid"; the Liliputians in "The Dwarf's Wedding"; Baroness Blanc in "Deception"; and "Ole Oleson."

Bill Nye will be in San Francisco this week, and will give entertainments at Metropolitan Temple on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, February 21st and 22d. On his present tour he is accompanied by A. P. Burbank, another "funny man," who mingles humor and pathos in his recitations, and so supplements Nye that the two give a varied and thoroughly enjoyable entertainment.

Yvette Guilbert, the present *café-concert* goddess of Paris, is making \$1,500 a week just now, and occasionally adds something to her regular earnings by appearing at a private soirée, like that for which the Rothschilds recently paid her \$1,000. She is considering an offer to come to Chicago during the exposition and receive 200,000 francs for one hundred performances, with all her expenses paid.

The attempt of a member of the Musicians' Union to bully Manager Kreling, of the Tivoli, has so far proved to be not only unavailing for himself, but a good deal of a boomerang for the union. It seems that a pianist, hired by Mr. Kreling for temporary work, was paid the usual wage of \$22.50 at the end of his week. He demanded \$7.50 more, giving as reason the fact that the Musicians' Union granted that \$22.50 was sufficient for a man regularly employed, but allowed an "extra" man \$30 a week. In exchange for this information, Mr. Kreling told the man that he (Kreling) and not the Musicians' Union had employed him, and that the Musicians' Union had nothing to do with the case. Then the musician gave Mr. Kreling three days in which to pony up the \$7.50, the alternative being that the devastating wrath of the Musicians' Union would swoop down upon the Tivoli and leave its orchestra as empty as a drum. Mr. Kreling expressed the opinion that his musicians would not desert him; but said that if they did, he would import musicians from the East, presenting his operas to the music of a piano meanwhile. The musician retired to his union, which thereupon held a meeting. Great was the indignation expressed at Mr. Kreling's temerity; but in the course of discussion it came out that it had always been the custom of "extra" men at the Tivoli to accept the \$22.50 Mr. Kreling offered. One member of the union was moved more to sorrow than to anger at this betrayal of their sacred obligation by members; but he became very much embarrassed when he had to confess that part of his weekly \$22.50 was paid him in beer-tickets. Finally the matter was placed in the hands of the directors of the union. It looks as if the affair would end in the utter disruption of the Musicians' Union, which has been looked upon as the most powerful of the labor organizations. The leading members are objecting to the union's extraordinary rule which gives the drummer-boy and the first violinist exactly the same pay. In the event of the union upholding the disgruntled pianist, it is probable that the entire Tivoli orchestra will secede from the union, for Manager Kreling has given them steady employment for years, and moreover, many of them who play in the Park Band would have to resign that lucrative work if they played in the theatres which give *matinée* performances. In addition to this, they say it is nonsensical for musicians, who should be artists, to belong to laborers' unions. Apparently the Federated Trades has received a bad black eye.

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Claggett—"You are a big, able-bodied man to be begging on the streets." *Dusty Rhodes*—"I know it; but we can't all be in on dis Panama business."—*Puck*.

Thespis—"Who is that young fellow who said he read the play in manuscript and didn't recognize it when it was put on the stage?" *Fayer*—"The author."—*Life*.

Sibyl—"Let's cross over to the other side of the street." *Tippie*—"No; let's stay on this side. The pavement is wet over there." *Sibyl*—"That's all right. Mine are silk."—*Life*.

"You ought to name your dog Gossip," said George to Maud's father; "I judge, from an experience I had with him last night, that he is a good deal of a backbiter."—*Truth*.

"Didn't Mooney serve two terms in Congress?" "No-o; my recollection is that he served one, and was just about to serve another when his constituents pardoned him out."—*Puck*.

Fashionable physician—"What you really need is change of climate." *The patient*—"Change of climate! Why, I've never had anything else! I've lived in New York all my life."—*Life*.

Wife—"And so you got your life insured for my benefit? That's lovely!" *Husband*—"Yes, my dear; but just remember, if you drive me to suicide, you won't get a cent."—*New York Weekly*.

"Did Mr. Cuno seem annoyed at your calling with his bill?" asked Mr. Gaskett of his new collector. "No, sir," replied the young man; "on the contrary, he asked me to call again."—*Bazar*.

Telegram from Nymn Rodd (to the man's wife)—"Your husband met with an accident, and was killed." *Her telegram*—"Send on the remains." *The answer*—"There are none. He met a bear."—*Life*.

Mrs. McCordle—"It strikes me that it is awfully disagreeable for you to talk in your sleep every night." *McCordle*—"I agree with you, my dear; but I have to improve my opportunity, you know."—*Puck*.

Manager—"You claim, sir, to have every qualification of a first-rate actor?" *Hamlet de Hamphatle*—"Well, perhaps I ought to mention the fact that I am slightly deaf—the result of so much applause, you know."—*Truth*.

"My old aunt out in Brown County has sent me a jar of brandied peaches," said Mr. Lushforth to a row of friends. "Now, while I don't like peaches, still I fully appreciate the spirit in which they were tendered."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Justice—"You say you saw the flat-iron coming. Why didn't you dodge it?" *McGoogan* (in surprise)—"Why, yer haner, as Oi tould yez, Oi was shtrandin' fornist dty' windy, an' if Oi'd 'a' dodged, it wud 'a' gone t'rough a pane av glass."—*Puck*.

Mrs. Houshouse—"Taken the bed from your room? Oh, no, sir. That desk is your bed, the very one you slept in last night. But, really, you would never suspect it was a bed, would you?" *New lodger*—"No-o-o; not after sleeping in it."—*Puck*.

"There's Bonely yonder, getting way with corned beef and cabbage and a plate of doughnuts. How can a man of his delicate build eat such a combination as that?" "Humph! It's just the combination he's eating that gives him his delicate build."—*Puck*.

Histrionic aspirant—"Now, my dear Mr. Scribble, won't you write me a play suitable to my attainments?" *Scribble*—"Why, yes, Mrs. Holloway. Suppose I write a comedy in which you appear as an amateur actor? You could do that splendidly."—*Puck*.

Manager—"Ah, I remember you. You are the song-and-dance soubrette who wishes to join my company. What is your compass?" *Applicant*—"If you refer to my voice, why, it's only two octaves, but I can kick over nineteen."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

Miss Flyaway (of Rustleview, relating some experiences to her Boston cousin)—"Oh, it was too delightful! Just think of it! A sixteen-mile sleigh-ride with Gus in the late afternoon, just as the sun was descending, and all that sort of thing, you know—and then the ball!" *Her Boston cousin*—"But where was your chaperon? You didn't go sixteen miles away from home without a chaperon?" *Miss Flyaway*—"Why, of course not, goosey. Mommer went down by train, and met us at the ball-room door to accompany us in."—*Puck*.

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Hysteria, and other diseases of the nervous system.

Estelle—"Murilla thinks a great deal." *Millicent*—"You surprise me." *Estelle*—"She thinks she is pretty and thinks so all the time."—*Puck*.

A fair complexion, free from pimples, may be had by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

-MUSICAL NOTES.

The Wilkie Ballad Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave his second ballad concert of the second series last Tuesday afternoon in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. The usual fashionable audience was present, and enjoyed the following interesting programme:

"Liebeslieder," (a) "Am Donau Strande," (b) "O Wie Sanft," (c) "Ein Kleiner Hübcher Vogel Nahn," Johann Brahms, Messrs. Julia and Regina Newman, and Messrs. Carroll and Wilkie, accompaniments (four hands), Mrs. A. L. Guttererson and R. F. Tilton; song, "The Venetian Boatman's Song," Mattei, Mr. Victor Carroll; song, "Memories," Hope, Temple, Miss Julia Newman; piano solo, "Impromptu," (F sharp major), Chopin, Mrs. A. L. Guttererson; ballad, "Tell me, Mary, bow to Woo Thee," C. A. Hodson, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; song, "Love's Sorrow," Shelley, Miss Regina Newman; duet, "Lost, Proscribed," ("Martha"), Flotow, Messrs. Alfred Wilkie and Victor Carroll; duo, "cello and piano," "Polonaise Brillante," Chopin, Mrs. A. L. Guttererson and Mr. Fred S. Guttererson; "Liebeslieder," (a) "Nachtigall, Sie Singt so Schön," (b) "Neh, es ist Nicht aus zu Kommen," Johannes Brahms, accompaniments (four hands), Mrs. Guttererson and Mr. R. F. Tilton. Accompanists, Mrs. A. L. Guttererson and Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton.

The third concert will take place on Thursday evening, March 2d. Mrs. Alfred Abbey, soprano, will make her first appearance since her return from Europe. Mrs. Sedgely Reynolds, contralto, will also appear. A special feature will be the singing of Genée's "Italian Salad," by Mr. Wilkie and a chorus of twelve male voices.

The Symphony Orchestra.

The first concert of the Symphony Orchestra was held in Metropolitan Hall, last Tuesday evening, and attracted a large attendance. It was given in aid of the Kings Daughter's Home for Incurables. The orchestra, which is composed of sixty performers under the direction of Mr. Louis C. Knell, was assisted by Miss Irma Fitch, soprano, Mr. George B. McBride, baritone, and Signor S. Martinez, pianist. The following excellent programme was given:

Overture, "Raymond," A. Thomas; intermezzo et ballet, "L'Alila," Delibes; piano solo, "Concerto" (op. 79), C. M. von Weber (with orchestra accompaniment), Signor S. Martinez; selection, "Tannhauser," Wagner; soprano solo, "Jewel Song," Gounod, Miss Irma Fitch; overture, "William Tell," Rossini; (a) "Im Traume" (for strings only), Smetana, (b) "Funeral of a Marionet," Gounod; baritone solo, "Brave Sentinel," Rodney, Mr. George B. McBride; waltz, "Artists' Life," Strauss.

Loring Club Concert.

The third concert of the Loring Club's sixteenth season took place at Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, February 16th. There was the usual large and fashionable audience present, and they heartily applauded every number on the programme. The choral singing was led as usual by Mr. David W. Loring, and the accompanist was Miss Ruth Loring. The soloist of the evening was Mrs. Edgar Stillman Kelley; she sang two ballads composed by Mr. Kelley and his "Israel," the composer himself accompanying her on the piano. The programme was as follows:

"The Poet's Joy," Gade; "Dreamy Lake," Schumann; (a) "Love and Sleep," (b) "Love's Lilt," (from "Phases of Love," op. 6), Edgar S. Kelley; "Spring Magic," Sturm; "Slumber Song," Naret-Koenig; "Night on the Ocean," Brambach; "Forest Mill," Nessler; "Serenade," Mueller-Hartung; "Israel," Edgar S. Kelley; "Dance of Gnomes," MacDowell; "On the Water," Abt; "Rhine Wine Song," Mendelssohn.

The College Glee Club of the University of California, numbering sixteen members, will give their initial public concert in Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, February 24th, following it with a matinee concert on Saturday afternoon. The eleven singers, two violinists, and accompanist are all undergraduates, and their vocal selections will include college songs and glees, in addition to which there will be several instrumental selections.

Gilbert and Sullivan buried the hatchet some months ago, and now the welcome news comes across that the librettist is going to Monte Carlo to see Sir Arthur and settle the details of a new opera, which they are to have ready for production at the Savoy in the autumn.

Camille Saint-Saëns, the French composer, has gone to Algiers—his favorite retreat when he has composing to do—and is at work finishing a four-act opera left in an incomplete state by Guiraud at his death.

Mme. Emilia Tojetti will give a song recital early in March.

Loie Fuller has a sister, Ida, who is making as great a success as a serpentine dancer in Nice and Boulogne as the originator of that graceful terpsichorean novelty has in Paris. She is going to do the Italian cities, and then goes to Russia.

Mrs. Hubby—"John, dear, the furnace is smoking." *Mr. Hubby* (sniffing)—"Yes; and it is evidently smoking one of those cigars you bought for my birthday present."—*Puck*.

"What is pillage, papa?" "It is charging a dollar for eight cents' worth of pills, my son. It is a very lucrative business."—*Bazar*.

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Lamb Chops. Mashed Potatoes.
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Celery Salad.
Madelaines. Ice-Cream.
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MADALAINES.—Two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, one and one-half ounces of sugar, one coffee-spoonful of orange-flower water, the yolks of two eggs, and rind of half a lemon. Beat the butter, sugar, and yolks of eggs together, then add the other ingredients; grate in the rind of half a lemon, and add the well-beaten whites of eggs last of all. Fill little molds that have been buttered with washed butter, cover the tops with split almonds and sifted sugar; bake from thirty to forty minutes in a moderate oven. These cakes are sometimes served hot with apricot sauce.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Ask your grocer for it. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johnstown, N. Y., will bring you cookbook, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

A remarkably dramatic incident was to be found under the heart of "Shipping Intelligence," the other day. The proprietor of a wild-beast exhibition was taking it, by sea, to Lübeck, when the vessel was overtaken by a storm. There would have been danger in any case, but the waves beat against the cages of the animals and loosened the frame-work, and every moment a lion or a tiger was expected to be at liberty, which made the position infinitely more awful and perilous. As a matter of fact, a lion did get loose, and instantly attacked a horse, when one great wave, fortunately, carried both into the sea. This is a sort of subject that Victor Hugo would have delighted to portray, but which nine-tenths of his readers would have pronounced incredible.

Aterin has been suggested as a possibly valuable dye for the hair. It has extraordinary coloring power for organic fibres, and is quite free from toxic action. The fatty substances must be first removed, when any organic fibre will take up the color readily. Any shade, from flaxen to black, may be produced, by varying the strength and number of applications. Several applications of the pure solution are required to produce black tones.

—THE SALE OF PROPERTY SITUATED ON HAYES, Fillmore, Fell, and Fulton Streets, conducted by Baldwin & Hammond on Thursday last, was completely successful. The property brought good prices, and bidding was brisk, indicating that the improvement in the real-estate market noted this year is continuing.

For Throat Diseases and Coughs use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Like all really good things, they are limited. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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New York's "society" has found a champion who bears an honored name. Gouverneur Morris replies, in elaborate detail, to recent observations made by the *Argonaut* on the peculiarities of an aristocracy that is the wonder, if not the delight, of the world. Mr. Morris's vehicle of utterance is the *New York Press*, and his reply, published therein, has been "syndicated" and offered to the newspapers of the country at the customary low rates paid for that more or less fraudulent form of literature. It may be that not to Mr. Morris is to argue one's self unknown; but he requires the confession that his name suggests to us his ancestors—who would not have accepted Ward Allister as a social exemplar and guide. But it is due to

this contemporary Gouverneur Morris to say that he can write. Indeed, he writes like a gentleman—that is, like a New York gentleman. He is not quite the frivolous person that might be expected, considering the view he takes of the unpleasant crowd whose defender he constitutes himself. Possibly our favorable opinion of Mr. Morris's literary style is not uninfluenced by his estimate of the *Argonaut*, which he ranks as the "best weekly paper on the continent." He objects, however, to our estimate of New York as being, from "turret to foundation-stone, absolutely corrupt, demoralized, and detestable," and adds that he does not agree with us in the following summary of our opinions, which he is pleased to make:

"That the social life of New York is based on a bag of money, that the longest purse controls the situation, and that the social fabric consists of a top-dressing of rich, vulgar, ostentatious, immoral people governed politically by thieves and based on a feculent mold of filthy immigrants."

And what is Mr. Morris's answer? It is to draw a pleasing picture of a wealthy, rational, well-bred society, valuing luxury and amusement, to which no Manhattan plutocrat could possibly gain admission—or, if he did get in, would want to get out again—and calls this picture "New York Society." All who attack the faults, the wickedness of the New York Four Hundred are placed in the position of railers at wealth and fashion in general. The trick is not new. It is as old, indeed, as that of the priest who hurls the rocks of controversy from the church window, and, when a stone is fired at his head in return, cries out that the sacred edifice is being assaulted. Mr. Morris fails or refuses to understand why it is that his society is peculiarly offensive. He defends it from the charge of over-valuing money by saying that "some of the very largest fortunes in New York belong to people who are not considered socially at all, and there are several very rich families whose members, if ever admitted, certainly will not be so in this generation." There is Americanism for you! There is a proof that fashionable New York includes no snobs! As evidence that brains are not tabooed, Mr. Morris informs us that two of the Four Hundred are lady novelists and another writes on architecture. The women are not immoral, because "nearly all of them belong to what its members call the 'American branch of the Anglican Catholic Church'—a truly tasteful and republican title for the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States—"and expend much time and money in its charities. Many of the young men, too, are athletic, and others are energetic in business. Foreigners, instead of discovering looseness, find the tone 'too proper.' Any charge of general immorality is prompted by either ignorance or malice." Finally:

"The *Argonaut* seems to be offended with New York society for being sufficient for itself, and for not paying sufficient attention to other places—San Francisco, for example. Now, the people who compose New York society have, as a general rule, traveled widely. They have seen San Francisco, Oshkosh, Podunk, and other famed cities, and it is true that they feel toward these places very much as the journalist did when Mr. Bennett said to him: 'What do you think of the New York *Telegram*?' To which the answer was: 'I do not think of the New York *Telegram*.' And so it is with these wicked New Yorkers; they do not think about San Francisco, but take them by and large, they try to do their duty in New York, and, as a very general rule, they lead upright and respectable lives."

This is clever, but self-condemning, since it reveals that parochial conceit which marks the New York mind, fashionable or unfashionable. Oshkosh, Podunk, San Francisco, and other famed cities stand for that inconsiderable portion of the United States outside of New York—the "provinces," the "rural districts." We are not familiar with the aristocracies of Oshkosh and Podunk, but nevertheless feel perfectly confident in asserting that however purse-proud, ostentatious, vulgar, and absurd they may be, they do not approach in these respects the aristocracy of New York. And why? The answer goes to the bottom of the whole matter. The fashionable coterie of every place is influenced profoundly by its environment, and unconsciously reflects the material conditions, the general beliefs, prejudices, and ambitions of the community of which it believes itself to be the ornament. As the toiling tribes which inhabit and surround

Oshkosh for many hundreds of miles are Americans, the swells of Oshkosh are of necessity as nearly American as swells can be. New York, however, is not surrounded. Against everything to the west of it, including New Jersey, it has reared a wall of contempt. It is influenced only by what lies to the eastward, where Europe, and more particularly England, happen in the mysterious providence of God (who created the devil) to be placed. What that contiguity of the Old World has done for New York below the fashionable level, her matchless slums and Tammany entoken. Eight hundred thousand Roman Catholics, mostly Irish and Italian, fester in her tenements. These creatures are the filth of Europe's cities, fields, and prisons. Besides this horde of priest-ridden unspeakables, who vote the Democratic ticket and abhor the bath, there are many thousands of almost as animal-like Polish and Russian Jews, negroes, Croats, Chinamen, Turks, and miscellaneous offal contributed to the midden by every land. It has to be remembered that, in the main, only the least capable of immigrants remain in New York. Those who have the energy to rise up after the shock of being dumped from the steerage, shoulder their bundles and walk westward in search of work and fresh air. In the mass, New York is a great, cureless sore—an aggregate ulcer of ignorance, superstition, dirt, whisky, and bestiality. It is in this mass that the flower of Mr. Gouverneur Morris's aristocracy has its roots and from which it draws most of its financial sustenance. For its sunshine it turns to the east, and thence gets its color. But it can no more escape the effect of its location than the Southern lord of a thousand slaves could avoid catching the negro accent in his speech. The aristocracy, facing Europe, has no wish to be American. It watches and admires what it faces, and the inevitable offspring of watching and admiration is imitation. Hence the anglo-maniac, who withers when away from New York, for he can not live in the American atmosphere. But no passion of desire can make this aristocracy the same as the thing it admires and imitates. It is denied the essential lineage, caste, tradition, and contemporary environment. With all these advantages, the English, and every other European aristocracy, has plenty of members who set examples of frivolity, prodigality, and licentiousness, but who yet retain the pride of their class and the hauteur of its manners. It is these black sheep, probably, who have complained to Mr. Gouverneur Morris that the tone of New York society (which falls at their feet) is "too proper." As an imitator, the Manhattan Four Hundred does as well as can be expected; but it is condemned to the fate of all imitators. The valet who dresses himself in his master's clothes and saunters abroad to be a gentleman, is sure to copy all of that master's faults of which he has knowledge.

That there are multitudes of honorable, intellectual, and refined people in New York, nobody would think of denying. But the society represented by such know not McAllister, and do not flash their social pleasures in the newspapers. That there are many good women and some manly men, even in the Four Hundred, Mr. Morris need not have been at the trouble of proclaiming, for we never said there were not. But these are not the persons who give form and spirit to the set—a set of dancing, feasting, guzzling vulgarities, the like of whom no other city anywhere, in this or any country, is capable of evolving. That men and women who enter with zest into the life of this set, which is neither American, English, nor French, but a composite of the worst phases of opulent society everywhere, can be good men and women is a moral impossibility.

The *Argonaut* desires to do again the American duty it has done often before, and declare that, though New York is geographically within the United States, it is not an American city. The masses of its population are as foreign as the lands they came from, and as vile as the gutters from which they were spewed. Isolated from the rest of the country, and nearer Europe than they are to the interior of New York State—in thought and feeling, if not in miles—these poverty-chained masses must of necessity remain foreign indefinitely. Politically, the city is in the hands of

these savages of civilization. The better classes feel that they are an intelligent colony in a mindless, barbarian settlement, and, consequently, there is an absence of public spirit, a sense of remoteness in race and feeling from the stewing populace. The New York press mistakes size for greatness, and takes a fatuous pride in mere numbers. It is the cajoling slave of the frightful mob, instead of being its instructor, and it defends the jiggling, spendthrift, vulgar rich who put their country to shame, as if they were an aristocracy American in motive and the true fruit of American success. That the *Argonaut* has been instrumental in drawing blood from this odious, indecent plutocracy, and causing it to emit cries of pain and anger, gives us gratification. We have forced it to the bar of American public opinion, and trust that the American press will do its duty by whipping it into further perception of its own exceedingly unworth.

The legislature of South Dakota is being moved by Bishop Hare, of the Episcopal Church, and by Judge Smith, before whom most of the divorce cases are tried, to increase the period of residence required of applicants for divorce from three to six months. Under the law as it stands, people go to South Dakota simply for the purpose of getting a divorce, and when they put up for three months at a hotel, they are entitled to the benefit of the law. No personal service is required; an advertisement in a Dakota newspaper is notice sufficient to the party from whom a divorce is sought, though he or she may live in Louisiana, Maine, or California. It is no wonder, under the circumstances, that the Dakotans should boast exultingly that by their superior ingenuity they have transferred the divorce industry from Chicago to Sioux Falls.

The growth of that industry in one of the youngest of the States did not fail to attract the attention of the "Marriage and Divorce Commissions" which met in conference at Saratoga last August. The conference recommended that divorce laws should require evidence of personal service on the complaint, and an extension of the time of residence to at least one year. But there is no reason to expect that the recommendation will accomplish any result. The conference consisted of members from eight States only, and had no power even to bind these. South Dakota will snap its fingers at the interference of such meddlers. The divorce business is one of those infant industries which require to be fostered, not hampered. It fills the hotels at Sioux Falls with guests who have to stay there, paying board and spending money, for at least three months. It draws to the State such wealthy people as Mrs. Zborowski, the Winslows of New York, and the Rev. H. Price Collier, of Brooklyn. There is nothing in the antecedents of the South Dakotans which justifies the belief that they would sacrifice a source of income for the sake of principle. They got into the Union on false pretences, by exaggerating the population and the productiveness of the Territory, and by dwelling on the stanchness of their Republicanism. As a matter of fact, their population was never so large as was stated, and has been declining for a couple of years; the people have been fed by charity owing to crop failures; and it is notorious that the senatorships can be bought by a Democrat who will pay for them.

A more effectual bar to divorce than the pleading of moralists may, perhaps, be evolved out of physiological study. Something over a year ago, the *Argonaut* contained a review of the labors of Herr Korosi, the chief of the bureau of statistics at Buda Pesth, on the subject of marriage. Those labors have been continued ever since, and the results are startling. They may be summed up in the sentence that the younger the parties to marriage, the more likely is it to prove a failure, both as a means of happiness to the parties and as a source of healthy children, well developed in mind and body.

It is known that the condition of the mother is more potent than that of the father in shaping the physical and mental constitution of the child. Starting from this principle, Herr Korosi examined 29,813 separate cases of deaths among children, and found that in 22.31 per cent. the mothers were under 20, in 14.41 per cent. they were between 20 and thirty, and in 12.85 per cent. they were between 30 and 35. In other words, the child of a woman over 30 and under 35 has nearly twice as good a prospect of vitality as the child of a woman under 20.

In his comparison of deaths and ages, Herr Korosi omitted two leading causes of death—tuberculosis and atrophy—because they disturbed the proportion. It results from his tables that the deaths of children from consumption are twice as numerous, and the deaths of children from atrophy, or insufficient nutrition, are three times as numerous when the mothers are under twenty as when they are over that age. It may, also, be noted that the children of royal houses, in which the women almost invariably marry in their teens, are notoriously less viable than the children of commoners—as is proved by the fact that most of the reigning

houses of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries are extinct.

Turning from women to men, it appears that the lowest mortality is found in the offspring of men who are over 30 and under 40, and the highest in the offspring of men under 20. Where boys and girls marry, both being, let us say, about 20, the chances are that their children will not live, and that repeated sorrows will embitter their life until they seek relief in the divorce court. Almost equally painful results follow marriages where the discrepancy in the ages of the parties is over 15 years. This was the reason why the patriarchal marriages in the East were so unfruitful. Men of 50 and 60 married girls of 15 and 20. Of course there was no viable progeny. The marriage from which the best results may be expected is one in which the man is between 30 and 40 and the woman between 30 and 35, because, at those ages, both parties have reached years of discretion and are in the full maturity of their physical power.

In a few days the Census Bureau promises to put forth a table of the average age at which people contract marriage in this country. Meanwhile, it may be noted that the average age at which women marry in England is 25.5, in France 24.9, in Italy 25.4, in Prussia 26, and in Russia 21; while the average age at which men marry is 27.7 in England, 30.2 in France, 30.2 in Italy, 29.2 in Prussia, 25.2 in Russia.

The action of members in each House of the expiring Congress is not edifying. The work of the session has been in pursuit of partisan policy, and Congress has deliberately ignored patriotism and regard for the public welfare. The incoming administration will, of course, take up free trade, free silver, and the establishment of State banks, decided by the popular verdict in the November election, but aside from these issues there were other subjects of magnitude which required prompt action and determination. Of these were the establishment of a system of national quarantine, the regulation of the impouring immigration from the most obnoxious portions of Europe, and the arbitrament of Congress in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal and its ownership and control by the United States. There is no party feature in these important subjects. There is no excuse on the part of Congress for failure or neglect in dealing with either or all of the three measures. As for the neglect of national quarantine, by which the health of the whole country is threatened, in the face of invasion of Asiatic cholera and other pestilence from Europe and every quarter of the globe, this is due to the utterly selfish insistence of Tammany politicians and their rapacious greed of power and money in the absolute management of the quarantine at the port of New York, through which is disseminated nine-tenths of the infected immigrants, the baggage and goods by which pestilential diseases are introduced on American shores. In the emasculated form in which Tammany permitted it to pass, the Quarantine Bill is national only in name. It has been perverted from the general, salutary purpose for which national quarantine was designed to the degradation of pandering to the most detestable partisan organization in the entire Union. The essential legislation in reference to the ship canal across Nicaragua has been jockeyed and trifled with, and is put off to await the precarious treatment it is likely to encounter at the hands of the incoming Congress, more intent, as it seems, upon the work of providing for the ravening horde of clamorous hunters of office, greedy of spoils, and lustful of public plunder, than of legislating for measures of public good or the welfare of the Union. There are Democratic representatives in Congress, with seats assured in the ensuing session, some of whom are from constituencies on this coast, which is vitally interested in the canal, yet they appear foremost in blocking the way to canal legislation. They have measurably succeeded in this Congress by obstructing the passage of the bill, whether to defer the credit for the succeeding administration or to defeat the construction of the canal, is to be developed. As the record stands, it is fairly to be inferred that they prefer partisan policy to their country. The rabid element of the silver men depart from the plain and just line of the constitution, which makes gold and silver the only money and legal tender of the country; they are not bimetallicists in fact, but monometallicists, with silver alone as the coinage of the government. They obstruct all legislation unless they can divert or constrain it to their own ends. But they are, and they will be, powerless to defeat the rightful, honest, constitutional money of the republic. Gold and silver will finally prevail. Still, it will be interesting to watch the action of the wrangling factions of the triumphant party in Congress upon the absorbing subject of silver. So, too, with the question of tariff and revenue. The Democrats stand committed unqualifiedly to free trade. Let them wipe the very word protection from the books of the United States. Let us see if they have the courage of their convictions. They have been howling for years in favor of free ships. Let them

give us free trade and free ships, or forever hold their peace.

A small lobby, representing a portion of the school-teachers of this city, is asking the legislature to amend the school law so as to provide that a teacher may retire on half-pay after twenty-five years' service. It does not appear that the movement emanates from the great body of teachers. Some high-priced principals, drawing two hundred and fifty dollars a month, are willing to retire on half of that. Those who are working for fifty dollars a month, who feel that they are good for more than twenty-five years' work, and to whom retirement on a stipend of sixty or seventy cents a day does not represent supreme happiness, are not enthusiastic in favor of the proposed system of pensions.

The scheme goes on all-fours with the proposal which was made two or three years ago to pension the police. That attempt was defeated on the ground that a policeman had no more right than any one else to require the public to support him in his old age. If he had not, in the course of his life, laid up savings enough to provide him with shelter, food, and raiment when he was too old to work, the duty of caring for him devolved upon his children or his other relatives. Soldiers occupy different ground. A soldier exposes his life in defense of his country for limited pay; a captain in the army does not get much more than an ordinary patrolman in this city. There is some excuse for pensioning such an officer after he has served forty-one or two years under the flag. Military pensions, moreover, are in part justified by the necessity of getting rid of superannuated officers, so that, in case of trouble, the army shall be commanded by men who are young enough to be active. These reasons, it need hardly be added, do not apply to the one hundred and seventy millions of dollars of pensions granted by recent Congresses to veterans of the Civil War.

Every one would like to see veteran teachers, who have served the city faithfully during their active life, taken care of in their old age. But if we admit the principle that the State owes support to the aged—outside of the regular almshouses—where shall we stop? Every one, in his calling and vocation, is helping the public in some way or another. The doctor serves the public by curing disease; the lawyer, by helping to administer the law; the merchant, by distributing the necessities and comforts of life; the editor, by spreading knowledge; the artist, by disseminating correct taste; the mechanic, by placing the fruits of modern invention within the public reach. All these several persons, after they have reached the term of their usefulness, have as good a claim on public benevolence as teachers. If we pension the latter, common justice dictates that we should also pension the former. We can not make fish of the one and fowl of the other. If the teacher of the three R's has laid the community under an obligation which must be discharged in an annual stipend, so has the man who has cured diphtheria for the better part of a life-time, or the man who has introduced sanitary plumbing into crowded residence quarters.

The question of pensions has been so exhaustively studied by masters of political science that it is pretty thoroughly understood. A pension is a supplement to a salary. A public servant may either be paid such an annual stipend that he should save enough out of it to support him in his old age, or he may receive a pension for doing nothing after his usefulness is exhausted, in which case his pay during his years of activity must be correspondingly docked. We grant a pension to officers of the army after they have passed sixty-two years; but from twenty to sixty-two, we have kept them at work for us at a much lower salary than most of the could have earned in private life. When the San Francisco policemen pleaded for pensions, they were asked whether for the sake of an old-age pension, they would be content to knock off twenty-five dollars a month from their active pay. It need hardly be said that the answer was in the negative. So with the teachers. To retire them on half-pay after twenty-five years' service would call for an annual sum which could probably be provided by a reduction of something like twenty or twenty-five per cent. of their present salary. Would they be content with that?

The time is not propitious for an agitation of the subject of pensions. The United States Government is paying more money to pensioners of a war which ended twenty-eight years ago than Germany is paying for an army which is expected to be able to carry on a war against France and Russia combined. The annual outlay for pensions falls little short of the annual outlay of the government for other purposes. And the system has involved the most scandalous fraud. The case of the man who is drawing a pension for total deafness while he is earning eighteen dollars a week for working a telephone, is only one of many. This has reached such a pass that the word pension has come as odious as the word subsidy.

There is no point on which reasonable citizens are not generally agreed than that school-teachers should be

liberally. A teacher's average stipend is as good a measure of civilization as can be found. It is only in benighted communities, where learning is lightly esteemed, that school-teachers are poorly paid; in enlightened communities the post of teacher, as it should be, is munificently rewarded. When the city of Ancona, in Italy, was at the height of its fame, its citizens boasted that their school-teachers were better paid even than the teachers of Florence, which was the centre of Italian intelligence. But the pay granted to San Francisco teachers should be direct and immediate. They should get it when they earn it. It should not be partly paid in cash and partly in the shape of a contingent pension.

If the paying of pensions were carried to its logical extreme, it would bring about the millennium—for a while. We should all be living on pensions. The deserving editor would retire on half-pay after a quarter of a century's toil. The lawyer, too, would accept from a grateful community one-half of his income, and cease pleading at the bar. The doctor would lump his annual fees, take the moiety of that sum from the State, and cease prescribing pills and potions. The butcher would lay aside the cleaver, and accept half of his annual profits from his well-fed fellow-citizens, to live in ease. So, too, with the baker and candlestick-maker. But after we were all retired, all on pensions, and all on half-pay, there would be a hitch somewhere. Where would the butcher get the money to pay the baker his pension? From the candlestick-maker. Very good. But where would the artist in tallow get the wherewithal to pay the doctor his pension? From the butcher, we fear. Somebody would have to work, or else the world would resemble that celebrated island where the people lived by taking in each other's washing.

Catholic priests and Protestant preachers of Oakland have recently been saying things about the godly men and women of their flocks that the unregenerate satirist, having a desire to be believed, scarce would have dared to utter. Both from the formal pulpit and to the informal newspaper reporter these shepherds have declared church-goers to be mean—how mean the children of the world would never have guessed but for these authoritative revelations. Some of them complain of a chronic plethora of nickels in the contribution plates; some of pennies (good only for postage-stamps in this wildly extravagant region) bestowed by the visiting brother from the Far East when under the expansive influence of religious emotion; some of plugged coins no longer acceptable for car-fare; and the clerical outcry includes even the useful but non-enriching hutton. Father McSweeney, pastor of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, in a set sermon gave a statement of the financial condition of the parish, after which he said that from eighteen hundred to two thousand people seek his church for their spiritual weal every Sunday. Of these, only about five hundred, on an average, give anything at all. Then his reverence added:

"Out of five hundred persons who put something in the contribution-box, four hundred give the smallest coin they can find—a five-cent nickel. About one hundred generously donate ten cents, about twenty-four people give a quarter of a dollar, and, out of the whole two thousand, three or four contribute half a dollar. The big dollar and the gold coins of the realm keep out of the box with marvelous consistency."

Treasurer Barstow, of the First Presbyterian Church, chastened by long experience, confessed meekly to an interviewer that he accepts nickels and pennies with a cheerful heart, praising the Lord, but "draws the line at plugged coin." Pastor Kummer, of the First Methodist Church, the other day had an inspiration of genius. Driven desperate by slim collections, he summoned a number of the members of his church and induced them solemnly to agree to give a specified percentage of their incomes annually. In consideration of their unchristian conduct, Pastor Kummer has styled them the "Society of the Immortals"—a title which delicately conveys his sense of personal gratitude and his official assurance of their reward beyond this life. Rector Ritchie, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, has also solved the problem. He impressed it upon the interviewer that giving is part of the service, "in accordance with the old Jewish custom that no man shall approach his Maker empty-handed." And when the collection has been made, the result is publicly displayed upon the altar. "This," explained the good rector, artlessly, "is why we always have large offerings." It appears that "the average collection in the larger churches of Oakland is about twenty-five dollars, and from that figure the Sabbath-day offering decreases according to the location and size of the congregation."

That is to say, an association of several hundred well-to-do men and women, hound together by a common faith and an avowed purpose to win the world away from evil, think that a weekly assessment of twenty-five dollars—amounting to a few cents each—is as much as ought to be expected of them for the accomplishment of their own salvation and the regeneration of mankind. Truly it is well that salvation is free, else few but the wicked would get to heaven. The good—those

who care not for the things of earth—appear to have a love of money, which is the most earthly of things, that is beyond the comprehension of the worldly. Many a man, no richer than the ordinary Oakland church-goer, considers himself a model of economy if his cigar-bill for a month comes within twenty-five dollars. Almost anybody who is not a manual worker thinks twenty-five dollars a very reasonable charge for a dinner at a good restaurant to which, in a casual way, he has invited two or three acquaintances. To invite a young woman and her mamma to the opera or play, and to treat them properly going and coming, easily involves a cost of twenty-five dollars. What is twenty-five dollars to any man with a civilized income, who has a taste for duck-shooting, or a frequent rural holiday, or old books, or fancy pipes, or boating, or fishing, or other harmless methods of amusing himself? When it comes to being an epicure, or a connoisseur in wines or horses, twenty-five dollars is, of course, mere small change. Men may indulge themselves in all of these things and yet be as decorous in their lives as the dime-adoring gentlemen, equally wealthy, whose sole dissipation is church-attendance and whose sole extravagance is adding small coin to the glittering treasure on the contribution-plate. And is it not remarkable that, of the two classes, the first usually die possessed of the most money? However it may be in the matter of eternal rewards, there can be no question about the relative happiness of these two varieties of the species on this bank of the Jordan. When we turn from the rationally liberal and reasonably self-indulgent to the wicked, the contrast with the pious in the value given lucre becomes appalling. The alacrity and enthusiasm with which the wicked buy their vices are at the antipodes from the spirit that is shown by the godly in their pursuit of spiritual joys. San Francisco pays more in one day for beer and whisky than goes into the contribution-plates of all the city's churches in a year. If the drink bill of the nation for a single twelve-month were turned into the missionary fund, there would be such a boom in evangelization as the harassed heathen has never known—and who shall say what glorious results in conversions might not be recorded?

Vice is hideous and extravagance is to be reprobated; but what would the world be like if it were run on the contribution-plate scale of expenditure? Art, music, letters, would starve; theatres, restaurants, parks, livery-stables, libraries, well-dressed women, ice-cream and other saloons, yachts, hearable steamships—in short, all the luxuries of existence, all that serves to make life worth living, would perish from the globe, the sun become a clipped twenty-dollar piece, and the moon a plugged quarter. It is to be feared that the children of light do not appreciate how much they owe (and have no intention of paying) to the spiritually negligent and the wicked. It is those who spend money that make this planet habitable. The penurious man is a parasite. Precisely as one who does not know where his next meal is coming from may walk the well-paved streets of a modern city, behold stately buildings, gaze in at sumptuous show-windows, stroll through magnificent public gardens, listen to fine music, and drink from sparkling fountains, all without the expenditure of a cent, so does the clutch-penny man of prayer enjoy the comfort and luxury of his time, which comfort and luxury have been created by others for their own and not his delectation.

Heaven forbid that the *Argonaut* should insinuate that meanness and piety are synonyms. It would not be true, for piety has ever inspired the most noble philanthropy, the most unselfish giving. But the virtue of these large souls must not be imputed for righteousness to the ruck of petty, close-fisted, and forbidding little souls of whose pitiful stinginess the clergy of Oakland have been complaining from pulpit and in press. Such human midgets are not mean because they are pious, but pious because they are mean. They separate themselves from the world because it costs money to live in it, and what they seek to disguise to themselves and others as self-denial is but repulsive self-indulgence, of a kind that finds its fullest development in the squalid miser. Even the salvation which they believe they thus insure themselves gives them in expectation no higher joy than the pawnbroker experiences when he calculates the monstrous interest that his small investments are drawing. In the scale of humanity they hold the same place that in the monetary system is held by the nickel, plugged and unplugged.

The California legislature is about to adjourn without having done anything toward providing revenue by the taxation of inheritances. The time which might have been usefully employed in this work has been wasted on buncombe investigations and demagoguery. A valuable reform in the law, which would have swelled the public income without increasing the burdens borne by tax-payers, has been thrown over till 1895. Every civilized country in the world, except a few States of the Union, derives a considerable income from the taxation of inheritances. In England, the "death

duties" are complicated, consisting of "probate, account, legacy, succession, and estate" duties. It would be tedious to explain the working of each. It may suffice to say that, if Jay Gould had died in England, his estate would have paid nearly three millions of dollars in taxes. If he had died in France or in Italy, the tax would have been about a million; but if he had died in the British Colonies of Canada or Australasia, it would have been more than three millions and a half. If he had died in California, it would have been nothing at all. In the countries of Continental Europe, the tax on inheritance and legacies varies according to the closeness of the relationship of the deceased to the heir. In France, for instance, distant relatives pay as much as eleven and one-quarter per cent. In Prussia, heirs and legatees pay from one to eight per cent., according to the closeness of their relationship. In some of the cantons of Switzerland, distant relatives pay from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. Similar laws prevail in Austria, Italy, Spain, Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Russia. Collateral inheritances have been taxed in Pennsylvania and Maryland for a long period of time. Laws taxing them have more recently been adopted in Delaware, West Virginia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Jersey. The rate of taxation is generally about five per cent. In Vermont, a bill taxing inheritances passed one house at the last session, and failed in the other. The inheritance law in New York, which is still on its trial, is now yielding a net annual income of about two million dollars; if it is amended in the direction pointed out by the controller so as to make the tax progressive, and to amount to five per cent. on the estates of millionaires, it will yield very much more. It seems to be assumed in these older States that a progressive inheritance tax, rising with the amount of the inheritance and also in ratio of the distance in kin of the heir or legatee, combined with a judiciously framed tax on corporations, would defray all the expenses of the State governments, leaving real and personal property free to support local governments. Such results could hardly be anticipated in States sparsely settled, and in which the volume of corporate capital is small. But, even in California, a wise inheritance duty would yield a good deal of money and would save just so much to tax-payers.

Public sympathy goes out to Governor McKinley for the loss which has befallen him. It is always sad to see a man who has crossed the median line of life starting again from the beginning. Still, the thing is done every day, distasteful as the experience may be to the doers; if a man have good grit, pecuniary misfortune can never crush him entirely. Poor Rufus Hatch, who has just died in New York, was three times nearly a millionaire, and three times nearly dead-broke. He managed nearly all the time to keep a yacht, carriage and horses, a good house, and a good table.

When a man is broke, the thing he likes least is sympathy which takes the shape of warning for the future. The unforgivable brute is he who goes round croaking, "I told you so." And yet it is due to the inexperienced that such accidents as the one which has befallen Major McKinley should be made to point a moral. He was a man of promise. His abilities were not of the highest order, but they were respectable. He could make a good speech. He was rather a plausible than an exact reasoner, but his stock of rhetoric was copious. He was a genial, popular fellow whom every one liked. Such a man was dead sure, in the ordinary course of events, to acquire a good practice at the bar, to save money for twenty years, and to cut up for half a million or so when he died. He went into politics, and what little money he had earned by his profession has been swept away by a very common vicissitude of business; while, at the same time, the political revolution of last fall leaves him shivering in the cold. Yet he was far more successful than most aspiring politicians.

Some men are born with an irrepressible and insatiable craving for public office. Almost every aspiring lawyer wants to go to Congress. It is only those who have been there who understand that there is nothing in it. A congressman is nobody in Washington. Department clerks will not listen to him. Newspaper reporters beg him to get out of the way. When he rises in the House, the Speaker looks at him in a stony, unseeing way, and recognizes another man who is on the slate for "time." The ambitious congressman soon finds that he can not even air his lungs unless he has some time allotted him by a committee, and that he can not get any time from a committee till he is in his third term. Meanwhile, he is spending more than his salary, and his practice at home is going to the howlows. And that was what was the matter with McKinley's practice.

The cynical philosopher chuckles as he observes the gratified ambition of a man like Judge Maguire. It would be interesting to meet that amiable gentleman about four or five years hence, and to have him compare notes with Judge Morrow on the subject of their respective experiences as members of the greatest legislative assembly on earth.

THE DEATH SPIDER.

Showing How Ysmaela, the Yáqui Maiden, Wove a Potent Spell.

One time I was staying down at the Hacienda del Torreon, in the State of Durango. It belonged to my friend and my family's friend, Mariano Conde.

He and I had been out after *berendas*—lots of antelope and deer still around there—and we got back late Saturday afternoon, just as the *mayordomo* was calling the *raya*. That means what we Americans would say by "giving them their time." He takes the list from the bookkeeper's figures, and compares it with the accounts kept for themselves by the people. As they can not read nor write, they use a system of lines and circles to denote a day, half-day, quarter-day, a *real* (twelve and a half cents), a *medio*, dollars, etc. If the two accounts tally, and they generally do, for these *rancho* folks are mighty honest, then they are paid, sometimes in money, but more generally—the most part, anyway, of their wages—in orders on the *tienda*. These *hacienda* stores make lots of money for the *hacendados*, and keep the people in debt just about as hopelessly as the old scheme of peonage. But the *tienda* at Torreon was very fairly managed, and the people always could have money if they preferred it to credits.

That time, after the *raya* was over, and most of the people had gone lounging away for their one rest of the week—for it is a great mistake to think the *peones* are loafers—they really work like beavers—well, as I was saying, one girl walked up to the *mayordomo* and said something in a low tone.

"Ey? what's that?" said Don Enrique, "thou, Ysmaela, asking for the washing! Are the clouds readying to rain honey? Since when art thou tired of resting?"

We could not hear what she said, but she appeared to be insisting. Don Enrique looked a question at Mariano. Of course the *mayordomo* had the right to distribute the work as he thought proper, but when the *amo* was actually on the spot, it was *compromiso*—that is to say, Mexican etiquette—that the employee should consult the master. Mariano was a good fellow, and he never did or said anything to hurt the feelings of those around him. The *administrador* and the *mayordomo* were both of good families—lots of *gente fina*, men who have spent all their money, are glad enough now to take positions that are considered inferior in Mexico—and Mariano was so good-natured that he let them run things about as they pleased. You might easily have mistaken either one of them for the master. Not that he was careless about his affairs, for he was a sharp, shrewd business fellow. But he had, as the Mexicans say, so much delicacy for them that when he disapproved of their doings, or wanted to make suggestions, he always told them about it privately, and before folks, even before the *peones*, he treated them very respectfully, and appeared to take their advice about everything. Of course that sort of thing is only skin deep, and you can call it insincere, if you want to, but all the same it is mighty pleasant to be treated that way.

Well, so that was why, when Don Enrique Vargas looked that way at Mariano, the *patron* shrugged his left shoulder and threw out his left hand with a gesture that meant: "Oh! I leave it all to you, my dear fellow!" But the little minx had seen the *mayordomo's* look, and she twirled around, as cheeky as you please, and began to discourse him.

"Yes, yes, *chula!* but this is an affair for Don Enrique. He will send thee to the *acequia*, if it seems to him well. But why wishest thou the wash? What spider has bitten thee?"

At that the girl gave a quick jump, as if something had bitten her sure enough, and she turned about the color of Manila paper, as she faced around to the door and made off in no little hurry. The last we saw of her face, the color had not come back to it. We could not help talking about her and her whim, and the queer caper of her leaving like that when Mariano spoke to her. I gathered from what they said that she had known the *administrador* rather better than was good for her, and that her freak about the washing was in order to get away from the house, so she would not have to see and worry over the way that gay blade was now dangling around Simeona, a pretty daughter of old Damasa, the *tortilla-maker*.

That's one thing I never can get used to in these Mexican fellows. I'll turn to look after a woman as quick as any other man, and I don't say that I care for them too high-toned or learned, either. But these servant-women!—strapping, greasy hussies, with every pore in their skins marked out in black, like the lines on "crackle" pottery! They are supposed to have a bath every San Juan (St. John's Day), but I really think with many of them it is only "*cada Corpus y San Juan*" (every Corpus Christi and St. John's Day), and the calendar-makers say that these two feasts fall on the same day only once in three centuries.

Anyway, Simeona was worse than Ysmaela; she was fatter. Ysmaela had a very good figure, though she was very slender. She was pretty, too, all but for a wicked look in her black eyes. I've seen the same look often in bolting horses, when they cock their ears and roll their eyes back to see if you're off your guard or ready for them. I said something like that to Mariano.

"Oh, yes," he said; "you're right. I know it. The girl is dangerous, I am sure—the sort that the Spaniards describe as having 'three black boar's bristles through the heart.' But I don't know, I am sure, what I can do. I wish Cosme were away from here—he is a greater care than all the rest of the *hacienda*. But he will not resign, and I can not dismiss him, *por compromiso*—from that conventional obligation that so fetters and hampers us Mexicans. You Americans would sever it as with a sword-stroke. His father and mine were *compadres*—co-sponsors—and so I must bear with his excesses at my very life's risk. The only good thing is that the girl seems to want to keep away from him and out of mischief. Of course Enrique will let her go with the *lavanderas*—thinkest not that he should, Carlitos?"

Now I want to say, right here, though it has nothing to do with my story, that my name is not Carlitos, nor Carlos, nor Charles in any shape whatever. My true name is odd and uncommon, even in English, and the Mexicans are determined I shall have "a Christian (*i. e.*, saint's) name," so they have saddled several on me. I am generally Ysac, or the diminutive or nickname of it—'Chac, and from that has come my being called "Jack" by Americans. Mariano dislikes Isaac in Spanish as much as I do in English, and so to him I am "Carlos."

A day or two after, we rode around by the *acequia*. By Jove! it was a pretty sight there—I wished I was a painter. The wide, deep ditch, with its white sand bottom, was full of rippling water, humming to itself a little song, and the poplars along the edge keeping time to it, with all their glossy leaves a-clapping like tiny hands. Along the bank, in the fringe of ferns and water-sedges, was a string of women kneeling, some in a sort of scoop made of a goods-box, but mostly in holes hollowed in the sand, for boards are boards in Mexico. Sloping into the water before them, each one had a board or a big flat stone, and on it she scraped, and thumped, and pounded, and paddled the soiled clothes, rinsed by sousing in the water, or by pouring over water with an *olla*, or a painted *ficara*—a calabash. Some used the long, incb-square bars of Mexican soap, others used pounded or grated *amole* (soaproot), but this was mostly for woollens. The women looked well, moving in free, vigorous swings, with their long, black braids swaying, their blue *rebocos* catching the sun, and their bright skirts. Their brown arms and necks showed like bronze above the white chemises, for these *rancho* workwomen do not wear waists or jackets.

When we got to Ysmaela, she saw that she was washing her stent with some herb—a lot of green leaves, pounded.

"*Hola!* here is something new!" said Mariano. "What hast thou there, my daughter? Is it a weed common enough to save me a lot on soap?"

The girl mumbled something about it being scarce—a rare herb.

"Rare! yes, I warrant, your worship," said Ysmaela's right-hand neighbor, looking up with an impudent, leering grin; "too rare to be wasted on common *ropa*. Please, your mercy, it is a pbliter, a love-potion—those are Don Cosme's clothes that she is washing, to coax him away from Simeona."

Ysmaela lifted the linen shirt on her board, sodden heavy with wet, and swung it with a sweeping back-hander that knocked her smart friend head-first into the *acequia*. Ysmaela looked minded to hold her under water, but returned to her task, while her mates pulled out the other, caterwauling.

"I don't like that," said Mariano, as we rode on; "the girl is too quiet by half. If she would rage and storm—but you see she strikes and does not speak. She was brought up here, a baby, by a family from Sonora, and my father always believed she had blood of the Yáquis. They are like that, the Yáquis, silent, sullen, but swiftly, savagely dangerous."

To tell the truth, I did not like it, either.

Mariano liked it so little that when we went hunting again, he made Cosme de la Guerra come with us, to keep him out of mischief. He did not want to come. He disliked any work harder than giving orders or hanging about the women. We rode in buckskin, with flannel shirts. He was in *charro*, it is true; but his riding-suit was elegant black cloth, with all the regulation silver braid and buttons, and he took pains to show off his white shirt and the wristlets of his silk undershirt.

Well, we pushed him hard that day, to pay for his foppery—Mariano dislikes such nonsense. We killed three antelope, and, over a spur of the foothills, we struck a fresh bear-trail that led us up to a stony *mesa*, where the trail and the light failed us together. One of the *mozos* with us was Juan Largo, and he was the worst fellow after bear you ever did see. No wonder, either. If a bear had done to one side of my face what a big silver-tip did to Juan Largo's, I would go hot-foot after every one of the tribe that made me a sight of horror to frighten children.

"With the will of your mercy, we will camp here to-night and follow on in the morning. The *oso* is going home—I see that in the speed of his footprints. With the light, we can go straight to his house."

Of course we agreed. Juan Largo knew his business, and he always did as he pleased with us on a hunt. But Cosme did not like it. He made all kinds of objections, and Juan upset them one by one with good, common-sensible answers.

"Come, come, Cosme, be reasonable," said Mariano; "it is too dark to travel; we would go farther to fare worse. Like we others, thou art hungry. Thou wilt better appreciate Juan Largo's care for us after supper."

Cosme growled something about "rocky ground for *casca-beles*."

Juan Largo came over to him, grinning—a smile made that awful face of Juan more hideous than ever.

"Oh!" he said, "your mercy Don Cosme will pardon. If I had understood that your mercy was so little a countryman, I would have set your fears at rest by lessons of the camp. I will clear the stones from a space for your honor's bed, as for the other gentlemen, and then lay this rope around it. Within its ring you may sleep as in the arms of—your mother. No snake will cross a *cabriesto*, and with reason—but drag your hand across it, and say if you would bear its rasp on your own belly."

It was true enough that Cosme had not known the safeguard of this expedient that every plainsman and mountaineer uses nightly. The ventral sensibility of the serpent race shrinks from the prickling bristles that stand out thickly all over the excellent *lazos* that the *rancheros* weave of horse-hair.

Well, we had supper, then we smoked, and yarned for a while, then rolled out in our *sarapes*. And as for me, I knew no more until Juan Largo shook me awake in the

morning. When I sat up, Mariano and I blinked sleepily at each other, while Juan went on to Cosme.

"His fear of the rattlesnakes did not make his sleep light," said the old *mozo*, grimly; then, as he touched Cosme's hand in turning down the blanket, "*Santo Dios!* come hither, quick, your honor!"

We hurried to him. No man ever was deadlier than Cosme de la Guerra. His light mustache showed bright yellow against his gray face. When the first shock was over—"It must have been a rattlesnake, after all," said Mariano.

"Not so, by your mercy's leave," said Juan Largo; "the *realta* is tight to the ground, as I pegged it down last night. Now that the light is strong—I have been waiting—we will look—I smelled him when I bent above the *difunto*."

"Smelled what?"

But Juan Largo, slowly, cautiously, was opening the clothing of Cosme. Inside the neck of his shirt, far down, was nestled a big and devilish spider that is very rare in Mexico, but whose bite or sting is as deadly as a stroke of lightning.

"They are *caminantes*—great travelers," said Juan Largo, gravely, after he had taken measures to keep the beast from future devilment. "There is," he went on, more slowly, "a strange thing about these *arañas*. There is a weed they love better than a babe loves the milk of its mother. No, your worship, I know not the weed by sight. I know only its smell, and that it is called *la red*—the net—and that the Indians on the Yáqui River strive to rub it on the dress of an enemy—and one of the spiders will find him. Your honor, bend and smell." We bowed above the body of Cosme, and a strange, enticing perfume penetrated to our sense, through and beyond the essences he always wore like a woman. "Your honor, the cucumber smell of the *casacabel* gives warning that the rattler is nigh, and *la red* tells the approach of the Death Spider—to those that know its power."

J. H. A. "DEXTER."

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1893.

LIVING IN LONDON.

The American's Progress from Lodgings to a House of his Own.

Every year sees the limits of the American colony in London extended, and this year has proved no exception to the general rule. It must be understood that when I speak of the American colony I do not mean that aggregation of fortuitous atoms which during the summer months fills the big hotels on Northumberland Avenue, and overflows into the numerous smaller establishments which fringe the Strand and are in effect but boarding-houses, "writ large." I mean, by the term which is so often abused, those of our kin who prove their devotion to the land of their temporary sojourn by braving the fogs and slush of a London winter—nor can proof of devotion go farther than this. Society is what allures some—these as a rule are of the millionaire variety—while business interests in their many forms enchain by far the greater number. As widely differing are the fashions in which these expatriated ones accommodate themselves to the then changed conditions in their manner of living. The millionaires, of course, follow the precedents of their honorable profession, and in Carlton House Terrace, or some other region where rents are nicely exorbitant, they purchase the lease of what the estate-agents term, "a suitable mansion for a nobleman or gentleman," and filling it full of Louis Quinze furniture, a score or two of well-drilled menials, a well-bound library, and an assorted lot of "ancestral portraits," set out to enjoy life in their own modest fashion. This is all very soothing and comfortable, but there is a lack of interest about it to most of us who were not apprenticed to the millionaire trade when we were young. To us, the painters, the company promoters, the scribblers, and the singing men and women, the very savor of life in London resides in experimenting in turn with each one of the various modes of living which it is possible to follow.

When two Englishmen meet in America or some other foreign country, their greeting takes the form either of affirmation as "What a blasted hole this is, old chappie!" or the interrogative, "What on earth brought you to this infernal place, my boy?" Let two Americans meet each other on the Strand and, following the national tradition, they immediately begin swapping questions. "Where do you live?" and "When are you going home?" generally head the list. The second may be pretermitted, but the first is an essential portion of the catechism. It may be answered in a variety of ways, depending upon the degree of veracity and the personal proclivities, as well as the length of residence in London belonging to the questioned one. If he is a mere bird of passage—and these are a species we are not considering at present—he answers: "Oh, at the Métropole or the Victoria"; or else, "Well, I was at the Victoria or the Métropole; but I didn't much care for it, so I've found some very comfortable rooms in Bloomsbury," which means that he is quartered at a cheap boarding-house in that quarter of dismal gentility and moldy respectability. But if he is more or less of a permanent institution, his reply will bring him into one of four classes. He is a dweller in (a) furnished lodgings, (b) furnished chambers, (c) a furnished flat or house, or (d) he has leased an unfurnished house and disposed therein his own goods or chattels. If an old stager, he has probably passed from one class to another, beginning with (a) and working his way by slow but sure degrees to (d), wherein only can full and secure comfort be found. I have tried them all myself at one or another period, and, as the country editor delights to say, "we know whereof we speak."

The "furnished lodging" is the English peculiar institution, for in no other country is it conducted on the same lines. Theoretically, it should be an ideal way of living in a strange city for a brief period. Practically, it affords the minimum of comfort at the maximum of cost. Briefly the system is as follows: You rent two or three furnished rooms in a house, using one as bedroom, the others as dining-

room and sitting-room respectively. You either (if you are a woman) purchase your edibles yourself at the butcher's, baker's, and candlestick-maker's, or (if you are not a woman) you intrust the duty to your landlady. She cooks it for you, and serves it, and there you are! You have all the privacy and comfort of your own house, and are relieved from all the incidental worries of housekeeping. This is the theory. In practice it does not work so smoothly. First there is the question of comparative expense. One pays, say, three guineas a week for the rent of the rooms, and one would imagine that beyond the cost of raw material for dinner and breakfast one's liability ceased. But then you would evidently have not made the acquaintance of the British landlady. She is a whole poem in herself, and one in several volumes. I have an idea myself that, somewhere in one of the deadliest of the deadly lively London suburbs, there exists a training college which every year turns loose upon a defenseless society a horde of graduated lodging-house landladies. They are as much alike in general tone, speech, and gesture as Jesuit seminarists, and, like these, seem constructed on one moral and intellectual plan. They vary only in outward semblance, but within they are cast in the same mold of trickery and sly cunning. If there exist this Landlady's Training College, the most important feature of the curriculum must be the study of "extras." To those who have lived in London lodgings, I need say no more; to those who have not, perhaps, the explanation is due that fifty per cent. at least of one's week's bills consist of extra charges—five shillings for kitchen fire, ten shillings for dining-room fire, sixpence apiece for candles, so many shillings for the washing of linen, so many more for this or that, until one grasps the fact that the nominal three guineas a week must be multiplied by two, in order to represent the actual rent one pays for a small portion of a house, the whole of which is rented for a hundred pounds a year or so. As to the loss by villainous cooking and petty larceny, it is difficult for a sufferer to speak with becoming dignity. No! London lodgings are dear and nasty.

When I first came to London, some fifteen years ago, I lived in "chambers," which means that, in one of the picturesque but moldy and damp old "Inns of Court," I took a set of four unfurnished, dingy rooms, and, furnishing them myself, committed myself to Providence and my "laundress." The "laundress" answers somewhat to the "bedmaker" of one of the universities. She is an aged and snuffy, or youthful and slovenly, female, who does, in more than one sense, for the unhappy bachelor who, for a weekly stipend, engages her conjointly with his chambers. She can make a pot of hitherly black tea and cook a rasher of bacon after a fashion, and she can attempt a steak or chop and boil a sodden potato; but there her culinary powers come to a full stop. Life in chambers has, to a youngster fresh from school, the charm of independence; but to any one else, it is but a step removed from solitary confinement. To an American, there is a sort of traditional charm about it; but this soon palls, in view of the manifold discomforts to which he is subjected.

One generally gravitates from the furnished lodging or from furnished chambers to the furnished house or flat. The latter is so comparatively a modern institution in London that it has not yet become acclimatized, and borrows most of its idiosyncrasies from its exemplar in Paris or New York. But the furnished house will add zest and excitement to the dull existence. It is, in a majority of cases, but a trap for the unwary. As in the case of the furnished lodging, it is theoretically perfect. You pay so many guineas a week for a complete home, and have no bother with taxes, or repairs, or water-rates, or any of the manifold worries which you understand oppress the bosom of the householder. Before you enter on possession of your temporary abiding-place, an inventory is taken of the goods and chattels of the owner. When your tenancy is at an end, this inventory serves to show that you have not feloniously appropriated to yourself that which is not yours. Nothing could be fairer, nothing could be simpler. But you have reckoned, if not without your host, at any rate without the guileful house-agent who represents him. "There is a little matter of dilapidations," says he, and tenders you an account which makes each particular hair on your head run a race with its fellow as to which shall be first to raise your hat up several inches in the air. "There is a spot of grease on this chair." Down goes ten dollars as the price of a new chair-cover. "There is a piece of this dinner-service broken by a careless servant" (a servant probably let with the house, by the way). Down goes the price of a whole new dinner-set. And so on with everything, until your bill amounts to half the cost price of all the furniture in the house. And you have to pay it, too, or come to some compromise whereby the owner keeps the furniture (I forgot to say that the greasy chair-cover and the damaged dinner-set are your property when you pay the sum set down in the dilapidation account), and a liberal sum is paid by you as "damages."

There are in London many worthy widows and orphans who live an easy and comfortable life by letting furnished houses to Americans. The furniture is paid for by two or three successive tenants, and then the affair becomes one of two or three hundred per cent. profit on the capital invested.

I have said nothing as to the only sensible plan of living permanently in London—that of taking a house and furnishing it. This leads up to so many interesting questions—the relative cost of housekeeping as between America and England, the price of furniture, the habits of the common or domestic English servant, and so forth—that I can well afford to wait before attacking it.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, February 6, 1893.

British soldiers will wear seamless socks in future, because they insure greater marching efficiency. The old style of seamed socks chafed the skin and made the soldiers foot-sore; the seamless socks do not. Tenders for the supply of nine hundred thousand pairs, a year's estimated requirements, have been invited by government.

OLD FAVORITES.

Elsinore.

A REMINISCENCE OF BOOTH'S HAMLET.

We sit in breathless silence—
The spell-bound throng around—
Art's magic seals our senses
From manner sight and sound;
And though our forms are surlless
The mimic scene before,
Our souls o'erleap the footlights,
And dwell in Elsinore.

O wondrous, wondrous magic,
That gives the Ideal life;
That wins us from the Real,
Its cares, its toils, its strife.
Time's ocean, slowly ebbing,
Leaves jewel-strewn the shore,
Gives back to us the glories
Of buried Elsinore.

And lo! the Prince of Denmark
Meets our fixed gaze the while,
With eyes whose saddest glances
Are gladder than their smile;
Sublime in mournful beauty,
As when he had of yore,
In majesty and mourning,
The halls of Elsinore.

O rare and royal vision
Thus given to our eyes!
The soul of Shakespeare's shaping
Hath found an earthly guise,
And we, beholding, whisper,
"This is the form he wore,
Who deathless lives in Shakespeare,
Who died at Elsinore."

O manhood, worn and wasted
By anguish and despair!
O words, whose mournful music
Makes sweet the haunted air!
We seem the painted phantoms,
This, the unreal shore,
And there, beyond the footlights,
The true world—Elsinore.

The rest—"the rest is silence,"
The curtain's downward fall,
A fair and noble record
For Memory—that is all.
And we, uprising, murmur,
"Dull life to thee once more,
We come from charmed dwelling
In Shakespeare's Elsinore."—Lucy H. Hooper.

Edwin Booth.

His hark will fade, in mist and night,
Across the dim sea-line,
And coldly on our aching sight
The solemn stars will shine—
All, all in mournful silence, save
For ocean's distant roar—
Heard where the slow, regretful wave
Sobs on the lonely shore.

But, oh, while, winged with love and prayer,
Our thoughts pursue his track,
What glorious sights the midnight air
Will proudly waft us back!
What golden words will flutter down
From many a peak of fame,
What glittering shades of old renown
That cluster round his name!

O'er storied Denmark's haunted ground
Will darkly drift again,
Dream-like and vague, without a sound,
The spectre of the Dane;
And breaking hearts will be the wreath
For grief that knows no tear,
When shine on Cornwall's storm-swept heath
The blazing eyes of Lear.

Slow, 'mid the portents of the storm
And fate's avenging powers,
Will moody Richard's haggard form
Pace through the twilight hours;
And wildly hurdling o'er the sky
The red star of Macbeth—
Torn from the central arch on high—
Go down in dusty death!

But—hest of all! will softly rise
His form of manly grace—
The noble brow, the honest eyes,
The sweetly patient face,
The loving heart, the stately mind
That, conquering every ill,
Through seas of trouble cast behind,
Was grandly steadfast still!

Though skies might gloom and tempest rave,
Though friends and hopes might fall,
His constant spirit, simply brave,
Would meet and suffer all—
Would calmly smile at fortune's frown,
Supreme o'er gain or loss;
And he the worthiest wears the crown
That gently bore the cross!

Be hitherto and bright, thou joyous day
That golden England knows!
Bloom sweetly round the wanderer's way,
Thou royal English rose!
And English hearts [no need to tell
How truth itself endures!]
This soul of manhood treasure well,
Our love commits to yours!

Farewell! nor mist, nor flying cloud,
Nor night can ever dim
The wreath of honors, pure and proud,
Our hearts have twined for him!
But bells of memory still shall chime,
And violets star the sod,
Till our last broken wave of time
Dies on the shores of God.—William Winter.

Among the historical Washington papers is a contract entered into between the father of his country and the foreman of his farm. There is a clause in it which provides that the foreman may get drunk a certain number of times each year without suffering the displeasure of his employer.

The inauguration will cost about \$25,000, half of which will be spent in illuminating and decorating the hall-room.

A DISGRACEFUL ORGIE.

"Flaneur" describes the Debauch Called "The French Ball."

Every year the French Ball is announced as something new, and the evil-minded buy tickets to see a spectacle such as Pelagia gave to impart a filip to the jaded senses of the gilded youth of Alexandria. This year it was more lascivious than ever. Time was when Jim Fisk was the king of the ball. He could not kick himself, but he was a great promoter of kicking in others—in more ways than one. In the glorious days of the British blondes, those business-like young women took in the ball as an advertisement for the charms which the public only knew through loggions. This year it was announced that the performance would surpass anything seen at the Moulin Rouge, and it was privately whispered that the police had especial instructions not to interfere except in the case of fights. In other words, the laws of morality and propriety were to be suspended for that night only.

The consequence was a crowd of vast dimensions. Scores of women wore costumes so scanty that they should at once have been arrested for indecency. A few of the women were masked, and from this it might be inferred that they were "society people." After a tour through the dancing-hall, they seemed glad to take refuge in the boxes, where they were safe from chance-medley caresses. It is not easy to see what attraction a woman can find in beholding other women immodestly clad—or rather half-clad. Real ladies must have found the French hall dull, as Parisian ladies find the masked balls of the *cocottes*. But there lurks in every female mind an insatiate curiosity to inspect, with the naked eye, the doings of the *donne di gioja*—so these closely masked and veiled ladies sat hour after hour in the front of their boxes, reviewing the Bacchantes on the floor, some, perhaps, horrified at that painted blonde, who has just come out of the ball-room perched on her escort's shoulders, with her ankles crossed under his chin.

The theatre, the *demi-monde*, and the *bas-monde* were in great force, with the irresistible Fougère, *chapeau* and all, at their head. They were in every possible costume—from tights to night-gowns. When the music played round-dances, the spectator saw an endless vista of artistic head-dresses, mingled with men's hats; but when square-dances began, there grew out of the mass a forest of trim bottines and iridescent ankles, all flashing, and rising, and falling. Round the highest kickers a serried phalanx of men gathered, holding up hats and champagne-glasses. Each girl, as she approached, gathering her skirts to the knee, flung her whole soul into the kick. If she attained the goal, a shout of triumph arose, which rolled through the room until two waves of men rushed in to see what had happened. The air was full of flying feet and streaming hair.

The wine-room was full all night. It was a champagne revel, and before the festivity marked its height, many of the drinkers had passed the stage of understanding. Men were lying asleep on the floor. These were not infrequently embellished by humorous maskers, who painted their heads and faces with the vari-colored sticks called "grease-paint," used by actors in their make-up. One or two half men thus had their smooth pates decorated with graphic illustrations and sign-boards, and were an unconscious source of delight to hy-standers.

A correct caper for a girl in a box, who had succeeded in kicking a champagne-glass held above a man's head, was to fill the glass and scatter its contents on the people on the floor, and, when they objected, to throw the glass after its contents. Another caper in good form was for two girls to fight a duel with champagne-glasses, and to drench each other's faces with the high-priced liquid. Many a costly gown saw the term of its usefulness that night. About three o'clock, wine and wassail began to interfere with high-kicking. Girls who, during the night, had won a reputation as kickers, succumbed to too much wine, and soon lay masses of disheveled drapery and tights. This was considered very funny indeed by the men.

All this time the din was like the din of battle. Everybody was shouting at the top of his or her lungs, singing, and laughing. Perhaps the most curious feature of the affair was that everybody was in good timbre and effusively affectionate. Some of the women, who were equilibrists, stood on the men's shoulders and balanced themselves with a cane. Others allowed the men to suspend them head downward out of the boxes, the men keeping a firm clutch of their ankles. One, who was popular, set a long string of men in line, and ran up and down, skipping from shoulder to shoulder, like a young antelope.

At five A. M., the music stopped. But those of the revelers who were neither asleep nor inanimate kept up a wild frolic for full an hour later. It was an extraordinary scene. There was hardly a girl whose dress was not more or less in rags. There was hardly a man of whom it could be said with positiveness that he had a necktie on. Numbers of girls had one shoe. Many men had only one tail to their coats. The flotsam on the floor would have delighted the heart of a Bahama wrecker; there were jewels, and laces, and embroidered hosiery, broken corsets, slippers, braids of hair, ribbons, flowers, gloves, all piled in heaps.

At this time, the heat was overpowering and the air was dense with the smell of tobacco and perfumery. Outside, in the open air, it was a muggy, damp, warm morning, with slush and mud underfoot. The cabs, like the dancers inside, appeared to have got into an inextricable muddle. The queue which the New York police generally manage so admirably was missing. It was sometimes possible to get into a cab, but it was almost impossible for the cab to move.

So into the cold, gray, muggy morning plunged the remnants of the revelers. The French ball was over. It was a disgraceful orgie. It was a drunken debauch. It was an affair of which any city should be ashamed. And yet New York—which is the largest and claims to be the greatest of American cities—winks with much complacency at this annual disgrace.

NEW YORK, February 18, 1893.

FLANEUR.

THE WATER DOCTOR.

A Sketch of one of the Phases of Life in Southern California.

"My well has went dry this summer—plumb gave out last month, an' the river three miles away. Hed to rig up a barrel on runners an' haul all the water for the wimmen folks."

The speaker was a new settler in one of the Coast Range valleys of Southern California, far from the great irrigation ditches and prosperous orange-growing colonies. He was talking to a neighbor whose land claim was just over the ridge in a more fertile district. Gloriana, as the new settlement was named, had only two things to recommend it—the climate was fairly good and the land very cheap. Otherwise it was a sorry place. The soil was shallow and very poor; the hills were low, barren, and without streams, so that any irrigation system was impossible. Nevertheless, the Morisons had given up their little home in Northern Iowa and moved to California, actuated by the same motive that often led millionaires—the daughter could not stand the winters. They, and dozens of other families, were scattered through the hills, trying to make a living by chopping wood, keeping bees, and doing a little farming. And now the well had gone dry, adding another burden to those already so severe.

"All the wells hereabouts give out dry seasons," was the answer that Morison received; "there doesn't seem to be any water in the bills this side of the range."

"I don't see what to do, then. Bees was beginnin' to pay, an' I thort of plantin' an orchard down on the bench. There's about an acre of good land down that way. The chickens is doin' pretty well, too, but it do take a dreadful lot of water when you hev to haul it three miles."

"Well, Morison, mebbe Crane, the half-cracked water doctor, down at Sespé, might fix it up. He claims that he can find water; in fact, he does more than that. He's queer and crazy, but for twenty years people haven't been goin' to his cabin after dark, there's so many electric wires and things that might explode underfoot and overhead."

"I don't care," said Morison; "I'll go see him right away."

Dr. Orlando Crane was very tall and shaggy, broad-shouldered, massive, with an immense hooked nose and piercing eyes. He lived alone in a cabin at the head of a ravine, and he had arranged bell and wires along the narrow path so that he had ample warning of the approach of a visitor.

He received Morison with grave politeness, and listened to his story.

"That's all right," he said; "you new-comers in that dry country need help. Certainly you do. But it isn't a little water more or less in your wells that you want; it's a river—a subterranean river—that I might be able to find. If one of my inventions was only a trifle nearer completed, I would make the river for you settlers."

"I hope so, doctor," said Morison, humbly.

"Yes, I will, and pretty soon, too. I'll tell you all about it some of these days. It's only electric action makes water, and the earth is a great electric battery. There's a way to make gold, or diamonds, or mineral water by electric action. I know all about it."

Morison had driven to Sespé, so Dr. Crane, "the world-famous water developer," as his circulars stated, rode back to Gloriana that afternoon, carrying with him a long brass tube filled with clustered and tensely-strung wires. He also had a simple galvanic battery to which the wires could be attached. A number of the settlers of the mountain region assembled the next day to witness the operations of the necromancer, who fully appreciated his importance and surrounded his mystic art with every accompaniment of surprise. He showed the wondering company that as he approached a vessel of water the wires grew tenser, and fairly sang like violin strings.

"I must say it's providential we heard of you," said Mrs. Morison, with heart-felt earnestness and entire conviction.

The Water Doctor finally began active operations at the lower corner of the Morison land claim, and walked back and forth across it in various directions. At last he paused, high up on the hill-side, and told his followers to observe the behavior of his instrument. There certainly was an electrical disturbance of a very violent sort, he said, and they were standing over an underground reservoir. He marked the exact spot, and the men began digging with violent energy, while the women and children sat on the slope and awaited results.

The doctor encouraged them by stories of his previous exploits. "There's no chance of failure with this electrical machine of mine. I call it the 'infallible water indicator.' The old forked stick of hazel will sometimes turn over water, but my way is a heap better. I know exactly how far you have got to dig, and exactly how much water you'll find. I always know. Then, too, this machine tells me when I am over any mineral, such as gold and silver, and how far off it is, also how large the quantity. I should have been a rich man long ago, if I wasn't so honest. I know of one man down at Sespé who has a mine on his land worth a million dollars. I offered to show it to him for half, but he offered me only ten per cent., and, of course, I let him simmer awhile. But I came out to give you new-comers a lift without any charge, except nominal, because you're a different kind."

After awhile the strain of excitement grew too great for speech; the men were far down in the pit they were sinking, and every few minutes they were relieved by others. Ten feet, twenty feet, thirty feet—a rude windlass had long been brought into use. Suddenly a hoarse cry rose from the well: "Water! Water!" An ample spring in a channel of rock had been uncovered in such wise that it was certain that a cut could be made so as to let it flow to the very door of the Morisons.

The old doctor's eyes fairly blazed with excitement. Any

physician trained in obscure mental disorders would have recognized cerebral trouble in his look and manner. He burst forth into a shout of victory.

"Edison ought to be here!" he cried. "The man is all wrong on electricity. So are the rest of them. They have no system. I can make power direct from raw material. I can take the electricity straight out of the coal, without burning it. I can set a machine at work making water wherever a man wants it. This is the way nature does in the heart of the earth. Rivers are being created by electrical action in caverns where not a drop of rain water can ever sink. This spring we have found has nothing to do with the surface, and is not fed by rains; it is created by electrical action between two kinds of rock, and it will flow alike at all seasons."

The settlers listened in dumb amazement, but with full faith in every word. They named it the "Crane Spring," and praised him with hearty enthusiasm. They feasted him on the best they had, escorted him back to Sespé, and went away firm champions of the Water Doctor.

Dr. Crane was a man of more than ordinary ability, but his education had been slight, and his powers were entirely unbalanced. Whether he really had the sensitive organization of the true seer, whether he was deceived or deceiver, sane or not wholly himself, no human being will ever know. But the records of whole districts, and even counties, remain to attest to the wonderful discoveries of hidden water that he managed to make at intervals, in many places, far apart. He made some egregious failures, also; and in time the community was divided into two nearly equal bodies, respectively arguing for and against his honesty. Meanwhile he still dwelt in his lonely cabin, brooding over a larger enterprise.

What was the use, he argued, of finding a spring now and then, or telling some poor settler where to find his well? Why not develop at one stroke a river—a large river in the Mojave Desert—and so reclaim hundreds of thousands of acres of rich land? By dint of earnest representation of the fortunes to be obtained, he succeeded in enlisting the help of a number of poor settlers in the vicinity of Sespé, Gloriana, and other places. They agreed to go with him to the Mojave Desert, dig a great pit in the spot chosen by the doctor, and there develop the hidden river. Then, filing claims on the adjacent lands, they would lay out a town, and establish a colony.

Thus it happened that a few weeks later the *Weekly Venturan* published an article that startled the people of three counties. It was headed in full-face screamers:

ORLANDO THE PROPHET.

HE SUCCEUMS TO OUR INTERVIEWER.

ARE WE ON THE VERGE OF A VAST INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION?

THE SAGE OF SESPE SAYS WE ARE.

These sentences, printed in the largest available type, loomed over a three-column article that was, in its way, a masterpiece. Whoever wrote it had a fresh, vivid genius for expressing the situation. Crane's personal appearance, the very tones of his voice, his mingling of charlatan and fanatic, his whole nature and history, stood out as under a calcium light.

"Doctor Crane," said the reporter, "consented at last to disclose the scientific principles upon which he worked, yielding to the argument that no one but himself could apply them."

"The ebb and flow of electricity makes and unmakes from the simple elements all forms of the animal, vegetable, and mineral world. My discovery that the mineral that we call water is formed in immense quantities in the earth, by electrical currents, was followed by the greater discovery that all minerals are made in the same way. By modifying my apparatus for ascertaining the presence of water, I was able to discover the exact distance of deposits of minerals, also their nature and quantity. Proceeding a step further, I became able to find certain places in caves and narrow cañons where the natural flow of the electric current caused the slow deposit of various minerals. There are mines in the Sierras where gold is regularly and consistently formed in the lower levels."

"After the hidden river of the Mojave is revealed, I shall find mountains of the precious minerals. The next thing will be to make trees grow to full size in a day or an hour. That will take larger machinery, but it can be done. The full control of animal life will take still longer."

"But what is the underlying principle, doctor?" asked the reporter. "Haven't I made it as plain as a primer? Don't I say it is electricity, and nothing else? If I can handle it, I can get away with all the rest of them."

"You certainly will; but how do you handle it?"

"To tell you the truth, it is a personal gift. I spin fine wires of steel and stretch them with other metals into an instrument that I call my 'diviner.' Then I tune it with whatever I want—water, or iron, or gold, or any other metal—and fix it permanently on that key-note. After that, wherever I take it, it responds to that, and that only. This is the way I make my instruments, and as I don't really suppose any one else can do it, I have never applied for a patent. Of course, if I said much about these matters, people would think I was crazy. So I expect to find the river first, then I can do more."

"Tell me about the river."

"I heard it a few weeks ago, on the Mojave Desert. It is several hundred feet wide and twenty feet deep, flowing far under ground, except at one place, where it can be reached easily. Within a year after its discovery, thousands of farms will be taken up, and the desert will become one of the gardens of the world."

The *Venturan* explained at much length the inventor's theories of colonization, and ended by advising those who had leisure and a little money to spare to "take a trip to the Mojave to watch the modern Moses perform his great transformation act."

November saw a hundred pioneers gathered at the mouth of a rocky ravine, at the end of a chain of rocky mountains that thrust themselves far into the desert. Their horses were staked out in the midst of cactus and yuccas; wagons full of hay, water, provisions—hailed twenty-five miles from the nearest oasis—were scattered about the camp. Dr. Crane had chosen the place and marked the exact spot where he said the river was hardly fifty feet underground. The men dug through several feet of hard sand, then reached a tough, red clay. They toiled in a great pit, that steadily descended, until one nightfall the doctor announced that on the morrow the river would be reached. He marked the course of the coming river across the barren descent and far out on the plain; the wagons were moved

to a place of safety, and every thought was given up to rejoicing.

At midnight the wind changed; the temperature fell sharply; an old prospector, who had spent half his life in the Arizona deserts, woke, and went from man to man, rousing them to bring in the animals and seek shelter among the higher rocks away from the mouth of the ravine. "There is a storm coming!" he cried. "I have seen storms in such places before now." By dint of much energy he was at last able to move the party out of the direct sweep of the cañon.

Presently the storm arose, terrible as the desert itself, heralded by a mighty wind, darkened by wild clouds and blinding sheets of rain. Just at break of day, when the storm was at its height, while the desert for miles was under water, while the railroad track was being swept away, and the hills were being furrowed by thousands of new channels, there came a louder noise from the deserted pit in the ravine. The men, clinging to shelters among the great boulders on the hill, saw a high, white wall of water moving like a flash across the flat, as if new risen from the chasm they had cut with their shovels.

"It is the river bursting out!" cried Dr. Crane, leaping forward to meet it, and stumbling into the foaming current.

"It's a cloud-burst, boys, and the old doctor's gone forever!" shouted the prospector, as he rushed vainly from his shelter.

By an hour after sunrise the water had spread far over the plain and disappeared from sight, the sky was clear, the storm was ended. A mile distant, upon the drenched sand, the body of the Water Doctor was found, and laid to rest on the hill-side. Rudely carved upon a granite boulder, the epitaph still remains to arouse the curiosity of an occasional hunter or prospector: "Orlando Crane, Water Doctor. Drowned in the Desert." Date and age follow, and that is all.

The followers of the dead man continued to sink the pit until it was far below the assigned depth. Some of them gave up, then; others continued to toil on in dogged despair; a few declared roundly that they might bore to the middle of the earth before they found water. One after the other the followers of the late Orlando Crane collected their horses from the plain, gathered up their belongings, and abandoned the water claim in the Mojave. They drifted back to the fertile valleys of the coast, and, little by little, the memory of the episode passed out of the thoughts of men, until, even in Gloriana, the waters that once gushed from beneath the magician's rod have lost their earlier name, and are now the "Morison Springs."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1893.

For one of his orders, General Pope was "outlawed" by the Confederate President, though the rapid progress of the campaign prevented its having any practical effect. The order was one which directed all male citizens to be sent beyond his lines who would not take the oath of allegiance, and declared that they should be treated as spies if they returned without permission. What the laws of civilized warfare tolerate when the hostility of citizens becomes annoying to an army is by no means easy to settle. The practice of armies is much severer than the rules laid down by theorists. In the "Life of Stonewall Jackson," by his widow, the fact is revealed that Jackson advocated fighting under the "black flag" and giving no quarter to invaders. This will silence all criticism of Pope by Southern men. The practice of Confederate officers in districts which they regarded as rebellious to their government—*e. g.*, East Tennessee and West Virginia—was quite as harsh as anything complained of by them. In that same year, 1862, the Confederate forces were for a short time in possession of the Great Kanawba Valley, and George Summers, known before the war as one of the foremost men of all Virginia, was forced to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy by the threat that he would be tied to the tail of a wagon and marched over the mountains on foot to Richmond. An elderly and rather corpulent man, he regarded it as a sentence of death, and took the oath to avoid it. Such things are not lovely to recall, but, if told, they must be told of both sides.

In the Buddhist country of Ladak, or Western Tibet, the traveler is constantly encountering by the wayside some signs of the fantastic creed of the Lamas—altars, images, praying-wheels, praying-flags, praying-walls, and other strange objects; and, if one judged from the multitude of these, one would conclude this to be the most religious country in the world. Most of the devotion of this strange people is literally carried on by machinery. Wheels containing rolls of prayers are turned by water power, and every time the wheel revolves it is working out the salvation of the man who put it up. On the tops of the houses wave flags inscribed with prayers, performing a like function; while many other artifices are employed to hasten the "Perfect Rest."

Modern cutlers despair of reproducing the ancient sword-blades of feudal Japan, as modern artificers in iron despair of imitating the artistic sword-guards of that country. According to tradition, the test of the ancient Japanese sword was even more rigid than that of the Saladin's blades. It was enough if the latter would cut in twain, at a single blow, a down pillow, thrown in air, but the Japanese blade, suspended horizontally beneath a tree, must sever any leaf that, falling, should accidentally light upon the edge of the weapon.

There is prospect of early legislation in the Australian colonies designed to put a practical veto on immigration. The labor situation is extremely unsatisfactory, and the unemployed march almost in regiments from one colony to another demanding work.

IN A FRENCH CONVENT.

How the Girls Nibble at the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

The school had not yet opened for the winter session when I entered (writes Gertrude Blake Stanton in the *Independent*), and I thus had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the sisters. They wore a singularly picturesque costume—a gorgeous red and blue Maltese cross covered the entire breast and enlivened the usual sombre black and white of the conventual habit. The sisters who taught were called "Mme. Marie Veronique," "Mme. Uranie," etc.; those who attended to the housekeeping and bousework were called simply "Ma Sœur." Reigning supreme over sisters and school was "Notre Mère Supérieure," addressed by all alike as "Ma Mère," a stately, gracious woman, with a smooth, rounded face, an expression and bearing indicative of the will accustomed to command. A glamour of something like royalty surrounded the mother superior; her private apartments were quite sumptuously furnished, in marked contrast with the dormitories where the sisters and girls slept together. When she appeared for a short time daily in the school-room, we all arose to receive her, and a hush of reverent respect settled upon the usually noisy school-room. At such times, she was always gracious; but she had her first and second lieutenants, through whom she made known her sovereign will and pleasure. The lieutenants were envied, distrusted, and often disliked by the other sisters; but an admirable *esprit de corps* kept these feelings well in check. Shut off as it was from the real world, the convent was no less a little world within itself.

The first intimation of the rôle I was to play in the school came to me through one of the sisters on the day before the return of the pupils. "Notre Mère," it seemed, had been considering the situation, and decided that the open presence of a Protestant among the girls was pernicious and would endanger the reputation of the convent. So I was told that I must conform to all the religious usages of the school, and must not let the girls suspect that I was a Protestant. I had no objection to conforming to the religious practices out of courtesy; but I feared that the girls would soon notice that I had not been accustomed to them. I was assured, however, that they would never think I could be a Protestant, "as only common people are Protestants, you know."

"But if they ever ask me directly?" I demurred.

"Well, isn't your church sometimes called Catholic? Tell them you are a Catholic, and say no more."

"I should be attempting to deceive, which is lying, is it not, madame?" I mildly suggested.

"Well, well, if you are so scrupulous, don't answer at all, but send them to me when they ask you questions about your faith."

So I often heard her explaining that I did not go to confession when the priest came to confess the girls, because I preferred to go to a church where the priest spoke English. As I spent Thursday, half-holidays, and Sundays with my parents, I was supposed to utilize these occasions for my pious duties.

Upon returning to the convent early one Thursday evening, a young man, a friend of the family, accompanied me to the outside door. The head of one of the sisters appeared at the inside grating, the outside door swung open, and I was ushered in, but not before some one of the girls in passing had caught a glimpse of a man's hat or had heard a man's voice. The next day I was plied with questions by the girls. "Yes, a young man had brought me to the door." "But he was a cousin," the sister supplemented, with a warning look in my direction.

One of the children once asked another sister if it were well always to tell the truth. "By no means," she answered; "it is only a sin to tell an untruth when it injures some one. It is often better not to tell the truth when it will be misunderstood, and we can not say what is true when we *plaisanter*."

I was allowed to receive occasional visitors in the large drawing-room, and I was frequently astonished to find that the sisters had some occult knowledge of what went on during these visits. The drawing-room had heavy curtained doors on one side, and, on the other, the silent chapel. There was a window from the chapel to the drawing-room, but it was hung with rich, heavy tapestry. I was examining the beauty of this tapestry one day from the drawing-room side—how the petals of those gorgeous roses stood out; I touched one of them, it lifted and disclosed a perfectly arranged peep-hole. There was no glass in the lower sash of the window. I got an excellent view of the dimly lighted chapel, the altar with its exquisitely rich coverings of lace, the poetic spot of soft red light in the swinging wrought-iron lamp, at the far end the dark figure of a nun kneeling on a *prie-dieu*, a rapt face behind the close white bonnet—an idealization of worship. I dropped the petal, but what I had learned *sub rosa* was not so easily dropped from my mind. At last I spoke of it to one of the sisters. "Yes," she said; "it is often very necessary to know what goes on between the pupils and their visitors."

"But to spy from the chapel, surely, madame?"

"What duty could be more sacred than the care of the young?" was her reply.

After this I became keenly alive to the systematized espionage which was carried on about me. I had wondered what possible pleasure there could be in the whispered rendezvous which the girls gave each other: "Meet me in such a corridor, at such a time." "Ask to carry something to your room," etc. Having accepted several of these trysts, I found that the sole excitement lay in having a few words entirely unobserved, and more than all in outwitting the authorities. Frequently, however, we would be surprised by one of the sisters coming suddenly upon us, the felt shoes that she habitually wore giving no warning of her approach. I found that intimate friendships between the girls were never allowed. If one girl showed a decided preference for another, they were separated.

French girls have little curiosity in regard to foreign life and people. They have a contempt for anything that is not French, and will say that it is *pas français* of anything that is hideous or barbarous. But I found they had another sort of curiosity which they imagined an American girl, on account of her greater freedom, could gratify—*i. e.*, curiosity in regard to the relations of the sexes, which has been morbidly over-stimulated by absolute reticence and mystery. And still the mothers and teachers, pastors and masters, go on prating about "guarding the precious innocence of the *jeune fille*." What the *jeune fille* most needs is truth in regard to her physical life, truth direct from a mother's lips to satisfy her instinctive and natural curiosity. What she gets in her education is suggestion which works its subtle way upon developing instincts, until her mind is filled with a fabric of ignorant sensuality, in place of the supposed innocence. As an illustration of this sort of suggestion: the bath-tubs in the convent were hoarded over, leaving just room enough to get into them, and the girls were compelled to bathe in long night-gowns. The motive of these regulations, I was told, was to engender modesty.

I have forgotten how many times a day we said prayers; but it is just as well, for the exact number would sound incredible. While we dressed in the morning, we kept up a running fire of short prayers aloud, led by the attending sister. "Je vous salue Marie, plein de grace," etc., over and over again, while stockings were drawn on, or light locks and dark combed, or fresh young faces doused in the washing-trough, for the *dortoirs* were not luxurious in their appointments. Then, in a louder tone, the sister would change the note: "St. Joseph" (or some other saint), "priez pour nous; St. Joseph, priez pour nous," at such a lightning, rapid rate that the tongue and facial muscles of the one American girl needed several months' practice before they could keep pace. It was an excellent drill in mere facility of speech for her; but what purpose could this perfunctory repetition serve for the other girls? "They would have to talk about something, and it is better they should say good words than idle ones; the rapidity makes it lively and interesting," said the little nun. Then came the half-past six o'clock mass, afterward a generous bowl of delicious chocolate, with a piece of dark, nutritious bread to be broken into it. One of the children said grace at all the meals. There were, of course, prayers at the opening and closing of school. At the afternoon recess, when we were turned into the walled inclosure called the garden, with a thick slice of bread and a piece of chocolate, or some figs, our first duty was to rush to the figure of the Blessed Virgin in her shrine and rattle off an *Ave*. Some of the girls would cross themselves with their sticks of chocolate, and others would mumble the words through bread and figs. After *gouter*, came the rosary, said aloud in the school-room, which, with its tedious reiterations, lasted about twenty minutes; then lessons went on again until the hour for penmanship, when we practiced our pens in the formation of all manner of ornamental script, which we were supposed to find useful in keeping accounts, writing menus and programmes, but which always took my fancy back to the days of fine leisure, when comfortable monks drowsed over illuminated missals. During the hour for needle-work which followed, the girls read aloud from the lives of the saints, but no one listened especially, unless the martyrdoms became sensational in character. At seven o'clock we had a very excellent dinner, and afterward a half-hour of talk or games, followed swiftly by an "office" in the chapel. Then, in long, serpentine file, we climbed the stairs, chanting prayers, a sister, with a tiny lamp, ahead, her counterpart bringing up the rear. Within the *dortoirs*, the signal was given by the sister, and the prayers for the night were reeled off while we undressed.

There were, of course, special holy days and seasons, when the "offices" in the chapel would be more frequent. It was during one of these special seasons that a bright little girl remarked, upon hearing the number of extra prayers we were to say during the day: "Tiens, c'est trop! Moi, je crois que nous ennuyons le bon Dieu enfin!" ("Why, the good God will be awfully bored by the end of the day!") The same little girl announced, one evening, as the children were disputing over their favorite saints: "Moi, j'aime mieux le Saint Esprit; comme il est joli, ce petit pigeon blanc!" ("Now, I like the Holy Ghost best; he's such a dear little white pigeon!") And these pleasantries passed unrebuked by the presiding sister, who joined in the laugh.

There were classes, to be sure, between the prayers, the sisters, with a few exceptions, conducted them. There was one man-teacher, a little parchment-faced professor, who came in twice a week, and while one of the sisters sat in the room knitting, he unfolded to the class in French literature the mysteries of the three unities, and dwelt upon the beauties of the great Corneille. Music was taught by a Frenchwoman from the outside world, who rushed me through a thick book of exercises and gave me the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" to sing, after I had had a month's cultivation. I also had a florid, operatic rendering of the Lord's Prayer, with which the sisters were so pleased that they wanted me to sing it in chapel.

Yet for all this, it was possible for a bright French girl to get a fairly good education in the convent. One of the girls was coached to the point of passing very creditably the public examination at the Hotel de Ville. After she had succeeded, she made a pilgrimage with one of the sisters to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where she offered flowers and a thank offering at the shrine of "Our Lady." A pretty touch of sentiment. It is in such appeals to the feelings that the strength of the Roman Catholic Church lies; she offers many an outlet for pure, elevated emotion which other churches starve. There is thus often a color and warmth about the religious life of her children which we of the Puritan traditions can not realize. Yet the same girl who so prettily bent the knee before the Virgin's shrine had a knowledge of evil, a sensuality of nature, and a fertility in deception equal to many a woman of the world. She seemed typical of the convent-bred French girl.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The King of Wurtemberg, it is stated, is the only crowned head that wears the monocle.

The Duchess of Fife, otherwise Princess Louise of Wales, is preparing to add to the great-grandmotherly responsibilities of Queen Victoria.

The Prince Regent of Bavaria has ordered the name of Dr. Herz to be stricken from the roll of the Knights of the Order of St. Michael.

Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse, is seventy-two years old. She takes her baptismal name from the Italian city in which she was born.

It is related of Disraeli that while standing in a painter's studio before the picture of a girl, the daughter of a fisherman on the seashore holding a shell to her ear, he was asked to give it a name. The writer of "Lothair" picked up a scrap of paper and pencilled "A Message from the Sea," a title the painter eagerly adopted.

Mr. Edward W. Bok says that Robert Louis Stevenson smokes two hundred cigarettes a day. Granting that he passes eight hours of the twenty-four in bed, and three in bathing, shaving, eating, etc., it would seem that the brilliant Scotchman must smoke fifteen cigarettes an hour, or one every four minutes, without cessation, from breakfast to bedtime. This is obviously absurd.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are about to make a long yachting tour in the Mediterranean. They will stop at Naples, and it is possible that they may visit Rome, as the princess has never been there, and has a great desire to see the Eternal City. They will, also, visit Corfu, where the Empress of Austria has invited them to pay her a visit at her wonderful palace on that island.

Great regret is felt in Austria, especially in Vienna, over the death of Daniel Spitzer, the novelist, and one of the brightest writers for the Vienna press. His satirical "Vienna Promenades" first made him famous in the land of his birth. He was often compared with Heine. Among his other works are "Das Herrenrecht" and "Verliebter Wagnerianer." Spitzer was born in 1835.

Mrs. Margaret Cassidy Gillespie, who was born in Ireland one hundred and three years ago, has just died at Upland, Pa. She was baptized by John Wesley, who also officiated at the marriage of her parents. Notwithstanding this fact, she remained a member of the Episcopal Church all her life. At her death she was the possessor of a complete set of the "Journals of John Wesley," which are of considerable value.

The Countess Louise Cianciana, it is stated, now sells matches on the steps of the Palace of Monte Citorio, where the Italian legislature meets, a body over which her husband presided as speaker some years ago. The count was also one of Garibaldi's most distinguished associates, mayor of Rome, etc., all of which is duly set forth upon a placard which the countess wears hung around her neck while having matches for sale.

Albert Menier, son of the famous Paris chocolate manufacturer, has bought the house of the Baron de Gunzburg, 15 Avenue du Bois du Boulogne. Baron de Gunzburg built this house at a cost of one million dollars, but the failure of the Gunzburg Bank, in Paris and St. Petersburg, has compelled him to part with all his property. The Baroness de Gunzburg, *née* Goldschmidt, is one of the noted Parisian beauties, but she accepts comparative poverty with grace and courage.

The Pope is about to make his appearance as the defendant in a lawsuit. The action is brought by the heirs of Mme. la Marquise de Pleins-Bellaire, who bequeathed large sums of money and a magnificent hotel in Paris to the head of the Catholic Church. The court at Montdidier has already decided in favor of the Pope; but the appeal will come before the courts. The plaintiffs' case is that the Pope, being a foreign sovereign, can not inherit in France. We shall hardly be prejudicing the case by pointing out that the Pope is not a sovereign at all.

Paderewski was invited to tea by a New York millionaire, and the pianist rather coldly referred his intended host to his agent at Chickering Hall. When the agent was seen, the first question he asked was: "I suppose Mrs. V. will expect Paderewski to play?" "I suppose so." "Then M. Paderewski will accept your invitation as an engagement." "Oh, very well, if you prefer to put it that way," returned the millionaire; "what are the terms?" "Three thousand dollars for one piece, and M. Paderewski will consent to a single encore!" The terms were not accepted.

In addition to the betrothal of Prince Adolphus of Teck to the Prince of Wales's elder daughter, rumor persistently asserts that Prince Francis of Teck, lieutenant in the Royal Dragoons, wants to marry the Hon. Nelly Bass, only daughter of Lord Burton, who made millions out of beer and was made a peer only a few years ago. Apparently the British royal family is prepared to move with the times. One brother of the Marquis of Lorne, husband of the queen's daughter, is a stock-broker in the city of London, and another is a barrister practicing in India. The Duke of Fife, who married the Prince of Wales's eldest daughter, makes a modest income as director of public companies, and Lord Lorne supplements his official and family allowances by similar means. Prince Francis of Teck's matrimonial designs need not, therefore, be dismissed as wildly improbable, in view of the fact that the lady would bring him a dowry of not less than five millions of dollars, and, after all, Prince Francis is only a second-rate royalty, his official style being serene highness.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. John Addington Symonds has had an unusual experience with an Edinburgh compositor. One of this eminent author's books was in course of printing when the Scotch compositor, not feeling quite satisfied with the moral tone of the "copy," wrote to Mr. Symonds in the Tyrol, communicating his scruples as to proceeding with its composition. The Ballantynes dismissed the printer; but Mr. Symonds sent him a courteous note in answer to his letter.

Among the articles in *Harper's Magazine* for March are the following:

"Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa," by Henry M. Stanley; "Washington Society," 1.—Official, by Henry Loomis Nelson; "The Escorial," by Theodore Child; "An American in Africa," by Richard Harding Davis; "Our Own Riviera," by Julian Ralph; "The Refugees,"—Part III., by A. Conan Doyle; "Horace Chase,"—Part III., by Constance Fenimore Woolson; "The Face on the Wall," by Margaret Deland; and poems by Richard Burton and W. D. Howells.

Dr. George Macdonald's "Heather and Snow," at present running in a Glasgow weekly, will be published in book-form by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

An interesting lot of new books is announced for early publication by D. Appleton & Co., among them "Commander Mendoza," by Juan Valera, author of "Pepita Jimenes," translated by Mrs. Serrano; and the "Autobiography of Dr. Georg Ebers," which will be uniform with the same publishers' regular edition of his works. A third edition of Maarten Maartens's "God's Fool" is on the press.

Le Franco-Américain is the title of a new semi-monthly paper, published in Paris, which has for its purpose the promulgation in France of information about the World's Fair at Chicago. The text is printed in French and English in parallel columns.

The latest addition to Harper's Franklin Square Library is a novel by H. B. Finlay Knight, entitled "A Girl with a Temper." It is said to be an uncommonly good piece of story-telling.

The following statement is published by request:

"17 MADISON PLACE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 1. 'The public advertisements of many 'biographies of James G. Blaine,' pretending to be 'authentic' and 'authoritative,' compel me to state that no biography or 'life' and work of Mr. Blaine is authorized or approved by myself or any member of Mr. Blaine's family; that no manuscript by Mr. Blaine or any private letter or paper of Mr. Blaine's or any material for biography has been given out to any one. If in the future any 'authentic' or 'authorized' biography should be prepared by competent authors, it will be authenticated and authorized by myself."

"HARRIET S. BLAINE."

The Appletons will soon bring out "The Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople," by Mrs. Minto Elliot.

The *Argonaut* of December 5, 1892, contained a story entitled "A Burglar," by John Bonner, which was reproduced with due credit in the *Chicago Herald*. We now find it again republished as a prize story in the *London Titbits*, without either credit to the *Argonaut* or the name of the author. It is prefaced by the following announcement:

THE PRIZE TITBIT.

The following has been judged by the arbitrators to be the best sent in, and has, therefore, gained the prize. A check for one guinea has been forwarded to the sender, Mr. G. H. Tomlinson, 1316 Omaha Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

We congratulate Mr. Tomlinson, who is a worthy gardener at Los Angeles, on the receipt of his guinea—if he gets it. We likewise congratulate the editor of the *Titbits* on his judgment in the matter of stories, and we hope that some day he will become as honest as he is judicious.

Among the portraits given in *Harper's Weekly* this week is one of the late Mrs. William C. Whitney.

Up to Date is the *fin de siècle* title of a journal just started in London. The proprietors state that they advertised their willingness to pay five pounds to any one who guessed the correct title of their forthcoming publication, and out of several thousands of post-cards several individuals guessed the right one.

Dr. Georg Ebers, being a wise financier as well as an entertaining novelist, does not intend to let other people make money out of the interesting narrative of his experiences on this round world. He wants it himself. He has, therefore, taken Time by the forelock, and is about to publish his autobiography. The American edition will be brought out by the Appletons.

In one of the letters of Flaubert, just published, occurs this passage: "The main thing in the world is to keep one's soul in a lofty region far from the

slimy depths of industrialism and democracy. The cult of art inspires pride, and one has never enough pride." To Mrs. Tennant, he wrote: "There is just one rule for artists: Be as regular and orderly in your life as a business man, so that you may be violent and original in your works."

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has written a three-part story entitled "Priscilla's Love-Story," which is to be published in *Harper's Bazar*, the first chapter appearing in the issue for February 18th.

In their Great Commanders Series, the Appletons will soon issue a volume on General Jackson, by James Parton. Mr. Parton finished writing the book a short time before his death.

Mrs. Isa Carrington Cabell's book of outdoor sketches, entitled "Seen from the Saddle," has just been published in Harper's Black and White Series. Among the works of fiction just published by Harper & Brothers are "A Golden Wedding, and Other Tales," by Ruth McEnery Stuart; William Black's new novel, "Wolfenberg"; "From One Generation to Another," by Henry Seton Merriman; "Catherine," by Frances M. Peard; and "Time's Revenge," by David Christie Murray. They have nearly ready "The World of Chance," by W. D. Howells; "White Birch," by Annie Eliot; and "Katharine North," by Maria Louise Pool.

A volume of short stories by Thomas Hardy, J. M. Barrie, Clark Russell, and others will be brought out by the Appletons, with the title "Stories in Black and White." It will have portraits and illustrations.

The "Omar Khayyam Club," founded in London not long ago, is said to be increasing in numbers and influence. It is sardonically pointed out that well-known men in art and letters thereat assemble, partly for the purpose of delivering neat speeches in praise of Omar Khayyam—and each other.

New Publications.

"Figaro Fiction" is the title of a volume containing forty-two tales by J. Percival Pollard, Harold R. Vynne, Tom Hall, Frederic Mayer, Austyn Granville, and others. They are uneven in merit, the best of them making up in originality what they lack in literary skill. Published by W. J. F. Dailey, Chicago.

A pamphlet containing "Introductory Lectures on the Oxford Reformers, Colet, Erasmus, and More," delivered in Philadelphia in 1893, under the auspices of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, by W. Hudson Shaw, M. A., has been printed by the society in Philadelphia; price, post-paid, 50 cents.

"Let Him First be a Man" is the title of a collection of essays, by W. H. Venable, LL. D., relating to education and culture, not treating the subject scientifically, but intended to supplement the various treatises of pedagogy by stimulating the teacher and giving him high ideals. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Blot of Ink," by René Bazin (translated by Q. and Paul M. Francke), is a love-story in which a young lawyer drops an enormous blot of ink on a valuable work in the national library, goes to apologize to the librarian, and meets his fate in the person of that functionary's pretty daughter. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"An Old Beau," a pathetic and delicately told story of an old clubman's self-denial, gives its title to a volume of short stories by John Seymour Wood. It contains, in addition to the "Old Beau," "A New England Ingénue," "How Amasa Snow got on his Feet," and "Poor Cousin Parker," which have been published before, and three new stories. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

Among the novels recently published in paper covers are "Thy Neighbor's Wife," by Albert Ross; "Both were Mistaken," by Arline Dare; "Self-Accused," by Frank Morton; "Whatever Thou Art," by Wein Wilde; "The Heir of Charlton," by May Agnes Fleming; "How Could He Help It," by A. S. Roe; and "Beatrice Hallam," by John Esten Cooke. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series, which is being issued under the editorial supervision of Arthur Stedman, son of the broker-poet, has reached its

tenth volume in "Mr. Billy Downs and his Likes," which contains half a dozen short stories by Richard Malcolm Johnston, of which "Two Administrations" will be remembered as having appeared in one of the Harper publications. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Some Rhymes of Ironquill of Kansas" contains a curious variety of verses. The first poem celebrates the blind faith of the widowed washerwoman, which sustains her in adversity and almost eases the envy of the poet, who can not believe as she does. A few pages further on, the pacific advice that calmed a Topeka convention of Grangers is embalmed in song. "The Preemptor" sets forth the dreams of the tiller of Kansas soil and his love for his humble home. "A Kansas Idyl" narrates the discomfiture of a Yale graduate and the ingenious triumph of an Indian who seeks alcoholic stimulant in a prohibition town. The writer, whoever he may be, is no bungling rhymester, and his unconventionality is a charm rather than a defect. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00; for sale at the Popular Bookstore.

A less clever writer than F. Marion Crawford would have spoiled "The Children of the King" by dragging out its length to three hundred and more pages; but it is safe to say that even the chronic devourer of fiction will do little "skipping" in reading it. The story tells of an Italian heiress—who might be the daughter of a Chicago pork-packer, except that she has the Italian idea that the breaking of an engagement of marriage is only less culpable than faithlessness after the ceremony—who is pursued by a ruined Italian count and trapped by him and her mother into an engagement, from which she is rescued by the hero, Ruggiero, a Calabrian boatman descended from the "son of the king," whence his and his brother's name—dei Figli del Rè. Ruggiero, though an unlettered peasant, loves the daughter of the *nouveau* marchese with all the passion of a strong nature, and the keynote of the story lies in the contrast between the real and the pretended love by which the young girl is assailed. In the end Ruggiero performs what is to his primitive Italian nature his simple duty—he rescues the girl from the count by killing that personage, ending his own life at the same time. "The Children of the King" is only a long novelette, and for local color relies, not on the upper-class personages of the story, but on its descriptions of life among the sea-board folk of Southern Italy. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey and The Bancroft Company.

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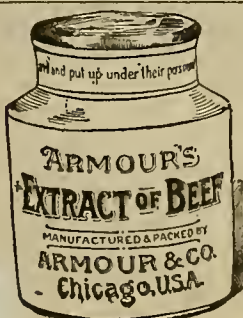
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Henry Ward Beecher was subject to occasional lapses of memory, and it is told of him that he once made an announcement from the pulpit in this way: "Next Sunday this pulpit will be occupied by—by my son-in-law. I can't remember his name just now, but we call him Sam!"

In the new Junior Constitutional Club, in London, there is a "smoking library" to meet the necessity of those who are not allowed to smoke in the library, and who can not read in the smoking-room. The total number of members is rapidly approaching five thousand.

His horizon: *U. Neau*—"What is the news?" *E. Göt*—"I am very well, thanks."—*Puck*.

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VANITY FAIR.

Women who take really good care of themselves stand the wear and tear of life quite as well as men. The common fallacy that wives break earlier than husbands is nonsense, yet every woman who threatens to marry a man five years her junior is warned to expect a time when she will be mistaken for his mother. The trouble all arises from gross carelessness (the *Illustrated American* declares). In the humdrum serenity of the best married lives, many a woman comes to believe that John has ceased to notice the sheen of her hair, the smoothness of her lips, or her figure's symmetrical proportions; so long as she is sweet, serene, and sympathetic, keeps the house well, and brings up fine sons and daughters, he cares for nothing more. Never was a greater mistake indulged in, to the future woe of hundreds of excellent wives. During the period when women are busy in the nursery and filling the office of mother, men are engaged in earning bread and butter and solidifying their financial positions. These years flash by so quickly that half their lives are gone before that fact is realized. Then comes the day of reckoning, when the sons and daughters have flown the parent nest, the housekeeping goes by clock-work, and John's office regulates itself and needs merely perfunctory supervision. It is at this critical period that, with leisure and money to command, John finds time to contemplate the lady by his side. Naturally, he objects to a fat, lumbering, round-shouldered, coarse-skinned companion. All the sentiment of his youth rises up to protest against this rough-haired, red-handed person identifying herself with the pretty girl he married twenty-five years ago. She is his wife, and a good one, therefore he does love and respect her; but pride and tenderness are put to the test when she waddles, pants, develops a triple chin, and screws her dull, grizzled locks into an uncompromising twist. His brother James carries a lovely woman on his arm, who is at least five years older than Maria, and has raised three more children. Why is her rounded figure in handsome proportions, her white hair silky and curled? She never looks apoplectic, and it is a positive pleasure to press her smooth, fair hands. He dimly remembers during the busy period hearing Maria inveigh against the vanity of her sister-in-law—those constitutional walks in all weathers, baths, manicuring, pedicuring, shampoos, and restriction in diet. Maria said then that no good could come of it; but her prophecy must be at fault, for beauty was certainly the result. Thus John, the quiet, dutiful husband, rebels silently; but it does not take long for a woman's quick perception to ferret out such matters and bewail her lost opportunities.

As a social function, the dinner-dance is decidedly selfish, and has provoked more ill-feeling and jealousy during the past season and caused a greater amount of anger and bitterness than one would have deemed possible. The *Tribune* says it has furnished too convenient an excuse to "draw the line" not to have been eagerly seized by the exclusive "hundred or so" that have constituted themselves, as it were, the inner circle of society. But, like every other new fashion, other sets have taken up this latest fad, and by next winter it will undoubtedly be such a general form of entertaining that it will cease to be peculiarly distinctive, if it has not already become so. Divers efforts made in New Haven to organize a series of dinner-dances have resulted, it is reported, in dire quarrels and heart-burnings. Those who have been "left out" for no reason except caprice or individual prejudice, are said to be breathing forth threatenings and slaughter; while the refusal of some of the most important members of the most important set to join the affair has made the project limp considerably.

As in temperance it is the "moderate drinker" who is the most hard to reform, and in religion the "moral man" most difficult to convert, so of corsets it is the woman who "does not lace" who, perhaps, is chiefly responsible for a failure to abolish entirely the use of stays. She wears them, oh, yes, but "so loose they can not possibly do any harm." And her abhorrence of wasp waists equals that of the most active reformer. These lukewarm impediments will do well to read what an English medical expert says about any use of the corset: "This apparatus, *per se*, an unscientific appliance, and many women suffer from its use who do not in any way 'pull in.' Strip a man to the waist and you will see no markings of the skin; similarly examine the waist of a woman who has been wearing a corset, however loosely applied, and the skin is found marked by pressure, pinched up, and corrugated. While the skirts are suspended from the waist, some protection from pressure in the way afforded by a corset, even if modified, is necessary, and it seems, therefore, that the fundamental error of dress in women is suspension from the waist, entailing pressure on important organs, instead of from the shoulders, as in men." And women who sigh for beautiful complexions should note this from a specialist in skin diseases: "There is a condition which skin specialists are frequently called upon to treat, and which occurs five times more frequently in women than in men—I refer to acne rosacea, a chronic redness, with more or less development of pimples affecting the nose and contiguous parts of the cheeks. I believe the greater

frequency of the disease in women has some relation to the essential difference of dress in the sexes. In men, the weight of the clothing is suspended from the shoulders; in women, from the waist. Speaking as a dermatologist, I am perfectly certain that it is impossible to cure acne rosacea in a woman who wears a constricting corset, and continues to do so. What is true of acne rosacea is also true of other defects in complexion. There is a known association between acne rosacea and disorders of the digestive organs. Painful dyspepsia is much more common in young women than in men; so is anæmia, and the best cure is the omission of the corset."

Henry Labouchère says: "What surprises me, considering the vast number of ladies who preach the quality of the sex in everything, is that an effort is not made to secure equal rights in proposing. To marry is more important to a woman than to have a vote. Why, then, should proposing be limited to one sex? Men are naturally more bashful than women, and the result of the present one-sided rule is that many a man remains single because he can not bring his courage up to the proposing point, and, as a necessary consequence, many a girl remains husbandless. An association of girls, each pledged to propose to any man whom she might deem a desirable husband, would be far more practical than an anti-crinoline society."

One of the difficulties of the season in the world of feminine fashions is the entirely new vocabulary of colors which Paris has sent out. It will puzzle some women. For instance, to understand what tints are meant by absinthe and Chartreuse, especially the latter, which may be green or yellow. Then there is champagne, a color which it would puzzle anybody to define; but the dressmakers have got over the difficulty easily. Something like pink topaz, with a dash of orange in it, is how it is described. Eminence is violet with a dash of deep red, and Eveque is another shade of the same color. Lié de vin is a brownish crimson, while apricot has become sunset pink.

The maidens of Vienna have started a spinster club, with the object, as they avow, of bringing about the speedy and happy marriage of its members. Bachelors of guaranteed respectability desirous of wedded bliss are to be registered, introduced to available parties, and a record will be kept of the various excellent qualifications of mutual members of both sexes. All of which is about as utopian and practical as an association of spinsters would arrange it. In the first place, only the most utterly abject of maids unwed, as forlorn as a rubber shoe run down at the heel, would ever consent to be enrolled among the members of this society with the laudable aim. And after they have organized, what are they going to do about it? How will the blind lead the blind? How is one spinster to tell another how to bring Barks to the proper state of willingness? A sixteen-year-old girl, in her bridal-veil, with the bright new ring under her wedding-glove, knows more about the philosophy of getting a husband than the whole body politic of worthy and intellectual spinsterhood. Another point: Who ever knew a man to want what he could have as well as not? It is ever the bud on the topmost limb, not the flower on the lower branch, that the man risks his life for.

The Princess of Wales has at length taken a decided stand against crinoline (says the *Sun's* London correspondent). She has been replenishing her wardrobe recently in preparation for the approaching Mediterranean cruise. Before making definite selections as to style, her tailors sent her one of the latest crinoline skirts—a tailor-made tweed garment of voluminous proportions compared to those now in ordinary wear, and stiffened with a horse-hair cloth lining so as to hold its fullness. The princess at once expressed dislike of the new style, which her good taste rebelled against as inartistic, and she at once emphatically declared that she would have none of it. So her order was given for a number of costumes of the same severely plain fashion as heretofore, depending for style entirely upon perfect fit, not only extra fullness of skirt being avoided, but extra fullness of sleeves also.

A charming American who has just arrived from Paris with no end of pretty gowns, gives the *New York Tribune* the latest word from the great French fashion authorities as follows: "I saw no hoop-skirts anywhere, not even the slightest approach to one, although I am told that they are actually displayed for sale in a shop in New York. Of course, a little stiff crinoline is permissible, and one or two dressmakers in Paris tried running a wire along the bottom of the skirt. But even that was not a success among fashionable women. At Doucet's and Worth's they are making as yet no costumes intended for crinoline. All the same, however, they are one and all very mysterious about coming styles, and affect great secrecy. What the changes are to be I can not even guess; but I do not think it is crinoline, for that has been talked about so much that it would be no novelty, and I think it has had its day before it ever existed—to use an Irish bull. Perhaps, following the tendency of the day, the dressmakers mean to make a 'combine'—a trust, you would call it over

here—and force us to wear anything they like. Just now the 1890 style is more in vogue than anything else, and it is certainly not becoming. The skirts are so gored that they hang in flutes around the bottom, and are at least five yards around. If it were not for the gores, the skirts would be dreadfully heavy; but as it is they are not at all uncomfortable, only ugly, for they look just like an umbrella-cover with the ribs slipped out, and have really hardly any folds at the waist. You ask which is the more popular, Worth or Doucet, now? Well, I should say Doucet decidedly for the *beau monde*, and Worth for actresses. Worth has genius certainly, but his things are over-trimmed, while Doucet's *cachet* consists in his admirable simplicity, which, combined with style, is a veritable art. Another thing you may generally notice about Doucet's waists is that they have, as a rule, no seams either in the front or the back. Sometimes he has a single one in the centre of the back, with the material put on diagonally. The lining is first perfectly fitted on, then the outside material is basted on and fitted to the figure by drawing the folds to the front and together at the centre of the back. Except for dinner-gowns and very grand ball-dresses for older women, there are no trains. Street costumes are made quite short, and reception toilets only just touch."

In England a "Short-Skirt League" has been organized under the auspices of the indefatigable Lady Harberton. The league has issued a circular setting forth its principles and practice. The latter centres in a skirt which shall never be less than five inches from the ground—that is to say, about the middle of the instep. Women are particularly advised that a dress of this length does not show the ankles. This skirt is a compromise. The really satisfactory skirt would be one at least a foot from the ground. This would never deface the instep of the shoe or heel, and never require holding up, and would be altogether a very smart-looking affair. The utmost the league hopes is that women may eventually rise to it. The circular gives one piece of information that may be transmitted. It is this: "All round skirts intended to clear the ground should be at least two inches shorter in the back than in the front, for the reason that the greater number of gathers in the back and consequent greater weight pulls down the band, and the skirt, in technical terms, will sway. This French dressmakers always do, and it is this that gives a French skirt that natty look that skirts of other nationalities do not have."

There is a vast deal more difference between good form and fashion than most people imagine (says the *New York Tribune*), and there are many who labor under the misapprehension that form is synonymous with style. The distinction between the two lies in the fact that whereas good form involves perfect and correct taste, combined with a complete absence of exaggeration and affectation, fashion and style do not. The latter are often tainted by vulgarity and by the loudness of their appeals to the attention of the public, whereas good form implies quiet refinement and elegance, a lack of all ostentation and violent contrast, and an adaptation of fashion to one's needs, ideas, and appearance, instead of any subservience thereto. When good form is allied to originality, it becomes what the French call *chic*.

In these *fin-de-siècle* days the evil of mild tipping is carried on to a much more dangerous extent than is generally known. Not long ago (says a writer in a *New York weekly*) I observed a charming young girl (whose parents would be horrified beyond words did any one even hint that their son, now at Yale, ever went on a lark, much less that their daughter drank anything stronger than Apollinaris) at a ball at Delmonico's. Being pretty, rich, well-dressed, and amusing, when she went down to supper this girl was followed by a number of the most eligible men of the ball-room. I overheard one man say to the other: "Get Miss — as much *fix* as she wants, and then we will see the fun begin. She is always such awfully good game when she's tipsy."

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LENTEN LYRICS.

At the Church-Door.

Alice has gone to confession;
What can she have to confess?
What little, trivial transgression
Causes her doubt and distress?
Is it her fondness for dress
That needs a priest's intercession,
And brings that pensive expression
Into her eyes' loveliness?
What can she have to confess?

Is it some little flirtation,
Ending, perhaps, in a kiss?
Mine be the sin's expiation,
If I but shared in his bliss.
Is it a trifle like this,
Seeking its justification?
Was it a rash exclamation,
Some one has taken amiss?
Was it a trifle like this?

She who lives always so purely,
Can not so gravely transgress;
One who can smile so demurely
Can not have much to confess.
Let me for pardon address,
For I am guiltier surely.
Sin your small sins then securely;
If it is I that they bless
Mine be the task to confess.

Fair, Fat, and Forty.

Bid adieu to joys of "the season,"
Pleasures that have their sting—
E'en maids grow sharp by reason
Of too much seasoning.

Here's what shall stop the sortie
From the Fall of Discontent:
Grow fair and fat in these forty—
These forty days of Lent.

—F. S. Palmer in Puck.

A Lenten Lay.

With downcast eyes and lips devout
She kneels to pray across the aisle;
Yet I, poor sinner, can but look
And ponder on her charms the while
The sunlight falls upon her face,
She heeds it not, her mind's intent
On grave responses, and she dreams
Of fasting-days sans cakes and creams—
She's keeping Lent.

Heigho! 'Twas but a week ago
We danced the whole long evening through,
And, by the gods! Terpsichore
Had not such grace divine as you.
But while I dream of pleasures vain
Her thoughts are on the sermon bent;
She does not know that I am here.
My saint is sad and yet austere—
She's keeping Lent.

Oh, saintly one, have you forgot
That shadowy nook where faint perfume
Of hot-house flowers came floating in
And gave your cheek an added bloom?
Have you forgot the way I gave
The longing of my heart free vent
And touched it, too? Ah, me! 'tis past;
The sermon's done; this psalm's the last—
She's keeping Lent.

The church is out. 'She deigns to glance
With sober eyes across the aisle,
A little bow—oh, angel mine,
Where is, alas! thy old-time smile?
Can it be true—I pause to think—
By such reserve a slight is meant?
But no, I'm wrong; her thoughts profound
Tread naught-to-day but sacred ground—
She's keeping Lent.

—Christine Griffin in Judge.

The Lenten Bonnet.

It's a neat little, sweet little duck of a hat,
And it cost but a couple of dollars at that;
A couple of dollars, judiciously spent,
Bought this neat little, sweet little bonnet of Lent.
It's a vision of beauty and joy, though it knows
No delicate lily or luminous rose,
And it captures all hearts by a common consent,
This love of a bonnet, the bonnet of Lent.

And you ask why it is such an object of grace?
Why, it's all on account of the sweet little face
That's blooming, all dimpled with smiles of content,
In that trim little bonnet, the bonnet of Lent.

—R. K. Munkittrick in Once a Week.

A Maiden's Meditation.

Here's Lent once again on its annual round,
Good-bye now to feasting and dancing;
With what great success has this season been crowned,
I declare it was simply entrancing!

But now all the banners of Pleasure are furled,
No longer its coronet flashes;
Renounced for the time are the joys of the world,
Hail penance, and sackcloth and ashes.

'Twas well I accepted Jack's offer last night,
During Lent he will be entertaining;
To receive my betrothed will be perfectly right,
And by Easter he'll be in good training.

Dear fellow, his look was of perfect despair,
His voice as he asked me was shaking;
Well, he's won—he can have all the time I can spare
From the bonnet for Easter I'm making.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS the late shades in neck-wear. See the Bagdad scarfs.

—CHRISTIAN DAHL, TEACHER OF LANGUAGES, Address care May L. Cheney, 300 Post Street.

HAPPY MARRIAGES.

A Wise Man Discloses at Last Their Secret.

If I were asked by a young man or a young woman how to be guided in the choice of a life mate (writes John Lambert Payne in the *Ladies' Home Journal*), I should, in the exercise of a judgment based on wide and studious observation, say: Choose that person who, after a reasonable period of association, proves to be most companionable. It were infinitely better to be single through life than marry one who would not answer to this condition. Speaking somewhat narrowly and selfishly, contentment is the most that can be got out of life, and when a contented couple is found it will also be discovered that they exhibit manifestly opposite characteristics of temperament, habit, taste, and physique. It is upon this fixed foundation that happy affinities are formed.

A happy and far-reaching law of selection has enacted that a slender and tall person will find a congenial mate in one who is shorter and rounder in form. Those who are sometimes described as being spirituelle in general appearance and make-up, will lean sympathetically to the rugged and strong. Brunettes will take kindly to blondes, and persons with straight and wiry hair are found to love curls. How often it happens that the acknowledged belle of a community finds her most acceptable suitor in a plain young man, unostentatious in manner, and in most respects quite unlike her. She is drawn to him, not because she likes his homely looks, but because she is instinctively attracted by those qualities which go with his irregular features.

I desire to provide at once for the exceptions to this rule who are best described as medium in their characteristics of form and appearance. They will marry each other. The love of opposites does not prevail with them, since they have no opposites.

We come upon deeper and more complex ground when temperament and tastes are considered. Thus the sanguine and nervous join naturally with the phlegmatic. Men whose energies and habits of life carry them into public prominence invariably marry essentially domesticated wives. Following this rule, we observe unions between the loquacious and the taciturn, the gay and the sedate, the prudent and the prodigal, the impulsive and the cautious, the meek and the aggressive, the brilliant and the blunt, the artistic and the crude, and so on through a long double list.

This rule ceases to hold good, however, when applied to extremes. When wild wastefulness is joined to avarice, there can be nothing but trouble. It would be absurd to look for happiness in a home where license was linked to virtue, where drunkenness was struggling against sobriety, ferocious temper preying on docility, or rank infidelity scoffing at piety. It is always a risky thing for two persons holding widely different religious or social views to marry.

There must be some important rudimentary qualities in common, which are readily suggested. It is well, though not imperative, that there should be a common taste for the beautiful and the orderly. There should, unquestionably, be a mutual interest in the leading elements and appointments of the home. It would be no barrier to compatibility if both should have a love for music, but in what may be regarded as more important respects, a one-sided union is to be avoided.

The impetuous and brilliant young American finds himself drawn for companionship—paradoxical as it may seem—to the sturdy, prudent, and cautious qualities of the Scotch. The attraction is mutual. The phlegmatic German is often won by the effervescent nature of the Irish. By reference to the census returns of 1881—those for 1891 being unfinished—it will be seen that there were then living in the United States 573,434 persons having native fathers and foreign mothers, and 1,337,664 who had native mothers and foreign fathers. These figures, while clearly establishing the fact I had just indicated, also show the nature of the intermarriages which had taken place up to that time. It was a significant thing that the affinities formed between foreign men and native women were considerably more numerous than those between native men and foreign women.

The philosophy of this matter is not deep. We are dependent on each other, to an immeasurable extent, for the happiness we get out of life. Let us suppose that a young man is tall and lanky, mingling by force of circumstances in the whirl of public affairs, and taking his place on the debating platform by reason of his ready wit and tongue. He will instinctively find his mate in a plump, rosy-cheeked young woman, quiet in manner, reticent in speech, and essentially domestic in her tastes and habits. Why? Because he finds the greatest amount of rest in her company. To marry one like himself would be to intensify the conditions which considerations of prudence, economy of vital power, and usefulness in the community demand should be restrained and modified. Reverse these conditions in some essential respects. Let the young man be short and stout as to form, lethargic as to temperament, having none of that snap and push which mark the ways of a successful politician or merchant. Nothing can be more reasonable than that he should select as his wife a sinewy, active girl, of sanguine and aggressive disposition, capable of social display and commercial tact. She supplies

the qualities he lacks, and becomes at once his inspiration and helpmate.

Among our own people, many of the divorces which shock and grieve society may be traced to a disregard of those mental and physical qualities which make happy companionship. In other words, true love is both kindled and sustained by the union of natures seemingly opposed to each other, but which are really and essentially complementary. This, within the limits I have only too cursorily and imperfectly defined, is the secret of happy marriages.

That incomparable analyst of character, Charles Dickens, must have thoroughly understood compatibility. In "Dombey and Son," a positive and a negative illustration are had. At first reading, it appeared to be an incongruous and improbable thing that the unbending and haughty Dombey should select as his boon companion the garrulous and light-hearted Major Bagstock. Nevertheless, in his society he found the rest which his nature demanded at that time. And when, later on, he married the imperious Edith Granger, there came the inevitable clash of similar natures and the war of uncongenial elements.

A Sale of Fine Paintings.

A rumor was in circulation during the past week that patrons of art in this city would soon have an opportunity of attending a sale of fine paintings. Upon investigation it was ascertained that Messrs. S. & G. Gump were to place their elegant collection of European paintings for sale at public auction. While admiring them in the art-rooms, Mr. Gump stated that this would probably be the last sale he would ever have. His selections in the art centres of Europe on his last trip were the best he had ever made, as each artist represented was world renowned. He mentioned, as an example, Kowalsky, who won the first prize gold medal at the International Exhibition in Munich, who is now executing some important orders for the Emperor of Russia, who was attracted by the excellence of his work. Others who are well known to art connoisseurs were also mentioned, and their paintings that the Messrs. Gump now have are the ones that have had the distinction of places of honor at the Paris Salon, Munich, and other exhibitions. The collection is a rare and beautiful one, and should be seen by all who are interested in art.

Fashionable Stationery.

It is absolutely essential that every one who is in society should use great care in the selection of paper for the purpose of correspondence. The style of paper used oftentimes stamps the person, and where one may be unduly particular about other matters they can not be so with paper and envelopes.

When there is any probable shadow of doubt in one's mind regarding what is considered good form in stationery, it is best to call at the establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, and all doubts will be quickly dispelled. They do the largest business in fine stationery of any firm in San Francisco, and their stock contains everything that is new and stylish. They are now displaying the latest and most fashionable sizes and colors in correspondence paper and envelopes, so that an inspection of their show-cases will afford an object-lesson to those who desire to know just what the proper styles are.

Another important branch of their business is copper-plate engraving, and those who are in need of visiting cards or require invitations for weddings or other social affairs, should see what Sanborn, Vail & Co. can do in that line. There are certain sizes of cards used by certain people, and for invitations there likewise are a variety of sizes and styles. They keep thoroughly posted on every change made in the East and Europe, so their customers are always sure of obtaining the latest styles.

Port Angeles Excursion.

The regular mail steamer *Umatilla*, leaving San Francisco March 3d, will call at Port Angeles to land the excursion party now organizing to visit that rising city.

Excursionists can also visit Seattle, Tacoma, and Victoria. Numerous applications have already been made to the Carnall-Hopkins Company, 624 Market Street, who are conducting this excursion.

—SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. *Crème Simon* marvelous for complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Stanislas Strozynski, corner Powell and Ellis Streets, 433-435, San Francisco, and druggists, perfumers, and fancy-goods stores.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Ask your grocer for it. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johnstown, N. Y., will bring you cookbook, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers
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CRÈME SIMON marvelous for softening,
whitening and perfuming the complexion.
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and Druggists, Perfumers and Fancy goods Stores

All cannot possess a

\$10,000 Souvenir

(This sum was paid for the first World's Fair Souvenir Coin minted.)

in the shape of a coin, but many can have fac-similes of this valuable work of art—only special coin ever issued by the U. S. Government—for \$1 each.

United States Government

**World's Fair
Souvenir Coins—**

*The Official Souvenir
of the Great Exposition—*

5,000,000 of which were donated to the World's Columbian Exposition by the Government, are being rapidly taken by an enthusiastically patriotic people.

's there early promised to be a demand for these Souvenirs that would render them very valuable in the hands of speculators, the Exposition Authorities decided to place the price at

\$1.00 for Each Coin

and sell them direct to the people, thus realizing \$5,000,000, and using the additional money for the further development of the Fair.

Considering the fact that there were but 5,000,000 of these coins to be distributed among 65,000,000 people, in this country alone (to say nothing of the foreign demand,) and that many have already been taken, those wishing to purchase these mementoes of our Country's Discovery and of the grandest Exposition ever held, should secure as many as they desire at once.

**For Sale
Everywhere**

Realizing that every patriotic American will want one or more of these coins, and in order to make it convenient for him to get them, we have made arrangements to have them sold throughout the country by all the leading Merchants and Banks. If not for sale in your town, send \$1.00 each for not less than five coins, by Post-office or Express Money-order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft with instructions how to send them to you, all charges prepaid, to Treasurer World's Columbian Exposition Chicago, Ill.

SOCIETY.

The Crocker Lunch-Party.

Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a delightful lunch-party recently at her residence on California Street. Covers were laid for twenty, and the table was beautifully decorated with La France and Perle du Jardin roses. Several hours were pleasantly passed in feasting, and with conversation and music afterward. Those present were:

Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Eva McAllister, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Owen, Miss Coleman, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Adele Perrin, Miss Helen Perrin, Miss Kip, Miss Mary Brede, Miss Mamie Harrington, Miss Mamie Deming, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Upson, Miss Helen Otis, and Miss Nellie Hillier.

The Goad Dinner-Party.

Mr. W. Frank Goad and his daughter, Miss Ella Goad, gave a charming dinner-party recently at their residence on Washington Street, and hospitably entertained fourteen friends. Their guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Justice and Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Forman, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Holt, Miss Small, of Toronto, Canada, Miss Coleman, of Kentucky, Mr. John W. Twigg, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, Mr. Henry Babcock, and Mr. A. H. Small.

Notes and Gossip.

Private letters from Egypt state that Mrs. Ruth Holliday Blackwell, who has been spending the winter in Cairo, announced at a recent dinner there her engagement to Lieutenant Brooks, of the Second Life Guards.

The third meeting of the Monday Evening Club will be held in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening, April 3d.

Extensive preparations have been made for the masquerade ball which will be given by the San Francisco Verein this (Saturday) evening. No one will be admitted on the floor unless in costume and mask.

Mrs. George M. Pinckard gave a matinee tea last Tuesday at the home of her parents, Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, on Buchanan Street, and very pleasantly entertained a limited number of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander gave an elaborate dinner-party on Friday evening at their home in New York city, and entertained twenty-four friends.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Thorn gave an elaborate dinner-party recently in honor of Colonel F. C. Hatch, of North Carolina. Those invited to meet him were: Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan, Mrs. William H. Wallace, Miss Cora Wallace, Miss Daisy Ryan, Miss Ruth Ryan, Miss Edith Giffen, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. J. Q. Adams, Mr. J. W. Hendrie, and Mr. S. Ryan.

Party calls were made last Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Cluff, 1714 Vallejo Street, and about fifty of their friends availed themselves of the opportunity. The parlors were prettily decorated, and canvas was laid for dancing. Music formed a prominent feature of the evening.

Miss Cora Wallace gave a very pleasant matinee tea recently at the home of her mother, Mrs. William H. Wallace, 2220 Broadway, and hospitably entertained a few of her friends.

The Informals met last Tuesday evening at the residence of Miss Helen Schweitzer, on Leavenworth Street. The young hostess was assisted in receiving by the five other fair members of the club. The evening was devoted to tableaux and dancing, and a sumptuous supper was also enjoyed.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney and family will occupy the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, at Redwood City, during their absence in Japan.

Mrs. William F. Bowers has returned from a prolonged visit at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas I. Dillon, wife Cooper, have returned from their southern trip, and are occupying their residence on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will soon leave to visit Pasadena for a month.

Misses Juliet and Edith Conner are now at Pasadena, after a visit to Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase have gone to

"Stag's Leap," their country home in Napa County, to remain throughout the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair will leave New York on March 4th, to make a tour of Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson will leave next week on a six months' trip through the Southern and Eastern States.

The Misses Elderly, of Detroit, will pass the summer in San Francisco.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, of Oroville, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Laura Gerlach will return to her home in Stockton next Monday, after a pleasant visit to Miss Anna Hunt.

Mrs. John H. Dickinson and Master Reginald Dickinson are passing a month in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington are enjoying a visit at Coronado Beach.

Mrs. James F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Miss Bessie Shreve are passing a month in Santa Barbara.

Miss McDowell has returned to New York after a three months' visit to friends in this city.

Mrs. Pelham W. Ames will leave soon on a prolonged visit to friends in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bird Waller, nee Morrison, are rejoicing over the advent of a son in their family circle. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley.

Mr. A. B. Spreckels has gone East, and will be joined in New York next month by his wife and daughter.

Mr. Robert Bolton and Miss Lizzie Bolton have been at Coronado Beach during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander have leased the residence of Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, 1414 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pilcher, nee Bissell, returned from Japan last Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Love is seriously ill at her residence, 1714 Clay Street.

Miss Mattie Gibbs has entirely recovered from her recent severe illness.

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen and Miss Alice McCutchen will leave on Sunday to make a four months' visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. Frank M. Pixley is convalescent after an illness of about three-months' duration.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General and Mrs. Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., and Miss Ruger have been at Coronado Beach during the past week.

Lieutenant G. W. S. Stevens, U. S. A., has gone East on leave of absence.

Lieutenant A. C. Almy, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to the Monterey.

Ensign John D. McDonald, U. S. N., left last Thursday to join the *Monocacy* in the Asiatic Squadron.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Bauer Concert.

Mr. A. Bauer gave the first concert of his second series last Friday afternoon at the Tivoli Opera House. Quite a large audience was present and enjoyed the following programme:

Overture, "Roman Carnival," Berlioz; ballet music, "Ritter Pasman," Strauss; violin concerto, Bruch, Mr. Sigmund Beel; suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; symphony No. 6, in F, Beethoven.

Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams will leave soon for Europe to complete her musical education, and in view of this fact, her friends are making preparations to give her a benefit entertainment prior to her departure. It has been decided to produce "Giroflé-Girofla," at the Grand Opera House, with the same people in the cast who were in "His Majesty." No date has been set for the performance. Mrs. Williams has appeared so often in public for charity's sake that the benefit should be made a most substantial one.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his third ballad concert of the second series in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening, March 2d. The programme will include selections by I. Goodell, Saint-Saëns, Georges Marty, Bizet, Balfe, Grieg, and others. The "Italian Salad," by Genée, by Mr. Wilkie and male chorus, will be a special feature. Mrs. Alfred Abbey will make her first appearance, as will also M. Louis Crépeaux, of the Grand Opéra, Paris.

The University of California Glee Club gave a successful concert in Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, and will give its second and last concert in the same hall this (Saturday) afternoon. The programme will be an excellent one, and the concert will undoubtedly prove very interesting.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Charles H. Simpkins the following testamentary provisions were made:

The widow was named as executrix and Josiah N. Knowles as executor, both to serve without bonds. His estate consists of personal property, the exact value of which is not known, but it is believed to be worth between \$500,000 and \$750,000. Testator bequeathed to Josiah N. Knowles and George W. Prescott \$25,000, in trust for his son, Henry R. Simpkins, and a similar sum in trust for his daughter, Miss Alice Simpkins. The income is to be paid to the daughter during her life-time, and to the son until he attains the age of thirty-five, when he is to receive the principal. The testator also bequeathed to his son his hunting and shooting equipment, jewelry, etc. The residue of the estate is bequeathed in equal shares to his widow and the two children. He declared that he was moved to make this division because he had insured his life for \$25,000 in favor of his wife and also made advances to her in money and securities aggregating \$45,000. By a codicil, Thomas Jenkins, of Rutherford, Napa County, is bequeathed \$500. The son and daughter of the deceased are now aged twenty-one and eighteen years respectively.

By the will of the late S. C. Hastings, the following testamentary provisions were made:

Ryland B. Wallace and William Giselman were appointed executors of the estate, which has an estimated value of \$200,000, the result of accumulations by the testator out of the income reserved to himself under what is known as the "two million" trust. Testator bequeathed to William Giselman \$5,000, to Michael Brosnan \$2,000, to his sister, Sarah North, residing in Iowa, an amount sufficient to maintain her respectably during her life-time, not less than \$1,000 here and there than \$5,000, the rest, residue and remainder of the estate go to the children of testator's son, C. F. Dio Hastings, and of his daughter, Clara Catherwood. Testator confirms all deeds of gift or otherwise made by him, and the deed of settlement made to his wife, Lillian Hastings. There is considerable talk of the will being contested.

The estate of the late W. S. Hobart has been appraised and the valuation set at \$5,273,365.50.

WEALTHY WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

The following particulars about some notable Washington men who have married wealthy wives (says a writer in *Frank Leslie's*) will be found of interest.

Duty at Washington is usually considered the most desirable assignment in naval or army life. The work at the capital is agreeable, and the society is particularly attractive. The officer of the army or navy lives with his family, has easy hours of work, and can go to the afternoon or evening entertainments *ad libitum*. To the younger officers, and those who have not assumed the cares of married life, these positions are quite attractive. Their commissions give them a distinct claim on society, and their standing is so well defined that nothing is expected of them but to be well-mannered and agreeable. Army and navy officers have made some of the best matrimonial matches in Washington, and some of the handsomest houses in that city stand today as monuments to the fortunes which have made a part of their matrimonial good luck.

This is also the case with John Hay, the well-known writer, and one of the authors of the *Century's* "Life of Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Hay married, some years ago, the daughter of Amasa Stone, a very wealthy Cleveland man.

Lieutenant-Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., has recently completed one of the costliest houses in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Clover are in possession of a good part of the millions left by Senator Miller, of California, who died at Washington about seven years ago.

On I Street stands a broad, imposing mansion—the winter home of Colonel Gus Tyler and his wife. Mrs. Tyler was Miss Osgood, of New Haven. Her father made a large fortune in the manufacture of a proprietary medicine called "Indian Chologogue." Some years after she married Colonel Tyler, Miss Osgood entertained lavishly in a beautiful house on I Street. But this mansion was not large enough for the Tyler establishment. It was necessary to rent another house in the fashionable north-west section to accommodate the servants of the Tyler ménage.

Two sisters, who married officers in the navy and the marine corps, built the home of the Vice-President on Scott Circle and the Emory mansion on Connecticut Avenue. Lieutenant William Broadhead, of the marine corps, married the youngest daughter of Henry Storrs Willis, of New York, a relative of the poet, N. P. Willis, and a very wealthy man. After planning and almost completing the house facing Scott Circle, her means would not enable her to complete it and occupy it, and it was sold to Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. Later he sold it to Vice-President Morton, who has done a great deal of entertaining in it under this administration.

Lieutenant William Emory married another of Mr. Willis's daughters. The Emorys built a handsome brick house and occupied it for a number of years. Then Mr. Emory obtained an assignment as naval attaché of the Legation of the United States at London. The house has since been occupied by the widow of Senator Miller, and, for one season, by Representative John M. Glover, of Missouri, now of New York, whose wife was one of the wealthy Patton girls, of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Edward McCauley, of the marine corps, married the daughter of Franklin Steele, a Minnesota millionaire. The McCauleys have a handsome house on Rhode Island Avenue and a cottage at Bar Harbor. Another of Mr. Steele's daughters married Mr. George Appleby, of Washington, and brought him a large fortune; and a third married an impecunious foreigner, from whom she has since been divorced.

David R. McKee, the agent of the Associated Press at Washington, married, some twenty years ago, the daughter of General McKee Dunn, the judge-advocate-general of the army. From her father, Mrs. McKee inherited a large fortune, a part of which is invested in a brick palace in Washington. Mr. McKee draws a salary of about five thousand dollars a year from the Associated Press, but he has been known to rent his house for six thousand dollars a year.

One of the occupants of the McKee house for a season was C. A. Munn, of Chicago, who married the wealthy widow of one of the Armours. The Munns now own the big house on Scott Circle in which Mr. Windom lived when he was a member of the Senate.

Gardiner G. Hubbard is the son-in-law of Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. He was an attorney before Congress when he married Professor Bell's daughter. Miss Bell was prospectively wealthy in the possession of Bell telephone stock. The wealth has materialized since, and Mr. Hubbard is the owner not only of the beautiful mansion on Dupont Circle, but also of a country-seat on the Woodley Road.

The best medicine for canker is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, unruled paper. Send 40 cents., stamps or postal notes.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, MERCHANT TAILOR, has a fine line of latest English worsteds.

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender Skins are literally ON FIRE with Itching and Burning Eczemas and Other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the



CUTICURA

Remedies will afford immediate relief, mental rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fail in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

See "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



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Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cents.



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Telephone No. 414. 525 FRONT ST., S. F.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

The preliminary COURSE OF LECTURES in the medical department of the University of California will begin Wednesday, March 1st, at 9 A. M., at the College Building, Stockton St., near Chestnut, San Francisco.

R. A. McLEAN, M. D., Dean, 603 Merchant St., cor. Montgomery, S. F.

CLARKE'S ABSOLUTELY PURE. The purity—age and elegant bouquet of Clarke's Pure Rye has won for it the title—The Finest Whiskey in the World. The purity—age and elegant bouquet of Clarke's Pure Rye has won for it the title—The Finest Whiskey in the World. The purity—age and elegant bouquet of Clarke's Pure Rye has won for it the title—The Finest Whiskey in the World. The purity—age and elegant bouquet of Clarke's Pure Rye has won for it the title—The Finest Whiskey in the World.

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The Spring Styles have just arrived.

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

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SMUDGY AND LORD TREFOIL.

A Missionary's Tale of a Street Boys' Holiday.

Smudgy is waiting, leaning against a mail-box in an attitude of careless ease. All our boys are as alike as peas, and, indeed, with reason, for are they not all offshoots from the parent stem of one great family, the Roughs, of London? With the click of the door-latch Smudgy's eyes and ears are on the alert, and before I have gone half a dozen paces down the street he is beside me. He wants something, of course—Smudgy always wants something—and his simple tale is soon unfolded. He has recently turned over a new leaf, it would appear—the leaves Smudgy has turned over in my experience of him would form an unhandsome volume; and, the inner Smudgy being reformed, he thought it wise to turn his attention to the outer man. He solicits my opinion of his nether garments. They are, indeed, in their bagginess, raggedness, and general deplorability, a sorry contrast to the jacket and cap. Upon my expressing this opinion, Smudgy offers me the option of completing the sartorial transformation. Seven-and-six will do the job. I am unsympathetic, and Smudgy's language becomes sanguinary and impassioned. Even when he threatens me with getting into quod, even when he hints at the dreadful possibility of his deserting the Anglican Church and going over to the Roman faith, I show no signs of blenching. When Smudgy is exhausted, I have a few words to say. In guarded language I refer to his departure for Kent, in the previous hopping season; of the railway fare defrayed by me under Smudgy's solemn undertaking of reimbursement; and finally I draw forth my pocket-book, at which Smudgy glances with a greedy, professional eye, and extracting therefrom a grimy letter, indited in an indetermined band, proceed to translate it to him. It may interest the reader:

MADSTONE, KENT.

REV SIR—I write this hoping yu will Parden th liberty Butt I am In grate Truibel wich yu must No my Por Wife is Truibeled with Fitz wich a yung Baby Also an knot tramp it Bak to Lunden were Those we luv A Wate I am Sur yu will send x lb, to Bring Us Bak and god will Bless yu kind sir adres Pos Ofs madston yours respectabel Wm SMUGY.

"Were Those we luv A Wate." Quite a poetical touch, Smudgy."

"But yer never sent the money," growls Smudgy, with a jerk of the chin, which expresses his lofty scorn of compliment as conveyed in words alone.

"For one thing, I did not know you had a wife and young baby."

"She" was, Smudgy informs me, the wife of another cove. He ignores mention of the baby, and again relays with bitterness to the fact of my not having responded to his pecuniary request.

"I was not quite certain, Smudgy," I say, with considerable blandness, "whether you were really in Maidstone, you see."

Smudgy wishes that several unpleasant things may happen to him if he wasn't. He draws in vivid colors a portrait of himself spending his last penny in posting it with his very own hands.

"But this letter, Smudgy," said I, "bears the Westminster post-mark."

Smudgy turns upon me a look of unbounded admiration: "Wot, did yer twig that?"

Smudgy acknowledges the whole plant in that brief sentence. He is silent for a minute. When he speaks again it is not to utter words of contrition, it is to ask me for the trouser-money. Upon which I play another trump.

"How much did you promise to pay the dealer, who lent you the cap and the coat, out of that seven-and-six, if you got it?"

"Two bob," answers Smudgy, sullenly, giving up the game. "And you and me ain't pals. That's wot I ses, I does. We ain't pals."

But Smudgy is fertile. A week later I meet Sister Juliana. I ask how her confirmation class progresses. She replies: "Oh, well—so very well. We have sixteen or seventeen of your boys already, and some of them are quite delightful. There is one dear, bright, earnest fellow, with an intelligent face—Smudgy, I think, by name—who seems so anxious to turn over a new leaf. He is a staunch High Churchman, he says, though the Roman Catholic clergymen have been trying to persuade him to go over. And he attended a special even-song service with me on the Feast of St. Aldegarde, and appeared quite touched by the sermon."

He held his position of favored pupil long enough to win his spurs, or rather his trousers, and then prematurely vanished from Sister Juliana's ken.

I have striven to show the Machiavellian side of Smudgy's character, but without crediting him with the sense of humor he undoubtedly possesses. This quality was manifested about the time when the Earl of Sangazure sent me his eldest son, Lord Trefoil, with the request that I would show the young fellow a little church-work. Lord Trefoil was in his first Oxford term, and had been attracted by our ritual.

I assented. I appointed a meeting at the railway station at ten A. M. I had selected that day to convey a party, consisting of Smudgy and twelve other Smudgys smudgier than he, down to spend a holiday by the seaside.

I had urged upon Lord Trefoil the necessity of punctuality, and, indeed, he arrived just as the train was moving out of the station. I projected my body out of the window and called to him. He bounded into the carriage—a smoking third—and looked

about him with well-bred surprise. He was faultlessly dressed in a light frock-coat and ineffables; a perfect cascade of white satin flowed over his bosom and lost itself in the recesses of his immaculate waistcoat. As I looked at his costume, I mentally sang its epithalamium. Then I turned to the Smudgys. Their countenances were devoid of all expression. "That was a bad sign. I moved up and gave Lord Trefoil a place by my side. The Smudgys squeezed respectfully together to make room for him; but I had noticed a glance of intelligence pass from one to another, and seen a grimy hand of the young peer's next neighbor put down for an instant on the seat. The train gave a jerk, and Lord Trefoil sat down abruptly. His features became overspread with an expression of polite misery; he wriggled on his seat.

"Is anything the matter?" I asked, anxiously. "I am afraid I am sitting on something. I don't quite know what it is, but it seems wet and warm."

He put his lavender-gloved hand behind him. He produced a half-chewed quid of tobacco.

"I am afraid your glove is spoiled," I said, casting a stern glance about me.

"And my—never mind! It was an accident," the young fellow said. Then we glided into conversation, and I explained to him the nature of this special kind of church work. It was not what he had expected; but he agreed to help me look after the Smudgys during the day, and to enforce observation of the rules, which members of our Excursion Club are bound to respect, *videlicet*: To fight as little as possible; to observe the same moderation with regard to abuse of inoffensive strangers; to refrain from pocket-picking, shop-snapping, hustling, and not to get drunk before night.

The journey proceeded. The Smudgys cracked nuts and ate oranges, smoked and chewed, and distributed slang and saliva with impartiality. At the beginning of the journey Lord Trefoil had cast one or two glances at his lovely patent-leather boots. Those objects were now beyond pity. I was glad he had the good taste to wear no jewelry but a ring and a small pin; otherwise I should have felt it my duty to warn him.

We reached our destination and disembarked Seven Dials on the platform of Peaceful Seabeach. The porter who took the tickets barricaded himself behind iron railings. We did not get out of the station without a slight scuffle; but at last we emerged from it triumphantly. Our way to the beach led through the town. We found the tradespeople putting their shutters up. Our reputation must have preceded us.

We marched on in comparative order, and presently emerged upon the Esplanade, where the beauty and fashion of Peaceful Seabeach were basking in the summer noon. Few of the Smudgys had ever seen the sea before. When it burst upon them, with a simultaneous impulse they began to strip. In an instant the Esplanade was deserted. An official approached and said: "Batbng is not allowed from this part of the beach. Read the notice."

One of the Smudgys advanced an enormous fist to the nose of the official. The official retired.

With considerable exercise of my persuasive powers, I got them to a part of the beach where bathing was allowed. I then said to Lord Trefoil, "I must go to the lowest public house I can find and arrange for bread, cheese, and beer for twenty-four" (there were twelve Smudgys), "as the boys will be hungry when they come out of the water. Would you mind looking after them until I come back?"

He agreed cheerfully, having full confidence in himself. I departed on my mission. When I, returning, came in sight of the bathing party, I could tell from a distance that something was wrong. Some of the buff-clad Smudgys were paddling in the water, others were mustered in a knot upon the beach, crowding interestedly round some object the nature of which I could not at first determine. It proved to be Lord Trefoil. His superfine frock-coat was a drenched rag, his cravat a sorry wisp; the ruin of his lavender-colored nether garments was pitiable to behold; and every spire of hair, every angle and prominence of form and feature, and every fold of his attire, distilled its own little galloping rivulet of salt water.

Sternly I exclaimed: "What does this mean?" Half a dozen voices answered officiously: "The young gent did it himself, sir. 'E chucked 'isself into the water, sir. Smudgy, 'e said as 'e was a drawnding, and the gen'tman nipped in and reskied of 'im."

"And then?" "Then Smudgy, 'e begs 'is pard'n werry polite, an' says as 'e's made a mistake, an' 'e'll swim the gen'tm'n out to the huoy an' back for a 'arf-pint. An' w'en the young gent begins to cuss, says Smudgy, 'e di'n't come out to listen to no bad langwidge, as is agin' the rules of the Hexcursion, an' 'e'll go by 'isself. 'E's there now."

The Excursion pointed with still grimy index-fingers. Smudgy was there, a white human speck in the far blue distance. Astride upon the bobbing huoy he sat, and scared the seagulls with vocal melody:

"When 'e asks you to b'l'ieve 'E's a cove would not deceive, You should wink the hother hi! Honly wink the hother hi!"

Ripans Tabules purify the blood and restore the complexion. Ask the druggist for them.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Too Much Fizz-Water.

'Twas the voice of the rouser,
I heard him complain
Of the evil effects that
Attend on champagne—
"My head aches," he sighed,
"Away down to my neck;
I really feel like
A fizzle wreck."—*Washington Star.*

Fact Against Proverb.

Often with the proverb's plan
Saddest havoc may be played.
"Man proposes," said the man—
"No, he doesn't!" cried the maid.
—*Washington Star.*

He Sings no More.

He could not sing the old songs,
His voice was out of trim;
And when he tried the new songs
They bung him to a limb.
—*Washington Star.*

Two of a Kind.

The clock on the half-hose is pretty,
The Watch on the Rhine is sublime,
And neither require any winding;
But they don't keep accurate time.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Millennium Ode.

The voice that through Ta-ra-ra's halls
Has boom-de-ayed so long,
Has gone to sea where Annie calls,
And joined McGinty's throng.
There by a long-lost cord they're bound,
It pulled Pat Duffy's cart.
In cradles of the deep-rocked sound,
Asleep, never to part.

Only a pansy to bedeck
The graves all kept sea-green,
Where Willie wanders 'mid the wreck,
And thinks what might have been.
"What! such a doom my song befalls!
I will believe it, for
The voice that through Ta-ra-ra's halls
Now boom-de-ayed no more."
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

On the Face of It.

"Where are you going, my pretty made?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty made?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Exactly what mine is, my pretty made."
"I pity your poverty, sir," she said—
And the loving herd wound slowly o'er the lea.
—*Life.*

The Hoop-Skirt.

I remember, I remember, the hoops my best gal wore
When first I went a-sparking her, way back in '54—
For when I'd see her home o' nights, I allow 'twas kinder rough
To stomp along the gutter, 'cause the walk wa'n't wide enough!

I remember, I remember, the settin'-room at home,
When the old folks all hed gone to hed an' left us there alone;

To get in spoonin' distance was more'n I could do,
An' when she tuk the sofy seat there wa'n't no room for two!

I remember, I remember, how I us' to sweat an' work
A-tryin' to figger out a way to heat that durned hoop-skirt;
An' I reckon how I fiddled 'round two year an' more that way
Afore I got up spunk to ask my gal to name the day.

I wonder, ob, I wonder, if this the truth can be,
That the comin' hoop-skirt's bigger than the ones I us' to see,
An' if it's so, I want to live just long enough to glean
How the young folks nowadays are goin' to tackle crinoline!—*Evening Sun.*

Worn Out Every Day

With hard work, business anxiety, mental application, exposure, close confinement at the desk or the loom, thousands who fail to recuperate their waning strength "give in" before their time. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the finest, most thorough recuperator of failing vigor, the surest protector against the host of ailments which travel in the wake of declining strength. Indigestion, malaria, rheumatic, nervous, and liver trouble give in to the Bitters.

A popular piece of World's Fair jewelry, designed for sale in Chicago this year, takes the form of a chatelaine, with objects in the shape of hams, pigs' feet, pigs' heads, ribs, sides of bacon, and sausages, all done in silver.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A good brother who recently offered a prayer at a prayer-meeting, started to make a reference to Nnah, but got a little flustered and forgot the name of the patriarch. After hemming and hawing for a few moments, he turned to a neighbor and asked in a loud whisper: "Who was it built the ark?"

Going through a picture-gallery lately, with an acquaintance, Addie Ledyard Ferris, the illustrator, came in an example of the realistic school, a revolting subject, treated with great candor (says the *New York Times*). One of the surrounding group, as they approached, murmured ecstatically: "How strong!" Mrs. Ferris swept one comprehensive glance at the canvas. She turned to her companion, with her dainty handkerchief raised to her nose: "Strong!" she repeated; "I should think it was! Come away."

Nothing annoyed the great chemist "Dumas le savant" so much as being mistaken for the novelist (wrote Mrs. Cross in her "Reminiscences.") On one occasion, a lion-hunting English lady, after praising him in the most effusive language, and observing that she knew every line of his writings, from "Monte Cristo" to the "Mousquetaires," added: "I hope you will allow me to send you a card for my next soirée." "Madame, I am in no way connected with the writer you allude to," said the savant, with a cold disdain that no asinine, snub-proof coat-of-mail could resist. "Oh, I thought you were the great Mr. Dumas," exclaimed the bewildered lady.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, lecturing to a school of nurses lately upon the necessity of self-control in emergencies, told the following incident: One of his patients, while in a low, nervous condition, swallowed by mistake a dose from the wrong bottle. She shrieked out that she was poisoned. One of the nurses screamed "Aconite!" and began to cry hysterically. The other nurse, seeing that the patient was going into convulsions from terror, when relief would be impossible, said coolly: "Don't be frightened. Look here," taking a mouthful of the dose herself. She then went outside to rid her mouth of it, procured an emetic, and sent for a doctor and a stomach-pump. Her calmness saved the life of the patient.

The late Fanny Kemble (says *Harper's Weekly*), had a fiery temper, which matched that of her husband, Pierce Butler, and speedily brought about what is still one of the most noted of divorce trials reported in the law books. In her youth she was remarkably beautiful, and in the rôle of Juliet she was the personification of dazzling loveliness. She was noted for the keenness of her wit even in the days of her old age. Once, when an impertinent street lunger stepped up to her while she was looking in the window of a hric-à-brac store, and said: "Are you fond of antiquities?" Mrs. Kemble quickly unpinned her veil, and turning on the man her aged face (she was then seventy-three) asked: "Are you?"

It was in the olden days (says the *Boston Budget*), when they were trying to introduce the Roman pronunciation of Latin instead of the Continental. They wanted to pronounce Cicero "Kickern" and Julius Caesar "Yulius Kizer." Of course for a time there was a determined opposition, but gradually the schools fell into line with the colleges, and the Roman pronunciation soon held undisputed sway. But there was one female seminary in Western Massachusetts that successfully resisted the progress of those hated *C's* and *J's*. To the faculty it was more a question of expediency than of principle, so in open session it was "Resolved, That the faculty of H— Ladies' Seminary condemn the introduction of the Roman method of Latin pronunciation, since the motto of the seminary forbids it." The motto was "Jubet Vicissim."

Michael Faraday, the great scientist, and Sir Charles Lyell were sent as government commissioners to watch the inquest upon those who had died by the explosion in the Haswell Colliery in 1844. Faraday cross-examined the witnesses very pertinently. Among other questions, he asked how the rate of flow of air currents was measured. An inspector, in reply, took a pinch of gunpowder from a box, as if it were snuff, and let it fall through the flame of a candle. His companion, with a watch, noted the time the smoke took to travel a certain distance. The method satisfied Faraday, but he remarked upon the careless handling of the powder, and asked where it was kept. "In a bag, tightly tied," was the reply. "Yes; but where do you keep the bag?" "You are sitting on it," answered the inspector, carelessly. Faraday's agility in vacating the seat of honor may be imagined.

A German merchant in London had a servant who at first was very forgetful. This fault was especially annoying at meal times. One day the family were seated at the table, and the bell was rung as usual. The girl hurried to the dining-room. "Maria," said Herr B—, "just run and fetch the big step-ladder down from the attic and bring it here." Maria, who

had been disturbed at her dinner, gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, but ran up three flights of stairs to fetch the ladder. In about five minutes she returned to the room, panting with her exertion. "Now," said Herr B—, "put it up at that end of the room, and climb to the top." Maria did as she was told, and when she was at the top, Herr B— quietly observed: "Maria, you have now got a better view than we have; just look around and tell us if you can see any salt on the table. My wife and I could not find it." This settled the business. Maria has never forgotten the lesson.

Brignoli was a firm believer in homeopathy, and was never without two small vials, containing hyronia and spongia, which he used alternately. His body-servant, Barbagelata, usually administered the drug. On one occasion it happened that Barbagelata gave him a larger quantity of hyronia than he had asked for; but he informed his master of the mistake. Brignoli was furious. He thought he was a dead man. He raved, and stormed, and swore, as only he could swear. Barbagelata, thinking to relieve his mind, swallowed the entire contents of the vial. "You see, Signor Brignoli, there is no harm in the medicine," he said. "Ah, my God!" cried Brignoli, forgetting his own danger at once, "you are a dead man. What have you done?" All the doctors in the neighborhood were sent for, and all had to testify that the drug was harmless before Brignoli would believe that Barbagelata could survive.

In a little town in Southern Illinois, a lodge of the Farmers' Alliance meet Monday nights. There is only one lodge-room in the town, and on Tuesday nights it is occupied by the Knights of Pythias. The president of one of the country sub-Alliances came to town one Tuesday. He had visited the town Alliance, and when he saw lights in the lodge-room, concluded he would go over there. He gave the proper knock at the outer door. The wicket was raised, and an ear was placed at it to hear the password. "I plow, I hoe, I spade," whispered the Alliance man. The ear was replaced by an eye, and it in turn gave place to a mouth, which whispered, in reply: "The h—I you do," and the wicket dropped with a bang. The indignant farmer shortly afterward met a "brother," to whom he told his tale of woe. "Why, dad blame it," was the sharp comment of the brother, "them's Knights of Pythias, and you've given 'em our password." "Dugged if I ain't," was the response; "hut" (brightening up), "durn 'em, I've got theirs."

The recent absurd revival of dueling in several countries of the continent of Europe has recalled a story which was the delight of Berlin some years ago, and which capitally satirized this barbarous custom. Dr. Virchow, the eminent man of science, had been sharply criticising Prince Bismarck, who was then chancellor. At the end of a particularly severe attack, Bismarck felt himself personally affronted, and sent seconds to Virchow with a challenge to fight a duel. The man of science was found in his laboratory, hard at work at experiments which had for their object the discovery of a means of destroying trichinae, which were making great ravages in Germany. "Ah," said the doctor, "a challenge from Prince Bismarck, eh? Well, well, as I am the challenged party, I suppose I have the choice of weapons. Here they are!" He held up two large sausages, which seemed to be exactly alike. "One of these sausages," he said, "is filled with trichinae—it is deadly. The other is perfectly wholesome. Externally they can't be told apart. Let his excellency do me the honor to choose whichever of these he wishes, and eat it, and I will eat the other." Though the proposition was as reasonable as any dueling proposition could be, Prince Bismarck's representatives refused it. No duel was fought, and no one accused Virchow of cowardice.

Only Right to Tell.

The Rev. Mark Gay Pearce, the eminent English divine, writes:

"BEDFORD PLACE, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, December 10, 1883. "I think it only right that I should tell you of how much use I find ALLOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family and among those to whom I have recommended them. I find them a very breastplate against colds and coughs."

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VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 10:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 1:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

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7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Week Days 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor Tocaloma, Point Reyes, Tomes, and Way Stations	10:25 A. M. Mondays (Week Days) 12:15 P. M. (Monday Sundays) 6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week Days

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Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomes, \$1.50.

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City of Peking.....Thursday, April 13, at 3 P. M.
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Oceanic.....Tuesday, March 14
Gaelic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, April 4
Belgic.....Thursday, May 4

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LEAVE	From Feb. 8, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, ..	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	* 12:15 P.
8:00 A.	Niles and San José.....	1:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.....	6:15 P.
* 7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:30 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.....	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.....	7:15 P.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 10:15 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

* 11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	1:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Los Gatos, and Wrights.....	6:20 P.
8:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Alameda, and Way Stations.....	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Troy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:10 P.
12:05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	† 7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:20, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave SAN FRANCISCO, DESTINATION, ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg.		10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Soioma.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Clear Lake, Ukiah, Calito, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydeville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.75; to Guerneville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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The performance of the piece called "Deception," which is nothing more than a translation—not an adaptation—of the "Demi-Monde," by Alexandre Dumas, should not be allowed to pass without a word on the school of which it is a leading product. M. Dumas is on the verge of seventy; he writes no more, having an ample fortune and habits of idleness; the time is therefore propitious to consider the services he has rendered to the stage and the place which he is destined to occupy in literature. The critic is the better able to undertake the consideration, as M. Dumas has lived in the glare of Parisian daylight, and has never had any secrets from the world. What was not known of him before was revealed by the Brothers Goncourt.

He came of bad stock. His father was an unprincipled reprobate, who was equally famous as a cheat, a genius, and a libertine. Unless public rumor did him injustice, his mother was a fit helpmeet for such a husband. The elder Dumas made no secret of his rogueries or of his debaucheries. Just before the son began to write, the father sued the *Constitutionnel* newspaper, and it came out in the evidence that he had contracted to deliver more manuscripts than the most rapid writer could copy; he admitted, in fact, that he was selling other men's work as his own, and he justified the act on the ground that "a man of genius does not steal, but conquers." His habitual language in the salon of the Princess Mathilde, to which he was admitted under the Empire, would have excluded him from any American drawing-room, if it had not consigned him to a madhouse.

Of this man, the author of the "Demi-Monde" was the son. He was brought up in the circles which his father frequented; circles in which the Maçon L'Escout of the day was queen, and card-sharper and welchers were her courtiers. When the time came that he felt the necessity of earning money—at twenty-four years of age—he wrote the "Dame aux Camélias" as a novel, and followed it up with four or five other works of fiction, which were designed to paint the life of the loose and lawless for the instruction of those who were innocent and uncorrupted. Having been successful with the novels, he dramatized them, and in 1852-5—that is to say, in the troubled period when social laws were relaxed by the establishment of the Empire—he gave to the world the "Dame aux Camélias," the "Dame aux Perles," and the "Demi-Monde" in rapid succession. They were all set in the same key. They were a trilogy, which was an apotheosis of the Soiled Dove. The lesson which they taught, and which they emphasized with brilliant sparkle of wit and very considerable power of pathos, was that the female who makes merchandise of her charms is not wholly to be blamed, but is often a subject for commiserate sympathy.

When the censor condemned M. de Walewski's "Coquette Sans le Savoir," on the ground of immorality, the author defended his work in these words:

"Immorality consists in disguising the ugliness of corruption, in costumeing vice in seductive colors, in hiding the misery of a corrupt age under graces of style and gloss of diction. He who sounds the wound which vice inflicts, and lays it bare in all its hideous deformity to the public eye, is not immoral; he renders a public service."

M. Dumas did not take the trouble to resort to any such casuistry. He painted the people he knew, and he painted them in realistic color and form. He did for the society of the Second Empire that which Wicherley and Farquhar did for the age of Charles the Second. He drew Lais, as they drew their Lady Bettys, so that beholders should rather admire her piquancy than condemn her morals. Every one who goes to see the "Dame aux Camélias" comes away with a tender regard for Marguerite and a sort of indignation at the father who does that which no sane father could help doing. In a word, M. Dumas prostituted high literary genius to the task of extenuating vice and excusing depravity. Zola is realistic enough—*ad nauseam*, in fact; but, after all, he does not make Mme. Saccard an object of sympathy or envy. Dumas's whole heart goes out to the worst people he paints—like Carnaggio, whose pet works never could be exhibited. He lived himself in a world which, as Mme. d'Ange says in the "Demi-Monde," seems high up to people who are in the gutter, but appears pretty low down from the level of honest society.

M. Dumas is a member of the Academy, and, strange to say, has occasionally figured as a sort of authority on morals. A few years ago, he published a pamphlet to prove that a man should always kill his erring wife. Naturally enough, he had swung from one limit of the pendulum to the other. Hav-

ing consorted during most of his life in a society in which conjugal disasters were trifles, he wound up with a philosophy which pronounced them unpardonable sins. But even this rule of life was subject to revision. When the Deacon case startled Paris, the Abeille family—distinguished, influential, and, above all, rich—moved heaven and earth to manufacture a public opinion that should be favorable to Abeille. Among others, M. Dumas was enrolled on the payroll of the manufacturers. He proved that Deacon was all wrong, and that Abeille was a martyr; for which service he is said to have received a fee of twenty thousand francs. It would have been cheap if Dumas had had any character to stake.

Men of the stamp of the younger Dumas are largely responsible for the decay of French literature and for the abasement of the Paris press. Gifted with remarkable capacity to express striking thoughts in graphic phrase, they have concentrated their endeavor on producing an effect without regard to the truth of their statements or to the soundness of their ethics. The one object they have had in view is to produce a sensation, to say something which will startle. With the result of the sensation, or the subsequent behavior of the person startled, they have had no concern. Dumas was sharp enough to understand that people long for glimpses of the unknown country beyond the moral pale. A due regard for public morality has compelled the code to forbid too close or too microscopic an inspection of that *terra incognita*; but along its borders are swamps in which some of its flora grow, and these M. Dumas chose as his happy hunting-ground. He planted his camp-stool so as to sweep the gap which divides the legal wife from the venal wife. And he justified his sniffing garbage by pretending to be a social philosopher, who had diagnosed human frailty and human depravity from a new standpoint, and was prepared to equip law-givers with new information for their guidance.

The prefaces by which he introduces his plays show the shallow impostor in his true light. They are agglomerations of false philosophy, sickening self-conceit, and bold, sheer imposture. He claims to understand good society, because he studied it at the Bal Mabille. He pretends to realize how a pure and virtuous woman would feel under given circumstances, because he observed how the ladies of the Quartier Bréda behaved in the like juncture. He describes the feelings of a gentleman from his study of horse-jockeys and punters. With all this, he is such a finished master of witty dialogue, and so delightful a small-beer chronicler, that his books and his plays have attained in his life-time a vogue which posterity will emphatically deny them.

The display of millinery at the Bush Street Theatre on Monday evening has rarely been equaled in San Francisco. As a dress parade, "Deception" was a brilliant success. There were more good clothes to each act than the most inveterate theatre-goer can ever remember having seen before.

The leading lady, as was quite right and just, wore the best clothes; the various husbandless wives that were scattered through the rest of the cast wore the second best; and the ingénue wore the leavings. The men were of no importance at all, for they wore the unvarying and dun-colored garb that they affect, red gloves now and then adding a touch of color, and, in one or two instances, varying the monotony of their appearance by powdering their hair with flour as a sign that they had reached years of discretion, an hypothesis that their actions were calculated to refute.

The Baroness Blanc acted her part of wearing her wardrobe gracefully and consciously with fine effect. She never overlooked its beauties and never let the audience forget them. The way, alone, in which her train was managed, bespoke long and arduous study of this most difficult task. The finished and graceful manner in which she arranged her gloves about her wrists when she sat down to play on the piano, showed that she had been carefully trained in stage tradition. And when, in the second act, she threw back her long white-silk cloak and revealed the dazzling heliotrope ball-dress beneath, one felt that the beautiful baroness was destined to be an ornament to the boards.

The baroness treated the first act from the point of view of pale gray and sulphur color. The audience suffered a bitter disappointment in that her conception of this scene did not include a crinoline. She permitted herself to indulge in a deeply gored skirt, however, which, though less of an innovation, is interesting. It was also noticeable that the baroness, both in the first and the third acts, introduced in her treatment of the character of Baroness d'Ange a large diamond brooch in the front of her bonnet. This is something quite new in the portrayal of the adventuress type. The Master of Ravenswood, if memory does not deceive, wore a brooch in his hat. Outside this illustrious example, the baroness has no precedent for the unusual and startling innovation. Brooches, by the way, have rather an important part in Bush Street Theatre plays. Was it not there that Grismer and Davies acted a startling drama in which one, Antonia, had a "brewch" that they were always talking about?

The brooch in her bonnet is the only distinctly novel attribute that the baroness introduces in her conception of the character of Baroness d'Ange. Of course she smokes the invariable cigarette. It

was Jerome K. Jerome who first discovered that the smoking of a cigarette on the stage was peculiar to the adventuress, and, in fact, was a sort of mark of the species. The baroness did not smoke the cigarette till the third act. People who are conversant with stage tradition began to think that, after all, she might be a much maligned woman. Just at the end of this act, however, the baroness sat down on the edge of the table, drew forth a cigarette, and struck a light.

Then one knew the type exactly. Having beguiled the good young man of the play—invariably represented as amiable but idiotic—into a lofty and exalted love for her, she is about to marry him, when an old accomplice—the kind of person who comes in a mackintosh and a slouch hat, and murmurs, between clenched teeth: "Thwarted, thwarted again!"—appears suddenly and reveals all. The adventuress, having first fallen fainting on the ground, gets up, and, retiring, puts on a black tea-gown, made loose so that her movements, as she falls down-stairs and writhes in the torments of strychnine poisoning, may not be impeded; then, after writing a letter of farewell to her future husband, kisses his hat, or his boots, or his gloves, or any article of his attire that may be lying about; and then, with a sad, tearful smile, takes poison out of a ring, or a brooch, or a watch-case, falls down a flight of stairs, knocking down any trifling ornament that impedes her progress, crashes into a table or two, overturns a flower-stand that happens to stand in her way, pulls down a few curtains, and finally, when the stage-furnishings have been demolished and the lady is weary with the unwonted exercise, consents to die in front of the footlights, where she lies, at last at rest, a pale and panting corpse.

The Baroness d'Ange is just the same as all her predecessors. If one excepts the brooch in her bonnet, there is really not the least difference. Sometimes, when they die of poison, they do not introduce the flight of stairs. The Baroness Blanc generously gave both. Mrs. Langtry, on the contrary, in the play where she removed herself from this mortal sphere by means of some powerful drug that appeared to induce excruciating agonies, dispensed with the stairway, and confined her acrobatic evolutions to the narrow limits of a stage drawing-room. There, however, she created as tumultuous a disturbance as Tom Sawyer's cat did when it took the pain-killer.

The Baroness d'Ange, as represented by the Baroness Blanc, is an extremely slender lady, with an elegant taste in dress, and a small, neat-featured, rather pretty face. She has the corn-colored hair that the society actress appears to think so lovely, and that, in Baroness Blanc's case, is arranged in a marvelous multitude of small curls in the front and in a golden twist in the back, beld in place by a jeweled comb.

It is not surprising that this beautiful creature captivates a good young man—Raymond de Naujac. Raymond is a young man such as never lived anywhere out of a French play—if he lived in real life, it would be in an idiot asylum, where it is to be presumed M. Dumas found him. Raymond, previous to his appearance in the play, has been rusticated for ten years in Africa. It is not said, but one feels sure that his family sent him there, feeling that, in the Desert of Sahara, even Raymond would find it difficult to get into trouble.

For ten years Raymond enjoyed what Macaulay calls "the desolate freedom of the wild ass." Then he came back to Paris, where he continued to remain as wildly asinine as of yore, but no longer enjoyed the desolate freedom. It appears that his long stay in Africa did not do much toward developing poor Raymond's brains. He came back from ten years in Sabara as child-like and bland as he might have come back from ten years in Milpitas.

This amiable and trusting young man falls in love at first sight and forever with the bewitching baroness. He also makes a close friendship with Olivier de Jalin—a black-haired gentleman, in a black-velvet coat, who describes himself as a "blarsé man of the world." The blarsé man of the world must be a little astonished when, on their first meeting, the artless De Naujac says, apropos of the baroness: "Oh, Mussu, I love her madly!" Olivier looks a little surprised; but whether at the confidence or at being called "Mussu," one is not able to discover.

This class of play, acted ably by French actors, who, with their deftness of treatment and lightness of touch, can give an added brightness to the cynical and witty lines, may interest by the brilliancy of the dialogue and the skill with which a trained dramatist works up his situations and unfolds his plot. But acted by American actors—and poor American actors at that—every fault is apparent, and even the undoubted cleverness of the dialogue is unable to make up for the morbid unhealthiness of the sickly story.

At the theatres during the week commencing February 27th: Frederick Warde and Louis James in "Francesca da Rimini"; Frank Daniels in "Dr. Cupid"; the Tivoli Company in "Nell Gwynne"; and Peter Jackson in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Wife (severely)—"Drunk, as usual, John." John—"No, m'dear; drunker'n usual."—*Ex.*

Lavinia—"Yes, James and I are to become partners for life." Mabel—"And you will be the senior partner. How sweet!"—*Judy.*

Judge—"If I got intoxicated, as you do, I'd shoot myself." Prisoner—"If you was 'tossicated as I am, you couldn't hither harn-door."—*Texas Siftings.*

He—"Even the undertaker was overcome with grief." She—"Was he a relative?" He—"No; but the deceased was the only doctor in the town."—*Life.*

A—"As I am now told, you and Fanny are now married and happy." B—"Yes; that is to say, she is happy and I am married."—*Humoristische Blätter.*

"John, you are not listening to a word I am saying." "Why, my dear, I am all ears." "I know you are, and that makes it all the more provoking."—*Quips.*

Fanny—"A man tried to kiss me on Broadway yesterday and I had him arrested." Nanny—"Why did you do that? Of course the poor fellow was only crazy."—*Life.*

"I never could understand why Henry the Eighth was called 'Bluff King Hal,'" said Watts; "I should think a man with six queens had no need to bluff."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

No heels for Willie: *Slimson*—"What's become of those new slippers you got for me?" Mrs. *Slimson*—"Willie has them out in the back-yard, taking off the heels."—*Judge.*

Tommy Figg—"Sister's beau kicked my dog yesterday, but I got even with him, you bet. *Johnny Briggs*—"How?" Tommy Figg—"I mixed quinine with her face-powder."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Bell-boy—"That actress in 385 says she didn't order the kind of a cocktail you sent up." *Barker*—"But I see that the glass is empty." Bell-boy—"That's all right. She said she'd use it while she was waiting for the other."—*Life.*

His maternal parent—"I am sorry, Willie (whack), to have to do this. It (whack) hurts me a great deal (whack, whack) worse than it hurts you!" Willie (wriggling and shrieking)—"No, it don't! You've got a glove on!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Tom—"I've got to make a speech at the club tonight, and I don't know whether to wear my Tuxedo or not." Lucy—"I wouldn't. I would wear a coat with tails to it." Tom—"I don't see why." Lucy—"How are they going to pull you back into your seat?"—*Judge.*

Magistrate O'Googhan—"Hov'n't you been befar me befar?" Astute prisoner—"No, y'r honor, I never saw hut one face that looked like yours, an' that was a photograph of an Irish king." Magistrate O'Googhan—"Discharged! Call th' nixt case."—*New York Weekly.*

The literary art market: First poet—"How are you making out, these days?" Second poet—"Immense! Last week I sold four 'Pastels in Prose,' two 'Aquarelles in Rhyme,' and three 'Etchings in Poetry'; and I'm at work now on an 'Oil Painting in Blank Verse'!"—*Puck.*

Eminent German singing professor (to fair Saxon beginner, lessons at ten dollars per hour)—"Erstens molto pianissimo con amore, zat is, mit gefühl; dann crescendo, dann forte till fortissimo hin aufsteigend! All at once diminuendo, a long still-stand, und beinahe nodding finish. You understand!"—*Basar.*

Patient—"Well, doctor, how do you find things to-day?" Doctor (cheerfully)—"I feel very much better satisfied." Patient—"I feel worse than ever. What have you discovered that makes you feel so assured?" Doctor—"I am satisfied now that the medicine I have been giving you for the last three months has not been doing you a bit of good. I was in doubt about it before."—*Life.*

Embarrassed young man—"Have you—er—got any cradles?" Furniture dealer—"Yes, sir." Young man (becoming still more embarrassed)—"In cases where—where—when it wasn't just—just what you expected, you know, and—and—and you have to buy cradles, you know, is it customary to buy two cradles—or one cradle big enough for both of 'em?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Friend—"It is too bad that you have to die before you can get even with your cousin who cheated you out of your patrimony." Consumptive—"Never mind. I'll be revenged. I shall die before the winter is over." Friend—"What difference can that make?" Consumptive—"Custom will require him to attend my funeral and stand by the grave with his hat off. That'll kill him."—*New York Weekly.*

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Courtenay Thorpe, now that he has left Rosina Vokes's company, intends to return to his first love—the romantic drama—and is contemplating appearing as Romeo in London.

The New York *Evening Sun* gives an interesting review of the theatrical "wrecks" once a week, and mentions Mrs. Blanc's company among them, announcing that only two members of the original cast remain with her.

The latest accounts of "The Knickerbockers," the new opera Reginald de Koven and H. B. Smith wrote for the Bostonians, indicate that it will not be heard of again. Its failure is assigned to the poor quality of the music.

The Tivoli management has secured "His Majesty," the new comic opera by H. J. Stewart and Peter Robertson, which was produced here by amateurs a few nights ago, and will put it on the stage at the popular Eddy Street theatre in a fortnight or so.

In the marriage engagement, announced in cablegrams from London, of Justin Huntley McCarthy and Aida Jerome, reference is doubtless had to Aida Jenoure. She is a pretty American actress and singer, and was seen here four or five years ago in "The Pearl of Pekin."

Osmond Tearle is now in Scotland, playing Shakespeare and other parts. The statement in English papers that his company recently made a presentation to his son on the occasion of that young gentleman's coming of age would seem to indicate that Tearle has a son old enough to come of age.

Mme. Modjeska's last meeting with Lord Tennyson was most pathetic. She accompanied him from London to his country-house. After dinner, he read a portion of "In Memoriam" to her, and she was so overcome with emotion that she knelt at his feet and kissed his hand. Lord Tennyson at the time said he had never received more sincere praise. [cont.]

Planquette's comic opera, "Nell Gwynne," will be sung at the Tivoli next week, with the following cast of characters:

Charles II., Lizzie Annandale; Buckingham, George Olmi; Rochester, Philip Branson; Falcon, Arthur Messmer; Albot, Edward Torpi; Weasel, Edward N. Knight; The Beadle, Ferris Hartman; Hodge, J. P. Wilson; Podge, George Harris; Peregrine, Aggie Mullard; Nell Gwynne, Gracie Plaisted; Clare, Irene Mull; Jessamine, Tillie Salinger; Marjorie, Grace Vernon; Frue, Mae Atkins; Sue, Gretchen Hirsch.

Milan has discovered that Mme. Patti is no longer the inimitable songstress she was a dozen or more years ago. She sang there in "Traviata," last month, and could by no means carry through a performance by a wretched company. The audience at La Scala was courteous to her, but it hooted and yelled at other members of the company. The Italian is a fervid lover of good music, but he makes no bones of showing his disapproval of bad music.

It is probable that Minna Gale-Haynes will retire from the stage after this season. Her husband objects to her continuing her public career; but she is ambitious, so he has paid Henry Abbey a large sum to be her manager, and has given her an excellent company. He holds, however, that Shakespearean plays will not pay. She had fairly large audiences in New York and was an artistic success; but the venture lost a pot of money. His book of check-stubs will doubtless be a convincing argument at the end of the season.

Here are some of the smart sayings in Oscar Wilde's play, "Lady Windermere's Fan":

Hopper is one of nature's gentlemen—the worst type of gentleman I know.
Gossip is scandal made tedious by morality.
They are more exclusive in Sydney than in London.
Men grow old, but they never grow better.

So sorry to have been out the last three times you called. (Mrs. Erynn to Dunby, who pretends to inquiring lady that he does not know Mrs. Erynn.)

There's nothing in the world like the devotion of a married woman—it's a thing no married man knows anything about.

A cynic—a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

I prefer women with a past—they have so much to talk about.

I can resist everything except temptation.

All men are monsters. The only thing to do is to feed the brutes well.

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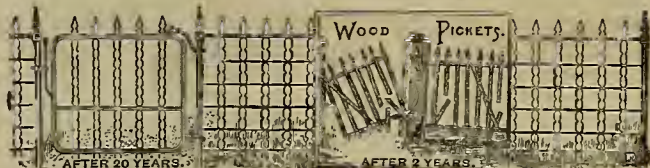
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Partisanship pauses, arrested by pity, in contemplating the plight of the Democracy. The Cleveland afrite, having been let out of the jar on the national seashore, refuses to be put back again, and covers the political sky as with a choking cloud of virtue. The Argonaut feels no timidity in predicting that the whole country, as well as the hapless Democratic party, will be excessively weary of Mr. Cleveland long before his term shall have expired. Already he has vouchsafed a foretaste of what is in store. Not only is to be 'better than his party,' but he purposes to impose his goodness on the United States in the form of personal government. We are in for four years of benevolent despotism. In his view, the victory of November was not a triumph of Democratic principles, or of the Democratic party as an organization, but merely a vindication of Grover Cleveland. It was to him but an indorsement of the correctness of all his opinions in whatsoever points those happened to differ

from the opinions of others, whether the latter might be party friends or antagonists.

Not conspicuously deficient in self-confidence before, his faith in his own superior wisdom is now armored hopelessly against all the weapons of suggestion from without. Consider his Cabinet. Had Mr. Cleveland deemed the result of the election an approval of his party and its programme, as well as an incidental compliment to himself, he would, of course, have summoned as his constitutional advisers the ablest and most prominent men in its ranks. Instead of that, he has bidden to the council board a lot of personal friends and unknowns. Hoke Smith is doubtless a great man in Georgia: yet even with the advantage of such a name he had not managed hitherto to make himself heard of. Bissell, Mr. Cleveland's partner, though fatter than his chief, has never filled fame's trump except as a member of the firm, shining in reflected light. There is Dan Lamont, too, a deserving newspaper reporter, who served Cleveland well as private secretary during governorship days at Albany and later in the same humble capacity at Washington—an intelligent, industrious little man, upon whom the people have never, by their votes, placed any responsibility. With two exceptions, the members of the Cabinet are even more obscure. Their names and new dignities can not be recalled and connected without consultation of the newspaper files containing the news of their promotion. The two exceptions are Senator Carlisle, of the Treasury, and Judge Gresham, of the State Department. Carlisle is the only Democrat of national repute, approved ability, and Cabinet size that the President has chosen. Gresham is a Republican, whose renown has been earned by his futile efforts to get the Presidential nomination of his party and his desertion of it at critical moments. Thus has he received the adulation of Democrats, who, in order to magnify the political importance of his apostasies, have sought to convince the public that he is a great man, and by so doing have persuaded themselves that he is one. Perhaps he is, but we shall wait for evidence. None has been vouchsafed by this political judge up to date. That he has been sincere in his undignified speeches on and off the bench, for the delectation of the mob anent the perils of wealth (which he does not share), may be granted, but gentlemen, and particularly jurists, whose native disposition it is to "sound the alarm," are hardly those from whom the most is to be expected when the weight of office and the duty of originating large policies is imposed upon them. It was to please the Mugwumps, as well as to gratify his own taste, that Mr. Cleveland asked Judge Gresham to step across what was left of party lines and become his Secretary of State. There is an affinity between the two men. Each has an abiding faith in the moral inferiority of his party to himself, and a congenital hankering for the distinction that "kicking" confers.

If Mr. Cleveland had been consistently scornful of the Democracy and always nobly indifferent to personal consequences in the expression of his contempt for its wishes, a respect would be due him that memory of facts must cause to be withheld. Throughout the last campaign, he, like his Mugwump friends, was hand in glove with Tammany, and he equaled that grand statesman, Senator Hill, in seeking opportunities to make the inspiring announcement: "I am a Democrat!" It is not forgotten, either, how, in the campaign of four years ago, he truckled for the Irish vote of New York city by making a ridiculous noise over the "Murchison Letter" and sending Sackville West, the British Minister, home in disgrace. That piece of commonplace demagoguery lost him the votes of all naturalized Englishmen, the votes of the American party, and the votes of all citizens who felt keenly the disgrace of such an appeal to the tenements of the metropolis. In our judgment, it had as much to do with beating him as the tariff issue itself. His bluff at Canada in the matter of suspending traffic in bonded goods, and his fiery haste (with an eye on the electoral votes of the Pacific Coast) to sign the Scott Chinese Exclusion Act, also helped to take Mr. Cleveland down from the pedestal to which he has again managed to climb.

The truth is there is not in the United States a more "practical" politician than the ex-sheriff and mayor of

Buffalo. He got his training in the most worldly of schools, and, as the nautical phrase has it for one who rises from the fore-castle, he "came to the quarter-deck through the hawse-hole." No doubt his occupancy of the governor's chair and his four years in the White House have enlarged his mind in some directions; but two causes have, nevertheless, conjoined to spoil him—the growth of his vanity, due to success, and the preposterous adulation of the Mugwump press. To read the columns of our esteemed, but unpleasantly self-valuing contemporaries, the New York Post, Times, and Harper's Weekly, as well as their journalistic echoes throughout the land, one would be led to suppose not simply that Mr. Cleveland is a very good man in command of a very bad party, but that by some magical means it is always given to him to do right. To their minds, he is in American politics apparently what the Pope is to Roman Catholics in theology. He is urged to exert his infallible powers and substitute his own will for that of both Houses of Congress. The advice is frankly given him to announce to the Democrats of the nation that no appointments to office will be made until Congress shall obey his wishes in repealing the Sherman law and otherwise legislating on the silver question to suit him—and this advice comes from the sinless Mugwumps, the central tenet of whose holy creed it is to banish patronage as a force in politics! We mistake the temper of the House and Senate if they will submit to this species of dictation. They represent the majority of the American people, and the American people are not yet ready to be ruled by one man, even though that man be the miracle of sagacity and righteousness, whom Mr. Cleveland's Mugwump admirers have persuaded him and themselves into believing him to be.

If a third term were among the possibilities, the situation would offer a smaller probability of trouble, but as Cleveland knows he must abandon ambition after 1897, he is free to consult his desire for posthumous fame. And as he has evinced, ever since he first reached the White House, a belief that greatness is to be sought in ruffling his own party and pleasing the epicenes of politics, the chances for a protracted storm are first rate. Unless the Democratic party shall cultivate humility and bring itself into the supplicating attitude of the devout who thank beaven for its chastening afflictions, it need look for nothing but trouble. Grover the Good knows far better what is well for it than it does itself. It is his modest wish that the Democracy, like the Indians, should regard him as the "Great Father at Washington," and signs of irreverence will, we predict, be punished with severity. If Democrats alone were in the way of suffering the penalties of non-worship, the prospect could be borne with resignation, not unminged with ghoulish glee, but the terror of it all is that the rebukes which come from the throne must fall through the press alike upon the just and the unjust. And the country is not unfamiliar with the hardships of Mr. Cleveland's outgoings. Had destiny not made him successively sheriff, mayor, governor, and President, this remarkable and intolerably virtuous man could have achieved immortality and an income as an author of apothegms for copy-books.

Some weeks ago, when the daily journals of San Francisco, and for that matter of many other cities, were clamoring for the immediate annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, the Argonaut observed:

"In all this Hawaiian business, one fact is very plain—this great republic can not afford to do an unrepentant thing. If we take possession of a helpless country, against its people's wishes, we strike a fatal blow at the roots of our republican system. Our government is based on the consent of the governed. We can not make the Hawaiian people an integral part of this republic without their consent."

But the daily press kept up its clamor for the annexation of the islands. The Hawaiian "commissioners" were interviewed, and certified that they did not resemble the three tailors of Tooley Street as much as they seemed to do. Leaders of commerce, finance, and law spoke their little piece in favor of the Hawaiian grab, with appropriate reference to manifest destiny and to the opportunity afforded to twist the tail of the British lion.

Thurston, Castle, and Carter pursued their journey to Washington amid the plaudits of a nation ravenous for more territory. Wherever they went, the people welcomed them. Were they not going to add a star to the American constellation? When they reached the capital, leaders of both parties called upon them; they posed as statesmen who carried an empire in their pockets and could hestow it as they pleased. They were received at the White House, and President Harrison actually indorsed them in a message to the Senate. We think it is unfortunate for President Harrison's reputation as a broad-minded man of good judgment that he should have sent this message.

When the annexation boom got into Congress, it began to weaken slightly. As a matter of course, that blatant hull of Bashan, Morgan, of Alabama, pawed the ground with his forefeet and hawled for the annexation of Hawaii, as his kindred had hawled for the annexation of Cuba in the days of James Buchanan. A few Republican whiffets, not feeling quite certain but that there might be some capital in annexation, played second to Morgan. The San Francisco press instructed its correspondents, and the daily dispatches from Washington represented the capital as panting dry-lipped with unquenchable thirst for dominion in Hawaii. According to these writers, nothing else was talked of at the Capitol or at the White House. Cabinet meetings were held to smooth the difficulties in the way. The Pacific Coast Squadron was said to have been ordered to rendezvous at Honolulu, with orders to blow out of water any British or German vessels which dared to stand in the way of manifest destiny. Noses were counted in the Senate. At first, the treaty—for the Honolulu "commissioners" had actually drawn what they called a treaty—was to be ratified by a unanimous vote. Then it was sure of three-fourths of the senators; then of two-thirds; then, at all events, of a majority. As a matter of fact, it never got before the Senate at all. When time was afforded for reflection, every one saw that these insular speculators in sovereignty had nothing to offer the United States, and represented nobody but themselves. When that truth dawned on the mind of the Washington public, people gave the "envoys" a very cold shoulder indeed; they packed their gripsacks and left for their homes, and the correspondents of the San Francisco papers discreetly dropped the subject.

The explosion of the bubble should lead to a little sober, sensible thought on the subject. It is contrary to American tradition to annex non-contiguous territory; the violation of this rule—the purchase of Alaska—was justified by the expectation that, before long, British Columbia would fall into our hands. It is contrary to American principle to annex territory which is inhabited by people who are not in favor of the annexation. This rule was strongly insisted on in the case of Texas. And finally, it is contrary to the spirit of our policy to annex territory which is inhabited by races not homogeneous with ourselves. No one of the three conditions is fulfilled by Hawaii. It is not contiguous. The people have expressed no desire for annexation; the movement with that object has emanated from a portion of the resident European and American population, who number, all told, 4,603 persons. The population is a mongrel mixture of all races. Of the 90,000 inhabitants who were returned by the census of 1890, over 40,000 are Kanakas, 15,300 Chinese, 12,360 Japanese, 8,602 of the old Portuguese stock, which has become akin to the Polynesians. If we took these people in, we should have to take them in as citizens. A decent regard for American sentiment would forbid the introduction into this country of a servile race. We should have to give the franchise to the Kanakas and to the Chinese. And if we let the Chinamen of Hawaii vote, how long would it be before the Chinese of California would claim the same privilege, with arguments which could not be gainsayed?

The feelings of the conductors of the daily press of this city are not at this moment to be envied. With all the facts before them, they demanded that the United States, at the end of the nineteenth century, should rob an inoffensive and helpless people of its territory.

To us it is gratifying to remember that the *Argonaut* did not follow the multitude. When the news first came that Hawaii was clamoring for annexation, this journal gave a doubtful acquiescence. The *Argonaut* has always realized the value which the islands would possess as a commercial and military outpost; but it has never justified the adoption of a policy of national piracy.

One of the San Francisco dailies has been interviewing a number of people recently as to the decline of matrimony in this city, which fact it claims that statistics show. Most of the persons interviewed attribute the decline to the cost of living.

California is no longer a land of booms. Everything is finding its level. The conditions of life are approximating more closely to those in the older States.

The question, What it costs to live? is coming close home

to young people in these days. In many families comparisons are being instituted between San Francisco and older cities, like New York and London; the feeling prevails that, sooner or later, the cost must fall to much the same level in all three cities. At present it differs pretty widely.

For instance, a six-room house or flat in a good quarter of San Francisco will rent for \$60 or \$70 a month. In the new "Universal" apartment-house of a thousand rooms, which has been planned by Willis G. Hale, and will be erected either in Philadelphia or New York, seven-room flats will rent for \$60. These apartments will be with or without kitchen and bath, as desired. The main kitchens and laundries will be on the top floor; and on the ground floor will be a telephone and telegraph office, news-stand, stenographer's office, stock-ticker, and bulletin-boards; while in the basement there will be bath-rooms, swimming pool, barber-shop, howling-alley, and gymnasium. Thus what a tenant of the "Universal" loses in privacy he gains in modern comforts and luxuries. In London, people prefer to rent houses rather than apartments. A seven-room house in a pleasant street, in suburban London, rents for about £50 a year—say \$21 a month; less than one-half what is paid on either side of this continent. The charges incident to housekeeping are less there than here. Water and gas for the average, moderate-sized dwelling-house in San Francisco will cost about \$60; in London they would cost about \$40. A Londoner who pays \$250 rent, expects to have to pay \$50 a year for street, city, and school taxes, and \$5 a year for inhabited house duty. The State, county, and city tax in San Francisco will amount to about twelve per cent. of the rent. The occupant of an apartment in New York or Philadelphia escapes taxes, and it is becoming usual for the owner to supply gas and water free, as is done in the Mills Building in this city.

Food is a trifle cheaper in San Francisco than in New York or London. In the latter city, roasts of beef sell for about 20 cents a pound, chops and steaks for 30 cents, bread about 4 cents, potatoes 2 cents, milk 6 cents a quart. New York can shade these prices, and here, in San Francisco, roasts can sometimes be bought for 15 cents, and mutton for 12½ cents a pound. Vegetables, fish, and fruit are cheaper here than in New York, and cheaper there than in London. But servants' wages more than equalize the scale. Chinese cooks are now getting \$35, and second boys, doing the work of house-maids, \$25. The supply of suitable servant-girls is too small to cut any figure in the comparison. In New York, the same class of house would be run for \$16 for a cook and \$10 for a house-maid—in all, \$26 as against \$60 here. In London, a similar house would be run by one servant at about \$7 a month; the work of sweeping, washing steps, washing windows, and laundering is done by outside charwomen or companies which contract to look after whole blocks.

It is thus reckoned that a young Londoner who has \$100 a month can afford to marry and to hire a house in which he can lodge his own mother and his wife's sister. In New York, no prudent father would allow his daughter to marry a man with less than \$50 a week. In San Francisco, young men with \$50 a week are supposed to be marriageable; in fact, many young men marry on half that income; but, unless they are prepared to plant their wives in a three-room flat in the Mission, they find before they have been three or four years married that the step was rash.

When the young husband's ship comes in, and money ceases to be an object, the young wife can live like the Paris millionaire, if she chooses. This pampered person gets his green peas from Algiers, and pays \$10 a peck for them; his asparagus is also raised in Africa, and costs \$5 a bunch; his spring lamb comes from Brittany, where the sheep feed on lush meadows—a hind-quarter sells for \$10; his strawberries cost him \$1.50 a dozen and his peaches \$3 apiece. For a dozen roses he pays \$10, and for a basket of white truffles from Milan he is out of pocket just \$40. Thus his potato salad—which is the popular dish of the day—can not be dished for less money than the total weekly allowance of a young San Francisco matron. Yet all these, and many other things, the young matron can have when the young husband's ship comes in.

But there is many a faded matron, with a gray-haired husband, whose ship has never come in.

The American people are rapidly moving toward the elective method in every public station. The foundation principle of our republic is the ability of the people to govern themselves. The enduring frame-work is the Federal Constitution. Nevertheless, in the progress of the Union, sixteen amendments to the original great charter have been found necessary, and the progressive condition of the republic is likely to cause yet other amendments. There is no department of the government which the American people guard and protect with greater jealousy than the judiciary. Yet in most of the States the change has been progressively

made from an appointed judiciary to the election of the judges by direct ballot. But there is a popular demand for still further change. The election by popular vote throughout the Union of President and Vice-President, instead of the prevailing method of election by State electors or by States in the lower house of Congress, is now demanded. The people are ripe for a change in the manner of choosing United States Senators. In place of the accustomed method of choosing them by vote of the State legislatures, the people wish to elect them by popular vote. All of these changes trend toward simplifying the fundamental principle of self-government—toward the supremacy of the popular will as expressed through the ballot by popular vote. The present condition of the senatorial contests in four of the States is pregnant with the necessity for some change which shall prevent similar occurrences for the future. The failure to choose a senator by the legislature is the practical disfranchisement of the State in the upper branch of Congress, and there is no authorized means by which the temporary disfranchisement can be corrected or overcome. The right of the legislature is absolute and supreme; neither the State executive nor the people can supply the deficiency or compel the choice of a senator. During the existence of the government, from 1789 until 1845, while there were above one hundred and sixty cases of resignation of senators, besides the death of many and the expulsion of one senator, in no case did either the State legislature neglect to choose the senator, or—in the cases of death and expulsion—the State executive fail to make appointment. In all that time, the Union increased from the ten States which were represented in the first Congress to the twenty-six States represented in the Congress of 1845, and there did not occur an actual vacancy in the United States Senate, from the failure of the State legislature to choose in accordance with the method prescribed by the constitution. Since 1845, the States have increased in number to forty-four, and there have occurred—prior to the current year—four cases of failure by the State legislatures to elect United States Senators, notwithstanding that Congress, twenty years ago, passed an act expressly designed to insure the election of United States Senators by the State legislatures at the appointed time during session. This year there are, at present writing, four States whose legislatures are stubbornly persisting in the refusal to choose United States Senators. It is at a most important juncture in the affairs of the republic. Yet the people of each of these States are without redress. The governor of each of these States is similarly powerless. The entire responsibility rests upon the recalcitrant legislatures. If the senators of the United States were elected by the people of the various States, at general elections, these "dead-locks" in legislatures would not occur. Many other disgraceful things in legislatures would not occur. Seats in the Senate of the United States would not be put up at auction. Millionaires can not buy the voters of an entire State. Let all good citizens work toward the election of United States Senators by popular vote.

During the past few weeks, the supervisors have been examining the reservoirs, sources of supply, pipe lines, pumping works, and plant of the Spring Valley Water Company, with a view to fixing the rates for the ensuing year, as required by law. During this period of suspense, the stock fell off several points, and is slowly recovering. Stockholders were timid, warned by the attempts of previous boards to "cinch" the company.

But the present board seems to show a disposition to be fair. There are two sides to every question. There are water stockholders as well as water consumers. There is no reason why A., who owns water stock, should lose money in order to provide B. with cheap water. The stockholders of the Spring Valley Company are entitled to a fair rate of interest upon their investment. They receive from the present rates not quite six per cent. per annum. No one can claim that this is more than a fair rate.

The question of rates is of importance, but it is of far less consequence than the volume of the water supply and the quality of the water. San Francisco now consumes 20,000,000 gallons of water per day. In the storage reservoirs of the company there are at present 18,000,000,000 gallons of water, and 10,000,000 gallons are added daily by pumping. The storage reservoirs of the Croton Water-Works, in New York, are capable of holding thirty days' supply only; though New York, with a population of 1,500,000, consumes the same quantity of water per head—say, sixty-six gallons—that San Francisco does. In the event of an accident, New York might be exposed to a water famine at the end of a month. San Francisco could stand a siege of over four years.

The quality of the water supplied by the Spring Valley is superior to that furnished to New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, and many other cities. In most of these the water is not absolutely pure, and is derived from sources which the progress of settlement is rendering less pure every day. Philadelphia used to have a supply of notably pure

water; it is now so foully contaminated that people do not drink it, if they can help it, and it is accused of being unfit for use even when hoiled. The Croton supply in New York being now inadequate, a bill is before the legislature to authorize the State government to buy all the land bordering on streams, lakes, and reservoirs from which the future supply may be obtained. Should the bill pass, the city will incur a liability which will vastly increase its debt. And yet it seems to be an absolute necessity.

Well water, which used to be considered so wholesome, is now known to be the most active of all causes of disease. In the country, the well and the cesspool are frequently neighbors and exchange contents, with results which may be imagined. Only the other day, at a small town in England, a sudden and unaccountable outbreak of typhoid fever was traced directly to a well from which the people had been in the habit of drawing their water. Some wells receive the rainfall from a limited area round the mouth of the well. But if the well is at the bottom of a valley, or if the soil through which the well has been sunk is stratified, the water may come from quite a distance, if it fell in line with the inclination of the soil toward the well. Where the soil is porous, water may flow for considerable distances underground, carrying with it any disease germs which it meets on its way. In the interior of California, hundreds of thousands of people get their drinking water from wells. If cholera should reach us this summer, grave danger will attach to such a practice. San Francisco, however, will be relatively free from danger, owing to the generous and uncontaminated sources of her water supply.

As the world moves on, two or three problems are drifting to a forced solution. Water being the article of which mankind consumes most next to air, it is probably next to air the most active factor in the genesis of health and disease, and the first aim of every enlightened community must be to insure an unlimited supply of pure water. And secondly, no community can afford to allow the ownership of so vital a condition of health to remain in the hands of individuals or private corporations. Every community ought to own its own water supply as it owns its own air supply. When this proposition was first laid before the people of San Francisco, its soundness was admitted by the intelligent. But the sum which the Spring Valley was willing to take seemed so large that the average tax-payer was unwilling to pay it. Looking back at it now, it seems quite small.

The news that Alexander Russell Wehkh, of the American consular service, had been converted to the religion of Mohammed, caused the paragraphic lips of the press of the United States to part in smiles about a year ago. The more recent news that he has arrived in this country as a Moslem missionary has banished the smile and produced a guffaw. Such is our modesty that we laugh in spite of ourselves at the notion that anybody from anywhere can teach us anything. The hurden is placed on Mr. Wehkh to prove that he is not weak in the upper story. The idea that a full-grown American citizen should "turn Turk" strikes most other American citizens, especially such as have not any faith of their own, as grotesque. But when our true believers wake up to the astounding fact that a Mohammedan missionary is actually among us, laughter will doubtless be drowned in the storm of wrath provoked by such impious presumption. The angriest will be those who have been most ardent in taking up collections for the support of Christian missionaries in Mohammedan countries. But Mr. Wehkh—who, to signify his change of belief, has decked himself in Oriental fashion, with the title of Muhammed—will be welcomed as a propagandist by a good many people for a variety of reasons—by those, first of all, who have never been able to free themselves from the feeling that missionaries represent a colossal impertinence. It is amazing the complacency with which we put our hands in our pockets to send preachers—too commonly raw and not over-hriny hoys just out of the brain-cramping theological seminary—to India, Japan, and China, to tell the thoughtful, philosophical Buddhists, beside whose venerable religion our own is a parvenu of yesterday, that they are all wrong, and will be damned eternally if they do not swap belief in their legends and miracles for belief in our miracles and legends. Muhammed Wehkh will be welcomed next by that large element—well represented among the rich and hored—who are eager for a new sensation, whether it be of the body or soul. Spiritualism and Theosophy have begun to pall rather, and the hewilderd alarm which it would spread amid one's friends, were it known that you contemplated becoming a Mohammedan, would have irresistible attraction for ladies and gentlemen who have nothing harder to do than amuse themselves. In their minds, and in those of the vulgar generally, Mohammedanism stands chiefly as a religious justification for keeping a harem—an institution not unheard of in Christendom, but not yet acknowledged as proper. Finally, Brother Wehkh can count upon a kind reception from all who

are interested in the study of comparative theology, and all who think it desirable to dispel popular ignorance concerning a religion which one-third of the human race confess. Such knowledge, or want of it, as is abroad among English-speaking people concerning Mohammedanism, has nearly all been derived from the writings and preaching of Christian clergymen, and it is not necessary to say what treatment truth has received at their hands. Ecclesiastical history is the despair of historians.

As a matter of fact, the Virgin Mary is chiefly responsible for the existence of Mohammedanism. Had not those who were bent on making her the successor of Isis as a divinity persisted, and won their end by bribery and persecution, the chances are that Mohammed would have labored and perished as an obscure foe to the idolatry of his native Arabia. It was the Christians who accused him of a design to set up a new religion, and enabled him to do it. His rise is to be traced to the great battle in the fifth century between Nestor, the Bishop of Antioch, and the adorers of the Virgin, afterward to become the orthodox. Nestor declined to believe that God was a magnified man or that Mary assisted him in conducting the perpetual banquet and concert which constituted heaven according to the popular conception of the time. Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria—the same gentle spirit who murdered the beautiful and gifted pagan philosopher, Hypatia—was the Talmage of his day, and championed the faith of the populace. Cyril determined that the worship of the Virgin, as the Mother of God, should be recognized; Nestor was determined that it should not. In a sermon, delivered in the metropolitan church at Constantinople, the latter vindicated God as the maker and ruler of the universe—a majestic spirit without limitations or the petty attributes of humanity. "And can this God have a mother?" he cried. Cyril thought he could, and enforced his reverent view. How he did it, let Draper tell; and to the narrative we invite the special attention of our Catholic friends, to whom the Virgin is much more real, as a deity, than the Almighty himself:

"Instigated by the monks of Alexandria, the monks of Constantinople took up arms in behalf of the 'Mother of God.' The quarrel rose to such a pitch that the emperor was constrained to summon a council to meet at Ephesus. In the meantime, Cyril had given a bribe of many pounds of gold to the chief eunuch of the imperial court, and had thereby obtained the influence of the emperor's sister. 'The Holy Virgin of the court of heaven thus found an ally of her own sex in the Holy Virgin of the emperor's court.' Cyril hastened to the council, attended by a mob of men and women of the baser sort. He at once assumed the presidency, and in the midst of a tumult had the emperor's rescript read before the Syrian bishops could arrive. A single day served to complete his triumph. All offers of accommodation on the part of Nestor were refused, his explanations were not read, he was condemned unheard. On the arrival of the Syrian ecclesiastics, a meeting of protest was held by them. A riot, with much bloodshed, ensued in the cathedral of St. John. Nestor was abandoned by the court, and eventually exiled to an Egyptian oasis."

But though Nestor was done for, his cause was not. Missionaries disseminated the Nestorian form of Christianity to such an extent over Asia that its adherents eventually outnumbered all the European Christians of the Greek and Roman Churches combined. But for Cyril's triumph at that council of Ephesus there would have been no Nestorian convent at Bozrah, a town on the confines of Syria, when, in the summer of 581, Mohammed arrived there, a boy of twelve, accompanying his uncle's caravan. At that convent, Mohammed was taught the tenets of the Nestorians and learned the story of their persecutions. It was here that he imbibed his hatred of the idolatrous practices of the Catholic Church and his reverence for Jesus, not as a God, but as one of God's prophets. And the Nestorians and Mohammedans between them, centuries later, rendered services to civilization of which we are still enjoying the fruits. In Spain and elsewhere, they kept the lamp of science burning and the bath-tub filled when all Christendom was sunk in piety, ignorance, sloth, and filth. "I have to deplore," says Draper, in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," "the systematic manner in which the literature of Europe has contrived to put out of sight our scientific obligations to the Mohammedans. Surely they can not be much longer hidden. Injustice, founded on religious rancor and national conceit, can not be perpetuated forever."

Muhammed Wehkh is, we trust, a man of learning, intellectual courage, and vigor. If so, he will be a providential agent for infusing some life into the American pulpit. At present it seems, for the most part, to be in possession of the mentally lame, halt, and blind. The renewed need for defending the faith against the Saracen would necessarily impart a fervor of faith which is now painfully absent. Moreover, he can say so much in favor of Mohammedanism that the clergy may have to learn something about it, not only as a body of doctrine, but as a system of practical morals. It is, for one thing, the best friend of the temperance cause, since no good Mussulman can drink wine. It is also favorable to cleanliness, rejecting altogether the idea of Catholic ascetics that holiness and dirt go together. As for polygamy, Muhammed Wehkh need not plead the examples of the Old Testament and the silence of the New. He can

triumphantly show that his prophet (who never pretended to be more than a man) lived for twenty-four years the faithful husband of one wife, who was much older than himself, and did not make imitation of his subsequent laxness obligatory upon his followers. Indeed, Mr. Wehkh will confer a favor by enlightening the Western mind on the subject of the Mohammedan harem. In the majority of cases it is nothing more noxious than a sort of Old Ladies' Home, where the charitable Mussulman immures in comfort the widows of his brothers, his superannuated aunts, and other needy female connections. Occasionally, of course, for the sake of variety or other reason, a good-looking young woman is installed; but this, we fancy, will hardly shock unhearably the moral sensibilities of the wealthy Christian populations of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, where, we understand, practical polygamy, and even polyandry, are not altogether unknown. Salaam to Muhammed Wehkh. The benediction of the Prophet of Islam be on him. May he have luck with his mosque in Chicago, or wheresoever else he shall set it up, and prod our clergy to feats of study and preaching, which hitherto they have been too indolent to attempt. There is no danger that we can know too much about Mohammedanism or anything else.

The State senate, by an almost unanimous vote, has passed Senator Biggy's Bill providing for the selection of a site and the erection of a State Building in San Francisco. The bill has also been reported by the ways and means committee of the assembly, and is now before that body for third reading. By a test vote taken in the assembly one day last week, two-thirds of the members present voted in favor of the measure. This indicates the almost absolute certainty of its passage. Governor Markham, in a message sent into the assembly on the sixteenth instant, recommended the bill, but suggested to the consideration of the assembly a proposition that those offices and institutions provided for in the bill should be accommodated in the new depot building about to be constructed at the foot of Market Street. It is difficult to understand how the governor could suggest such a proposition, unless it be at the instance of the harbor commissioners, who are desirous of securing the added appropriation for their own expenditure. No one at all acquainted with the lay of the city will think such a proposition feasible. It is not customary for State institutions to be located along the water-front of large cities, like common warehouses, miles away from the centre of the city's business activity. The building it is expected to erect under the provisions of the Biggy Bill will be a monument to the State, to stand for all time to come. It will cover not only the present offices and institutions, but all others which may hereafter be created with headquarters in San Francisco. The business centre of this city is fast moving westward, and within the next few years will be about the New City Hall. Some regard should be had for the future, and it is not to be expected that the water-front location will be received here or in Sacramento with much favor. The present scattered condition of our State offices in this city is a matter which must be remedied in some way; and, while we are about it, it is only fair to the people of the State that their money should be properly expended. To locate some of these State offices upon the wharf-line, and leave the most important office of all, the State Supreme Court, in a rented building, is not expending the State's money properly. A building such as the Biggy Bill provides for will not only be a credit to both city and State, but a great convenience to all who may have business with our State offices. These offices are already located by law in San Francisco, and it is for the convenience of the people and a saving to the State treasury that this bill has been presented. It ought to pass, and we believe it will.

The San Francisco and Great Salt Lake Railroad is dead. The *Argonaut* never believed that the scheme would amount to anything, and has devoted no space to its consideration. The projectors were men of ability and wealth, but the conditions were unfavorable. The chief unfavorable condition was that the road had to depend on San Francisco support. Hence it failed. It is even said that the Traffic Association caused its failure. The amount of talk, in wind and ink, that this scheme has caused would have built six railroads in any other community. But not here. San Francisco will never build a railroad. She would not even support a rival railroad, should one be built. An instructive remark was that let fall by President Houston, of the Pacific Mail Company, in testifying before a congressional committee the other day. "When the Pacific Mail Company," said he, "urged on by the San Francisco merchants, started in to fight the transcontinental companies, the railroads lowered the rates. The Pacific Mail Company was at once deserted. But two San Francisco houses kept their pledges and stood by us—Murphy, Grant & Co. and Lachman & Co." After this experience, it is needless to remark that the Pacific Mail retired from any further partnership with San Francisco merchants.

LORD BYRON'S BOY.

Lord Byron and Jimmy Kerr were toiling up the hill toward home. The traveling was not very good, but they did not mind this much. Lord Byron and Jimmy Kerr were not so very good, either, it may as well be acknowledged. If they had been truly good, they would not have lingered at the Eagle Bird Saloon until such an unseemly hour, when Fred Parks (proprietor of the corral where they had left their horses) and all other reputable people in Chloride Flats were asleep. They had gone, after mature and potatious consideration, to secure their horses for the ride home; but, inasmuch as it was one-thirty A. M., and the stables and corral-gate were securely locked, they had decided to walk home—neither of them, they confided to each other, ever did like riding, anyhow.

"Cold!" ejaculated Lord Byron, in response to a remark from his companion, who plodded a rod or two behind, as usual—"cold?" Say, Jim, this'd drive a cast-iron statue in off a green lawn. Jim! where'n hell be ye, anyhow? Oh, y're right yere, be ye? Didn't know but what ye was back about las' Chris'mas 'r summers. Wa-al, belly up, an' irrigate; this is *this* Christmas, an' we don't want no sluggards in th' celebratin' exercises—so git a move on!"

"Wah-h!" said Mr. Kerr, as he accepted Lord Byron's invitation; "wa-ah! that sho' hits th' spot."

"Y're shoutin', my cow-teasin' young friend. That *is* good, an' here's 'bow.'" And Lord Byron lifted the bottle to his own bearded lips, and held it there for several seconds.

"Nother, Jim?" inquired Lord Byron. "Go to it, son; it may carry ye home—I won't. Wa-al, we better fade out o' this, son. Come on."

They had struggled on a few rods, when Lord Byron halted. "Hol' on, Jim? Did ye hear that?"

"What?"

"W'y, didn't ye hear some un' a-hollern', jes' now? Listen—"

A faint cry came down to them, borne by the wild wind from a point on the trail ahead.

"Come on!" said Lord Byron. "Sounds like a woman cryin'! Hurry, Jim. Hi-i-i!"

Lord Byron and the faithful James hurried on, and, presently, coming to where the trail turned to go across the hills into the valley, over to the "B H" Ranch, they came upon the author of the cries they had heard.

It was, as they could see by the light of Jim's lantern, a small boy, about twelve years old, and, he told them, he was trying to find the "B H" Ranch. He had started from the Flats after the arrival of the evening train, and, losing his way, had, very sensibly, stopped at the old dug-out by the cut-off to wait until some one should come along.

Lord Byron did not wait to ask questions—it was too cold. "Grab a-holt, Jim, an' come on," he commanded, and the homeward march was resumed—not very steadily, but still in the proper direction, generally speaking.

"Who be ye, boy?" asked Lord Byron, when, about half-past three, he and Jim and the young stranger, after a "snack" and something to thaw them out, sat before the open fire-place in the big living-room, getting warm.

"I'm Mark Dunton, and pa sent me out here. He said t' come t' Byron Hutchins an' say he sent me here," responded the boy, incoherently.

"Y're Mark Dunton's boy?" asked Lord Byron, starting up and laying his big hand on the boy's shoulder. "Mark's boy! Where's pa?"

Big tears came into the lad's eyes, and there was a great sob in his throat: "H-he's dead, mister."

"Hol' on, boy—hol' on; le's go see ma." And Lord Byron picked up the now crying boy and carried him in to Mrs. Hutchins, who, arrayed in a not very immaculate wrapper, was just about coming from her room to discuss the late-hour question with her recreant spouse.

Mark stayed. The Hutchins' were not blessed with "ary chick n'r kid," as Lord Byron expressed it; and if they had been it would have been all the same. Mark Dunton, the elder, had been, according to Lord Byron's statement, "th' best man th't ever drawed breath"—and all the love the old man and his kind-hearted wife could lavish they considered none too much for Mark Dunton's son.

Mark proved to be a good boy, in the main. True, he was a bit wayward, and inclined to be weakly led into all sorts of scrapes; but he was so frank and open, and, when he had been guilty of any small misdeed, was always so honestly sorry and deeply repentant, that, maybe, his foster-parents loved him all the more for his occasional lapses from rectitude.

believer in the truth of that venerable and moss-grown adage: "Boys will be boys"; so it was easy enough for him and his kind, motherly wife to find excuses for "their boy," who soon became as a son to them.

Lord Byron and "Boy," as he invariably called Mark, were almost inseparable. When Mark was not at school he was invariably to be found with "Uncle By." It was a good thing for the boy, this companionship. The old man's exterior was rough; but beneath it beat the kindest, truest heart; and, in his talks with Mark, his uncouth speech carried many a good lesson of honesty, truth, justice, virtue, manliness, courage—attributes of his own that his few small faults failed to obscure.

Lord Byron often suffered, as such men will, from the results of misplaced confidence, and whenever any one had abused his faith, he would say to Mark: "Boy, ye c'n find honor an' heaps o' good p'int's 'bout a road-agent 'r any other blame thief, but ye can't find nary one in a cussed traitor. 'More'n all things on airth, Boy, don't never be ongrateful 'r go back on a friend. Thar was Judast Iscaryut, an' Brutus, an' Ben'dic' Arnold—they went back on th'r 'rien's, an' whar be they now, an' what do folks think o' 'em?"

When Mark was seventeen, and had finished his course at the Chloride School, he was put in charge of a tutor, to pre-

pare himself for college, and the next year saw him off for the East to enter one of the leading New England institutions of learning.

Here, I am sorry to say, he failed to conduct himself as well as he might. Lord Byron kept him supplied with all the money he could possibly find use for, and Mark, as boys of his nature will, did not take long to identify himself with the "rapid" class of students, and was soon known as one of the liveliest freshmen at college.

Of course, Lord Byron knew of all Mark's doings, but never a word did he write to him on the subject. The weekly letter from the old folks, and all called for remittances, came with unfailing regularity, and Mark went on his easy, happy-go-lucky way, rejoicing. Once in a while, it is true, his conscience rose and smote him, but it never troubled him for long; and he went home, at the end of his freshman year, with a lot of fashionable clothing, a large stock of slang, an insatiable appetite for cigarettes, and a class record of merit barely sufficient to elevate him to the rank of sophomore.

If Lord Byron felt that the object of his lavish benevolence had not made a fair return, in his conduct and progress, for all that the old gentleman had done for him, he did not say so. It is more than likely that, while he was hardly satisfied with Mark's behavior, he attributed it to the overflowing spirits of youth, upon which he was wont to look with lenient eye, and trusted to time to bring the lad through with flying colors. And so, during the few weeks Mark spent at home, the only difference in the feeling of the old folks for him made itself manifest mainly in the greater warmth of affection they bestowed.

In October, Mrs. Hutchins died suddenly, and Lord Byron took her body to Ohio to bury it on the old homestead where she had lived when he first knew her, and which had always been "home" to her. Mark met his guardian at Chicago, and together they went on to attend the last rites.

It was all over, and Lord Byron was "lost," he said. Ever since meeting Mark at Chicago, he had clung to him and leaned on him, so to speak, and now he felt as if he could not possibly leave him. They sat in their room at the hotel in Cleveland, whither they had gone from the little cross-roads town where they had left all that remained of her who had been so dear to both.

"I reckon I won't go back yet a bit—not yet," said Lord Byron, unsteadily. "I can't do it, Boy. Seems like it'd plumb kill me t' go back an' not see ma. Y'r Aunt Lucindy was a splendid woman, Boy."

Mark nodded assent, for a great sob choked him, and he could not speak.

"I reckon I'll go 'ith you, Boy, t'll I get sorter used t'—t' bein' alone. She loved ye, Boy, ma did, jes' like I do, an' 'twon't seem nigh so lonesome ef I c'n see *you* once 'n awhile."

So together they returned to the little college city, where Lord Byron could see "Boy" at almost any hour and comfort himself with his company.

"Uncle By" stayed over a month, during which time Mark was hardly out of his sight an hour, when his duties permitted him to be at liberty. As time went on, the old man's presence grew irksome to the young fellow. He missed his larks with his roistering fellow-students, whose revels were now carried on without the light of his presence. And a few of the fellow-students, with the heartlessness peculiar to certain of their kind, did not hesitate to throw out sneering remarks about "cow-punchers" and "corn-feds," with an occasional reference to Lord Byron as the "sage-brush cavalier"—all of which Mark failed to resent. Had any of his fellows made any direct remarks about the old man, he would have lost no time in silencing them; but as the sneers came in a rather indirect way, he could not muster the courage to resent them.

One day, Lord Byron went to New York on business, expecting to be gone about three days. On the second evening after his departure, there was a "soirée," as the boys termed it, at Mark's quarters, in honor of his temporary "emancipation," as his room-mate called it. At midnight, the members of the company were somewhat the worse for wine.

"When, me boy," asked Barton, a big sophomore, "d-do you 'spect your 'lustriously named nurse t' return?"

"To-morrow night," answered Mark, sulkily.

"Ah!" said Barton, steadying himself against a table. "And will he g-gladden us with his ch-cheering p-presence for some t-time?"

"Not if I can help it," returned Dunton, feelingly. Then, for he was quite sober, he felt he had said enough, and turned away to bring more "refreshments."

Lord Byron, standing just outside the door, through which he had been about to enter when he heard the sounds of revelry inside, turned sorrowfully away without reclosing the door, tiptoed softly back to the street and returned to his hotel.

"Poor boy!" he thought, as he walked along; "I reckon 't's purty tough t' have th' ol' man mopin' 'round 'n watchin' ye. But—but I wish't ye hadn't said it, Boy," he said, brokenly, aloud—"I wish't ye hadn't."

The early morning train bore the old man West, and from New York he wrote to Mark that he had been obliged to leave suddenly, and had not had time to see him again. He inclosed a draft for a liberal amount, and hoped Mark would be a good boy and would not "go back on his friends"—which latter injunction the old man could not, for the life of him, resist adding. And while Mark was again entertaining his chums that night, in honor of the arrival of the draft, Lord Byron was lying awake in the sleeping-car, speeding westward, his honest heart full of tears.

Mark did not return home the next summer. He had several invitations for the holidays, which Lord Byron urged him to accept, much to his secret relief.

At the end of a yachting cruise later in the summer, Mark received some startling news. It was nothing more or less than that Lord Byron had been married! Mark remembered the new-made bride. It was one of the numerous daughters of old man Gordon, a neighbor of Lord Byron. Sophie Gordon—Mark remembered her as a

plump, rosy, rather pretty, and very romantic damsel, rather more than five years older than himself, somewhat light-headed and given to reading slushy novels. What on earth could have possessed the old man?

Then he remembered how lonely it must have been for the poor, saddened old fellow, and concluded, presently, that he was hardly to be blamed after all. So he sat down and proceeded to gladden the old man's heart with a kind, tactful letter of blessing and congratulation.

When Mark came back to the ranch next year, there were many changes. The house had been refurnished, there was a piano, and last, hut, of course, by no means least, a bouncing girl baby, a few weeks old! Mark did not stay at the ranch very long. It was not much to his taste. He did not like babies, and this one engrossed everybody's attention, so he "escaped," as he termed it, as soon as he could.

Mark's course during the next year was so much worse than his previous career, that he was requested, at commencement time, not to return to college. This grieved Lord Byron deeply, but he said little about it. It was decided that after he had remained at home a while, he should go to Pueblo to study law with an old friend of his late father. For the present, he was satisfied to stay at the ranch and have a bit of recreation.

They had a pleasant time that summer. There were a number of visitors at the Springs, only a dozen miles or so distant, and they and the "B H" people got on very friendly terms. Then there were drives, and dances, and picnics, and all sorts of excursions, not to mention the excitement of the August round-up.

Naturally, Mark and Sophie were thrown together much of the time. Lord Byron was entirely wrapped up in Bess, the baby, and paid little attention to the goings and comings of the rest of the household; so Mark and Sophie were free to amuse themselves as they chose; and, for the most part, they amused themselves in each other's company. Lord Byron was only too glad to have them enjoy themselves, and smiled on their rapidly strengthening comradeship, until one day, early in September.

He had just returned from a ride to one of the neighboring ranches, and was coming around the house to look for Bess, when he happened to glance in at one of the long windows of the big parlor, and saw something that fairly stunned him.

Sophie—his wife!—sat at the piano, and Mark Dunton, half-kneeling, with his arms clasped about her, was passionately kissing her and murmuring sweet words in her ear. They did not see him; he turned and staggered back to the dining-room door, which he entered. He went to the side-board and took a heavy drink of whisky, and stood staring for several minutes at his reflection in the mirror before him. Then he turned and went through the house, noisily calling for the baby, in order that he might not surprise the guilty ones. When he reached the parlor, Sophie was gone, but Mark sat in the corner nonchalantly turning the leaves of a book.

"Come yere, Boy," said Lord Byron, pleasantly. "I want t' talk t' ye."

Mark rose and followed him. Lord Byron led the way to a secluded spot out of view of the house, then halted.

"Mark, I think ye'd better pack up an' go t' Pueblo in th' mornin'. Hol' on, Boy, no questions. I want ye t' go—an' stay ontell I send 'r ye."

"Wb—what is this for, Uncle By?" stammered Mark, getting red in the face.

"I don't reckon I need t' tell ye," answered the old man, shortly. "Ye *know*. Ye know ye've went back on y'r frien's more'n once; but I don't want ye t' do it again. Better pack up this afternoon, so ye c'n start when I do, in th' mornin'. I'm goin' t' Kansas City."

That evening, Lord Byron started to drive to Chloride Flats, to attend to some errands; but had gone only a part of the distance when he remembered some harness that needed mending, and he turned back to get it. As he neared the house, he glanced up at Mark's room, where, a short time since, a bright light had been burning. From his seat in the buggy, the old man could see that the lower blinds were drawn and that the light was burning very dimly—but he could see, too, by a shadow on the opposite wall, that the room was occupied. He leaped to the ground, ran to the house, and sprang madly up the stairs.

In the parlor of the great house, a woman, pale as death, stood wringing her hands in agony, and straining her ear for sounds from without. Down in the road two men—one young, the other old and gray—faced each other. The young man's face showed ghastly white in the dim moonlight, and the other's looked wild and strange. The old man spoke, evidently with some effort:

"Mark, I've be'n like a father to ye, hain't I?"

The other bowed his head, and the speaker continued: "I've be'n far 'n' squar', an' give ye ev'ry show t' do y'rself some good?"

"Yes."

"An' ye've went right back on me, spite o' my warnin' ye. Now, Boy, look yere: You've took advantage o' me, but I won't take none o' you. I'm a-goin' t' kill ye, but—"

Dunton sprang back in horror, with an inarticulate cry. "But I'm goin' t' give ye a far' show, jes' like I've be'n doin'." Take this yere gun an' go down b' th' gate."

"Good God! Uncle By, you can't mean it! Why—"

"I hain't! Uncle By—I'm th' man ye've wronged an' heart-broke. Go!"

Lord Byron looked down at the dead face of the corpse in the road. He gazed steadfastly for some time, oblivious of the sounds he heard, of people coming. Finally he spoke, gently: "Poor boy! I don't b'lieve ye shot t' me, t' all. Ye've played more'n fair 'r once, Boy." And he stooped and kissed the face of the dead.

R. L. KETCHUM.
SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1893.

OUR AMERICAN NOBLES.

"Flaneur" says They are the Box-Holders in the New Opera House.

Out of the ashes of the Metropolitan Opera House springs the seed-bud of New York opera as a permanent institution. The building and site were sold last week at a figure far below their value, but one which covers the claims of the creditors, and now thirty-four gentlemen have agreed to pay \$30,000 each for a box, thus contributing in cash one-half the capital of a two-million company to own and run a new opera-house. The buyers do not acquire a usufruct merely. They become possessed of a piece of real estate like a lot in a cemetery, which they leave to their heirs, or may dispose of *inter vivos* in case they are caught in some future "krack." It is theirs and theirs only for all time, and can not be used by others without their consent for any purpose or under any circumstances. It is, in one respect, a patent of nobility. A box-owner at the new opera does not require to produce his armorial bearings to prove his aristocratic descent. That he is a box-owner suffices. There can be but thirty-four of them; if more American nobles are evolved, a new opera-house will have to be built for them. For the new temple of art will not resemble the House of Lords; it can not be packed with new peers in case of recalcitrance. Europeans will learn to speak of box-holders at the New York Opera as they used to speak of Knights of Malta, or as they now refer to "creations of the Henrys."

New York has not recovered breath sufficiently to make its plans regarding the new structure. Those who have discussed the subject have taken a prosaic view which ignored architectural possibilities. They have figured on the lowest possible sum for which four walls, a roof, and an auditorium could be put together. Thus Mr. Hammerstein thinks that "two feisty" will cover the cost of the place, and Mr. Reginald de Koven has figured on a possible expenditure of \$300,000. Paris, where labor and materials are cheaper than they are here, spent \$1,000,000 on the Grand Opéra House, and Vienna laid out even a larger sum on hers. If we are going to build a temple to American opera to endure for all time, and to become one of the attractions of the American metropolis, we would surely skip it if we spent less than they. For seven figures a house can be put up which will be the talk of the nation; it is at least doubtful whether the thing can be done for less. Far-sighted New Yorkers are already saying that if we can not afford to do the thing in the way it should be done, Chicago will show us how, and the name of Chicago operates on the New York nostril like a phial of the most powerful salts of ammonia.

The site is not propitious. The Paris Opera, on the boulevard at its most fashionable point, can be seen for long distances on either side; strangers visiting Paris for the first time and putting up at the Grand Hotel, form, as they see it out of their windows, a proper conception of the splendor of the capital of the civilized world. So the superb opera-house on the Ring Strasse at Vienna, surrounded by the palaces of the nobility, the Academy of Fine Arts, the Conservatory of Music, and the military head-quarters, acquires grandeur from its location and presents an example of fitness. No matter how much money New York may spend, her opera-house will not rival these edifices.

When Mr. Clews and his friends first began to make plans to save the opera, they based their calculations on spending \$300,000 to rebuild, and on getting a rent of \$60,000 a year from the manager. But this assumed that the owners of the building would rent it entire to the impresario. Now the thirty-four best boxes have been sold. They would probably have brought, in the aggregate, not less than \$3,400 for each opera night. If Mr. Abbey or Mr. Schoeffel should take the house under present circumstances, this would have to be taken into account. The receipts from other boxes and from the orchestra, parquette, and galleries, would hardly meet the pay-roll of a troupe which included Patti and Tamagno among its members. It would thus seem that the box-holders would have to become partners—in some shape or other—in the managerial enterprise. It is usual to figure on gross receipts of \$10,000 a night for a short opera season, and on expenses of \$9,000; the manager's profit comes in when an extraordinary attraction swells the receipts to \$12,000 or \$15,000, the expenses remaining the same. If average receipts of, say, \$10,000 a night were reduced to \$6,600 by counting out thirty-four boxes, the prospect of loss would be imminent. This danger would be averted only by an agreement among the box-owners to pay for their seats just as if they did not own the boxes.

Here is where European opera has the advantage over New York opera. In Paris and Vienna, as in Italy, artists are paid such low salaries that the price of admission can be placed within the reach of the ordinary purse, and the manager banks on the public at large. It is only at New York, the City of Mexico, Rio Janeiro, and Buenos Ayres that a song is worth a thousand dollars. America has taken the place of Russia. The barbarian who reigns on the bank of the Neva was only able to seduce artists from Paris by paying them three times as much as they get on the boulevard; and so we lure the great tenors and sopranos across the ocean by offering them contracts at which the Parisian laughs. This will not always be so. As the political economists tell us, nothing but a Pennsylvania tariff prevents wages falling to an equality on both sides of the ocean; the day will come when, in song as in industry, the American standard of wages will be European pauper labor. When that time arrives, operas will appeal not to the Four Hundred, who own their opera-boxes as they own their vaults in a fashionable cemetery, but to the rank and file of mankind, who will pay their dollar and a half or their two dollars for admission. And in those days there may be a prospect of the genesis of American opera under the auspices of such men as Reginald de Koven.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, February 26, 1893.

THE WHITE WITCH.

A Fairy Story for Grown-Up Girls.

The Shepherd loved the Princess—that was the beginning of the trouble, for, of course, it was a very wrong, and impossible, and altogether unsuitable thing for the Shepherd to do. He was a very good shepherd, and, until he saw the Princess, he looked after his sheep on the green sunny hills all day and brought them safely home every night; and if he ever dreamed dreams as he lay on the short thymy turf and looked up to the deep blue sky, he certainly never told them to any one, so nobody was the worse or the wiser.

But there came a day—a May day—when the Princess went out at sunrise to gather dew for a charm to keep her always beautiful. She had good reason to wish to be always as she was, the Shepherd thought, for she was more beautiful than any man's dearest dream.

She had long yellow hair, pale like ripe corn, her eyes were as blue as corn-flowers, her lips just the shape for speaking kindly, her hands were like little white birds to hold, and when she passed, the may-tree opened all its buds to look at her.

The Shepherd, lying behind a furze-bush, saw her kneel down and lay her white hands on the green grass to gather the chill, sweet dew, smelling of the morning and the wild thyme. She rubbed the dew on her face, which grew radiant with a new beauty. The Shepherd arose and came slowly toward her. She did not see him till he was quite close to her, and a fold of her long rosy sleeve blew across his arm as he held out his hand to her.

"Will you marry me?" he said; "I shall love you always."

She turned her eyes on him, and the love in his lit a rose-light in her cheeks.

"Who are you?" she asked in a low voice; and if he had been able to say that he was a prince, one does not know what her answer would have been. But he only said: "I am the King's shepherd."

"And I," she cried, "am the King's daughter!" And then she began to laugh, and ran all the way home, and in a day and a night she had forgotten all about him.

But he thought always of her, so that when, one market day, the heralds went through the town proclaiming that a tournament was to be held in honor of the Princess, and that the bravest knight might hope to win her, he came, wearing a rusty suit of armor he had borrowed from a friend, and riding an old horse that his uncle, the innkeeper, lent to him, to try his fortune with many others.

And he looked so handsome and so valiant that no one even noticed the old horse and the shabby armor, and every girl in the assembled crowd wished in her heart that he might win the Princess. Nor did any know him to be the Shepherd. But the Princess knew.

Then, one by one, all the knights who had come to the tournament were overthrown by the Shepherd, for love made him brave and strong beyond the wont of man.

But when he rode beneath the gallery where the Princess sat, she turned her eyes away as she gave him her hand to kiss, and the wreath, the prize of the tourney.

"He is only your shepherd," she said to her father, and the King was very much annoyed.

Indeed, it became so tiresome to have a handsome shepherd, and a shepherd in love, always hanging about the palace, that the Princess said to her tutor:

"How can I get rid of this young man without hurting his feelings?"

"Tell him you have made a vow never to marry any man whose eyes are not green," suggested the tutor.

"What a capital idea!" cried the Princess, clapping her hands. "He can't be hurt at that, can he?"

The tutor's eyes were green; but the Princess had never noticed that, because she never looked at him.

So next day she sent for the Shepherd. He came gladly, for, whatever she had to say, he would, at least, hear her voice and look into her eyes.

The Princess was sitting in her garden, which has a high wall round it, and trees and flowers, and in the middle a marble basin where the goldfishes live. The Princess and her maidens were feeding the goldfishes when the Shepherd came in. "How do you do?" said the Princess, turning red and speaking very fast. "Do you know I'm very sorry, and I hope you won't mind very much, but I really can't marry any one unless they have green eyes."

"What color are mine?" asked the Shepherd. "I have never noticed"—but his heart ached, for he knew well enough that they were not green.

"They are blue," said the Princess, jumping up and looking at them. "They are blue, like mine." She looked at them a long time without speaking. Then she said: "They are blue—a very nice blue, you know." She put her hands on his shoulders and looked again—a longer look still.

"No—they're not green," she said, and she sighed. "Good-bye. I hope we shall always be friends. I shall always feel to you like a sister. Good-bye"—and she went on feeding the goldfishes.

"Good-bye," said the Shepherd; "will you give me nothing before I go?"

She held out her hand, and he kissed it.

"That is the second time," he said; "the third time my eyes will be green!"

The Princess looked after him till he had passed out of the garden. Then she looked at the hand he had kissed. Then she sighed again; and when the tutor came to ask her to read classic poetry with him she said she had a headache.

After that she used to spend most of her time in the garden, and when her father pressed her to choose a husband from among her many suitors, she answered that she thought marriage was a rather serious thing, and, perhaps, it would be better for her to stay at home and feed the goldfishes a little longer. The next morning, she said, carelessly, to her maidens, as they combed out her golden hair:

"I suppose nothing more has been heard of that Shepherd?"

"No, your Royal Highness. Nothing at all."

And the next day she said, musingly, as the golden comb went through her hair:

"I wonder what has become of that Shepherd!"

"I wonder, indeed, your Royal Highness," said the maidens.

The third morning, as they braided her tresses, she spoke again:

"I suppose that Shepherd has not come back?"

"No," they said, "he has not come back."

The Princess sighed, and was silent; but she put the same question the next morning, and the next, and every morning, and there was never any other answer.

But the Shepherd fared forth into the world. Somewhere, he knew, must be that which would turn blue eyes to green. He asked every one he met; most laughed at him for a madman, and those who understood and were sorry for him could not help him. And so he fared on for the half of a year, and his eyes grew bluer than ever with unshed tears.

He had left far behind the mountain country where his Princess dwelt, and had come to a land of elms and meadows, green lanes, dim woods, and blossoming may-trees. Walking through this land one golden May morning, just a year after his first sight of his Princess, he passed into a wood, where everything was alive with spring's greenest green. The moss was green under foot; the chestnuts, and oaks, and hazels were green overhead.

All through his long, weary quest of the charm that should win him his Princess, his faith in his finding of it had never faltered. He loved her so much, and love, he knew, works miracles. Now, looking on the green leaves and the green moss, he said:

"Oh, wood! Have you no color to spare for me? Just a ray—enough to color a lover's eyes!"

And, as he spoke, he was aware of a White Lady, who lay on the moss under the shade of a hawthorn-bush. He paused to put his eternal question:

"Can you tell me how to make blue eyes green?" and stood there ready to go on when he had heard the accustomed "No"; but, instead, the White Lady rose and came toward him, saying "Yes."

As she came near him, he saw that her hair was red, like the gold of sunset. Her arms were long and white. He had never seen any mouth like hers.

She was gowned in white, about her was a girdle of may-blossoms; she wore a wreath of may-blossoms on her hair, and her eyes were green as the sea is green, and they shone like young lime-leaves when the sun kisses them after rain.

"I can help you," she said.

"And will you?"

"Yes; but the price is a heavy one."

"I will not," answered the Shepherd, "shrink from any price, how heavy soever it may be."

"Think well," said the White Lady; "the bargain once struck may not be undone."

"You would not," cried the Shepherd in sudden fear, "you would not—you will not kill love in my heart?"

"I will leave love in your heart."

"You will not make my Princess turn from me when I am come to her again?"

"Your Princess shall not turn from you when you are come to her again."

"Then," cried the Shepherd, "I will pay the price."

The White Lady took him by the hands and drew him under the green hawthorn boughs, he wondering, yet glad at heart because he should now, at last, win his Princess.

"You do not repent?"

"No!"

"Think yet again. It is not yet too late."

"I have only one thought—quick! say the spell!"

She laid her white arms round his neck as he stood under the may-tree. "Already," she said, "your eyes grow green!"

She kissed him thrice—upon the brow, and upon the eyes, and upon the lips.

"Now go!" she said, "go to your Princess—who loves you."

He threw up his hands and fell at her feet.

"But I do not want the Princess any more!" he cried.

"There is no Princess, there is only you. Kiss me again!"

Kiss me again!

The White Lady leaned against the tree and laughed.

And far away in her palace the Princess was saying, for the hundred and eighty-third time, as the golden comb went through her hair:

"I suppose the Shepherd has not come back?"

And for the hundred and eighty-third time her maidens answered:

"No; and we do not think, your Royal Highness, that he will ever come back any more."

E. NESBIT.

General Butler's wife, before marriage, was an actress. But the young lawyer to whom she had engaged herself disapproved of her histrionic pursuits, and expostulated earnestly. One evening, it is said, while Miss Hildreth was personating Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," in Cincinnati, he suddenly appeared behind the scenes, fierce and stormy. He gave her until the end of the play to decide whether she would be the Lady of Lyons or Mrs. Butler. She chose the less conspicuous rôle, and left the stage.

A railway company is advertising, in Virginia, a ten-day journey to Honolulu. The company, being assured that the Hawaiian Islands will become part of the United States, invites Virginians to run over and inspect Uncle Sam's new possession. The schedule is six days to San Francisco and four to Honolulu.

A WOMAN'S LOVERS.

The Story of Paul Bourget's New Novel, "Cosmopolis."

Paul Bourget's new novel, "Cosmopolis," gets its name from the imaginary city in which live the men and women of the world, that city which has for its quarters the capitals of Europe—London and Vienna, Paris and Berlin, Madrid, St. Petersburg, and Rome. In this society the novelist finds an interesting theme, the tracing out of racial or hereditary traits in individuals who have been pressed into a uniform mold by the conventions of society.

"The lineament of race," says Bourget, "are scarcely visible in the civilized person, who speaks three or four languages fluently, who has lived in Paris, Nice, Florence, here, that same fashionable, monotonous life. But when passion strikes its blow, when the man is stirred to his inmost depths, then occurs the conflict of characteristics, more surprising when the people thus brought together have come from afar."

The "conflict of characteristics" in the international Bohemia, more or less gilded, that Bourget depicts in "Cosmopolis" is precipitated by the existence of Boleslas Gorka, a Polish count, married to an Englishwoman, but, for two years previous to the opening of the story, the lover of the Countess Steno, a beautiful Venetian widow. He is recalled to Rome from a three months' absence by anonymous letters informing him that the countess has taken a new lover, the American painter, Lincoln Maitland. Julien Dorsenne, a novelist, to prevent the half-crazed Pole from committing murder, falsely gives his word of honor that he has seen no signs of intimacy between the countess and Maitland. But Gorka discovers the truth, as well he might. Here is Bourget's picture of Maitland and the countess just before Gorka enters her salon on the evening of his return:

The two lovers were, indeed, together in the perfume, the mystery, and the solitude of the obscure and quiet terrace. The countess, dressed all in white, was lying upon a willow couch, with soft cushions of silk. She was smoking a cigarette, the lighted end of which, at each breath she drew, gave sufficient light to show that, notwithstanding the coolness of the night, her lovely neck, so long and flexible, about which was clasped a collar of pearls, was bare, as well as her fair shoulders and her perfect arms, laden with bracelets, which were visible through her wide, flowing sleeves. Through the heavy odors of that spring night came the strong scent of the Virginian tobacco, which Mme. Steno used since she had fallen in love with Maitland, instead of the Russian "papyrus" to which Gorka had accustomed her. It is by such insignificant traits that amorous women recognize a love profoundly, insatiably sensual, the only one of which the Venetian was capable. Their passionate desire to give themselves up still more, leads them to spouse, so to speak, the slight habits of the men whom they love in that way. By the side of that graceful and supple vision, Lincoln Maitland was seated on a low chair. But his broad shoulders, which his evening-coat set off in their amplitude, attested that before having studied "Art"—and even while studying it—he had not ceased to practice the athletic sports of his English education. As soon as he was mentioned, the term "large" was evoked. Indeed, above the large frame was a large face, somewhat red, with a large red mustache, which disclosed, in broad smiles, his large, strong teeth.

The following day Gorka calls upon his fickle mistress to demand an account of her doings. With her usual directness, she comes right to the point:

"Listen, Boleslas; we have talked ten minutes without saying anything, because neither of us has the courage to put the question such as we know and feel it to be. Instead of writing to me, as you did, letters which rendered replies impossible to me; instead of returning to Rome and hiding yourself like a malefactor; instead of coming to my home last night with that threatening face; instead of approaching me this morning with the solemnity of a judge—why did you not question me simply, frankly, as one who knows that I have loved him very, very much? Having been lovers, is that a reason for detesting one another when we cease those relations?"

"When we cease those relations!" replied Gorka. "So you no longer love me? Ah, it is too infamous."

"Why?" interrupted the countess, raising her head with still more haughtiness. "There is only one thing infamous in love, and that is falsehood. You men are not accustomed to meeting true women, who have the respect, the religion of their sentiment. I have that respect; I practice that religion. I repeat that I loved you a great deal, Boleslas. I did not bid it from you formerly. I was as loyal to you as truth itself. I have the consciousness of being so still, in offering you, as I do, a firm friendship, the friendship of man for man, who only asks to prove to you the sincerity of his devotion."

Gorka has to accept his dismissal, but is determined to make some one suffer. In an endeavor to find Maitland, he becomes involved in a quarrel with Maitland's brother-in-law, Florent Chapron, an octaroon descended from a French general and a mulatto slave in America. Florent loves Maitland with the loyal, self-sacrificing devotion of his slave ancestors, and has been aware of the painter's amour with the countess. Now, to save Maitland from the Pole, he fights the latter, his seconds being the novelist and the Marquis de Montfaron, a French ex-soldier who has turned devotee, while Gorka is assisted by Prince Peppino d'Ardea, a ruined Roman prince who is repairing his fortunes by marrying the daughter of the other second, Baron Justus Hafner, a financial baron of Jewish origin who owes his millions to certain disgraceful transactions in Vienna, for which, however, he had been tried and acquitted with a badly tarnished name. All of these, except Gorka, are anxious to keep the name of the Venetian countess from the breath of scandal, and desire to avert the duel. Here is the interview between Florent and his seconds:

The two friends found Montfaron awaiting them in his office. Pointing out to Chapron an open volume on his table, he said to him:

"I was thinking of you. It is Chateaufort's book on dueling. It contains a code which is not very complete. I recommend it to you, however, if ever you have to fulfill a mission like ours," and he pointed to Dorsenne and himself, with a gesture which constituted the most amicable of acceptations. "It seems you had too hasty a hand. Hal! Do not defend yourself. Such as you see me, at twenty-one, I threw a plate in the face of a gentleman who hanted Count de Chambré before a number of Jacobins at a table d'hôte in the provinces. See," continued he, raising his white mustache and disclosing a scar, "this is the souvenir. The fellow was once a dragoon; he proposed the sabre. I accepted, and this is what I got, while he lost two fingers. That will not happen to us this time, at least. Dorsenne has told you our conditions."

"And I replied that I was sure I could not intrust my honor to better hands," replied Florent.

"Cease," replied Montfaron, with a gesture of satisfaction; "no more phrases. It is well. Now tell me very clearly the recital you made to Dorsenne." When Florent had related concisely that which had taken place between him and Gorka—that is to say, their argument and his passion, carefully omitting the details in which the name of his brother-in-law would be mixed.

"The duce," said Montfaron, "the affair looks bad—very bad. You see, a second is a confessor. You have had a discussion in the street with M. Gorka, but about what? You can not reply? What did

he say to you to provoke you to the point of wishing to strike him? That is the first key to the position."

"I can not reply," said Florent.

"Then," resumed the marquis, after a silence, "there only remains to assert that the gesture on your part was—how shall I say? Unmediated and unfinished. That is the second key to the position. You have no special grudge against M. Gorka?"

"None."

"Nor he against you?"

"None."

"The affair looks better," said Montfaron. "Count Gorka considers himself offended? But is there any offense? It is that which we should discuss. An assault, or the threat of an assault, would afford occasion for an arrangement. But a gesture restrained, since it was not carried into effect—Do not interrupt me," he continued; "I am trying to understand it clearly. We must arrive at a solution. We shall have to express our regret, leaving the field open to another reparation, if Gorka requires it. And he will not require it. The entire problem now rests on the choice of his seconds. Whom will he select?"

"I have already received visits from them," said Florent, "half an hour ago. One is Prince d'Ardea."

"He is a gentleman," replied Montfaron; "I shall not be sorry to see him to tell him my feelings with regard to the public sale of his palace, to which he should never have allowed himself to be driven. And the other?"

"The other?" interrupted Dorsenne. "Prepare yourself for a blow. I swear to you I did not know his name when I went in search of you at the catacomb. It is—in short—it is Baron Hafner."

"Baron Hafner!" exclaimed Montfaron. "Boleslas Gorka, the descendant of the Gorkas, of that grand Luc Gorka who was Palatine of Posen and Bishop of Cujavie, has chosen for his second M. Justus Hafner, the thief, the scoundrel, who had the disgraceful lawsuit! No, Dorsenne, do not tell me that—it is not possible." Then, with the air of a combatant: "We will challenge him, that is all, for his lack of honor. I will take it upon myself, as well as to tell of his deeds to Boleslas. We will spend an enjoyable quarter of an hour there, I promise you."

"You will not do that," said Dorsenne, quickly. "First, with regard to official honor, there is only one law, is there not? Hafner was acquitted by the court, and his adversaries condemned. You told me so the other day. And then, you forget the conversation we just had."

"No," said the marquis, after another silence, and continued, but with an accent which betrayed suppressed irritation: "After all, it does not concern us if M. Gorka has chosen to be represented in an affair of honor by one whom he should not even salute. You will, then, give our two names to those two gentlemen, and Dorsenne and I will await them, as is the rule. It is their place to come, since they are the proxies of the person insulted."

"They have already arranged a meeting for this evening," replied Chapron.

"What's arranged? With whom? For whom?" exclaimed Montfaron, a prey to a fresh access of choler. "With you? For us? Ah, I do not like such conduct where such grave matters are concerned. The code is absolute on that subject. Their challenge once made, to which you, M. Chapron, have to reply by *yes* or *no*, these gentlemen should withdraw immediately. It is not your fault; it is Ardea's, who has allowed that dabbler in spurious dividends to perform his part of intriguer. But we will rectify all in the right way, which is the French. And where is the rendezvous?"

"I will read you the letter which the baron left for me with Florent," said Dorsenne, who, indeed, read the very courteous note Hafner had written to him, in which he excused himself for choosing his own house as a rendezvous for the four witnesses. "One can not ignore so polite a note?"

"There are too many *dear sirs*, and too many *compliments*," said Montfaron, brusquely. "Sit here," he continued, relinquishing his arm-chair to Florent, "and inform the two men of our names and address, adding that we are at their service and ignoring the first inaccuracy on their part. Let them return! And you, Dorsenne, since you are afraid of wounding that gentleman, I will not prevent you from going to his house—personally, do you hear?—to warn him that M. Chapron, here present, has chosen for his first second a disagreeable person, an old duelist, anything you like, but who desires strict form, and, first of all, a correct call made upon us by them, in order to settle officially upon a rendezvous."

The meeting of the four seconds in the baron's house is detailed in the following scene:

The baron entered, accompanied by Peppino Ardea. While going through the introductions, the novelist was struck by the contrast offered between his three companions. Hafner and Ardea, in evening-dress, with button-hole bouquets, bad the open and happy faces of two citizens who had clear consciences. The usually sallow complexion of the business man was tinged with excitement, his eyes, as a rule so hard, were gentler. As for the prince, the same childish carelessness lighted up his jovial face. There was, when the four men were seated, a pause which the baron was the first to break. He began in his measured tones, in a voice which handles words as the weight of a usurer weighs gold pieces to the milligramme:

"Gentlemen, I believe I shall express our common sentiment in first of all establishing a point which shall govern our meeting. We are here, it is understood, to bring about the work of reconciliation between two men—two gentlemen whom we know, whom we esteem—I might better say, whom we all love." He turned, in pronouncing those words, successively to each of his three listeners, who all bowed, with the exception of the marquis. Hafner examined the nobleman, with his glance accustomed to read the depths of the mind in order to divine the intentions. He saw that Chapron's first witness was a troublesome customer, and he continued: "That done, I beg to read to you this little paper." He drew from his pocket a sheet of folded paper and placed upon the end of his nose his famous gold *lorgnon*. "It is very trifling, one of those *directives*, as M. de Molte says, which serve to guide operations, a plan of action which we will modify after discussion. In short, it is a landmark that we may not launch into space."

"Pardon, sir," interrupted Montfaron, whose brows contracted still more at the mention of the celebrated field-marshal, and, stopping by a gesture the reader, who, in his surprise, dropped his *lorgnon* upon the table on which his elbow rested. "I regret very much," he continued, "to be obliged to tell you that M. Dorsenne and I"—here he turned to Dorsenne, who made an equivocal gesture of vexation—"can not admit the point of view in which you place yourself. You claim that we are here to arrange a reconciliation. That is possible. I concede that it is desirable. But I know nothing of it, and permit me to say, you do not know any more. I am here—we are here, M. Dorsenne and I, to listen to the complaints which Count Gorka has commissioned you to formulate to M. Florent Chapron's proxies. Formulate those complaints and we will discuss them. Formulate the reparation you claim in the name of your client and we will discuss them. The papers will follow, if they follow at all, and once more, neither you nor we know what will be the issue of this conversation, nor should we know it before having established the facts."

"There is some misunderstanding, sir," said Ardea, whom Montfaron's words had irritated somewhat; "I have been concerned in several *rencontres*—four times as second and once as principal—and I have seen employed without discussion the proceeding which Baron Hafner has just proposed to you, and which of itself is, perhaps, only a more expeditious means of arriving at what you very properly call the establishment of facts."

"I was not aware of the number of your affairs, sir," replied Montfaron, still more fretful since Hafner's future son-in-law joined in the conversation; "but since it has pleased you to tell us, I will take the liberty of saying to you that I have fought seven times, and that I have been a second fourteen. It is true that it was at an epoch when the head of your house was your father, if I remember right, the deceased Prince Urban, whom I had the honor of knowing when I served in the Zouaves. He was a fine Roman nobleman, and did honor to his name. What I have told you is proof that I have some competence in the matter of a duel. Well, we have always held that seconds were constituted to arrange affairs that could be arranged, but also to settle affairs, as well as they can, that seem incapable of being arranged. Let us now inquire into the matter; we are here for that, and for nothing else."

"Are these gentlemen of that opinion?" asked Hafner, in a con-

ditionary voice, turning first to Dorsenne, then to Ardea: "I do not adhere to my method," he continued, again folding his paper. He slipped it into his vest-pocket and continued: "Let us establish the facts, as you say. Count Gorka, our friend, considers himself seriously—very seriously—offended by M. Florent Chapron in the course of the discussion in a public street. M. Chapron was carried away, as you know, sir, almost to—what shall I say?—hastiness, which, however, was not followed by consequences, thanks to the presence of mind of M. Gorka. But, accomplished or not, the act remains. M. Gorka was insulted, and he requires satisfaction. I do not believe there is any doubt upon that point which is the cause of the affair, or, rather, the whole affair."

"I again ask your pardon, sir," said Montfaron, dryly, who no longer took pains to conceal his anger. "M. Dorsenne and I can not accept your manner of putting the question. You say that M. Chapron's hastiness was not followed by consequences, by reason of M. Gorka's presence of mind. We claim that there was only on the part of M. Chapron a scarcely indicated gesture, which he himself restrained. In consequence, you attribute to M. Gorka the quality of the insulted party; you are over hasty. He is merely the plaintiff, up to this time. It is very different."

"But by rights he is the insulted party," interrupted Ardea. "Restrained or not, it constitutes a threat of assault. I did not wish to claim to be a duelist by telling you of my engagements. But this is the A B C of the *codice cavalleresco*: if the insult be followed by an assault, he who receives the blow is the offended party, and the threat of an assault is equivalent to an actual assault. The offended party has the choice of a duel, weapons, and conditions. Consult your authors and ours—Chateaufort, Du Verger, Angelini, and Gelli—all agree."

"I am sorry for their sakes," said Montfaron, and he looked at the prince with a contraction of the brows almost menacing; "but it is an opinion which does not hold good generally, nor in this particular case. The proof is that a duelist, as you have just said—his voice trembled as he emphasized the insolence offered by the other—*a bravo*, to use the expression of your country, would only have to commit a justifiable murder by first insulting him at whom he aims with rude words. The insulted person replies by a voluntary gesture, on the signification of which one may be mistaken, and you will admit that the *bravo* is the offended party, and that he has the choice of weapons?"

"But, marquis," resumed Hafner, with evident suspense, so greatly did the caviling and the ill-will of the nobleman irritate him, "where are you wandering to? What do you mean by bringing up chicanery of this sort?"

"Chicanery!" exclaimed Montfaron, half rising.

"Montfaron!" besought Dorsenne, rising in his turn and forcing the terrible man to be seated.

"I retract the word," said the baron, "if it has insulted you. Nothing was farther from my thoughts. I repeat that I apologize, marquis. But, come, tell us what you want for your client—that is very simple. And then we will do all we can to make your demands agree with those of our client. It is a trifling matter to be adjusted."

"No, sir," said Montfaron, with insolent severity, "it is justice to be rendered, which is very different. What we—M. Dorsenne and I—desire," he continued in a severe voice, "is this: Count Gorka has gravely insulted M. Chapron. Let me finish," he added upon a simultaneous gesture on the part of Ardea and of Hafner. "Yes, sir, he must have been gravely insulted, for M. Chapron, known to us all for his perfect courtesy, even to make the improper gesture of which you just spoke. But it was agreed upon between these two gentlemen, for reasons of delicacy which we had to accept—it was agreed, I say, that the nature of the insult offered by M. Gorka to M. Chapron should not be divulged. We have the right, however, and, I may add, the duty devolves upon us, to measure the gravity of that insult by the excess of anger aroused in M. Chapron. I conclude from that, to be just, the plan of reconciliation, if we draw it up, should contain reciprocal concessions. Count Gorka will retract his words and M. Chapron apologize for his hastiness."

"It is impossible," exclaimed the prince; "Gorka will never accept that."

"You, then, wish to have them fight the duel?" groaned Hafner.

"And why not?" said Montfaron, exasperated; "it would be better than for the one to nurse his insults and the other his blow."

"Well, sir," replied the baron, rising after the silence which followed that imprudent whim of a man beside himself, "we will confer again with our client. If you wish, we will resume this conversation to-morrow at ten o'clock."

Lydia Maitland, the painter's octaroon wife, has inherited the hypocrisy, craft, and envy of the slave, and she it was who sent the anonymous letters. When she finds it is her beloved brother and not her hated husband whom Gorka is to fight, she determines to implore Gorka not to kill him. At the Pole's house, however, she meets Maud Gorka, "one of those women of whom England produces many, for the honor of that healthy and robust British civilization, who are at once all energy and goodness." Lydia tells the unsuspecting wife of her husband's infidelity and proves her accusations. Mme. Gorka thereupon decides to leave her husband. At her home she is told that the Countess Steno and her daughter are awaiting her, but, instead of seeing them, she sends the countess the following note:

"I know all. For two years you have been my husband's mistress. Do not deny it. I have read the confession written by your own hand. I do not wish to see nor to speak to you again. Never again set foot in my house. On account of your daughter, I have not driven you out to-day. A second time I shall not hesitate."

Another side of the countess's character is shown in her receipt of this note. The daughter, Alha, has received one of the anonymous notes, and already is tortured by suspicions that her mother is an evil woman:

When the servant had given that letter to the countess, saying that Mme. Gorka excused herself on account of indisposition, Alha Steno's first impulse had been to enter her friend's room. "I will go to embrace her and to see if she has need of anything," she said.

"Madame has forbidden any one to enter her room," replied the footman, with embarrassment, and, at the same moment, Mme. Steno, who had just opened the note, said, in a voice which struck the young girl by its change: "Let us go; I do not feel well."

The woman—so haughty, so accustomed to bend all to her will—was, indeed, trembling in a very pitiful manner beneath the insult of those phrases which drove her, Caterina Steno, away with such ignominy. She paled to the roots of her fair hair, her face was distorted, and, for the first and last time, Alha saw her form tremble. At the foot of the staircase energy gained the mastery in that courageous character.

"Guess what Maud has just written me?" said she, brusquely, to her daughter, when they were seated side by side in their carriage. God, what balm the simple phrase introduced into Alha's heart! Her mother was about to show her the note! Her joy was short-lived! The note remained where the countess had slipped it, after having nervously folded it, in the opening in her glove. And she continued: "She accuses me of being the cause of a duel between her husband and Florent Chapron. I did not speak of it to you in order not to worry you with regard to Maud, and I have only awaited her so long to cheer her up in case I should have found her uneasy, and this is how she rewards me for my friendship! It seems that Gorka took offense at some remark of Chapron's about Poles, one of those innocent remarks made daily on any nation—the Italians, the French, the English, the Germans, the Jews—and which mean nothing. I repeated the remark in jest to Gorka! I leave you to judge. Is it my fault, if, instead of laughing at it, he insulted poor Florent, and if the absurd encounter resulted from it? And Maud writes me that she will never pardon me, that I am a false friend, that I did it expressly to exasperate her husband. Ah, let her watch her husband, let her lock him up, if he is mad! And I who have received them as I have; I who have made their position for them in Rome; I who had no other thought than for her just now! You hear," she added, pressing her daughter's hand with a fervor which was at least sincere, if her words were untruthful, "I forbid you seeing her again or writing to her. If she does not offer

me an apology for her insulting oote, I no longer wish to know her. Ooe is foolish to be so kind!"

For the first time, while listening to that speech, Alba was convinced that her mother was deceiving her.

The duel being unavoidable, the baron and Ardea retire from connection with it, as the one is shortly to be married to the other's daughter, and in their places Gorka substitutes two Roman dandies, Pietrapertosa and Cibo. The encounter takes place near a hostelry on Cibo's property. The account runs:

"We have arrived last," said Mootfaon, looking at his watch; "we are, however, five minutes ahead of time. Remember," he added, in a low voice, turning to Florent, "to keep the body well in the background," those words followed by other directions.

"Thanks," replied Florent, who looked at the marquis and Dorseone with a glance which he ordinarily had only for his brother-in-law, "and you know that, whatever may arrive, I thank you from the depths of my heart."

They pressed his hand with the emotion of true friends, and at once began the series of preparations without which the rôle of assistant would be physically insupportable to persons endowed with a little sensibility. In experienced hands, like those of Montfanton, Cibo, and Pietrapertosa, such preliminaries are speedily arranged. The code is as exact as the step of a ballet. Twenty minutes after the entrance of the last arrivals, the two adversaries were face to face. The signal was given. The two shots were fired simultaneously, and Florent sank upon the grass which covered the loclosure. He had a bullet in his thigh.

After the first examination, and when they had borne Florent into a room prepared hastily by the care of Cibo, the doctor declared himself satisfied. The ball could even be removed at once, and, as neither the bone nor the muscles had been injured, it was a matter of a few weeks at the most.

"There only remains for us," concluded Cibo, who had brought back the news, "to draw up our official report."

At that instant, as the witnesses were preparing to reënter the house for the last formality, an incident occurred, very unexpected, which was to transform the rencounter, up to that time so simple, into one of those memorable duels which are talked over at clubs and in armories.

Boleslas Gorka, who, when once his adversary had fallen, paced to and fro without seeming to care as to the gravity of the wound, suddenly approached the group formed by the four men, and, in a tone of voice which did not predict the terrible aggression in which he was about to indulge, he said:

"One moment, gentlemen. I desire to say a few words in your presence to M. Dorseenne."

"I am at your service, Gorka," replied Julien, who did not suspect the hostile intention of his old friend. He did not divioe the form which that hostility was about to take, but he had always upon his mind his word of honor falsely given, and he was prepared to answer for it.

"It will not take much time, sir," continued Boleslas, still with the same insolently formal politeness; "you know we have an account to settle. But as I have some cause not to believe in the validity of your honor, I should like to remove all cause of evasion." And before any one could interfere in the unheard-of proceeding, he had raised his glove and struck Dorseenne in the face. As Gorka spoke, Dorseenne turned pale. He had not the time to reply to the audacious insult offered him by a similar one, for the three witnesses of the scene cast themselves between him and his aggressor. He, however, pushed them aside with a resolute air.

"Remember, sirs," said he, "that by preventing me from inflicting on M. Gorka the punishment he deserves, you force me to obtain another reparation. And I demand it immediately. I will not leave this place," he continued, "without having obtained it."

"Nor I, without having given it to you," replied Boleslas. "It is all I ask."

"No, Dorseenne," cried Montfanton, who had been the first to seize the raised arm of the writer, "you shall not fight this. Firstly, you have no right. It requires at least twenty-four hours between the provocation and the rencounter. And you, sirs, must not agree to serve as seconds for M. Gorka, after he has failed in a manner so grave in all the rules of the ground. If you lead yourselves to it, it is barbarous, it is madness, whatever you like. It is no longer a duel."

"I repeat, Mootfaon," replied Dorseenne, "that I will not leave here, and that I will not allow M. Gorka to leave, until I have obtained the reparation to which I feel I have the right."

"And I repeat that I am at M. Dorseenne's service," replied Boleslas.

"Very well, sirs," said Montfanton. "There only remains for us to leave you to arrange it one with the other, as you wish, and for us to withdraw. Is not that your opinion?" he continued, addressing Cibo and Pietrapertosa, who did not reply immediately.

"Certainly," foally said one; "the case is difficult."

"There are, however, precedents," insinuated the other.

"Yes," resumed Cibo, "if it were only the two successive duels of Henry de Pène."

"Which furnish authority," concluded Pietrapertosa.

"Authority has nothing to do with it," again exclaimed Montfanton. "I know, for my part, that I am not here to assist at a butchery, and that I will not assist at it. I am going, sirs, and I expect you will do the same, for I do not suppose you would select coachmen to play the part of seconds. Adieu, Dorseenne. You do not doubt my friendship for you. I think I am giving you a verifiable proof of it by not permitting you to fight under such conditions."

When the old nobleman reëntered the inn, persuaded that his departure would determine that of Cibo and of Pietrapertosa, he ascended to the tiny room where the doctor was dressing the wounded man's leg.

"You see," said the latter, with a smile, "I shall have to limp a little for a month. And Dorseenne?"

"He is all right, I hope," replied Montfanton, adding, with ill-humor: "Dorseenne is a fool; that is what Dorseenne is. And Gorka is a wild beast; that is what Gorka is." And he related the episode which had just taken place to the two men, who were so surprised that the doctor, bandages in hand, paused in his work. "And they wish to fight there at once, like Redskins. Why not scalp one another? And that Cibo and that Pietrapertosa would have consented to the duel if I had not opposed it! Fortunately they lack two seconds, and it is not easy to find in this district two men who can sign an official report, for it is the mode nowadays to have those paltry scraps of paper. One of my friends and myself had two such witnesses at twenty francs apiece. But that was in Paris in '62." And he entered upon the recital of the old-time duel, to calm his anxiety, which burst forth again in these words: "It seems they do not decide to separate so quickly. It is not, however, possible that they will fight. Can we see them from here?" He approached the window, which, indeed, looked upon the inclosure. The sight which met his eyes caused the excellent man to stammer: "The miserable men! It is monstrous! They are mad! They have found seconds! Whom have they taken? Those two huntsmen! Ah, my God! My God!" He could say no more. The doctor had hastened to the window to see what was passing, regardless of the fact that Florent dragged himself thither as well. Did they remain there a few seconds, fifteen minutes, or longer? They could never tell, so greatly were they terrified.

As Montfanton had anticipated, the conditions of the duel were terrible. For Pietrapertosa, who seemed to direct the combat, after having measured a space sufficiently long, of about fifty feet, was in the act of tracing in the centre two lines scarcely ten or twelve meters apart.

"They have chosen the duel à marche interrompue," groaned the old duelist, whose knowledge of the ground did not deceive him. Dorseenne and Gorka, once placed face to face, commenced, indeed, to advance, now raising, now lowering their weapons with the terrible slowness of two adversaries resolved not to miss their mark.

A shot was fired. It was by Boleslas. Dorseenne was unharmed. Several steps had still to be taken in order to reach the limit. He took them, and he paused to aim at his opponent with so evident an intention of killing him that he could distinctly hear Cibo cry:

"Fire! For God's sake, fire!"

Julien pressed the trigger, as if in obedience to that order, incorrect, but too natural to be even noticed. The weapon was discharged, and the three spectators at the window of the bedroom uttered three simult-

aneous exclamations on seeing Gorka's arm fall and his hand drop the pistol.

"It is nothing," cried the doctor, "but a broken arm."

Lydia Maitland finally contrives to make Alha an unwilling witness of a love-scene between her mother and the painter. The last shred of doubt as to her mother's character gone, the poor girl knows not whither to turn. She loves the novelist, Dorseenne, but she is by no means sure he loves her. At last she confesses her love to him, and he declines it—as kindly as such a cruel act can be done. An hour later she rows out on one of the smaller lakes and exposes herself to its miasmatic vapors. Within a week she dies of Roman fever. And the mother is left, apparently to continue her amours with no suspicion that she is the cause of her child's death.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Wade Hampton, although so badly maimed as to require crutches, may often be seen riding a spirited horse. He is now seventy-five years of age, but in fine health.

Andrieux, Ferry, and Floquet are said to hate each other bitterly, though they are brothers-in-law, husbands of granddaughters of the original of the Charlotte of Goethe's "Werther."

Since the death of General Beauregard, Kirby Smith is the only full general of the Confederate army living. Kirby Smith is now a professor in the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is rarely seen in society this winter, owing to necessary precautions for his health. When he does appear, he is surrounded by admirers, and his presence is considered an event.

Mrs. Whitney's will was written on a single sheet of foolscap paper, but it left \$3,050,000 to her husband. This should be a lesson to young writers that it is possible to say a good deal sometimes in very little space.

M. Tihurce Franqueville, the judge intrusted with the Panama prosecutions, is forty years old, and has a brilliant reputation outside legal circles, especially as a Latinist, his translations of Cicero being highly esteemed.

Elihu Vedder threw up his decorative contract at the Chicago Exposition on the plea that he was expected to finish his pictures within too short a period, and is now in Rome, where he is executing an important commission for Mr. C. P. Huntington.

Anton Rubinstein recently said of England and its audiences: "When I first went to England, and was young and could play, I used to perform to empty walls. Now that I am old and can not play, they all go wild over me, and can't find a hall big enough for me to perform in."

It is thought probable that Mr. Gladstone will give a foreign appointment to Lord Elgin, grandson of the man who secured for England the Greek marbles which have since borne his name. The present earl's father and grandfather were employed in diplomatic service for many years.

A letter has been received from United States Consul McCrillis, at Denia, Spain, stating that unless his friends sent him some assistance at once his condition would become most desperate. He says he reached his post of duty in Spain with three dollars and sixty cents in his pocket. This, of course, was exhausted before many weeks, and the United States Consul points out that unless aid reaches him at once he "will be stranded four thousand miles from home."

Mrs. Cleveland will have a private secretary when she goes to the White House. This assistant, who was recommended by Mrs. Whitney, is a Mrs. Tuomey, of Washington, a widow, who has traveled a great deal, and who is the mistress of several languages besides English. It is said that she has arranged with Mr. Cleveland to attend to the voluminous correspondence of the social side of the White House for the sum of two thousand dollars per year. She is to be engaged between the hours of nine and two each day.

Patti created a great sensation quite unpremeditatedly not long ago while singing in Milan. "Traviata" was the opera, and just after rendering the passage "Amami, Alfredo," she started to make an exit. But treading upon her gown, she fell heavily to the floor. The audience became wildly excited, for fears were entertained that the diva was badly hurt. She soon rose to her feet, however, and smiled in an unconcerned way amid rousing applause. She was considerably jarred by the fall, in spite of her outward composure.

Famous Russian physicians, according to St. Petersburg papers, have little trouble in becoming wealthy. Professor G. A. Sacharin, one of the greatest doctors of the empire, living in Moscow, was recently called to visit Mme. Tereschtschenko, wife of a rich landed proprietor in the Skwira District. In addition to all expenses, he received about seven thousand dollars for his advice and aid. An assistant, who accompanied his chief, left the country place the richer by one thousand dollars. M. Tereschtschenko, however, will not miss the money. He hired a special train later to get the medicines ordered by the professor in Kieff.

The "golden rose of virtue," presented by His Holiness the Pope each year to a female member of some of the ruling families of Europe, will be received this year, it is said, by the Archduchess Margaret of Austria, daughter of the Archduke Charles Louis and niece of the emperor. The young princess was born in 1870, and is abbess of the convent on the Hradslini, near Prague, to which only members of noble families are admitted. The archduchess is exceedingly clever and is popular in Vienna. Last year the "golden rose" was given to the Queen of Portugal. The jewel is valued at fifty thousand dollars, and is always made in Rome by a famous goldsmith.

A MILLIONAIRE EDITOR.

Has William Waldorf Astor Bought the "Pall Mall Gazette"?

If the rumor be true that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has passed into the possession of the American millionaire, William Waldorf Astor, British journalism is going to enter a new stage. The experiment of an American running a journal at the British metropolis is not exactly new. Several years ago, James Gordon Bennett started a London edition of the *New York Herald*, and placed it in charge of journalists of experience, both English and American. It was a flat failure. One reason was that it was neither one thing nor the other; neither English nor American, but hybrid. It was too American to please the Londoners, and too English to suit Americans.

Mr. Bennett's experience should be a beacon-light to the millionaire Mr. Astor, if he really intends to embark in British journalism. The paper which he is said to have bought was started in 1865 by George Smith, of the firm of Smith, Elder & Co., publishers. The title had been suggested by Thackeray in "Pendennis"; it was to be a paper "written by gentlemen for gentlemen"—a distinction which has since been claimed by both the *Saturday Review* and *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Smith was a rich man—it was said that he spent twenty-five thousand dollars in advertising the paper before the first number appeared; he engaged the ablest writers on social, political, and literary questions at salaries which no paper of that day pretended to afford, except the *Times*. The story of the reporter who was working "on space," and who, having brought in an account of a murder for which he charged ten and sixpence, at the regulation rate of three half-pence a line, received a five-pound note, with a remark that his report was "very good, and in such cases we always pay liberally," has long been threadbare in newspaper circles.

Still the *Pall Mall Gazette* was not, like so many journals of which one hears, a success from the first. For two or more years, Mr. Smith had to make good a deficit in its budget. It was not till James Greenwood—over the signature of the "Amateur Casual"—published his graphic sketches of London life from a realistic standpoint that it began to forge ahead. Unhappily the spurt proved transient; in 1869 the paper was again losing money. Mr. Smith tried various experiments. He reduced the price from twopence to a penny. He issued a morning as well as an evening edition. These devices not succeeding, he fell back on his old evening paper at twopence. After a time, Mr. Yates Thompson married Mr. Smith's daughter, and Mr. Smith gave him the *Gazette*.

Some twenty years ago, its editor was Mr. Frederick Greenwood—a relative of the "Amateur Casual"—and under him it gradually secured an established place in journalism. But when the dispute arose between Russia and Great Britain over the Afghan boundary, the *Pall Mall Gazette* astonished Englishmen by espousing the side of Russia, contrary to the established rule that an Englishman can never be wrong. It was openly said that Russian gold had been at work, and the story was credited when a Russian engineer showed that he had the run of the columns of the *Gazette*. The belief was fatal to the journal, and, after a time, it changed proprietors. Mr. Greenwood left with his entire staff, and started the *St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Stead mounted the editorial tripod of the *Pall Mall*.

Mr. Stead was the man who discovered the "Virgin Tribute to the British Minotaur." British journalism has rarely known any such sensation as the one he created. It was impossible to supply the demand for the copies of his paper, and a strong force of police was required to keep order round the doors of his office. But these sensations are always evanescent. The Virgin Tribute became a nine-day's wonder. Lawsuits piled thick and heavy on the head of the proprietor; Stead himself was sent to jail, and, when he came out, the place that had known him knew him no more. Other editors followed, could not agree with the owner, and left. The last was Mr. E. T. Cook, who took charge in 1889, and under whom the *Gazette* has been quite prosperous. He has now departed, taking with him Mr. Hill and Mr. Spender, who were his chief editorial writers, and a number of others on the staff. His successor is to be Mr. C. Kinloch Cooke, who has been editor of the *Observer*; his assistant will be Mr. H. B. Marriott-Wilson.

Mr. Cook, the editor of the *Pall Mall*, went over to Mr. George Newnes, and placed himself and staff at his disposal. Mr. Newnes has accumulated a large fortune publishing a weekly, called *Tit-Bits*, and a monthly, the *Strand Magazine*. With the *Pall Mall* staff, he started a new daily, called the *Westminster Gazette*, which is a fac-simile of the *Pall Mall*.

The story at the clubs has been that the new purchaser of the *Gazette* was a young member of Parliament, whose family was rich enough to indulge him in such a luxury. But now opinion inclines to the belief that Mr. Astor is the man. Whoever the purchaser was, he is said to have paid fifty thousand pounds, which is considered a long price. The *Morning Herald* and the *Standard* were sold together, not many years ago, for sixteen thousand five hundred pounds, and this included presses, type, and plant. Indeed, with the exception of the *Times* and the *Telegraph*, there are few newspapers in London worth over fifty thousand pounds.

What the politics of the *Gazette* would be under an American, no one can guess. It has been everything in its day. It was, lately, a Unionist organ, with Tory tendencies; more recently, it has inclined to Radicalism. At the clubs, it is taken for granted that Mr. Astor, being an archmillionaire, would have no sympathy with the Radicals, but would rather give his support to the class with which he affiliates. His editor, if Mr. Cook is his man, is a mild form of Tory, who is decidedly opposed to hanging the last noble with the entrails of the last priest. But Mr. Astor has mixed enough in politics to entertain American views on public affairs, and no one can say what policy he may advocate in England.

LONDON, February 12, 1893.

PICCA

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

To the reprint of the first edition of "David Copperfield," the younger Dickens prefixes but a few words. What passed as his father's masterpiece was written with the greatest ease and least draft upon his nervous system, and has, properly speaking, no history. Mr. Dickens intimates the bounds to its autobiographical and family portraiture, and censures Mr. Forster for not excising "the half-dozen or so lines, which can not but have come as a shock to most people," in the novelist's posthumous confession of his bitter feelings toward his parents—his mother in particular.

Selah Merrill, United States Consul at Jerusalem, and author of the well-known book, "Beyond the Jordan," has written for the March *Scribner's* an account of the opening of "The Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway" in August last.

Kate Marsden's book, entitled "On Sledge and Horseback to the Outcast Siberian Lepers," is nearly ready for sale.

After a long illness, Miss Bayly (Edna Lyall) is again at work. Her new novel, now in process of composition, is a story of the Civil War, and will appear under the title "To Right the Wrong." Miss Bayly desired to name her book "Joelyn" in honor of the hero, but has deferred to the wishes of her publishers, D. Appleton & Co.

Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads" are said to be selling as rapidly as ever in Great Britain. The book is now in its seventeenth thousand.

An "Exhibition Number" of *Scribner's* is in preparation for publication at the opening of the Chicago Fair. The text will not relate chiefly to the fair. On the contrary, writers and artists have been asked to contribute what they think will best represent them. A substantial increase in the number of the pages and the illustrations will be made.

"The Green Flag" is the title of Dr. Conan Doyle's just completed novel.

Mr. W. E. Henley has written a poem of considerably greater length than anything he has yet printed. It is entitled "The Arabian Nights' Entertainment," and will appear in an early number of *Scribner's Magazine*. It consists of more than three hundred lines, and but for the absence of rhyme is in the same style as the "London Voluntaries."

Mr. Andrew Lang's new book, "Homer and the Epic," is to be honored with a large paper edition.

D. Appleton & Co. have nearly ready "Andrew Jackson" in their Great Commanders Series, the last literary labor of the late James Parton.

The "Minor Poets" of Great Britain are making efforts to form a trade union, or "brotherhood," as they prefer to term it, "for purposes of defense and protection." They seek to bring about a better appreciation of minor poets and to secure for them a status in the community.

Charles Scribner's Sons have in preparation: "Tropical America," by Isaac N. Ford; "The People's Money," by Colonel W. L. Trenholm, ex-comptroller of the currency; "Stories of a Western Town," a new collection of Octave Thane's sketches; and "Calvinism: Pure and Mixed—a Defense," by Dr. William G. T. Shedd.

Mrs. Oliphant, the most industrious of novelists, is about to bring out a new story called "The Sorceress."

D. Appleton & Co. have just issued a short volume of stories by Thomas Hardy, J. M. Barrie, Clark Russell, and others, with portraits and illustrations, under the title of "Stories in Black and White"; "The Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople," by Mrs. Minto Elliot; and an authorized translation of Dr. Ebers's autobiography.

Zola publicly announces that he does not mean to give up the prospect of a chair in the French Academy. He says:

"My situation is simple. Since there is an Academy in France, I ought to belong to it. I have stood for election, and I can not recognize anything wrong on my part in having done so. So long as I continue to stand, I am not beaten, therefore I will always stand."

Mrs. Burnett tells a good deal about the original of Joan Lowrie, the heroine of her novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's." Though she wore clogs, she "did not look like a back-street girl at all." The article appears in this month's *Scribner's*.

Marion Crawford has in the press a small volume entitled "The Aim of the Novel," in part comprising some of his magazine papers.

Mrs. L. T. Meade, the English writer of stories for girls, produces four or five books a season, according to the *Young Woman*. She likes writing against time, she declares, and never waits for an inspiration. Two thousand words, at least, every day, except Sunday, are her average. Rarely hesitating for an idea or a word, she dictates straight ahead to her secretary, and corrects only in the type-written transcript, which accounts for a good deal of her expedition.

Andrew Lang has written a magazine paper on "Scandal About Queen Elizabeth," in which he discusses the death of Amy Robsart.

Those who read C. H. Hudson's "Naturalist in La Plata" will be glad to hear that his publishers,

D. Appleton & Co., announce another book from his pen, entitled "Idle Days in Patagonia."

José Zorrilla, the Spanish poet, who died a few weeks ago, was the author of the play "Don Juan Tenorio," from which, during forty years, he had received in royalties a sum estimated at five hundred thousand dollars. He was only twenty-six when he wrote the play.

A fragment of an autobiography written by Audubon and relating to his youth is printed in *Scribner's* for March.

Some one has been interviewing J. Lockwood Kipling in Australia, where he is visiting, in regard to the writings of his famous son. He thinks that Rudyard's best work is in the short stories, and cites "The City of the Dreadful Night" as one of the cleverest bits. The paternal verdict is:

"Absolutely photographic in its distinctness. On a hot night there is no more fearful place in the world than Lahore. It is hell with the lid on."

A Chicago company will publish early this spring "Men, Women, and Emotions," a new volume of poems by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

At the dinner given in London to celebrate the completion of "Chambers's Encyclopedia," an album containing photographs of some four hundred contributors was presented to the editor of the work, David Patrick.

In commenting on a recent novel of New England life by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the London *Academy* says:

"The dialect has evidently been taken direct from the life; it is singular how nearly it resembles that commonly heard in the Weald of Kent and Sussex."

Among the novels nearly ready are "The World of Chance," by W. D. Howells; "White Birch," by Annie Eliot; and "Katherine North," by Maria Louise Pool.

New Publications.

"John Applegate, Surgeon," by Mary Harriott Norris, has been issued in the Golden Library published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 25 cents.

"The Flower-Girl of Paris," a novel translated from Paul Schobert's "Das Kind der Strasse" by Laura E. Kendall, has been issued in the Rialto Series published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 75 cents.

"Isaac Pitman's Complete Phonographic Instructor" is a text-book for class or self-instruction, and presents a complete system of short-hand, with all the improvements and abbreviations used in the Pitman method. Published by Isaac Pitman & Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

A volume of "Bible Studies" by Henry Ward Beecher has been issued, edited by John R. Howard from stenographic notes by T. J. Ellinwood on readings in the early books of the Old Testament, with the famous preacher's familiar comment, given in 1878-9. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"At the Threshold," by Laura Dearborn, in which a dying woman pierces the veil and comes to know the future; and "Her Heart was True," by "An Idle Exile"—author of "In Tent and Bungalow"—a story of the Peninsular War, have been issued in the Unknown Library published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale at the Popular Book Store.

The new "Edgewood" edition of the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream-Life," by "Ik Marvel" (Donald G. Mitchell), will be a source of pleasure to the many who still cherish those charming essays, and it is to be hoped that it will introduce them to a wide circle of readers in a new generation. They are dainty little books, tastefully bound and admirably printed from new plates, and give a fitting outward form to the genial humor and kindly satire that are as readable now as they were forty years ago. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents each; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

George Bird Grinnell, the author of "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales," has made a second valuable contribution to the literature of Indian lore in his "Blackfoot Lodge Tales: The Story of a Prairie People." In a brief introductory note he tells the genesis of his book, and his prefatory remarks about the Indians and their stories serve as an excellent introduction to the traditions he records, which have their ethnological value and are at the same time entertaining. The tales are classified as "Stories of Adventure," "Stories of Ancient Times," "Stories of Old Man," and "The Story of the Three Tribes," and fill nearly three hundred pages. The value of the work to students is increased by a copious index. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

A new and welcome military history of "The Campaign of Waterloo" has been written by John Codman Ropes, who is well known as an historical writer. Its purpose is to get at Napoleon's intentions, his expectations, his views from day to day of the facts of the case, carrying a personal interest into the narrative, and at the same time presenting fairly the views of the English and Russian commanders.

The chapters contain, first, a statement or narrative, and then notes, in which the various controversies are discussed. Further discussion of moot points is also given in the appendixes. The "partial list" of works relating to the campaign, which is prefixed to the history, occupies ten pages, and large folding maps of the theatre of war in Belgium and of the field of Waterloo are given. The volume is carefully indexed. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Susy" is Bret Harte's latest story, in which are narrated the further fortunes of Clarence Brant and Susy, of whom we read in "A Waif of the Plains," learning that the little girl had been found on the plains beside the emigrant wagon of her murdered parents, and that she and Clarence had finally reached California, where he had found a wealthy father and she had been adopted by Judge and Mrs. Peyton. This new book shows us Susy as a pretty but utterly spoiled child of fifteen years, and Clarence a modest and manly, though somewhat colorless, young fellow of twenty-two. Susy tries to ensnare Brant's affections, but her ingratitude to Mrs. Peyton disgusts him, and she presently goes off on a "barn-storming" tour with one Joe Hooker, a tin-ware peddler turned actor. This is, perhaps, the most interesting part of the book, for both Susy and Joe are strongly, though not sympathetically, drawn; but the end of Clarence will be antipathetic to most readers, for, after acting most chivalrously toward Mrs. Peyton when her husband is murdered, he eventually marries her, despite the disparity of their ages and her unlovely character. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Goupil & Cie.—or their successors, Boussod, Valadon & Cie.—are the publishers of "Le Salon de 1892," for which Gustave Larroumet has written the text. It is a large and handsome volume, beautifully printed on heavy paper, the text describing both the old and the new Salons, and the plates and etchings, to the number of one hundred, showing the most notable canvases and sculptures at the two exhibitions. These plates are splendid specimens of artistic reproduction, most of them being by photogravure process. One, showing Albert Lynch's decorative panel, "Printemps," is colored. Many of the pictures are already familiar through the illustrated journals—among them, Foubert's fantastic portrait of Corot, Detaille's "Garrison of Huningue," Mlle. E. Gardner's "L'Escapade," P. Peel's "Les Jumelles," Kaemmerer's "Jalousie," Vibert's "Medecin Malade," Tattgrain's "Entrée de Louis XI. à Paris," Deyrolle's "Femme du Pêcheur," Bonnat's portrait of Renan, Walter Gay's "Messe en Bretagne," and the extraordinary series of religious pictures of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. These latter seem to be a result of that very French picture in the Salon of 1891, called "Magdalene," which showed the Christ at a dining-table, about which were grouped men of the Paris world in evening-dress, while a modern woman, in a magnificent dinner-gown, threw herself at the Saviour's feet. There are several pictures in this style, the most notable being J. Béraud's "Descente de Croix," in which the cross is shown as being on the heights of Montmartre, with Paris in the distance, while about it are grouped Parisian *courtières* and women. The book is for sale in this city by J. Tauby & Co.

Magazine Notes.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for March contains the following list of articles:

"The Glass Industry" II., by C. Hanford Henderson; "Artesian Waters in the Arid Region," by Robert T. Hill; "The Decrease of Rural Population," by John C. Rose; "An Economic Revolution," by Professor Clarence M. Weed; "White Slaves and Bond Servants in the Plantations"; "Ghost Worship and Tree Worship"; "The Story of a Colony for Epileptics"; "The Brooklyn Ethical Association"; "Notes on Palaeopathology"; "The Scheele Monument at Stockholm"; "East Central African Customs"; and a "Sketch of Robert Hare" (with portrait.)

The *Nineteenth Century* for February contains the following list of articles:

"Passing the Wit of Man," by Henry Jephson; "An Experiment in Federation and its Lessons," by Sir Robert Stout, late Premier of New Zealand; "Shall Uganda be Retained?" by Rev. J. Guinness Rogers; "What is Fashion?" by Miss Ada Heathcote Elgie; "Three Weeks in Samoa," by the Countess of Jersey; "Medical Women in Fiction," by Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake; "Aspects of Tennyson," III.—The Real Thomas Becket, by Miss Agnes Lambert; "The Taxation of Ground Rents," by J. Powell Williams, M. P.; "The Doom of the Domestic Cook," by George Somes Layard; "The Happiness in Heart and Hand," by St. George Mivart; "Commercial Union with the Colonies," by Lord Augustus Loftus (late Governor of New South Wales); "The Revival of Witchcraft," by Ernest Hart.

The table of contents of *Scribner's Magazine* for March is as follows:

"March," engraved from nature, by W. E. Closson; "Audubon's Story of his Youth," by Maria R. Audubon—introduction: "Myself," by J. J. Audubon; "The Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway," by Selah Merrill; "The One I Knew the Best of All: A Memory of the Mind of a Child," by Frances Hodgson Burnett—Chapters VIII.-X., "A Saharan Caravan," by A. F. Jaccau; "The Man in Red," by T. R. Sullivan; "The French Symbolists," by Aline Gorren; "The Cedars," drawn by C. P. Cranch, engraved by Frederick Juengling; "The Work of the Andover House in Boston," by William Jewett Tucker; "The Tale of a Goblin Horse," by Charles C. Nott; "Erza Hardman, M. A.," by Schuyler Shelton; "Historic Moments: The Death of John Quincy Adams in the Capitol," by Robert C. Winthrop; "The Point of View"—Reading and Authorship—Dickens as a Man of Feeling—The Roaming Fashion in Literature—The Cedars"; and verses by Harriet Prescott Spofford and Arthur S. Hardy.

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THE VIOLIN. Poem by HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. Drawing by Robert Reid.

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THE WORK OF THE ANDOVER HOUSE IN BOSTON. By WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER. The eighth article in the series on "The Poor in Great Cities." Illustrated.

THE TALE OF A GOBLIN HORSE. A true story by Judge CHARLES C. NOTT.

EZZA HARDMAN, M. A. Story by SCHUYLER SHELTON.

WOOD SONGS—III. Poem by ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

HISTORIC MOMENTS: THE DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS IN THE CAPITOL. By Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, Speaker of the House at the time.

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THE

Popular Science Monthly

FOR MARCH.

The Glass Industry. II. By C. HANFORD HENDERSON. Illustrated. Describes the gradual advance of glass-making in America from 1800 to 1880, and the immense stride the industry has taken since the introduction of natural gas as fuel.

Artesian Waters in the Arid Region. By ROBERT T. HILL. Illustrated. Tells in what situations borings for water are most likely to be successful.

The Decrease of Rural Population. By JOHN C. ROSE. An effort to show economic reasons for a much regretted tendency.

An Economic Revolution. By Professor CLARENCE M. WEED. A description of the way in which insects and fungi on fruit-trees are fought by means of spraying apparatus.

OTHER ARTICLES ON

WHITE SLAVES AND BOND SERVANTS IN THE PLANTATIONS; GHOST WORSHIP AND TREE WORSHIP; THE STORY OF A COLONY FOR EPILEPTICS; THE BROOKLYN ETHICAL ASSOCIATION; NOTES ON PALAEOPATHOLOGY; THE SCHEELE MONUMENT AT STOCKHOLM; EAST CENTRAL AFRICAN CUSTOMS; SKETCH OF ROBERT HARE. (With Portrait.)

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VANITY FAIR.

The New York Tribune gives some observations on our social life made by a European woman, who is now visiting this country, and "whose experience of society abroad has given her admirable scope for comparison." In the course of them, she offers these just criticisms: "Another thing that I miss is the *porte-cochère*, or covered entrance for carriages. This is much to be regretted, for, on a winter's night, it is truly awful to be forced to alight from one's carriage on the sidewalk, and to be buffeted by wind and weather while walking up the steps leading to the house-door. No amount of awnings can obviate this defect, and the aspect of the entire house is spoiled thereby. When I first saw the palaces belonging to New York magnates, I was also struck by the total absence of any kind of garden surrounding these splendid abodes. In Paris, London, Vienna, Rome, St. Petersburg, or Berlin, the *hôtels* owned by our upper ten are always *entre cour et jardin*, and are thus isolated from direct contact with the street. This certainly contributes to make life pleasant for their inmates, and I can not help being surprised that, where money is no object, such a plan should not be generally adopted here." She does not overrate the discomforts due to the absence of the covered entrance for carriages; and it is surprising that, with only a few exceptions, even the costliest of New York residences are without this desirable feature, usual as it is in European houses of similar consequence. Her surprise that these residences in New York are almost universally built flush with the street line and immediately adjoining the neighboring dwellings, with only a contracted yard at the back for kitchen purposes exclusively, is natural and justifiable (the *Sun* declares). Houses which are palaces, so far as cost goes, are not distinguished by a liberal open space surrounding them, but are made parts of closely built blocks of dwellings. Money is lavished on the construction and its ornamentation, but it is expended with comparative parsimony on the purchase of the site, so that the effect of magnificence and distinction is destroyed. Houses which require at least half a block of land to make them notable residences are built upon a few lots whose space they cover almost entirely. The men whose fortunes justify them in putting up and maintaining such houses, are able to make the additional outlay for a site suitable for the structures. If they can afford to build the houses, they can afford to buy the liberal space which is the most impressive indication of luxurious and princely wealth in a crowded community. Really there is no private dwelling in New York which can be truly described as a magnificent residence.

A woman's chance to marry at from 15 to 20 years of age is said to be 14½ per cent. From 20 to 25, the chance is increased to 52 per cent.; from 25 to 30, it diminishes to 18; from 30 to 35, to 15½ per cent. From 35 to 40, the chances of an unmarried woman sink to 3½ per cent.; from 40 to 45, a still further diminution is seen, her chance being but 2½. From 45 to 50, the old maid's chance of getting a husband is but ¼ of 1 per cent., while from 50 to 55 she is supposed to have but ¼ of 1 per cent. of a chance. It should, however, be added that the table of averages does not apply to widows. Accurate statisticians affirm that a widow of any age has at least 76-spinner-drawing power, and some place her figure up to 82. The widow's chances at any age are, therefore, 76 to 82 times better than that of a spinster.

Concerning crinoline, the following extract from the Dundee (Scotland) *Advertiser*, January 5, 1709, has been unearthed: "Mr. Isaac Bickerstaffe, Censor of Great Britain, sitting in the court of judicature, had crinoline brought in and boisted by a pulley to the roof of the hall, where it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's. On inquiring for the person belonging to the petticoat, Mr. Bickerstaffe, to his great surprise, was directed to a very pretty young damsel. 'My pretty maid,' he said, 'do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?' The young lady who wore this hoop confessed that she did not like it, and that she kept out of it as long as she could and till she began to appear little in the eyes of all her acquaintances, and said she would be very glad to see an example made of it." History does not go on to relate in what manner the hoop was censured, but the young lady, for her modesty and amiability, and somewhat for her good looks, received great praise.

A shining light of the variety stage has really come to play a prominent part in the social life of New York city. Some time since, a vaudeville songstress named Lottie Gilson caught the fancy of the metropolis with a song, entitled "Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bow-Wow." This tuneful ditty is now heard in every drawing-room and at every musicale in New York. The refrain has become a sort of catchword, and points half the bits of repartee exchanged in the resorts and rendezvous of fashionable folk. A gloomy look or a sombre air invariably brings forth

the explanation that its cause is due to the circumstance that "Daddy won't buy me a bow-wow."

"What shall a young man do, who, on general principles merely, wants to be married?" asks a correspondent. "While he is desperately in love with the sex, he can discover in himself no preference for any individual. This is not because his demands are great. He asks for no impossible—merely youth, beauty, and brains; money is of no consequence; position he can give. He knows young women by scores; he places himself in places of danger; there is no battery of bright eyes he hesitates to face, praying to be hopelessly pierced, yet always escapes. His fate he does not put to the test, or he is never tempted. While other men agonize lest they can not win the girl they love, this young man is in more desperate straits because he can not find a girl to love. His case is as deeply serious as if it were not, through its novelty, amusing."

One of New York's smart social set remarked to an *Illustrated American* writer the other day that no woman who pretended to keep in the swim could dress her part under less than five hundred dollars a month. No less will suffice to keep her supplied with clean slippers and gloves, glossy boots, crisp, *chic* hats, and novelties in the way of frocks and wraps. Even though she ride in a carriage and employ a maid to care for her things, they get rumpled and worn merely putting them off and on, and, unless the supply is constantly replenished, she will soon fall into shabbiness, according to the standard she follows. A thorough-going society light will make not less than four, and frequently five, toilets every day. Each one must be perfect in its way, and many of her garments are prized for their fragile, transient qualities. Being quite as fastidious concerning her *lingerie* as her ball gowns, she pays heavily to wear garments of silk, batiste, and lace, that perish after a dozen contacts with the laundry tubs. Her gloves alone are an important item, costing several hundreds every year, and as flowers for personal adornment are included in the expenses, they frequently demand eight and ten dollars a week for violets alone. Another inroad into her allowance is made by the necessities of her jewel-case. Every few months some fresh allurements are offered in the way of ornaments, and, unless she can purchase, she is forced to drop behind in the race for supremacy. For example, the novelty for the moment is for jeweled collars to clasp close about the throat outside of the gown. To the extremely smart woman, it is an imperative necessity to own one of these trifles. She feels obliged either to buy one outright of topaz and pearls, or of turquoise and diamonds, or else break up some less desirable *bijoux* and have one made. No matter what she does, the obligation is an expensive one, and no sooner is that bill made than some other fad comes to the fore and drives her deeper into expenditures.

To dress in harmony with complexion comes naturally to some women; by others it has been, or can be, acquired. A brunette generally looks well in cream color, for she has reproduced the tinting of her skin in her dress. Women who have rather florid complexions look well in various shades of plum and heliotrope, also in certain shades of dove-gray, for, to a trained eye, this color has a tinge of pink, which harmonizes with the flesh of the face. Blondes look fairer and younger in dead black, like that of wool goods or velvet, while brunettes require the sheen of satin or gloss of silk in order to wear black to advantage. A woman who has a neutral-tinted complexion, with eyes of blue-gray, is never more becomingly dressed than in the blue shades in which gray is mixed.

For a good many years past, ball-room reformers have been pretty constantly agitating for the revival of that stately and classic dance, the minuet. The disinclination of young men to dance at all, and their preference for the waltz when they do condescend to ask for a dance, has been an inert obstacle in the way; but, at last, Herr Johann Strauss, the famous Viennese musician, has succeeded in obtaining a trial of his pet idea. At the White Cross Society's charitable ball in Vienna, twenty-eight couples danced a minuet. The men wore dress-coats and black knee-breeches; while the young ladies were all arrayed in white Empire dresses and sandals. The experiment, we are told, was "a great success." Perhaps we may presently see the minuet in American ball-rooms. The cheapness and simplicity of the dresses in which it is danced will lend it favor in the eyes of fathers of daughters; but whether the daughters will see the matter in the same light is not quite so certain.

Whether or not the Empire gown is to go, with the revival of this style of dress comes a sensible and comfortable style of underwearer. The corset, or bust supporter, for it is simply that, is made of silk, satin, or linen, and is either finely embroidered with bead-work or finished with delicate lace. The sides are composed of a series of silk elastic straps; the lacing is in front, the back being whole, and ribbon straps go over the shoulders, and are fastened to the corset by butterfly bows. This corset is well suited for wearing with tea-gowns and other *nightgown* house-

resses. It has none of the evil effects of the ordinary corset, about which so much has been written, and is extremely comfortable.

The tone of American conversation is proverbially good (writes Howard Paul in a London paper), and the crim. cons. discussed in London drawing-rooms, often in the presence of quite young girls, are entirely avoided in America, except by that limited set who live to eat, dress, and imitate nothing but the follies of the English. On the other hand, the most intelligent American women have a great admiration for the English; they are envious to desperation of their mellow voices, their bodily vigor, fine complexions, and repose of manner. The American woman has no repose—hence the rocking-chair, in which she works off the nervous energy which the exhilarating climate stimulates to so intense a degree. She is never sleepy or dull, but longs for the rest-taking faculty which would give her a chance of building up her frail body and strengthening her nerves. The American woman is hospitable, generous, intelligent, and vivacious; but the lines which appear under the eyes and round the mouth before she reaches thirty tell their own tale. What she needs to perfect and maintain her charms is the cold morning tub, less violet powder, more fresh air and outdoor exercise, and the utter extermination of the horrid furnace, which, placed in many cellars, sends forth sirocco-like blasts of air into every chamber in the house, and so converts the modern American house, in point of temperature, into a conservatory for forcing plants.

While there is justice in the recent complaints regarding the dancing-man's tendency to escape after having eaten and drunk—at a recent dinner-party (according to *Vogue*), out of twenty men at table only seven appeared at the dance—yet the New York bachelors seem to have awakened to a sense of their social obligations and to have determined to pay "in kind" through the medium of teas or musicales. Many men have very beautiful apartments. The artists began it, to be sure, but the men of fashion have not been slow to follow, baving, of course, immeasurably the advantage in the choice of a hostess *pro tem*. It is a charming position, that of "receiving" for a perfectly unexceptionable bachelor—a relative more or less near—for men as well as women flock to these functions. There is about them a something of adventurousness, of unconventionality, of freedom, which gives them an unaccustomed zest.

Thackeray speaks of "carriages got up to look private" as being one of the sham institutions even of his time; but in these days of sense and utility it is no longer considered a pretense, but simply an excellent business arrangement, conducive to the interests of both parties. A well-to-do livery stable (the New York Tribune says), nowadays, owes a large share of its prosperity to the "private carriages" which it lets out by the month or the season. There has been an immense improvement in this particular department of late. Formerly a "jobbed carriage" had no style, however comfortable it might be, but now it is absolutely indistinguishable from a well-turned-out private establishment, from the correct English coachman down to the private monogram or crest on the door. The high-stepping, dock-tailed, well-groomed horses leave nothing to be desired. The obvious advantage of such an arrangement is that, although it may be more costly just at the time, all risks and responsibilities are avoided; if the horses fall lame, you are sure of another pair; if the coachman gets drunk or is insolent, he is immediately replaced; and if you leave town, all expenses cease. A carriage, with a team and driver, costs from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars a month, according to the style of the vehicle, and a brougham, with a single horse, one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. Many people in New York keep the two, and it is certainly a much more convenient and enjoyable arrangement, although not so "swell," as that involving the care and trouble of a town stable.

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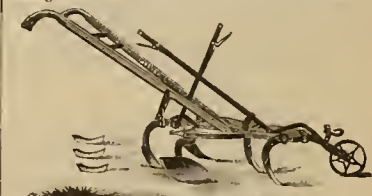
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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Rœckel Recital.

M. and Mme. Rœckel gave a song recital last Thursday evening, which was largely attended. The following interesting programme was presented:

Duet, "O That We Two Were Maying," Gounod-Rœckel, Misses Minnie and Emma Provost; melody, "Angel's Serenade," Braga, Miss Bertha Mersing (with violin obligato by Mme. Rœckel); Elenora, "Il Se greto" ("Lucretia Borgia"), Donizetti, Miss May Mable; two choruses (a) "April Moods," Hofmann, (b) "Zanotta," Trotter-Rœckel, Ladies Choral, conducted by Mme. Ellen Coursen-Rœckel; song, "Call Me Back," Denza, Mrs. Annie K. Shaw; recitation, "A School Idyl," Puck, Mlle. Ellen Rœckel; aria, "Ritornel le Diable," Meyerbeer, Mrs. H. Lewis; ballad, "Requiem," Cowen, Miss Emma Provost; air, "Salut a la France" ("La Fille du Regiment"), Donizetti, Mlle. Alice Decourieux; song, "Come to Me," Denza, Miss Evelyn Manning; scena, (a) "L'altra Notta" ("Mephistopheles"), Boito, (b) "Laughing Song" ("Mignon Lescaut"), Aubert, Mlle. Ellen Coursen-Rœckel; duet, "Abi Leonora" ("La Favorita"), Donizetti, Selma Andrea Mojica and M. Charles Pechin; canzone, "Saper vorreste" ("Un Ballo"), Verdi, Miss Emma Wells; waltz, "The Kiss," Ardit, Miss Rose Phillips; cavatina, "Una Voce Poco Fa" ("Il Barbiere"), Rossini, Miss Cathie Coursen; sestet, "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti, Miss Lottie Calsing, Miss May Mable, Sta. Andrea Mojica, Herr Edward Lotz, Mr. Benno I. Barnett, and M. Charles Pechin, with full chorus; serenade, "Chantez, Riez, Dormez," Gounod, Miss Margaret Dorezek, with violin obligato by Mme. Rœckel; bolero, "Awake," Dessauer, Miss Minnie Provost; the voice-builder's scene from the comic opera "La Melomane," words and music by J. Rœckel, Signora de Solmi, a stranded prima donna, Miss Lottie Calsing, Herr Schmitz, a rising amateur, Mr. Harry Niemann; musical director, Joseph Rœckel.

The University Glee Club.

The College Glee Club of the University of California gave two concerts in Odd Fellows' Hall on the evening of February 24th and the afternoon of February 25th. On both occasions large audiences were present, and the ovelty of the entertainment was gratifying to them to such an extent that every number was encored. The following was the programme:

"Good Old Berkeley"; violin solo, Charles Parcells, '95; "Once Upon a Time," W. W. Pearson; vocal solo, "The Mighty Deep," W. H. Jude, Victor C. Carroll, '93; "The Quaker," Johns; "The Owl and the Pussy-cat," De Koven; violin solo, cavatina, Leonard, "Jabish Clement," '94; "Ovum Fractum," J. K. Fryer, '95; violin duet (selected), Charles Parcells and Jabish Clement; "Schneider's Band," A. J. Munday.

The members of the club are:

First tenors, C. R. Morse, '94, T. V. Bakewell, '95, B. G. Somers, '92; second tenors, Allan Smith, '96, Miles B. Fisher, '94, L. P. Rixford, '93; first basses, O. O. Taylor, '94, Frank G. Stringham, '94, Raymond Russ, '96; second basses, Edgar Rickard, '95, Power Hutchins, '96, H. P. Veeder, '95; violinists, Clemens, '94, Adolph Lada, '94; cellists, '95; accompanist, J. K. Fryer, '95; director, V. C. Carroll, '93; manager, Walter S. Brann, '93.

The Wilkie Ballad Concert.

The Maple Room at the Palace Hotel was filled with a select audience last Thursday evening, when Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave his third ballad concert of the second series. The programme was a most attractive one and was well received. The selections were as follows:

Quartet, "Beware," I. Goodell, Messrs. Wilkie, Howland, Stadfeld, and Nielsen; duet, "The Unfortunate," Saint-Saens, Miss Edna Groves and Mrs. Sedgley Reynolds; centenaire, "Melodia," Georges Marty, M. Louis Crépau; solo and chorus, "Italian Salad," Genée, Mr. Wilkie and male chorus; chanson, (a) "Reve de la Bien-Aimée," (b) "Le Matin," Biet, Mrs. Alfred Abbey; cello solo, "Ungarisch," M. Hauser, Clemens, '94, Adolph Lada; song, "Come into the Garden, Maud," Balfe, Alfred Wilkie; song, (a) "It is too late," English Song, (b) "Ah! 'tis a Dream," C. B. Hawley, Mrs. Sedgley Reynolds; chanson, (a) "Berceuse," (b) "Plus blanche et mon Amour," Grieg, M. Louis Crépau; duet, "How dear to me the bough," Mossetti, Mrs. Abbey and Mr. Wilkie; cello solo, "Berceuse Slave," Franz Neruda, Mr. Adolph Lada; male part song, "The Young Lover," Koschat, male chorus.

The Symphony Orchestra, composed of sixty amateurs, under the direction of Louis C. Koell, will repeat the concert given in aid of the Kiog's Daughters' Home for Incorables last month at the Metropolitan Temple, on Tuesday evening, March 7th. This concert will be given in aid of the library fund of the orchestra, and will be under the patronage of Messrs. Joho Parrott, Richard M. Tobin, Alfred Seligman, and Louis Sloss, Jr. It should be a success, both financially and musically, as the object is to raise funds to secure the very best selections of all the noted composers. The soloists of the evening will be Miss Fitch, soprano; Mr. G. B. McBride, basso; and Signor S. Martioez, pianist.

Mme. Emelia Tojetti will give a chronological song recital in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel next Thursday evening. The programme will range from 1634 to the present day, and will include selections from Durante, Sarri, Searlatti, Pergolesi, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and other renowned composers. Seats may be reserved at the Pacific Music Company, 206 Post Street, next Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Adèle Aus Der Ohe is en route to this city from the East for the purpose of giving a series of concerts here. She was a favorite pupil of Liszt, and is regarded as one of the leading pianists of the world, so her appearance here will undoubtedly create a furore in musical circles. She is said to be an impetuous player, possessing wonderful strength and a marvelous technique combined with great confidence.

Miss Gertrude Auld, of this city, sang with great success at a musicale given recently by several Americans in Paris.

—THE MISSES M. EGERLY—CERAMIC ARTISTS of great reputation in the East—have opened a studio at L. A. Rockwell's, 124 Phelan Building, where they will give instruction in all branches of the art.

A WET AFTERNOON.

SCENE.—Library of a country-house. Heavy rain outside. MR. HUMPHREYS gloomily reading newspaper. Enter MISS TRAVERS.

MISS TRAVERS—What have you got there, Mr. Humphreys?

MR. HUMPHREYS—Daily Telegraph—letter from an idiot who has had three wives of different nationalities, and found them all most unsatisfactory.

MISS TRAVERS—Poor fellow! Of course you don't approve of marriage, Mr. Humphreys?

MR. HUMPHREYS [eagerly]—Don't I though! [Restraining himself.] Marriage is a most excellent thing for the workingman. He gets a cheap general servant and an object to vent his temper on, and the tax-payers are expected to provide for his children.

MISS TRAVERS—But surely they don't all beat their wives?

MR. HUMPHREYS—I don't know about that. Most of them have nobody else to beat, and I dare say the wives deserve all they get.

MISS TRAVERS—Oh, Mr. Humphreys, how can you!

MR. HUMPHREYS—I can't. It is all very well for the horny-handed sons of toil, also for German princes and English dukes, marquises, and soap-boilers; but for poor middle-class devils like me, a wife is about as useful and attainable as a white elephant. [Sighs heavily.]

MISS TRAVERS—Do you want a white elephant very badly?

MR. HUMPHREYS—Yes—[checks himself]—no, of course not. But what have you got to say in favor of marriage?

[Enter servant with a telegram.]

MR. HUMPHREYS [to servant, taking it]—Thank you.

MISS TRAVERS—I hate telegrams. I hope nobody is dead.

MR. HUMPHREYS—I don't think so. [Aside.] The brute was all right yesterday. [Aloud.] May I read it?

MISS TRAVERS—Do, please.

MR. HUMPHREYS [opening telegram]—"Cesarewitch, Dollar." By Jove, I win ten thousand pounds. [Looking at MISS TRAVERS.] That just makes all the difference.

MISS TRAVERS [turning round]—Well, what is it?

MR. HUMPHREYS—Oh, nothing, only business; I must go up to town on Monday. [Aside.] I should rather thiook so—settling day; the first time I have gone up to town to receive.

MISS TRAVERS—Must you really go?

MR. HUMPHREYS [resignedly]—Yes, it can't be helped. In the meantime, please go on with your exposition of the advantages of matrimony.

MISS TRAVERS—My exposition? I don't approve of matrimony at all.

MR. HUMPHREYS—Iodeed! Why oot?

MISS TRAVERS—Men are so horrid.

MR. HUMPHREYS [with cheerful acquiescence]—Of course they are, awful brutes; but then there are exceptions.

MISS TRAVERS—Yes, exceptionally nasty ones.

MR. HUMPHREYS—Yes, and exceptionally nice ones; quite enough of them to go round the exceptionally nice women.

MISS TRAVERS—Nooseose, I know lots of nice womeo.

MR. HUMPHREYS—Well, never mind the horrid ooes, they are unworthy of consideration; let them freely marry each other or remain single, as they please, but why shouldn't the nice exceptions marry?

MISS TRAVERS—He might die.

MR. HUMPHREYS—Who might?

MISS TRAVERS [confusedly]—Your wife.

MR. HUMPHREYS—Oh, might he—she, I mean. I am glad you admit that I am one of the exceptions.

MISS TRAVERS—I do nothing of the sort, you are not a bit nice.

MR. HUMPHREYS—Very well, the exception's exceptional wife might die; so might he. I don't see how either of them could do better.

MISS TRAVERS—Now you are horrid.

MR. HUMPHREYS—I may be, but I can oot imagine anything more horrid than to spend your declining years ordering dinner for a toothless old exception, or hawling the news into the ears of a deaf old wife.

MISS TRAVERS [indignantly]—Women are oot nearly so deaf as men. Anyhow, it is much better to be cared for by a wife than by some nasty old oourse.

MR. HUMPHREYS—I—exceptions, I mean, are very healthy, and nurses, oowadays, are neither nasty nor old. I know several very nice-looking nurses.

MISS TRAVERS [with assumed indifference]—Do you, indeed?

MR. HUMPHREYS [hastily]—I did when I was a boy and had measles at school. They must be quite old now.

MISS TRAVERS—Who—the measles?

MR. HUMPHREYS—No, the oourses. [Aside.] She seems to be jealous—I'll risk it. [Aloud.] Whichever of us is right, it is a purely selfish consideration which can have no weight with an exception.

MISS TRAVERS—As to that, there are oo exceptions—all men are selfish.

MR. HUMPHREYS [meekly]—Yes, but I believe and hope that some women are not. Oh, Miss Travers, can oot you get over your objection to my dying?

MISS TRAVERS [innocently]—Of course I doo't want you to die; please don't talk nonsense.

MR. HUMPHREYS—I am oot talking nonsense now, I am asking you to overlook the contingency that I may some time or other die, and to consent, in the meantime, to love, succor, and cherish me till death us do part. [He drops the paper and takes her hand.]

MISS TRAVERS—Oh, Mr. Humphreys, this is so sudden.

MR. HUMPHREYS [after a pause]—But you don't want me to die at ooce, do you, Nelly?

MISS TRAVERS—No.

MR. HUMPHREYS—Then you do love me?

MISS TRAVERS—Y—es.—Black and White.

A Spring Opening in Millinery.

It will be a matter of great interest to the fair sex to know that there will be a spring opening in millinery at The Maze, on Saturday and Monday, March 11th and 13th. A private inspection of the new styles revealed the fact that they are very pretty, and, in a measure, carry ooe's ideas back almost a century. These styles are the direct importation of The Maze from Paris, and are exclusive with them. It is pleasing to know that they will be becoming to almost any type of beauty, and they are so attractive that their wearers will find themselves possessing an increase in their personal charms. Everybody knows where The Maze is, the big modern department store, corner of Market and Taylor Streets.

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Justice to All.

It is now apparent to the Directors of the World's Columbian Exposition that millions of people will be denied the pleasure of becoming the possessors of

World's Fair Souvenir Coins

The Official Souvenir of the Great Exposition—

The extraordinary and growing demand for these Coins, and the desire on the part of the Directors that equal opportunities may be afforded for their purchase, have made it necessary to enlarge the channels of distribution. To relieve themselves of some responsibility, the Directors have invited

THE MERCHANTS

Throughout the Nation to unite with the Banks in placing Columbian Half-Dollars on sale. This is done that the masses of the people, and those living at remote points, may be afforded the best possible opportunity to obtain the Coins.

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Go to your nearest merchant or banker, as they are likely to have them. If you cannot procure them in this way, send direct to us, ordering not less than Five Coins, and remitting One Dollar for each Coin ordered. Send instructions how to ship the Coins and they will be sent free of expense. Remit by registered letter, or send express or post-office money order, or bank draft to

Treasurer World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill.

SOCIETY.

The San Francisco Verein.

The bal masqué at the San Francisco Verein last Saturday evening was an unqualified success, and compared most favorably with any of the entertainments the members have given in the past. The variety of costumes and their elegance were specially noticeable, and, of course, there was a sprinkling of comic costumes. One group of nineteen ladies and gentlemen, representing Shakespearian characters, presented several pretty tableaux on the stage during the evening. The music was delightful, and every one seemed in the humor for dancing. At midnight an elaborate supper was served in the dining-hall, after which the festivities were resumed until four o'clock in the morning.

The Women's Exhibit at the World's Fair.

The Women's Committee on the San Francisco exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, which is constituted as follows: Mrs. William Alvord (chairman), Mrs. Isador Burns (secretary), Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mrs. John Vance Cheney, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Miss Mary B. West, Mrs. Ramon E. Wilson, Mrs. Alexander Russell, Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, and Mrs. William P. Redington, has issued the following appeal:

The exhibit is to represent the art, literature, and industry of San Francisco, and it is desired to inclose and decorate properly the space that has been allotted in the California State Building. Carved and fire-etched native woods, brass, and leather will be the principal materials used. All materials will be furnished and the work done in San Francisco, almost entirely by young women, prominent among whom are Miss Van Vliet, Miss O'Hara, and Miss Livermore, designers, fire-etchers, and wood-carvers. There will also be an easel decorated with portraits of Californian authors and editors. It will be of leather, done in the half-tone method, by Mrs. Poore, Mr. Edmund Russell provided the design. It is desired to have golden gates at the entrance, and they shall be made as beautiful as our citizens may desire. As the appropriation is not sufficiently large to admit of this expenditure, the committee makes an appeal to the generous public to subscribe ten thousand dollars for this purpose. It is suggested that subscriptions of at least one dollar be made, and it is hoped that ten thousand of our citizens will respond. The golden gates will then belong to this city, and, after the Exposition, may be placed in the art-museum as a souvenir of public spirit and enterprise.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is arranging to give a subscription dance in Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening, April 3d. The affair will be in the nature of an assembly, with no cotillion.

A musicale and reception will be given at the Hotel Pleasanton next Saturday afternoon and evening for the benefit of the California Wild Flower Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition. The proceeds will be devoted to furnishing the olive and gold room in the California building. There will be a tea and musicale from two until five o'clock in the afternoon, and music and dancing in the evening.

The Misses Edgerly will give a reception during the coming week that will be of interest to all lovers of the ceramic art.

Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg gave a delightful theatre-party Monday evening, followed by a supper at her residence, 431 Bartlett Street. Those present were: Miss Helen Walker, Miss Eugenia Chapin, Miss Gibbs, Miss Hoburg, Miss Torbert, Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg, Mr. E. T. Messersmith, Mr. Porter Kane, U. S. N., Mr. Shoemaker, U. S. N., Mr. Henry Morrell, U. S. N., Mr. Charles Robertson, U. S. N., and Mr. Frank T. Hoburg.

Mrs. George A. Knight gave a charming lunch-party last Saturday at her residence, 2209 Buchanan Street, in honor of Miss Lulu Fargo. The others present were: Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. H. C. Wyman, Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Gardiner, Miss Annie McMullin, Miss Bernice Bates, Miss Maye Taber, Miss Gertrude Smith, Miss Alice Rambo, Miss Florence Weihe, Miss Howard, and Miss Carrie Beckwith.

The Country Club has elected the following officers: Frederick R. Webster, president; Robert Oxnard, vice-president; William C. Murdoch, secretary and treasurer; Ramon E. Wilson, attorney. Committees of one received appointment as follows: On entertainment and outings, Robert Oxnard; on trap shooting and athletics, George Crocker; on club-

house, Henry W. Woodward; on stables and kennels, William S. Kittle; on game, fish, and preserve, Ramon E. Wilson; on patrolmen and keepers, Richard H. Sprague.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head are visiting in San Francisco for a few weeks.

Miss Nita Earle is confined to her home by serious illness.

Mrs. Homer S. King, accompanied by Miss Yerrington and Miss Bender, left on Friday to pass a month at Coronado Beach.

Miss Nellie Jolliffe is the guest of Mrs. Lillie Harding in Philadelphia.

Mr. Truxton Beale has received the appointment of Minister to Roumania, Servia, and Greece. He was formerly Minister to Persia.

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Hopkins are at the Hotel Grande in Paris.

Mr. Monroe Salisbury is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Misses Eleanor and Mae Dimond will leave on Sunday to visit Santa Barbara for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. Allen St. J. Bowie has gone East and will be away about a month.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Edward Martin, who are in Washington, D. C., are expected here in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham is passing a couple of weeks at Monterey.

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen and Miss Alice McCutchen are in Chicago. During their absence, Mr. McCutchen will reside at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin are in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Cutler Paige has been passing the week in Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington will return from their southern trip to-day.

Mrs. P. B. Corowall is enjoying a visit at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Beth Sperry, and Miss Denning returned last Monday from a brief visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace are in Washington, D. C., and are expected to return home this month.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis has been brightened by the advent of twins, both boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Denigan and Miss Denigan have returned from a month's visit to Coronado Beach.

Mr. John J. Valentine has gone East on a month's visit.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Plum and Mr. and Mrs. James Irvine are enjoying a visit at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Schweitzer and Miss Helen Schweitzer have gone to visit the southern part of the State.

Mr. J. C. Stuhls has returned from his Eastern trip.

Miss Mamie Burling has returned from a pleasant visit to Southern California.

Mrs. William H. Wallace and Miss Cora Wallace have been passing the week in San José.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann, who is now in Washington, D. C., is expected here in about two weeks.

Miss Eloisa Andrade has returned from a four months' visit to relatives in Guatemala, and is greatly improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome arrived here last week from New York on a visit.

Mrs. James Platen, Mrs. James D. Fry, Mrs. H. N. Cook, and Mrs. A. J. Stevens are visiting Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair will leave New York to-day to visit Europe for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Mrs. John F. Merrill are in Pasadena.

Mr. John D. Strockels returned last Thursday from a brief visit to Coronado Beach.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant E. M. Blake, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has gone East on a three months' leave of absence.

Brigadier-General A. McD. McCook, U. S. A., was in Washington, D. C., recently.

Ensign Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N., has been promoted to be a lieutenant, junior grade, from August 24, 1892.

Captain Mehon, U. S. N., has returned to Newport, R. I., after an official visit here.

Lieutenant W. W. Galbraith, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of two months.

Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone to Washington, D. C., with instructions to report to the Secretary of War.

The Army and Navy Register of Washington, D. C., is responsible for the remarkable information that "Brevet-Major Henry Sweeney, retired, is one of the candidates for the office of mayor of San Francisco." What is the matter with Ellert?

Ensign E. T. Witherspoon, U. S. N., will leave to-day to join the *Monocacy*, in the Asiatic Squadron, and relieve Ensign G. W. Logan, U. S. N., who has been ordered home.

Passed Assistant Engineer R. W. Milligan, U. S. N., has gone East to visit his family.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Henry D. Bacon the following testamentary provisions were made:

Frank P. Bacon, Mrs. Ella E. B. Soule, and Mrs. Carrie J. Bacon were appointed executor and executrices, respectively. The estate consists of real property in Oakland, valued at \$300,000; stock in the South Fresno Improvement Company, valued at \$40,000; stock in the Bacon Land Company, valued at \$50,000; bonds of the Oakland Consolidated Electric Railway Company, valued at \$50,000; notes, bonds, etc., valued at \$50,000; making a total of \$500,000. Testator bequeathed his property in equal shares to his three children, mentioned above, with the exceptions that a service of silver, presented to him by the employees of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway shall be given to his son, Frank P. Bacon, and that the sum of \$5,000 shall be paid to Mrs. Frank P. Bacon and the husbands of his two daughters share and share alike.

The friends of John W. Mackay throughout the world will be glad to know that he is rapidly recovering from the effects of his wound. Assassination is always cowardly, but this was unusually so. To lie in wait for an unarmed man and shoot him in the back is the very lowest depth of cowardice. It is said that the assassin Rippey can not live. It is to be hoped so. It will save a long trial, with some uncertainty as to punishment.

That Wanamaker Reception.

1517 TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 23, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the column "Vanity Fair," of the *Argonaut*, February 20th, I saw a notice that the reception contemplated by the Postmaster-General and Mrs. Wanamaker had been permanently abandoned. Allow me to say that the reception was given on the fourth of February. On the afternoon of that date, Mrs. Wanamaker gave a "Tea," at five o'clock, assisted by Mrs. Brown, of New York, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Diaz Albertini, of Paris, sister of Mrs. Hitt (representative); Miss Fowler, Miss Almy, and Miss Sherrill. The guests were received in the celebrated picture-gallery, and were entertained by the music of the Hungarian Band. The Postmaster-General and Mrs. Wanamaker entertained at dinner, on the same date, in honor of the new First-Assistant Postmaster-General Mr. H. Clay Evans and wife. Later in the evening, the reception was given for the employees of the Post-Office Department, irrespective of color, rank, or station. Nothing which could conduce in any way to the pleasure of the guests was omitted. The drawing-rooms were profusely decorated with growing plants and flowers. The chandeliers hung with smilax and asparagus sprays, and tall glass vases, holding long-stemmed American Beauty roses, were placed on tables, piano, and dining-table. A great deal had been said in regard to the ill-will and dismay occasioned by the gathering together of such a mixed company. But if there was any such feeling in the minds of the guests present, it was not visible. The attendance was very large, much greater than the number of acceptances received, which were 1,033. Very truly yours,

VIRGINIA ASHLEY.

Fashionable Stationery.

Every one in society circles is naturally interested in knowing just what is the latest fad in fashionable stationery. Eccentric styles find no favor with people of refined tastes. The most elegant note-paper is either pure white or cream white, though blue and gray are quite popular. On all matters of this kind it is best to consult with some representative stationer, as the style changes occasionally. We would suggest a visit to the large establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, as they are thoroughly informed on all of the requirements of polite correspondence, and their stock of stationery is complete in every respect.

When a personal mark is put upon the paper, it may be crest or the initials of the writer entwined in some odd, fanciful way. When the address is used, it is written out in script, with the number in numerals. Sometimes a little etching of a favorite corner or of a fire-place, which all their friends will recognize, is stamped at the top of the note-paper. Gold and silver are quite generally used in embossing and stamping, though a dark shade of red and ultramarine are both fashionable, and a pale shade of gray and violet are considered elegant. Sanborn, Vail & Co. also do a large business in copper-plate engraving for visiting-cards, invitations, etc. Gentlemen's cards remain small and oblong in shape, while ladies' cards are large and square. It must be acknowledged that the present style of cards are in the most refined taste.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—LADIES OUTING SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER AT Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street. All the latest fabrics.

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SOAP, an exfoliate skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.
How to Cure Skin Diseases mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.
WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS, With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.



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The March number (just out) is a veritable art journal. Some of the most striking illustrations are: A new view of Yosemite Valley (frontispiece); a group of Lake Tahoe; the Grand Cañon of the Colorado; the North American Indian; Western Locomotion; how forecasts are made by the Signal Service Bureau; a supplement, entitled "The Salute"; and many others.

Send ten cents in stamps for sample copy, or \$1.00 for a year's subscription. You will not regret the investment.

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THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER:

Or, Under the Electric Lights of New York.

A GRAND SPECTACULAR DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Library in home of PEYERIL PRITCHARD, the millionaire, of Cohoes. The apartment extends across the stage, and has a depth of about five feet from footlights to flats in one. It is furnished in the most magnificent fashion common to the homes of stage millionaires, with two choirs and a small table.

PRITCHARD [entering room]—To-morrow the old home must be sold under the sheriff's hammer, for I see no prospect of raising the necessary two hundred thousand dollars ere nightfall. I have asked a dozen of my friends to aid me, but they have all refused, on one pretense or another. Ah, Guy Mainwaring, you will have your triumph to-morrow, for then you will see me and my poor innocent daughter turned homeless into the street. I must call her now and tell her what is in store for her. [Rings bell.]

[Enter MENIAL, dressed like an attaché of the Foreign Circus at the close of the season.]

PRITCHARD—Go and tell Miss Gwendoline that I would see her here at once. I have some important family secrets to discuss with her.

MENIAL—Pardon me, sir, but Miss Gwendoline went out an hour ago, and I judge she will not be back before to-morrow, for she took three large trunks with her. She gave me this letter just before she started, and begged me to hand it to you on your return.

PRITCHARD [taking letter and reading]—"When you read this, I shall be far away. Our old enemy, Guy Mainwaring, has consented to renew the mortgage for another six months, but, at the expiration of that time, it must be paid, principal and interest, or else he can claim me as his bride. I have gone to the great city of New York, where I will earn the money with my own hands." [Starts back and lets letter fall to the ground.] Merciful heavens! my daughter alone and friendless in that great city. There is no time to lose. She must be brought back at once.

[Exit R., buttoning up frock-coat. Attendants, in costume previously described, remove the scanty furniture, and the wall of the library disappears, revealing—]

SCENE 2.—Thieves' den in Mulberry Bend, New York. Thieves discovered seated about large, round table, drinking phantom wine out of tin goblets, the stage style of "carousing."

GUY MAINWARING [entering, attired in evening dress]—Ha, ha! Little does the swell society of Cohoes dream that I make my millions in this nefarious manner. What would me proud Gwendoline say, I wonder, if she were to see me here in this robbers' den, surrounded by me fellow-thieves? [Aloud, to others.] What ho, me friends! Let's drink and be merry. Here, you, Rollicking Roy, let's have that song you stole last week.

[Specialties by members of the company till fall of curtain.]

ACT II.

SCENE.—A street at night during snowstorm.

GWENDOLINE, wrapped in a waterproof and wearing rings on her fingers and high-heeled, gilt slippers on her toes, discovered standing in centre of stage.

GWENDOLINE—Ah! it is bitter cold, and the wind cuts like a knife. I will ask that gentleman to direct me to my hotel. [Brushes off her dress large flake of snow bearing legend, "Dear sir!"]

MAINWARING [entering, muffled up in fur ulster]—A cold, stormy night, indeed. I wonder who that young girl can be? What! Gwendoline here? But she must not recognize me.

GWENDOLINE—Please, sir, will you tell me how to get to the Holland House?

MAINWARING [in assumed voice]—The Holland House? Why, my poor child, that is a long distance from here. I am afraid you are a stranger here.

GWENDOLINE—Yes, sir; I have just arrived from Cohoes, and I have come down here in search of some light, easy employment whereby ladies of refinement earn one hundred and seventy-seven dollars a week at their homes. But it is night now, and I must return to the Holland House.

MAINWARING—But, my poor child, the Holland House closes every night at half-past ten, and it is now twenty minutes of eleven. You had better go to an excellent, though humble, inn situated not far from here, on Bleeker Street, which remains open an hour or so later than the more fashionable houses uptown.

GWENDOLINE—Oh, sir, how can I thank you for your kindness? I know as little of this great, wicked city as Richard Harding Davis, the Dickens of America. In which direction, I pray you, is Bleeker Street?

MAINWARING [offering his arm]—Come with me, my poor girl; I will lead you there myself. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE.—A concert-hall on Bleeker Street. People sitting at small tables making merry over mugs of air. Mysterious figure wrapped in dark cloak at table O. P.

MAINWARING [entering R. U. E.]—To-night the six months will expire, and to-morrow the Pritchard homestead will be mine, and me proud beauty, who has thus far baffled me, will become me bride, for she still lacks one hundred thousand dollars of the sum needed to pay the mortgage. Let her hustle these tables as she may, she will find the task impossible. [Takes seat at table.]

GWENDOLINE [entering, attired in pink Mother Hubbard]—Alas! I fear that I shall fail, and the old home will be lost to us forever. I wonder who that mysterious-looking stranger is. I will accost him and see if he can help me. [Approaches muffled figure.] Oh, sir, I am in sore distress and know not what course to pursue. I must raise one hundred thousand dollars to-night or the old home will be taken away from us. For six months I have hustled tables in this place, and to-night, in order to save the old home, I have consented— [Covers her face with her hands.]

STRANGER [hoarsely and with emotion]—Consented! What have you consented to?

GWENDOLINE [suddenly emerging from her wrap]—To sing my next song in tights.

[Orchestra cues.]

[Song, "The Maiden's Prayer." At conclusion of song, the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER takes centre of stage, throws aside his cloak, and removes false beard.]

GWENDOLINE—Merciful heavens! My own true love, Charles Adolphus!

STRANGER—Noble girl, you have not toiled in vain. I will open twenty-five thousand bottles of wine this very night, and your commission of four dollars a bottle will pay the mortgage and free you forever from the scoundrel who has you in his power.

MAINWARING—Foiled again!

GWENDOLINE—How can I ever repay you?

CHARLES ADOLPHUS—By singing once more that beautiful song, "The Maiden's Prayer." [Orchestra cue.]

—New York Truth.

RECENT VERSE.

A Border Homocomic.

With hows and bills,
And hills and bows,
And over the hills
The Wardeo goes.

Two weeks ago, or maybe three,
The Johnstons came a-visiting me;
They slew the ewes and they drove the cow,
They took my man from the stilt of the plough
And hanged him on the yew-tree bough.

But I have ridden a fray since then
And countered with the Annan men;
And Annan men are a man to lack—
He took my long spear in the back;
I drove it in through plate and jack.

Hanging down from a girdle frayed,
I carry a goodly Spanish blade,
Let o man have me in his scorn
Although my huff be stained and torn—
I wot I ride a gentleman horn.

What though we lie on the oaten straw
Withio my tower of Lambtonshaw,
Where walls are stout, though the roof be thin—
Yet Joan, my wife, who lies therein,
To the Warden's lady is kith and kin.

My father higg'd it long before,
And set the three lambs over the door;
I shall go under the lintel stone
Oo a Flemish charger high in the hone
Where between my knees was a limping roan.

Woe is me for the lonely way!
There were three men rode by me yesterday.
My boots drop blood at every start,
And soul and body are like to part;
Yet I ride home with a merry heart.

For I have met my mortal foe;
Together we yoked, six hours ago.
I met him down by the Todshaw hake,
With iron out to give and take,
And I slashed his face for the old feud's sake.

So merrily home I ride in baste,
To circle my wife her dainty waist
With the dainty girdle of silver gilt,
Gay as the prize of a London tilt—
I took from a Scot's knight, hilt to hilt.

Then she will waken the baleros from bed
To thank Our Lady who kept my head;
And when my Scottish kye below
Down in the court-yard moo and low,
She will praise the Saints that this is so.

With bows and hills,
'And bills and hows,
And over the hills
The Warden goes.

—Oswald Barron in the Academy.

The Boy's Cartoon.

SCENE: Florence, A. D., 1540.

"Good Master! I crave your service. See, I am out the beggar I seem to be; Though you'll say, as I tell my story o'er, It is such as you've often heard before.

"Tis not for myself," he sohhing said—

"Tis not for myself I'm asking bread: But my mother is breaking her heart to-day; For she's ill, and may lose her place, they say, In the silk-mill. If I could only get A florin for two, she might hold it yet. Old Tito, the picture-dealer, said

He would give me enough to buy us bread For a month or more; should I chance to meet Some one of your craft upon the street, And beg him to draw on the panel I hold A sketch of the Sibyl gaunt and old Whom the greatest of Florentine painters all Has drawn on the Sistine Chapel wall. A dozen I've asked, good Master mine, But none of them paused to draw a line. You have pencils with you. Dare I claim A picture, in charity's holy name?"

With a kindly look on his stern, sad face, The artist at once began to trace The Sibyl ancient, and with such art As quickened the throb of the boy's warm heart. No word as he worked did he deign to say, But, signing his name, he went his way.

"Whose name is this?" asked the boy of one To whom he displayed the picture done.

"Where got you—?" came the question. "Who Has given a prize so rich to you? Why, lad, that one cartoon you hold Will bring you many a piece of gold; And that you, a Florentine, should not know The oame!—It is Michelangelo!"

—Margaret J. Preston in March St. Nicholas.

The Dove of Dacca.

[A Bengal legend tells the pitiful fate of a Hindoo rajah, the last of his race, attacked by Mohammedan invaders. He went out bravely to meet them, carrying with him a pigeon, whose return to the palace was to be regarded by his family as an intimation of his defeat and a signal to put themselves to death and to burn their home. He gained the victory; but while he stooped to drink in the river, the bird escaped and flew home. The rajah hurried after it, but was only in time to throw himself on the pyre.—J. Lockwood Kipling's "Beast and Man in India."]

The freed dove flew to the Rajah's tower,
Fled from the slaughter of Muslim kings,
And the thorns have covered the city of Gaur—
Dove—dove. O homing dove!
Little white traitor with woe on thy wings!

The Rajah of Decca rode under the wall;
He set in his bosom a dove of fight;
If she return, be sure that I fall—
Dove—dove. O homing dove!

Pressed to his heart in the press of the fight,
The Kings of the North were scattered abroad,
The Rajah of Dacca he slew them all—
But from slaughter he stooped at the ford,
But the dove—O the dove!—the homing dove,
She thought of her cote on the palace wall.

She opened her wings and she fluttered away,
Fluttered away beyond recall.
She came to the palace at break of day.
Dove—dove. O homing dove!
Flying so fast for a kingdom's fall.

The Queens of Dacca they died in flame,
Died in the flame of the palace old,
To save their honor from sack and shame;
But the dove, the dove, O the homing dove!
She cooed to her young where the smoke-wreath rolled!

The Rajah of Dacca rode fast and fleet,
Followed as fast as a horse could fly.
Aod he saw the palace lay black at his feet;
And the dove—the dove—the homing dove,
Circled alone in the staidless sky.

So the dove came to the Rajah's tower,
Came from the slaughter of Muslim kings.
So the thorns covered the city of Gaur,
And Dacca was lost for a white dove's wings.
Dove—dove. O homing dove,
Dacca is lost from the roll of the kings!
—Rudyard Kipling in the National Observer.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,
A HEALTHFUL TONIC.

Used in place of lemons or lime juice it will harmonize with such stimulants as are necessary to take.

The most interesting sight in Prague is the old Jewish cemetery. It is in the centre of the city, surrounded by thick walls. There are thousands of ancient moss-covered slabs, some bearing inscriptions of great antiquity which only Hebrew scholars can decipher. The cemetery is unused; but no other Jewish burial-ground in Europe can compare with it for age or general interest to the antiquarian.

Life Is Worth Living.

Trying as its vicissitudes are, by those unweary by chronic disease. Mainly because Hostetter's Stomach Bitters fortifies the system against disease by promoting a vigorous performance of the functions of the system, it possesses a wide, general utility. It promotes strength through improved digestion. This is the first, the most essential step. Subsequently the Bitters insures regularity of the liver and kidneys. Malaria, rheumatism, and nervous trouble yield to it.

A spiritualistic periodical published in London gravely announces that it has "secured the exclusive collaboration of William Shakespeare, in the spirit world," and the public is warned that alleged communications from him appearing in any other paper are spurious.

As a toilet luxury, Ayer's Hair Vigor cannot be equaled. It is highly perfumed, and keeps the scalp clean and cool.

A French merchant, the victim of several defaulting cashiers, now advertises for "a cashier as honest as possible and paralyzed in both legs."

Ripans Tabules are a gentle cathartic and the best of liver tonics. A family remedy.

Perfect Baby Health

ought to mean glowing health throughout childhood, and robust health in the years to come.



When we see in children tendencies to weakness, we know they are missing the life of food taken. This loss is overcome by

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, a fat-food that builds up appetite and produces flesh at a rate that appears magical.

Almost as palatable as milk.
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies

—OR—
Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa,

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600!

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LAROCHÉ'S
INVIGORATING TONIC,
CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, and Pure Catalan Wine.

Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, as the Best Remedy for

LOSS OF APPETITE, FEVER and AGUE, MALARIA, NEURALGIA and INDIGESTION.

An experience of 25 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroche to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark (a result not before attained), and to concentrate in an elixir, which possesses in the highest degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of other remedies.

22 rue Drouot, Paris.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., 30 North William street, N. Y.

LAROCHÉ

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.

By a \$65.00 Sewing Machine, perfect work, easily finished, adapted to light and heavy work, and a complete set of the latest improved attachments sent for FREE CATALOGUE. Mention name, OXFORD MFG. CO., Dept. X 37 CHICAGO, ILL.

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The best and most simple machine made. Interchangeable Type into all languages. Durable, easiest running, rapid as any. Endorsed by the Clergy and literary people. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Agents wanted. Address N. Typewriter Co., 611 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A colored boy, called as a witness before a court-martial, was asked by the judge-advocate if he understood what an oath was. The witness replied: "Yas, sah! I reckon I does. I's beeo waitin' at the officers' mess most six months."

The White House was visited not long ago by a delegation of seatores from the Dakotas and other new States, with some request which the President could not grant. After the visitors had departed, Mr. Harrison quietly remarked to one of his Cabinet officers, sitting near him: "Foster, don't you think this free coinage of senators may lead to trouble some day?"

An English actress, pending proceedings in the divorce court, recently advertised in a theatrical trade journal:

Mrs. _____
begs to thank
Miss _____
for the kind attentions shown to her husband
Mr. _____
during his tour in America.

Old Captain P—, of the regulars, was inspecting the prisoners at a San Francisco post, one morning, and found one of his old veterans, who had a weakness for liquor, in the line. "Well, McGuire," said the captain, "back again, are you? Now, why don't you drink like a gentleman, and keep out of trouble; drink like I do." "Ah, shure, sir," replied McGuire, "if I drank like the captain, I would have beeo dead these two years."

Dr. Sharp was young and eligible (says the Boston Budget). It was, then, not to be wondered at that he was particularly liked by fond mammas with marriageable daughters, and still less a cause for wonder that he considered himself as always on the defensive. One afternoon, at a tea given by Mrs. Bicker for her oldest daughter, his hostess remarked, with flattering interest: "It must require great presence of mind in your profession, doctor. Now, supposing a man should fall out of a balloon, what would you do first?" "Wait for him to come down," he replied, calmly.

A portly and pompous justice of the peace of Marshall County, Ind., erstwhile village blacksmith, undertook to reconcile the domestic difficulties between a man and his wife who had separated, gone together, and again separated. To do this, he wrote a ponderous document setting forth that they had quarreled and abused each other, but now they were "to forgive and forget" the past, and strive to live in peace. In conclusion, this descendant of Vulcan said: "Aod the parties hereto do solemnly pledge themselves to keep this agreement in the presence of Almighty God and David Hull."

The Queen of Saxony has no children of her own, but is very fond of other people's children, especially if they are pretty. Some time ago, while walking in the park in Dresden, she met a nurse in charge of two little children, and stopped to admire the rosy babies. "They are twins, are they not?" said the queen. "Yes, please your majesty," answered the nurse. "I suppose their papa is very fond of them?" "This little boy's papa is, but that little boy's papa died a month ago." "But I thought you said they were twins?" "Your majesty said they were, and I didn't think it right to contradict the queen."

For the first time since the war period, a squadron of cavalry is now quartered near Washington, on the old Lee estate, "Arlington." Since their arrival in the East, the troops have been sent in turn to various Virginia battle-fields. Recently one of these troops, on the march, halted near a farm-house, and the captain, in conversation with the owner, remarked that he was going to the Bull Run battle-field and would remain there over Sunday. The farmer's daughter, seated near by on the piazza, began to laugh, and when asked for an explanation, said: "Well, captain, yours will be the first Union soldiers who have stayed there that long."

In an Eastern city, recently, two physicians were walking together on the street, when one of them lifted his hat to a lady whom they met. "A patient?" asked the other. "Oh, in a way," answered the first doctor; "I treated her the other day for a small difficulty." "What was it?" "A wart on the nose." "And what did you prescribe?" "I ordered her to refrain absolutely from playing the piano." The other doctor was astonished. "Ordered her to leave off playing the piano—for a wart on the nose! Well, I can't understand your treatment." "If you knew the circumstances, you would," said the first doctor; "she occupies the flat just under mine."

An American naval officer says that once when a great function took place in the harbor of Cherbourg, several vessels of our Atlantic squadron were present and were drawn up in line to salute the empress's yacht as it passed. The French sailors manned the yards of their ships and shouted: "Vive l'im-

pératrice!" Knowing that he could not school him to repeat those words in the brief time left to him, the American admiral ordered his crews to cry: "Beef, lemons, and cheese!" The imperial yacht came sweeping on, and, as it reached the fleet, a mighty roar went up of "Beef, lemons, and cheese!" that entirely drowned the voices of the Frenchmen. And the empress said she had never been so complimented.

When Judge Bond, of the United States Circuit Court, was holding a term once at Raleigh, N. C., he was invited to meet several members of the bar at a dinner—among them the late Hon. Henry A. Gilliam, with whom the judge was very sociable, but who was just then rather out of humor at some rulings his honor had made against him. In a sportive humor, the judge placed a hog's head, which happened to be in front of him, and of which Gilliam was known to be very fond, on a plate, and sent it to Gilliam with his compliments. Gilliam received it with great complacency, and, taking it by one ear, while he went to work on it with his knife, remarked, with a bow: "I am glad that I have at last got the ear of the court."

Colonel Hale hlew into a rapidly growing Western town recently (says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat) and quickly grasped the fact that there was no cable-road. With everything gone but a silk hat and \$125, he spent \$100 for admission in a swell local club and proceeded to exist on the remaining \$25. He gathered about him the leading moneyed men and laid bare the scheme of millions in a cable-road. He agreed to obtain the franchise and put it through for \$30,000, part of which was to be paid down as a guarantee of good faith. The colonel doctored up his silk hat and attacked the aldermen next. By diot of promising, and pompous appearance of wealth, he secured an ordinance, was voted stock, drew what was coming to him, and blew out again, leaving every one to wonder.

It is not so long ago that two ladies attended the obsequies of their husband, and, indeed, though the incident was uncommon, there is no reason in this age of divorces why it should be so. It was said at the time, however, that the case was unparalleled, and also that the attendance of two husbands at the grave of one wife had never happened in England. This, nevertheless, took place in the case of the lady married to Lord Dalmeny, eldest son of the second Earl of Rosebery, in 1755. Their union took place without the knowledge of their relatives on either side; but it was a very happy one. When they were abroad together, her ladyship was stricken with mortal illness, and, calling for pen and paper, wrote these words: "I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. Gough, rector of Thorpe, in Essex; my maiden name is Catherine Cannon, and my last request is to be buried at Thorpe." Amazed beyond expression, but losing nothing of his affection for his late wife through this confession, Lord Dalmeoy embalmed the body and brought it to England. He was, one conjectures, a young man, and the circumstances were such as might well have disturbed even a judicious mind. He was so imprudent as to land under a feigned name at Colchester, where the custom-house officers insisted upon opening the chest on suspicion of its containing smuggled goods. Upon this, much more serious complications arose, and it became necessary to give a full explanation of the matter, and to send for Mr. Gough to identify the body. The meeting of the indignant husband with the mao who had unwittingly wronged him was, we are told, most moving: "Of the two, the latter appeared most solicitous" (which is not altogether surprising) "to do honor to the deceased. He had a splendid coffin made for her, and attended her corpse to Thorpe, where Mr. Gough met him, and the burial was performed, with all due solemnity, in the presence of them both." His lordship, we are told, departed afterward "inconsolable"; but it seems he married again, and was probably more careful in making inquiry as to the lady's antecedents.

Prevention Better Than Cure.

Many persons are afflicted with skin eruptions, boils, or ulcers. BRANDRETH'S PILLS taken freely will, in a short time, effect a complete cure of all such troubles. Ulcers of long standing have been cured by them. Carbuncles have been checked in their incipency by them. The worst fever sores, bed sores, and the like have been driven from the skin by them. Only begin in time and a few of BRANDRETH'S PILLS will prevent many a sickness. BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:35, 3:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Week Days 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor Tocaloma, Point Reyes, Tomes, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays (Wk Days) 12:15 P. M. except Monday 6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomes, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomes, \$1.50.

THROUGH STATION CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—March 6th, SS. Colima; March 15th, SS. City of Sydney; March 25th, SS. Acapulco.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco at noon on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—March 3d, SS. San Blas; March 18th, SS. Colon.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

Peru.....Saturday, March 4, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Thursday, March 23, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Thursday, April 13, at 3 P. M.
China.....Tuesday, April 25, at 3 P. M.
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTICE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.

Oceanic.....Tuesday, March 14

Gaelic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, April 4

Belgie.....(via Honolulu).....Thursday, May 4

Oceanic.....Tuesday, May 23

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

GEO. H. RICK, Traffic Manager.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Germanic.....March 15th
Majestic.....March 22d
Britannic.....March 29th
Teutonic.....April 5th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

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29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 8, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San Jose.	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:30 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	9:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	8:45 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Wrights.	6:20 P.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San Jose, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.	5:10 P.
12:05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:40 A.
3:30 P.	San Jose, and principal Way Stations.	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:20, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:50 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.			6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.			6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Sattogua Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Clear Lake, Willits, Caho, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Ukiah, Hydenville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.50; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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TINTS



It was an unusually enthusiastic audience that gathered on Monday evening to welcome Warde and James in "Francesca da Rimini." The theatre has not heard such clapping and stamping—even "bravoing"—for some time.

Warde and James are favorites in San Francisco, and with justice. They are not only a competent and dignified pair of actors, but their company is one of the few in the country which gives good performances in the romantic drama. Outside Alexander Salvini and the occasional "Monte Cristo" who crop up from time to time, we have no chance of seeing really good romantic plays till Warde and James's visit to San Francisco.

And of all romantic plays "Francesca da Rimini" is the most romantic. Never was song sung by wandering minstrel or story told on vellum-leaves as terribly and fearfully picturesque as this. It is one of the great love-stories of the world. Its immortal pair of lovers, died with the blood that followed Lanciotto's dagger-thrusts, stand side by side with Lancelot and Guinevere, with Abelard and Heloise, with Anthony and Cleopatra, with Dido and Aeneas, with King Henry and fair Rensselaer, with Tristram and Yseult, with Paris and Helen, and all that great and gloomy throng of tortured souls that Dante saw whirling in the black wind of the second circle of the Inferno.

Their story, as Dante made Francesca tell it, was as Dante himself must have heard it; for Paolo, one of the Malatesta of Rimini, and Francesca, daughter of Guido of Ravenna, were murdered in Rimini when Dante was twenty years old. He must have heard the gruesome tale talked threadbare; and when the time came when he realized that wonderful aspiration of his, that "God would not take him to himself until after he had written of Beatrice such things as were never yet written of woman," into the early part of that colossal work he introduced the shade of Francesca, and made her tell her story in the silence of the whirlwind.

And with what plaintive hopelessness she tells it—"a small, flute voice, of infinite wail, speaks into our very heart of hearts," as Carlyle says. There, on the melancholy pine-draped shores of Rimini, upon the seashore where the Po descends, Francesca lived, and loved, and died. There, in the sheltered garden, she and Paolo read the book of Lancelot of the Lake. The Shade wails it all, and, in her anguish, is still woman enough to deplore the loss of that beauty which wrought her downfall. And while she speaks, the other Shade, her companion in an eternity of torment, weeps so that the listener swoons for pity. Then the great wind rises again and sweeps them outward on their dolorous way, back to the dimness where the lost souls mourn forever.

Francesca, as Dante wrote of her, attempted to offer no excuse for her sin. Some time after Dante's death, Boccaccio delivered some lectures on the dead poet's works, and, among other things, touched on the story of Rimini. He told it rather differently, and, in a vivacious narrative vein, made quite a good story out of it. According to him, Francesca was more sinned against than sinning. From him, too, comes the story of Francesca's having been wooed by proxy by Paolo. He represented her as a proud and high-spirited lady, rather self-willed and haughty, who, her people feared, would simply turn her back on Lanciotto when she saw that he was hideous and deformed. So, in order to bring about so desirable a marriage—some say it was to repay the Malatestas of Rimini for service against foes, others to force them into a peace with the Polentas of Ravenna, who were disabled by continuous warfare—they resolved to sacrifice and deceive the lady.

Francesca, in the palace waiting for her bridegroom, saw Paolo, all in his wedding bravery, enter the court-yard, and was told by a waiting-woman that this was her future husband. Now Paolo was so handsome that, even in a country of handsome men, they called him "Il Bello," the Beautiful, as they called his brother "Il Sciancato," the Lame Man. The bride, leaning from her casement, looked upon "Il Bello" in the court-yard, and loved him straightway and forever. It was also in Boccaccio's story that the malicious servant comes in, who ejected into Lanciotto's mind the poison of jealousy and suspicion.

This is the tale upon which most of the dramatists of "Francesca da Rimini" have founded their plays. This is undoubtedly the story Boker used, save that he did not appear to consider the hypothesis of Francesca's being an injured angel as one to be adhered to. Boccaccio seems to have been the only Italian writer of the period who believed in Francesca. Later on, when her story found its way into

history, all her chroniclers took the same view of her that Dante did, and Dante must have known, for he was the only contemporary who wrote of her, and he must have heard the story told and commented on till every lurid detail of it was burned into his boyish brain.

But alas for the truth of history! It is a blasting thing. Some years ago an investigating French historian undertook to make some explanations into these early chronicles—and what did he announce? That Francesca was married ten years to Lanciotto, by whom she had a son; that instead of being a bride of seventeen at the time of her death, she was a full-blown matron of near upon thirty. And, worse still, that Paolo, the Beautiful, was a married man. Paolo had for some years been the husband of one Orabile Beatrice, the daughter of a neighboring lord, whom he had espoused in order that the Malatestas might gain possession of certain lands owned by Orabile. Thus does the iconoclastic historian attempt to throw discredit upon the romances of the middle ages. People who try to dispel these illusions in this cruel manner are like the writers on the Iliad who are always pressing upon your notice the uninteresting fact that Helen must have been nearly fifty when Troy fell.

But though it may be true that Paolo was married and Francesca was thirty, it can not alter the impassioned romance of their gruesome and blood-incrusted story that has appealed to composer, and artist, and playwright. Neither marriage-bond nor religious belief could hold in check the fierce blood of the Malatestas of Rimini. They were handits and free-lances by birth and inclination. The very father of Lanciotto, "Il Sciancato," was a wandering condottiere, who fought, and killed, and loved, and died like a brigand and a bravo. Some of them had that strange mixture of savagery and artistic insight that seems to have been peculiar to the Italians of the middle ages. There was one, Sigismondo—perhaps the grandson or great-grandson of Francesca and Lanciotto, if the French writer's story that they left a sun he true—when showed that he had in him the same wild blood that made "Il Sciancato" at once a great soldier, a noble lover, and a terrible enemy. Sigismondo was all these, and an artist and a poet as well. When he was not fighting or murdering his enemies, he was building a beautiful cathedral, in the decorations of which the famous elephant and rose of the Malatesta arms were cunningly intertwined with the cipher of the Lady Isotta, loved by Sigismondo through a long life of crime, of stirring incident, and of artistic study and labor.

The play Mr. Boker has made upon the man who was really the founder of this fierce and famous family is the only one of his plays that has lived. Others that he wrote had, at the time of their creation, a short vogue; but "Francesca da Rimini" is the only one that has held the stage. And this even might not have been the case if Barrett, a wonderfully enterprising manager, in his industry in hunting up old and forgotten dramas, had not resuscitated it from oblivion and given it the fine setting we all remember, with himself as Lanciotto, Mr. James as Pèpè, and Marie Wainwright as Francesca.

Mr. Boker was a man of means and position. He was, also, a Philadelphian, which may account for the fact that his drama is so deplorably long-winded in some scenes. The Philadelphians are never hurried, and think that nobody ever ought to be. Why so experienced and clever a manager as Mr. Warde does not cut generously into some of the acts of Mr. Boker's tragedy, is a question difficult to answer. There are two scenes which cry aloud to be shortened. One of these is the scene in the camp, where the Fool is killed; the other, the last act of the piece. The scene in the camp should end with the murder of the Fool. Lanciotto's ravings that he must "in haste and return to Rimini," add nothing to the act and diminish the effect of the climax.

In the last scene of all, the lovers are discovered, sitting on a divan talking. There is a broad window opening on a balcony, at the back of the stage. Paolo, stung with remorse, has resolved to fly, and, acquainting Francesca with his resolution, is about to leave her, when, holding out her arms, she asks for one last kiss of farewell. At this moment, Lanciotto appears at the window in the back of the stage. Standing at the top of the short flight of steps that lead to the balcony, he hears Francesca, and says suddenly, with ominous quietude: "Take it—twill be the last." The lovers, frozen with horror, stare at him. Here was the moment when he should have rushed at them and killed them—a romantic and tragic ending to a romantic and tragic play! Instead of which, Lanciotto comes slowly down the steps into the room, and discourses for fully ten minutes with "Brother Paolo," as he calls him, tries to enrage him, once strikes him; finally, as a last effort to madden him, kills Francesca; and even this failing, is reduced to stabbing Paolo like an ordinary malefactor.

Mr. Warde is always a conscientious and clever artist. It is a pity he did not make himself up to look a little more as Lanciotto must have looked. "Il Sciancato" was a man described as so deformed and ugly that old Guido of Ravenna knew if his daughter ever saw him, she would refuse to marry him. Mr. Warde has the traditional hump on his back, but his face is a good deal handsomer than that of the much-be-praised Paolo's. It is also to be regretted that so dignified and successful an actor per-

mits himself to use the old-fashioned sing-song form of declamation that is now used only by the most melodramatic and antiquated actors of the tragic school.

Of the Fool of Mr. James, one can say only that it is as good as ever. It is a really fine performance, full of color, and vigor, and malice. Every time one sees this play, the question arises as to whether in any country, at any period, the jesters had such license to use their tongues to lash and enrage their masters and betters. If a fool could so torment and infuriate his lord by jeering at the weaknesses about which he was most sensitive, it could not have been altogether an age when the master was a king and the man was a slave. Yet, in most plays of the days of jesters, the fool is represented as having an extraordinary license to say whatever he liked. The fools in Shakespeare are generally impudent and sometimes insulting, while the Fool in "Le Roi S'Amuse" lashed the court lords on their very weakest points with an evenminded malice and bitterness that could not have been equaled by Thersites himself.

ART NOTES.

The Art Loan Exhibition.

An Art Loan Exhibition, in aid of the Hahnemann Hospital Fund, will be held in the Real Estate Exchange, on Post Street, commencing next Tuesday and continuing for a month. The hall will be converted into a beautifully decorated salon, and the walls will be covered with works of art by celebrated masters. Contributions have been received from all of the notable private collections in the city. There will also be tapestries, bibelots, fine pottery, etc., all of a highly artistic character. Every evening a musical programme will be presented under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. The affair is attracting much attention, and will be deserving of liberal patronage.

Miss Eva Withrow, of this city, has been honored with an invitation to exhibit one of her paintings in the new Grafton Gallery, in London. She sent one from her studio in Paris, a life-size portrait of a lady. She is at work on several large canvases for exhibition here, and will return to San Francisco next June.

Mr. William McCann, of Santa Cruz, is meeting with flattering recognition of his talent by the professors at the South Kensington Art School where he is studying.

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The prevailing idea seems to be that the greater the variety of types used in the advertisement, the bolder it is, and black rules, fancy dashes, "ornaments," are brought in to assist in deforming the advertisement. This is all wrong. The simplest is always the best.—*New York Home Journal.*

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Why do they call their daughter 'Olive'?"
"Because a liking for her has to be acquired."—*Chicago News Record.*

Citticus—"I wonder how it is that so few women stutter when they talk." *Witticus*—"They haven't got time."—*Free Lance.*

Grace—"They say that old Mr. Golde is failing fast." *May*—"Dear me, how sad! And I refused him last summer."—*Judge.*

She—"Do you really love me?" *He*—"Darling, if I did not, do you suppose I would have spoiled the creases in these trousers?"—*Life.*

"And the colonel shot him on sight?" "He did."
"What was the trouble?" "Nothin'; jus' makin' a record!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Yes," she said, "I shall marry Harold, for I know he loves me." "How?" "He watched me sharpen a pencil and didn't laugh."—*Washington Star.*

Snooper—"There is nothing perfect on this earth." *Swayback*—"You forget Gilley." *Snooper*—"What about Gilley?" *Swayback*—"He's a perfect ass."—*Life.*

Absent-minded girl—"Please give me a stamp." *Apothecary*—"Certainly. What kind, madam?" *Absent-minded girl*—"Vanilla cream, please."—*Bazar.*

"Hullo, Morley! How are you? Haven't seen you since you turned farmer." "No?" "Raise anything on your farm last year?" "Yes. A beard."—*Bazar.*

"I mailed a postal-card to-day and forgot to address it. I'm very absent-minded." "So am I. Yesterday I mailed a Columbian stamp without putting the letter on it."—*Life.*

Tramp—"Can't you give me somethin' to eat, ma'am?" *Kind woman*—"Yes; here is a piece of home-made mince-pie." *Tramp*—"I ast for food, ma'am, not for work."—*Truth.*

Y.—"Do you believe Schiller when he says that the best woman is the one whom nobody talks about?" *Z.*—"I rather think it is the one who talks about nobody."—*Plauderecke.*

First commuter—"They've doubled the number of afternoon trains—that's good." *Second commuter*—"I don't know—it doubles the chances of missing a train, you know."—*New York Sun.*

"Why did you break your engagement with poor Tom Hotchkiss?" "Hush, don't tell any one, but he was growing so disgustingly fat. When grief has pulled him down a bit, I shall take him on again."—*Bazar.*

Papa—"And then George Washington said to his father, 'Father, I can not tell a lie.'" *Bobby*—"So his father couldn't tell a lie, either?" *Papa*—"Oh, I don't know about that. Why?" *Bobby*—"Else he'd have spotted George's."—*Life.*

Junior partner—"I see you have engaged a new clerk. Is he a good salesman?" *Senior partner*—"Good salesman? Great snakes! I had to send for the police to prevent him from talking me into taking him into the firm."—*New York Weekly.*

Mr. Bronston—"Mr. and Mrs. Upton both had on new suits in church to-day. Mrs. Upton's dress was tailor-made." *Mrs. Bronston*—"Huh! How do you know it was tailor-made?" *Mr. Bronston*—"Because Mr. Upton's clothes were ready-made."—*New York Weekly.*

First Chicago man—"Didn't you notice a good deal of jealousy of Chicago while in New York?" *Second Chicago man*—"Jealousy? Why, darn their skins! they ain't got sense enough to be jealous. One feller asked me if we had street-cars."—*New York Weekly.*

"This letter will take two cents more postage," said the clerk to a man who handed in one bearing two Columbian stamps. "But I weighed it before I stamped it, and it was just right," objected the man. "That may be, but the stamps you put on made it over-weight. It will take another now."—*New York Sun.*

"Evelina," said Willie, as he thought that a bright thought hit him, "why am I like a dice-box?" "Because you are about to be shook," answered Evelina, as her taper fingers glanced over the keys in a dreamy movement, and Willie drifted out in the snow, and Evelina never knew why he thought he was like a dice-box.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Jimson—"How is your rheumatism getting on?" *Bilson*—"It's getting along slowly; but I'm very hopeful now." *Jimson*—"I'm glad to hear that." *Bilson*—"Yes, it commenced in my feet and has gradually worked up to my shoulders. I'm in hopes that in about a week it will go off into my hat."—*New York Weekly.*

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Lillian Russell confirms the report that Gilbert and Sullivan are at work in collaboration on a new opera by the statement that she has been offered the American use of it.

At the theatres during the week commencing March 6th: Warde and James in romantic dramas; the Tivoli Company in "His Majesty"; John F. Sheridan in "Fun on the Bristol"; Frank Daniels in "Little Puck"; and Peter Jackson in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Speaking of grand old men, why not give Verdi a seat in the front row? He was almost sixty when he wrote "Aida," was seventy-five when he brought out "Otello," and now, at eighty, he produces "Falstaff," and emphasizes his right to be called the world's greatest living composer.

Emma Juch is suing Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber for some nine thousand dollars on a contract with the American Opera Company by which the singer was to receive \$350 a week for the first twenty-five weeks, \$400 for the next twenty-five, and \$500 for the next forty-four weeks. Mrs. Thurber contends that she is not the company and therefore not responsible.

That critics are not prophets of theatrical success or the reverse is again emphasized in the announcement that Willie Edouin has been compelled to close the London Opera Comique on account of the failure of "Trooper Clairette." The papers spoke highly of it when it was brought out, a month or so ago, but it evidently has failed signally to please the public.

The Warde-James company will play "Julius Caesar," with Warde as Marc Antony and James as Brutus, on Monday and Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoon; "Othello," with Warde as Iago and James as Othello, on Tuesday and Saturday evenings; and "The Lion's Mouth," with Warde as Rinaldo and James as Fra Angelo, on Wednesday and Friday evenings.

In the autobiography of Salvini now appearing in the *Century*, the famous actor makes a naive confession of his boyish love for Adelaide Ristori. Referring to his unremitting efforts to memorize the various rôles given him, he says:

"I will not seek to deny that I was spurred on, not only by my love of art, but by a softer sentiment—by my resolution not to be unworthy of the affectionate encourage-

ment bestowed on me by Ristori, whom I loved with enthusiasm. But when we came to Rome in the spring, I perceived that her generous and confidential encouragement was intended, not for the young man, but solely for the artist. I did not prize it the less for that, and I continued to love her as a friend and to admire her as an artist."

The Tivoli management is coming boldly to the front as a developer of home talent. It will produce "His Majesty," the comic opera by H. J. Stewart and Peter Robertson, on Monday night, March 6th, and announces that it has in preparation "Yorktown," libretto by R. C. White—who wrote the libretto of "She," the dramatization of Haggard's story—and music by Samuel Fleischman, a local violinist. The amateur production of "His Majesty" was notable as a social event, but how it will go on the professional stage remains to be seen. In any event, the production will be a profitable one to the Tivoli, for it will at least be a *succès de curiosité*. The opera will be presented by the following cast of characters:

King Cadenza, Ferris Hartman; the Queen, Grace Vernon; the Princess Enid, Tillie Salinger; the Prime Minister, Edward N. Knight; Feodor, Arthur Messmer; His Valet, Edward Torpi; An Officer, George Olmi; Don Impresario, Phil Branson; Donna Betti Marini, Gracie Plaisted.

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The Grand Lodge, Mich., *Ledger* reported the marriage of a Mrs. Barnes, who subsequently called upon the editor and demanded a correction of the statement. The next day the *Ledger* said: "We fully believe that Mrs. Barnes is not married, nor do we think she ever will be."

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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This week has witnessed at our national capital a spectacle at once simple and sublime. A great nation, numbering nearly seventy millions of people, undergoes a change of administration. The official head—the chief magistrate of this great nation—goes out of office; he lays down the trust imposed upon him by his fellow-citizens, and returns to private life. Another citizen, duly chosen according to law, takes his place, and for four years becomes the chief executive of the nation, and charged with the responsibilities of a great trust. A few weeks ago Grover Cleveland was a private citizen; now he is President of the United States of America, the greatest republic the world has ever seen—chief executive officer of more millions of intelligent people than any government can boast. Benjamin Harrison becomes a private citizen; he gathers his family around him—less in numbers by one, the loving wife who was his helpmate for a third of a

century—drives to the station, returns by rail to Indianapolis, and again takes up the practice of the law.

President Cleveland led a vast procession of Federal troops, State militia, and civilians from one end of Pennsylvania Avenue to the other. In front of the Capitol, he delivered his inaugural address to the shouting crowd of civilians, who were nearly all office-holders, who wished to keep their places, and office-seekers, who wished to turn them out.

The inaugural address of the new President contains nothing to alarm anybody but the office-seekers. As for these disinterested gentlemen, it is calculated to send cold chills down the spines of them. Mr. Cleveland's style is not clear—his rhetoric is turgid and involved—but the following extract from his inaugural is within the grasp of the meanest intelligence. Even Tammany heelers will understand it at once:

"One mode of the misappropriation of public funds is avoided when appointments to office, instead of being made the rewards of partisan activity, are awarded to those whose efficiency promises a fair return of work for the compensation paid them. To secure the fitness and competency of appointees to office, and to remove from political action the demoralizing madness for spoils, civil-service reform has found a place in our public policy and laws. The benefits already gained through this instrumentality, and the further usefulness it promises, entitle it to the hearty support and encouragement of all who desire to see our public service well performed, or who hope for the elevation of political sentiment and the purification of political methods."

The intense disgust which this utterance will produce among many patriotic Democrats can scarcely be conceived. If Mr. Cleveland sticks to his promise, he will split the Democratic party in twain. And we hope he will do both.

California has sent a large delegation of self-sacrificing statesmen to the national capital. Mr. Cleveland will find any number of foreign ministers, consuls-general, and commissioners ready to his hand. Frank McCoppin and J. J. Dwyer want the Japanese mission. Mr. Dwyer represents the new political firm of Sullivan & Dwyer, local San Francisco bosses. It will be curious to see what influence they have with Cleveland; we think they will have none. Del Valle wants the Mexican mission, and would be a good man for the place. But these two missions—the Japanese and Mexican—may remain undisturbed for a time. It has been the custom, of late years, to leave the incumbents of diplomatic posts to fill out their four-year terms. Frank Coombs, the Minister to Japan, has been in office less than a year. It is extremely probable that Mr. Cleveland will follow this rule, and allow all the foreign ministers to hold to the end of their terms.

In fact, it may be doubted whether Mr. Cleveland will pay much attention to the claims of the visiting California statesmen. He remarked that he had more trouble eight years ago over the Federal appointments in California than in all the rest of the United States put together. As to whether California is Democratic four years from now will not bother him, for he is not a candidate for reelection. Therefore, with a keen recollection of the squalid quarrels that broke out among the California Democrats eight years ago, he will doubtless indulge himself in the luxury of giving a great many of our California statesmen the go-by. There may be one exception to this—John P. Irish seems to have the Presidential ear, and will doubtless secure a good fat office. He will also probably pay off a number of old scores. He will soon be the best hated man in the ranks of the California Democracy.

Harold Sewall, of the firm of Arthur Sewall & Co., ship-builders of Bath, Me., recently delivered a speech on the decline of American shipping, which seems to have created a sensation in the old ship-building State. He said to his fellow-citizens:

"I need not repeat to you the figures that mark the decline of our foreign shipping. It is a sorry fact that since 1856, the year of the high tide of Bath's prosperity, our share in the tonnage arriving in this country from foreign ports has fallen off over fifty per cent., and the next census promises to show its entire extinction. A crisis is upon us, and it is the duty of every one of us to consider and then to do what we can to avert the impending calamity. We can not expect from our government that

direct and substantial financial aid upon which the ship-builders and ship-owners of other countries so largely depend. Whatever is done for our shipping must be done as a part of a broad national policy in accord with the economic sentiments of our people to-day. The adoption of such a policy does not wait upon any discussion of the effect of the tariff on our foreign trade. We know this, and this is enough to know, that we have an enormous and steadily increasing foreign trade; that last year it exceeded \$1,725,000,000; that of this, foreign vessels carried over eighty-five per cent.; and that for the privilege of having our productions carried by our commercial rivals we paid them nearly \$200,000,000, which ought to have been kept at home."

Mr. Sewall does not distinctly define the policy he would recommend. But he thinks something should be done, and as the effect of existing laws has been to destroy our shipping industry, the present effort should be in the direction of modifying or abolishing those laws.

The ship-building industry is affected by two sets of laws. Of these, one is the tariff, which imposes protective duties on the component materials of a modern ship, and makes it cost more to build one than it would cost if there were no tariff; the other is the navigation laws, which formerly aimed at excluding foreign vessels from American ports by actual prohibition, or by discriminating duties, and which even now forbid foreign craft from engaging in the coast-wise trade, or a foreign-built vessel from taking out an American register without a special act of Congress. It is these laws which must be repealed if we propose to turn over a new leaf.

Before we repeal them, let us see how we came by them. The first attempt—in modern times—to circumscribe the liberty of navigating the high seas was made by Spain, four hundred years ago. She had just discovered America, and she proposed to get all the advantage she could out of her discovery. Therefore, Archdeacon Fonseca drew, and Ferdinand and Isabella promulgated, decrees which absolutely forbade any vessels except those which carried the Spanish flag from casting anchor in the harbors of the newly discovered countries. After a time this rule was modified to the extent that foreign vessels might make a landing at Spanish-American ports, but could not carry merchandise to and from them and the mother country. This was the rule which our ancestors found in existence when England began to be a maritime country three hundred years ago. England followed the lead of Spain, and bettered it by forbidding the export of merchandise from English ports in any but British ships, under pain of forfeiture. The several statutes on the subject were consolidated in an act of Charles the Second, which aimed at securing for England a monopoly of the carrying trade by excluding foreign vessels therefrom as far as possible. This policy was carried to such a degree that colonial ships, built in New England, were forbidden to carry merchandise to or from the West Indies. Though the colonists had included this prohibition among their grievances against the mother country, they no sooner became independent than they followed her example. The navigation laws of the United States, which were enacted by the First and Second Congress, aimed to secure for American ships peculiar and exclusive privileges, and to impose disabilities and prohibitions upon ships of other countries. Those laws are substantially in force to-day. It has not been practicable to exclude foreign ships from international intercourse. But we have excluded them from the coast-wise trade, and have denied them the right of becoming American by transferring their ownership to American citizens. The law has been so rigidly construed that, quite lately, foreign vessels have been denied the right of carrying merchandise from an American port to a foreign port and thence back to an American port.

A party has now come into power which professes disbelief in the merit of the exclusive and monopolizing policies of the past. It holds that interference with trade for the protection of home industries is always pernicious. By the vote they cast last November, the people signified their acquiescence in Democratic doctrines. It, therefore, now devolves on Mr. Cleveland and the two Houses of Congress to repeal the old restrictions on maritime intercourse—in other words, to inaugurate an era of free ships. They are committed to this policy, and they will be false to it if they

pledge if they take no steps to carry it out. The time has come to put their doctrines to a practical test.

If the Democrats have the courage of their convictions, they will repeal the navigation laws *in toto*, throw open the coasting trade to foreign vessels, and permit shipping merchants to get their steamers built where they can be built best and most cheaply. For a hundred years the nation has legislated in the interest of American ship-builders; it is now going to legislate in favor of American shippers. At least, it will do so if the Democrats are sincere in their present contention.

The effect of such a policy would be felt everywhere, but nowhere more emphatically than here. We have a large and growing maritime trade—a trade which might be much larger if foreign vessels were free to compete in the coastwise trade, and to carry merchandise from San Francisco to Puget Sound or New York. If the navigation laws were repealed, the harbor of San Francisco would be full of foreign ships. Tramp steamers would come here to fill up with our produce and would be free to take any charters which offered. As it is, they can load here only for a foreign port. They can not accept charters to New York via the Horn. It is thus clear that however the ship-building interest might suffer by the repeal of the exclusive privileges now enjoyed by American shipping, the mercantile and producing interests would benefit; which is the more important of the two, it will take actual experiment to determine.

The dissatisfaction with the methods and aims of the daily press, which newspaper men of the better sort are feeling more and more free to express in print, encourages all who would prefer to find their newspaper a useful incident of each day instead of an intrusive nuisance. Journalists of brains set the fashion in their profession, and when they resort to the weeklies and the magazines to exclaim against the daily newspaper's perpetual brag, self-laudation, and elaborate scheme of false pretense, there is reason to hope that the mass of the men who drudge obscurely on the press will sooner or later catch this tone, and create an office atmosphere that will in due time affect the instincts of proprietors, which are seldom other than strictly commercial. There have been some recent notable instances of this criticism of journalism by journalists. A short time back, Colonel John A. Cockerill, a newspaper man pure and simple, contributed to the *Cosmopolitan* an article, to which the *Argonaut* paid some attention—an article that raked the press with admirable candor. No sequestered professor in a college, imbued with that profound respect for respectability which is at the bottom of the academic spirit, could have been more severe in denunciation of the daily newspaper's thrifty scandal-hunting, its hearty disregard for the sanctities of private life, and the sustained sensationalism that is repugnant alike to good morals and good taste.

Julian Ralph, who has made a name for himself, not only as a newspaper man but as a magazine writer, supplements Colonel Cockerill's strictures on the ethical shortcomings of the press by hitting it a harder blow, for he attacks it as a vendor of news, which is its principal function, its chief reason for existence. One of the most frequent of the vaunts of the newspaper is that if it has not already supplanted the book and the magazine (and, of course, the pulpit as a moral teacher), it is rapidly achieving that substitution. Mr. Ralph lets the books and the pulpit take care of themselves, and directs the eye of comparison to the magazines. By pointing to obvious facts, he makes it evident to everybody that the supplanting is all the other way. It is the magazines that are occupying a field of which the newspapers should have a monopoly. The monthlies and not the dailies are the most conspicuous seekers for information, for novelties, and all manner of matter that entertains and instructs. The "nose for news," which was once held to be the first essential in a journalist, has been transposed from the editorial face of him of the newspaper to him of the magazine office. Where once the daily journal was ready to spend thousands for matter of fresh interest, it now contents itself with boasts which cost little more than the daily wage of the hack-writer. An exchange editor of a leading New York daily is quoted as saying that within the past decade the character of the press of the country has greatly changed. This is due to the rise of the "syndicate" system. Reading the papers of every American city, this exchange editor finds that in their main features, and especially in their Sunday issues (those barrow-loads of miscellaneous trash which are supposed to form the basis of the claim that books and magazines have been rendered superfluous), they are alike. Great quantities of matter common to all appear. "Not only is the old ambition for exclusive news almost quoeched in the average American newspaper office," observes Mr. Ralph, putting the words into the mouth of his exchange editor, "but originality is going out of the newspaper business." In fact, journalism has not escaped the tendency, observable in other lines of business, to form trusts. The head-quarters of the busiest "syndicates" are

in New York. There they have organized staffs of the busy, characterless, and unambitious young men who were wont to throw their enthusiasm into the making of some one newspaper, but who fire in the air, so to say, as syndicate grinders. The pay per column is a little better, but the approval of the guild for a good thing—no small incentive to the Bohemian—is absent, and they grind, and grind, and grind anonymously for an unknown public. Naturally there is lost from this kind of work the most valuable quality that matter can have—individuality. For such writing, there is only the inspiration that can be felt by a man whose audience is the trumpet of a phonograph, and whose sole motive is immediate money. Mr. Ralph, who has the proper spirit of a genuine reporter, says:

"They [the editors and other conductors of newspapers] are demoralized by false notions of economy. They make a great trumpeting over a serial novel that costs them next to nothing, and rely upon that to hide the fact that they are spending nothing for extra news. If they stopped there, that would be bad enough, but I am assured that, looking over the papers of the whole country, it is now evident that the art of sketch writing, or what is called 'special story writing,' is almost lost. There are no characteristic, locally earthy tales of each peculiar region of our land. No one, except the few great journals that remain as they were, is bringing out the characteristics of the lumbermen of the North-West, of the gamblers and prospectors of the South-West, of the unreconstructed old men and women of the South, of the departing cowboys, the stage-drivers, the Yankee fishermen, and the rest."

That is, the newspapers have got out of the habit of paying for, or caring for, artistic work. The insincerity, the hollowness, the fakir-like hypocrisy of the editorial page has spread to the news columns. Their increase in size, instead of being a sign of increased expenditure, is a proof of the progressive cheapness of copy. Rivals for excellence no more, the papers combine to impose quantity for quality, and buy their Brummagem wares from the syndicate factory. And while the complacent drum-beating and lustily horn-blowing newspapers are thus padding out their lean figures till they look unpleasantly portly, what of the magazines, which, according to the journalistic theory, are lagging superfluous upon the stage? The list of their news projects, past and announced, as recited by Mr. Ralph, who as a newspaperman is ashamed, is too long for bare mention here. Within the year, he mentions, Messrs. Harpers commissioned Theodore Child to go to India in order to study the country, and he died on the way—a severe loss to contemporary periodical literature, for Child was a man of parts, with an artist's sensibility and a scholar's knowledge. They gave him an artist of repute for a companion, to illustrate his text. Richard Harding Davis has been substituted—for the magazines have caught what used to be the newspaper *verve* and do not allow a death or two to interfere with their plans. And while the accomplished Child was dying, Thor de Thulstrup, a Swedish army officer, and an artist, too, was studying the military establishments of Europe for the Harpers. Mr. Ralph continues:

"Frederic Remington, who, with Mr. Poulney Bigelow, was expelled from Russia, and whose adventures in Poland and on the Czar's western frontier are now being published, has just started for the interior of Mexico, where he expects to find picturesque conditions which we neighborly people have been unaware of. His 'range,' as he would express it, since he has been employed on the magazine, has taken him to the Hudson Bay country and to Vancouver's Island with me, to Russia, and now to Mexico, and since we have traveled apart, I have been in every State of the Union, except Maine, Texas, and Arizona, going West to study the new States, and to the Gulf States with Mr. W. T. Smedley, to note the changing condition of the South. Richard Harding Davis having gone into the South-West at the same time for the making of his papers on 'The West from a Car-Window.'"

And all for the magazines, of course. The newspapers are out of it. They are as dull as street-cars and as void of special effort. It is satisfying to read such criticism as this. It is a professional protest against Baby McKee, Baby Ruth, the size of Mr. Cleveland's collar, the number of Colonel Dan Lamont's socks, and the brand of cigars smoked by that sterling Democrat, Secretary of State Gresham. It is also, in its way, a rebuke to the publication of the fecund but deplorable love-affairs of Miss Delia O'Brien, kitchen-maid to the eminent merchant, Smith, who properly discharges his stableman, Shaugnessey, on the discovery of the exciting *liaison*. To be brief, the daily newspapers are not only a bore, but a fraudulent one; and when real journalists, whose business it is to write for and not publish them, rise to roar against what everybody else suffers from, but feels helpless to correct, there is promise of betterment in the air.

The announcement that ex-President Harrison will join the staff of the Stanford University as a non-resident professor of law will strike the public agreeably. In addition to the ex-President's knowledge of law, he possesses an all-round culture which renders him a desirable addition to the body of professors at Palo Alto.

As an advertisement, his engagement is judicious. It will apprise the world at large that there is in California, besides a State University and a number of local and sectarian institutions of learning, a university which can afford to enlist the

most distinguished men in its service. Here, we are all familiar with the university which the State owes to the liberality of Governor Stanford. But outside of California there are many who have never heard of it.

And yet it is, if not *in esse* at least *in posse*, one of the great schools of the world. What its present income is no one knows, nor can its future income be exactly figured without more information of the financial purposes of its trustees than the public possess. It is roughly estimated that its present expenditure is about three hundred thousand dollars a year outside of the construction account, and that its income about fifteen years hence, from its eighty-five thousand acres of land, will be equal to that of Harvard University—say a million dollars. It may be much larger, if rich men on this slope follow the example of their brethren in the East, and give or bequeath money to it from time to time. The property with which Governor Stanford has endowed it will increase in value year by year. Much of it is grape land, of the kind which is worth from one to two thousand dollars an acre in Germany and France. Should the university property, in the distant years to come, earn interest on any such valuation, the institution could rely on a revenue larger than is enjoyed by any other educational institution in the world. At the present time that property is reckoned at twenty millions, but this is mere haphazard guess-work.

What is not guess-work is that it has a staff of seventy-six professors and about eight hundred students. The number of students at Berkeley is about the same, but the faculty at the State institution is larger, embracing a hundred and thirty-seven professors. The actual endowment of the Berkeley College is estimated at seven millions and its income at two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. It has been twenty-five years in existence, and has counted among its professors some of the ablest and among its graduates some of the most promising men in the State. The Palo Alto school has the advantage of the experience acquired at Berkeley, and is untrammelled by the old traditions which hamper universities dating from a generation ago. It is mainly run by young men, whereas the controlling minds at Berkeley are minds which were formed at the time of the war or before then.

It is impossible to conceive broader or more catholic lines than those on which the constitution of the Leland Stanford University rests. It was not established to create a nursery of scholars who should spend their lives in the acquisition of barren and selfish knowledge. It was designed to "qualify students for personal success and direct usefulness in life." Thus, as was said in laying the corner-stone, it contemplates preparatory and academic instruction; collegiate instruction in letters, law, medicine; technical colleges and institutes for instruction in the various mechanical and the fine arts; with post-graduate studies and high research appropriate to a university. Nothing sectarian is tolerated on the premises. Every one, whatever his color, whatever his race, whatever his faith, is welcome to study in its hospitable quadrangle and in its welcoming arcades. No charge is made for tuition. The only expense to which students are put is for the bare board and lodging, which would have to be paid for if they were at home.

The buildings are worthy of the noble conception of the founder. They are Romanesque in type, long and low, like the old Spanish missions, which inclosed a plaza within a range of one-story adobes. The plan includes two quadrangles: an inner one, consisting of twelve oblong one-story buildings, connected by an arcade, and an outer one, of two-story buildings facing outward, with a great Romanesque arch looking toward the chapel. The inner quadrangle is completed. These buildings are set in a well-drained plain, which rises gradually to the foot-hills of the Coast Range. The site is far from the *streptitus fumusque* of the busy haunts of men. It is still, silent, suggestive of thought and reverie. There is nothing to disturb the projection of the mind into things not seen, and to its concentration on memories of the past and dreams of the future. It is an ideal place for study.

Of course the usefulness of such an institution must depend on the ability of the men who have it in charge. Governor Stanford was fortunate in securing the services of David Starr Jordan as president. How difficult it is to fill such a post, the long embarrassments of the Board of Regents of the State University sufficiently demonstrate. Mr. Jordan is yet on his trial. But he has pretty nearly established a reputation as a first-class executive; as a man of science, his niche was long ago secured. Common rumor asserts that he has gathered round him a staff that will prove efficient. They will be none the less efficient when ex-President Harrison takes his place among them.

During the past few weeks there have been appointments made of senators to serve in the Fifty-Third Congress by the governors of States in which the legislature alone is responsible for the failure regularly to elect the senator. This action is in the face of all precedents, with relation to ap-

pointments by the State executive to fill vacancies in the Senate of the United States, wherein the vacancy was caused by the failure of the legislature to elect, and not by the resignation, expulsion, or death of the senator during recess of the legislature, as the constitution prescribes. Florida appears in the category, not because of a wrangle in the legislature, but on account of the failure of the last legislature to make the election, which now devolves upon the new legislature, which will meet in April. The case of Florida, and all the similar cases have invariably met the same adverse ruling in the United States Senate, as the *Argonaut* has shown.

Still further testimony is adduced to the same conclusion. Upon the resignation from the Senate of Levi Woodbury—1845—to take seat upon the supreme bench as an associate justice, the governor of New Hampshire, during recess of the legislature, appointed B. W. Jenness to fill the vacancy; but the Senate held the seat vacant until the election by the legislature of Joseph Cilley as duly chosen senator. The more pertinent case is that of Indiana, 1845-6. The legislature failed to elect the senator to succeed Senator White, a Whig. Jesse D. Bright, a Democrat, was lieutenant-governor of Indiana and president of the State senate. In the senate, the Democrats and Whigs were exactly equal, and the tie gave Bright the casting vote. The Whigs had ten majority in the assembly; the same majority in joint convention of the legislature on the election of United States Senator. As president of the senate, Jesse D. Bright defeated the joint convention and no senator was elected by that legislature. James K. Polk had been inaugurated President, and the Democrats and Whigs were nearly equal in the United States Senate; the election of a Whig senator from Indiana would seriously affect the Democratic administration. There was strong hope of a Democratic legislature in that State the following year, and of the choosing of a Democratic senator. The governor of Indiana was a Democrat, and, had he the authority to appoint the successor to the late Whig senator, it is presumable he would have appointed a Democrat. In the Senate at that time were Daniel Webster, Thomas Hart Benton, Simon Cameron, Reverdy Johnson, John J. Crittenden, Louis Cass, Thomas Corwin, John A. Dix, and other great lights—Whigs and Democrats—who had clear and acknowledged opinion of the authority of State governors to appoint senators of the United States, and of the right of any to seats in the Senate. But the vacancy from Indiana remained unfilled until the legislature of the following year supplied it by choosing Jesse D. Bright the senator. It would be difficult to conjecture a stronger case by which to support the contention that the governor of a State has not the authority to appoint a United States Senator on account of the failure of the legislature to make the election. He can appoint only in the event of resignation, or death, or expulsion of the senator, during recess of the legislature, and in no other case.

The *Argonaut* has consistently maintained these facts during the long fight of the legislatures in the various States mentioned. Our articles upon this subject have attracted much attention in the States of the North-West, and many telegrams have come to us from Washington, Wyoming, and Montana, asking for the sources of our information. The articles have been widely copied in the newspapers of these States, and praised or abused, according to the various editors' factions. It is therefore very gratifying to us to note that the senatorial caucus on Tuesday hesitated to admit Beckwith, of Wyoming, and Mantle, of Montana, both appointed by the executives of their States. The caucus finally refused to admit them, on the grounds so fully set forth in the *Argonaut*, and referred them to the committee on privileges and elections.

In discussing the annual problem of fixing water rates, the supervisors show an inclination to take into consideration certain propositions which would be immediately condemned if suggested in connection with any other business transaction. The supply of water to the inhabitants of a city partakes so much of the nature of a public or municipal function that it seems proper that there should be some regulation by the municipal authorities. But this power of regulation carries with it the condition that the rights of both parties should be equally kept in view in its exercise. The idea seems to be somewhat generally accepted that, in estimating a reasonable income for the water company, the original cost of the property, and not its present market valuation, should be taken as the basis of calculation. Should this principle be advanced in regard to any other business investment, its injustice would be at once apparent. Suppose rents were inflexibly fixed at a certain percentage of the original purchase price of the property, how many land-owners would consider that they were getting a fair rental from their property? When James Lick purchased the land upon which the Lick House now stands, he paid but a few hundred dollars for it, yet no business man would maintain for a moment that six, or eight, or ten per cent. of this price would be a fair rental for it to-day. Yet this is precisely what is

proposed with regard to the property of the Spring Valley Water Company. Their property was purchased at prices far below what it would now bring in the market, because, at that time, the property had little value. Through the improvements made by the company, the engineering skill of its employees, and the wisdom of its management, the property has now become immensely valuable. Is the company to reap no advantage from this?

On a par with this is the proposal so to fix the rates that the income will bring in a fair return on the price at which the stock was issued by the company. Years ago, when the success of the undertaking was not assured, when bonds had to be issued and liabilities incurred for the purpose of building the plant, the stock was sold at a low price. Only those who were far-sighted enough to see the possibilities of the future cared to invest their money in the enterprise. The success of the company created confidence, and the stock rose; new purchasers appeared, and the stock changed hands at steadily advancing prices. Now it is in the hands of thousands of people—for the Spring Valley Water Company is by no means the close corporation it is often assumed to be—and these people bought their stock, in many cases, at prices forty and fifty per cent. above the price at which it was originally issued. The manifest injustice of estimating their income on the basis of what their stock cost some former owner will be readily admitted.

There is a third proposition that the supervisors are inclined to be guided by, which is as untenable as are the others. During the long years of its existence, the water company has been obliged to contend against the opposition of politicians who found popular favor in denouncing all quasi-public corporations. The public, unfamiliar with the actual circumstances, were ready to accept the irresponsible statements of self-seeking politicians and newspapers, and the latter exercised the utmost liberty in making misstatements. Thus, as time went on, an abundant crop of claims and counter-claims, of equities and counter-equities, has grown up. Apart from the legal proposition as to whether these disputes have not been set at rest by the regulation of rates by former boards of supervisors, it would be impolitic to go into them at the present time. They would serve only to confuse the question without doing any good. It is impossible to-day to determine whether too much or too little was charged for water ten years ago. The conditions have changed, and the supervisors could not place themselves in a position to judge the problem under the conditions then existing. The number of consumers and of buildings to be supplied has increased; the area to be covered has been extended; sparsely settled districts have been built up, and mains that were laid at a pecuniary loss now bring in an income; the supply of water has been increased and improved; the elements in the cost of delivery have changed. When these factors are to be taken into account for a number of years instead of one, the problem becomes stupendous.

The supervisors should remember that, in the consideration of this question, they act as judges rather than advocates. They have in their keeping the best interests of the people, but they are also charged with the duty of working no injustice upon the stockholders of the company, who are part of the people. Indeed, the interests of the company and the people are so interwoven that it is impossible to separate them. The supervisors, during their investigation of the problem, have established the fact that, in all essential particulars, this city has a water supply that any other city in the country may envy. For years the company has been extending its supply and improving its system. The daily consumption of water amounts to 20,000,000 gallons. To meet this demand, the storage capacity of the company in the reservoirs at Pilarcitos, San Andreas, Crystal Springs, San Francisco Creek, Lobos Creek, and Alameda Creek amounts to 29,000,000,000 gallons, or 1,450 times the daily consumption. Any one of these sources of supply may be temporarily cut off without inconveniencing the consumers.

The plans of the company include an extension of even this supply, and, when fully carried out, the storage capacity will be more than three times what it is at present. It is these facts that the supervisors should take into consideration in fixing water rates. Their duty is to fix the rates as low as is consistent with the undoubted rights of the company, and not to adopt as a basis of their calculations any principle that would be denounced as unwarranted in regulating any other legitimate industry.

A writer in an English review—Mr. George Somes Layard—proposes to abolish the domestic kitchen, and to supersede it by a coöperative kitchen, to supply a number of households. His idea is that by combining their resources a number of people can save money and annoyance, and get better food than each can do separately—as people get their light and their water better by coöperation than they did in the days when everybody lit his room with his own candle and drew his water from his own well.

Mr. Layard proposes to apply his plan to a district in

London embraced within a radius of a quarter of a mile from a given point, and containing 1,073 houses and 13,638 inhabitants. He proposes to build a great central kitchen, with steam power and all the necessary appliances, and to cook and deliver in heated vessels all the food consumed in these 1,073 houses. He figures the cost of service for such an establishment at \$80,000 a year, as against \$250,000 a year now spent by the occupants of these houses for the same services under the separate plan. He further figures the first cost of his building and plant, including cooking apparatus, refrigerators, engines and boilers, carts and horses for delivery, at \$215,000, which would be a permanent investment, as the abandonment and dismantling of the present kitchens would yield no money. But he holds that the saving which would result from making all purchases at wholesale, and dealing with a vast commissariat as a whole, would more than meet the interest on the outlay.

We can fancy how the thing would work in this city, if a district embraced between Pacific Avenue and California Street, and between Octavia and Polk, were to be supplied by such a coöperative kitchen. All the cooks and half the waiters in that district might be discharged at once. The ladies of the houses would not need to go to market. There would be no more coal or wood hills, except for heating purposes. There would be no more dish-washing. Every morning, the lady of the house would telephone to the central establishment what she wanted for luncheon, dinner, and next day's breakfast, and at what hour she wanted the meals; at the hours named, a wagon would appear at the door with the foods ordered, all kept hot in the usual vessels; when the meal was over, the wagon would return and collect the dishes and plates which had been used. On general principles, the plan ought to involve a saving and to remove a serious source of domestic annoyance from badly cooked, or cold, or tardy meals, or impudent or lazy servants.

When the idea is considered more closely, however, and details are looked into, serious objections are suggested. Let us say that the district mapped out above contains 8,000 people. All, or nearly all, of these would want their dinner about the same time—from six to seven o'clock. They would breakfast at different hours, and possibly vary an hour or so as to their luncheon; but the dinner-hour would be about the same. Dinners for 8,000 people would have to be cooked and delivered in about an hour. Could any coöperative kitchen, however strongly manned, perform such a feat as this? Would not half, or two-thirds, or three-fourths of the subscribers have to wait for their dinners, or get them cold or half-cooked?

Again, the tendency of coöperative cooking is toward uniformity, and, in the matter of eating, uniformity becomes monotonous. It happens to most men to be separated at one time or other from their families, and to have to take their meals at a hotel, a restaurant, or a club. Their experience is almost invariably the same. At first, the hotel or club fare is a delightful change from domestic feeding. The man feels as if he could never enjoy a meal at home again. But in a little while, the outside fare is not so agreeable; it begins to pall on him; everything is served with the same sauce and tastes alike; he is heartily glad when he gets back to the domestic joint, which his wife judiciously varies as she notices the condition in which his plate leaves the table. Now, the coöperative kitchen would evidently drift into uniformity. Every chef has his own round of dishes which he cooks day after day. He would supply his subscribers with the same unvarying round of soups, and fish, and roasts, until their perpetual recurrence became exasperating.

These objections to the coöperative kitchen are not insurmountable. A way may be found to simplify the delivery of a large number of diners in a short period of time. A committee might see to it that judicious variety was introduced into the bill of fare. Other objections which have not been stated might be overcome. No one can study the drift of American social life without realizing that its drift is toward coöperation and aggregation. We are supplied with gas and water by joint effort. It will not be long before heat will be furnished by companies which will undertake to warm whole blocks from a central furnace. In every city, population is gravitating from the single-roof system to the system under which one roof covers a score of families. That the principle should be extended to the commissariat department is self-evident. It is compulsory, if from no other reason, because the servant-girl problem is becoming insoluble. Domestic servants demand more than the man of small income can afford. A San Franciscan who occupies an eight-room house, and occasionally has guests, can not well get along without two servants, whose combined wages will not fall far short of two dollars a day. Thus out of his income he has to set aside \$730—not a had salary for a young man—to pay for a service which, under an enlightened automatic system, might be almost dispensed with altogether. So long as that is the case, schemes of coöperative kitchens are sure to command consideration.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MANTLE.

"And where is Matilde?" asked Concha Méndez, seating herself on an *esquival*—a rawhide chair of the peculiar pattern made only at Lagos—and deftly rolling a cigarette in her slim, brown fingers.

Guadalupe Sota, Concha's neighbor and *comadre*, stood within the kitchen door, toasting big green pepper-pods, upon a clay *comal*, in preparation for the savory *guisado*, or stew, of the noonday meal. The view, being in the face of Guadalupe's kitchen, was not without its own artistic value. There was the adobe structure, open toward the court, over whose rough gray-brown end clambered gaudy nasturtiums, full hung with chrome and vermilion trumpet-casques, and round green shields, as if a host of liliputian warriors had stored here their gear of battle, ere resting from the field. Nor was this the only outward visible sign and token of that love for birds and flowers that characterizes the Mexican race, down to the very lowest orders. A mocking-bird—*cenizante*!—that cunning songster the theme of whose subtleties is interwoven with so much of the legendary lore of the Mexican people—articulated mysterious cadences from his cage of split cane, painted in raw hues of green, and blue, and scarlet, hung high on a peg driven into a chink of the adobes. Standing ranged on the ledge of masonry that skirted two sides of the court was a row of *macetas*, the flower-pots of the country, shapely as classic molds, glossy and lustrous as porcelain, with rich, warm tones of dark-green and brown; these held thrifty, well-tended plants of pink, crape, fragrant roses of Castile, little pale-hued pinks of the country, and flourishing, luxuriant *albahacar*—the fragrant, symbolic sweet basil.

Across the side wall of the kitchen was built a broad shelf or ledge of masonry, in whose top plane was a series of square depressions, grated within, to hold the charcoal fire, while little shafts, at right angles with these, opened to the front, for supplying the draught and removing the ashes. These *braseros* were all full now, for Guadalupe Sota was a notable housewife, and her commissary was never scanty.

"Matilde," said Lupe Sota, "oh—why—Matilde—he is—*ay!* *Dios mio de mi alma!* the *demonio* pepper!" and she caught from the left shoulder the turned-back end of the blue *rebozo*, and scrubbed her eye diligently with that soft scarf of omni-usage.

"*Mi-al-l-ma!*" trilled Concha Méndez, "dear little darling! *chulita!* hast thou spattered *chile* in the eye, then! but milk is the wash to cure it. Thy *lechero* comes in the evening, ours at dawn—I will just run home and fetch a pot of milk, *querida!* Canst bear alone in my absence? *Vaya!* but this is well—how happens I did not see him sooner? Matilde! get up, thou lazy, in haste! dost not see thy *patrona* suffers? Matilde! up, I say, but quickly!"

She scurried across the little court-yard. Lupe Sota let the *rebozo* corner fall away from an eye in nowise red or tearful, and gazed with a strange, anxious look after her *comadre*.

Huddled in a corner against the end of a ledge was a mass of bright color, a gay-striped *sarape* of the country, following the outlines of a small human figure, in a posture somewhat constrained, of rest or of hiding. Head and all was covered.

Concha Méndez, with another reproachful word, snatched away the blanket, then screamed, as she let it fall again. It settled to the ground, flat as a *tortilla*. Not a cat, scarcely a mouse, could have lain beneath those close folds.

"*Jesus, Maria, y José!*" gasped Concha Méndez; "but Matilde was there—I saw him—didst not thou, Lupe?"

Her hostess essayed to speak, but the words would not form in so dry a throat. Guadalupe wavered on her feet, and then went down in a heap on the cobble-stones of the *patio*, just as two more of her neighbors entered the *zaguan*, or great street-doorway.

"Here's a coil!" quoth, innerly, Concepcion Méndez; "for her sins, the two who least love Lupe!" for the widow of Porras, devoted, thrifty housewife as she was, pious churchwoman, open-handed neighbor, was yet thoroughly unpopular. Only Concha Méndez ran in and out with neighborly freedom, treated her with cordiality always, and ever defended her from the onsets of their gossips. Others said it was a case of "*Arcades ambo*"—using, of course, the vernacular instead of that classic jeer; but that was hardly fair. The garrulity of Concha Méndez undoubtedly did become wearisome, but the irritation she caused was as that of a cockchafer buzzing and bumping about under a ceiling, and not the mental alarm and instinctive dodging and parrying that the more rhythmic hum of an *abispita* (wasp) ever inspires. Whereas Guadalupe Sota's words were barbed, and her voice most shrewish, as per right, for Lupe was Jalapeña, and certainly the vaunted charm of Jalapa women is not great enough to harmonize their screeching parrot-voices. "Scold," "shrew," "termagant," "virago," these were gentle terms to some of those bestowed on Lupe in sweet, caress-like, but incisive Spanish.

"Xantippe" was the word passed between the *padre* and the *comandante*, who alone, save the doctor, in the town were able to comprehend even so much of classic reference as lay in that time-worn comparison.

The more virulent declared that lusty Joaquin Porras had died, not of the ostensible *tifo*, but of sheer weariness and disgust of his helpmeet's railing.

All in all, Guadalupe led a lonely enough life. She had no children, no kin in the place, no friendly neighbor, save Concha. In truth, her position was not one to draw milk of human kindness from a nature like hers.

Juana de Molina and Mariquita Valle made a great to-do over the swooning woman. Mexican women are kindly hearted and pitiful to suffering. It is somewhat unusual to find among them such determined enmity as Guadalupe had aroused. But, now that they had tangible evidence that she suffered, they were full of concern for her. They helped Concha to loosen her clothes, and fan her, and spatted her face and breast with wet towels with right good will.

"What we need," said practical Juana, "is camphor or *alkali*" (ammonia); "but I would not venture to rummage Guadalupe's house—no, not to save her! Think of her fury at the liberty! If we but had whom to send to the *botica!* Oh, but the little sleepy-head! Here, Matilde! Matilde! wake up this instant and run to the drug-shop for *alkali!*"

Poor roly-poly Concha Méndez felt a sizable slab of ice slide down along her backbone and a multitude of ants swarm at the roots of her hair as Juana strode across the court-yard toward that blanket, that again was lifted humbly 'as about the knees and snugly over the shoulders of a recumbent figure.

"*Dios me valga!*" cried Juana, letting the *sarape* drop back in a heap on the vacant space whence she had taken it; "but how a confusion or a fright unsets one! Now I could have sworn that Matilde lay there, just because in the flurry I caught sight of his *sarape!*"

Then Mariquita averred that he was there—he must have dodged aside and run, to escape the errand, for she, Mariquita Valle, had certainly seen him, with these two eyes of a Christian, lying there under the blanket. And when Juana pooh-poohed the girl's idea, Concha huskily told of her own experience in the matter.

And—"Look! behold!" shrieked Mariquita, pointing with tragic gesture. *There was the blanket cozily tucked in over—something! WHAT WAS IT?*

Concha was shaking as with great cold. Mariquita began to whimper. Even Juana de Molina felt a chill discomfort in the region of her cheek-bones and a somewhat cowed sensation of spirit. But Juana was intensely practical and not of a nervous temperament; and then, moreover, when one is wife to a Judge of the Court of First Instance, it behooves one to maintain the importance and dignity of the law by an official presence of mind and calmness. Hence Juana briefly called her companions' attention to the prolonged duration of Guadalupe's swoon, and urged them to assist her in removing the stricken woman to a bed.

"Of a surety that informations will be taken of this so extraordinary occurrence," she declared, with an air that held whole volumes of legal understanding and a deluge of civic authority; "but that must follow after. The thing at present is to revive this Guadalupe."

But Guadalupe's return to consciousness was so slow that presently Concha was sent for a doctor; Mariquita, of course, being unmarried, was not to be allowed on the street alone. Concha brought in another pair of friends, after leaving her message, and the five women worked faithfully over the widow. At last, Dr. Flores appeared. He was a most capable physician, but a brusque man, who disdained the elaborate and ponderous conventionalities of his race. Without stopping to knock, he pushed the big street-door open and found his way to the sick-room. As he entered, he swung around to toss something back into the court-yard.

"Now, then," he rapped out, briskly, "I want to say that there is no sense in letting the house be turned out of windows because a woman has fainted. Here is that little rascal Matilde's blanket I found half out of the *zaguan* door—either he or some thief making off with it has dropped it. Any way, some *lifero* would have had it if I had not come so opportunely. Now let us see what ails her."

But the deathly swoon of Guadalupe Sota baffled even Dr. Flores. He drew aside Juana, as the most composed and sensible of the women, and questioned her regarding the events recently preceding the seizure. Whether it is a racial trait to be more subjective than are Americans, or whether their pathology is subtler, Mexican physicians, knowing well their compatriots, do certainly penetrate far more deeply than Americans into the esoterics of illness. Dr. Flores had seen more than one person "die of rage, like the parrots," as the graphic saying goes, and he knew well the irritability and violence of this woman's temper. But Concha, summoned by Juana as the last to speak to Guadalupe, averred that the sick woman's behavior had never been more mild than on that morning.

The physician, in duty to his other patients, at last had to intermit his assiduities, and leave the women to carry on the restorative treatment that he prescribed with definite and imperative minuteness. As he was leaving the house, Concha Méndez appeared before him with an air of ingratiation, and deprecatingly begged to know if he had remarked any peculiarity about the blanket that he had picked up in the doorway. Dr. Flores suppressed the start that a sudden recollection prompted, and questioned Concha skillfully, with a simulated skepticism cloaking real eagerness. Ten minutes later, he walked into the office of Raimondo Molina, Juana's husband, the Juez de Primera Instancia, to whom he told a rather curious story and imparted rather startling suspicions.

"And, by Hippocrates! Raimondo, as I came down the street, the Thing was half-way to the Parroquia. Come! See!"

As in most Mexican towns, the Parroquia, or parish church, here fronted on the Plaza de Armas, and behind it ran a *callejuela*—a street or alley, scarce two fathoms wide, with the blank back of the church on one hand and modest dwellings on the other.

"Well, it seems to be out of sight now," said Dr. Flores, gazing up the street from the narrow, flagged walk skirting the church. As he spoke, he ranged forward and glanced into the alley, then put out his hand toward the judge with a gesture, first of silence, then of summons.

By this time it was between one and two o'clock of the day, the town was "sleeping siesta," and the street had the aspect characteristic of Mexican streets at this hour—glare, emptiness, and silence. The blazing blue sky, the smiting brilliancy of the sunlight, the dazzling glare of white walls, white pavements, white roadways, all unshaded, united in an effect absolutely painful. The dead blank walls, the closed ponderous doors, the massive wooden inner shutters, fast as if sealed behind the iron bars of the windows—these features give an air of desertion, almost of death, to Mexican interior towns from one to three of the afternoon.

Against the blaze of light pouring in at the alley's south end, the men saw a shambling figure—the only living thing, except themselves, astir in the streets. A man of squalid raiment and bird-of-prey face, Lino Montes, professional beggar for pretext, criminal in practice. He did not see nor hear them. Confident of security in the vacancy and the retirement of the place, he was stooping over the one spot of color in the blinding white *callejuela*—a blanket, gayly striped with green and scarlet, thrown over an extended human figure. The thief slowly, slyly, grasped it, and made as if to run; then, his glance falling upon the vacant spot he uncovered, he dropped the *sarape* with a smothered yell, and took to his heels in a sort of frenzy of terror.

For the rest of the day, the police force of the town, under orders from the judge, the *prefect*, and the *comandante*, combined to keep watch over the blanket of the orphan lad who had been taken into her house for an errand-boy by Guadalupe Sota. The garment had by this time become so notorious that an order to keep it under direct ocular watch must have led to insubordination of the policemen; so that the prudent *prefect* locked it into his great safe, with orders to each man to scan his beat for its appearance. No one saw it move, but from time to time the men reported its progressive advance toward a remote quarter of the town, lying near a *barranca*, or gulch, stony, rugged and dry, save in the rainy season. At about set of sun, its trail was lost, and for some hours. About eight o'clock, a mounted policeman clattered up to the door of the *prefect's* dwelling.

"Your worship," he said, saluting, "the searchers you sent out have found the blanket—it is down in the *Barranca de los Lobos*. Will your mercy come? We have not touched the *forongo*."

A little later, the *comandante*, the *prefect*, and the doctor—the *padre* shrank from the ordeal—went with a crowd of men down the steep, broken side of the wild Wolves' Gulch.

"The same old story!" said the *prefect*, as the guide flashed his lantern on a parti-colored heap in one of the rocky clefts.

"But with a difference! Look!" said Dr. Flores. He lifted the blanket. No bare space this time. Dingy white cotton shirt and drawers, slender limbs bleached to the ghastly pallor that death spreads under bronze skin, a broken palm-leaf hat, with jetty hair flowing from under it—all of this doubled, bent, and crushed under detached masses of rock from the *barranca*-side. The blanket had lain over these prisoning boulders.

From the *mesa*, or level, above, sounds of distress or dismay descended. Then, violating every tenet of Mexican convention and propriety, Mariquita Valle, all alone, flung herself recklessly down the unsafe declivity, and eagerly caught the arm of the *prefect*.

"Oh, Don Rufino!" she panted, "it is that Guadalupe has come to herself—no, not to herself, but she is conscious—and—she is coming *here!* Juana and Clarita are with her. We tried—we could not restrain her."

"It makes cold—he does need the *sarape*—I must take it to him!" Over and over again, weirdly chanted, these words grew plainer, nearer. Still trying vainly to dissuade and withhold her, the other women clambered painfully, with unused feet, down the bank behind Guadalupe Sota. Unheeding them, unheeding the men, she came into the light of the lanterns. Her hair was hanging, her dress disordered, her eyes had the stark, unseeing gaze of a sleep-walker. She clutched tight a ragged breadth of rush matting, a bit of kitchen refuse, and waved it uncertainly forward.

"I—I am a fool," she said, "to go back again, the long, dark road to the *barranca*—I am so tired—the boy was very heavy. But I must go—he calls—he needs the *sarape*—he is cold, indeed, now. Besides—it may hide him so they will not find him."

At a sign from the doctor, the *prefect* and some of the men, with Flores himself, laid hold upon her. Like an electric shock, each of these, and such as were in contact with them, saw Guadalupe's court-yard, and the woman, in the kitchen, preparing supper; heard the ceaseless violence of her scolding; saw the abashed boy Matilde sent on an errand, turn back for the blanket that his mistress withheld to speed his movement; saw his sudden snatch at it, heard his defiant cry: "*I will have my *sarape!* It is mine! my mother gave me it!" saw the swift, vicious blow of a billet of wood in the hand of Guadalupe; saw the toilsome journey of the woman in the later night to the *barranca* of concealment, staggering under her stark load; saw the swoon that overcame her as she, a second time, had set forth to carry the blanket; saw the scene that had been between her and Concha Méndez. Then—he who had held the blanket had let it fall again, and it lay trailed partly across the body of the boy Matilde. Some movement of one of the men not in current with her, and so not spellbound, opened the way, so that the woman saw, in a broad beam of strong yellow light, the body of her victim. Without a word, without a cry, a stream of blood poured through her lips, and she fell across the boy, dyeing his loved *sarape* with a brighter hue of crimson.*

Y. H. ADDIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1893.

Recent disclosures of bribery and corruption in connection with the Panama trials in France have caused a widespread conviction, among the humbler and supposed ignorant classes, that every man connected with the public administration has his price. A couple of old persons, living in Puteaux, sent five hundred francs to M. Carnot, the other day, with the request that he hasten the decision of a lawsuit in which they were interested. The money was returned, but the couple sent again to the president of the republic, evidently believing he could not resist the temptation a second time.

Mrs. Matilda Huntingdon, a buxom Englishwoman of New Orleans, is only thirty-eight years old, though she has just acquired her seventh husband. She began her extraordinary matrimonial career at fourteen.

CAROLUS DURAN.

"Sibylla" Visits the Great French Portrait-Painter's Studio.

This illustrious portrait-painter differs from his colleagues in this unusual peculiarity—one almost unknown among Parisian artists—that he has his studio apart from his private dwelling, and at such a distance that he is obliged to traverse the half of Paris from his home on the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, where he occupies with his family a luxurious apartment on the first floor, to the Passage Stanilas, situated in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, at the very end of the Faubourg St. Germain, where he works. He often accomplishes this distance on foot, as a means of keeping himself in good health, and especially in order to combat the *embonpoint* with which he is threatened.

This duality of domicile is, as it were, "an outward and visible sign" of Carolus Duran's duality of character—on one hand, the laborious, determined worker, the conscientious artist, giving himself entirely to his art, as he does, from early morning till daylight fades; on the other, the fashionable, charming, popular man of the world, which he becomes as soon as he lays down his palette and during the hours of artificial light, which are an unknown quantity to painters.

In this peculiarity the great artist of Parisian elegance has some points in common with Van Dyke, another great painter of the splendors of the life of his time. In Carolus Duran's studio, as formerly in that of "the painter in ordinary to King Charles the Second," the members of fashionable society delight to congregate, and it is a patent of being decidedly *dans le train* to make the long journey to the Rue Notre Dame des Champs on Thursday afternoons, between one and four o'clock.

This part of Paris is a deserted, silent, austere, and monastical quarter. It is full of hospitals, convents, and ecclesiastical colleges surrounded by old gardens. The houses are tranquil and unpretending, inhabited by quiet people. There are a number of studios here also—those of Jean Paul Laurens, Bouguereau, and Miss Elizabeth Gardner are among the best known. Here lived, also, the lamented Paul Baudry, and several sculptors have their studios here also, notably the celebrated Falguière. The light is good and the peacefulness of the place propitious for work.

At No. 11 Passage Stanilas, a plaster-molder lives on the ground floor. You ring at the door of the first story: "Does M. Carolus Duran receive?"

"Your card, if you please," and you wait for a few moments in a simply furnished antechamber, ornamented with sketches, engravings, and a few bronzes, while the servant-man goes to present your card. A simple formality, for, whether you be a stranger or a friend, the master's studio is open to all visitors on Thursdays.

It is a true worker's studio—very plain, without any collection of old stuffs or display of *bibels*. A divan covered with oriental material, placed under a tent, a half-dozen low arm-chairs, a writing-table, two or three other small ones for holding brush-pots and paint-tubes, a few rare *objets d'art* in perfect taste, a large gilt statue of Buddha, a small organ, and an upright piano.

In a corner, under the full light of the glass ceiling, an *estrade* for models placed in front of a background of plush or of old tapestry, which is changed for each portrait. On the walls a few sketches and photographs of his portraits, and some pictures out of his usual line, painted for his own pleasure—and that is all.

The most important bits of furniture are large easels holding the portraits upon which he is at work, some of which have their faces turned to the wall, and are not shown except as a special favor—rarely refused to those who ask to see them. A dozen or more visitors of both sexes, who are constantly replaced by new arrivals, are collected here, sitting, standing, looking at the pictures, and conversing.

You have hardly entered, stopping for a moment on the threshold, with the hesitation common to all fresh comers, when the master comes forward to meet you, his hand extended, smiling, and with a word of welcome on his lips. Should you be a perfect stranger to him, it would suffice that you should name some common friend, to be received by him with the most gracious geniality. After exchanging the usual commonplace remarks and offering you a cigarette, he will leave you, perhaps, to go and receive some new arrival, or to continue a conversation begun with others. But during your visit, he will return to speak to you, or to answer your questions, and will not allow you to leave without a cordial handshake and begging you to come again.

During the intervals of your conversation with him, you will not have had time to be bored, for, first, you will look at him with that very natural curiosity which the presence of illustrious personages excites in us. In spite of the very French and very *bourgeois* dissonance of his name, Carolus Duran, who was born at Lille, presents the type and *tournure* of a hidalgo, which he will tell you he owes to a distant Castilian origin. It is well known that the Spaniards occupied Flanders for a long time, and, therefore, this assertion is very probable.

Although he is nearly sixty years of age, he is still extremely handsome, with his delicate and regular features, his proud and noble physiognomy, his black eyes, at once very soft, and bright, and penetrating, as are the eyes of a true portrait-painter accustomed to sound the very minds of his models. His fine and well-cared-for beard, his thick, silky, and curly hair, whose few white threads here and there serve only to accentuate by contrast the youthful appearance of his face, which bears but few marks of age and whose expression is very dreamy at times, make him a striking-looking man. Before he grew somewhat stout, Carolus Duran, although rather short in stature, had the reputation of being the best made man in Paris. He retained this graceful physical appearance, slender and robust, for a long while by riding and fencing—his two favorite exercises, and which are, moreover, excellent for refreshing the wearied

brain and for giving suppleness to the hand. One perceives that he still endeavors to make the most of his physical advantages, whether he be clad in his well-fitting frock-coats—which do the greatest honor to his tailor—or, in the evening, in his dress-coat, which he wears with a rare *cachet*, the snow-white shirt-front enlivened by the broad scarlet silk ribbon holding the order of Commander of the Legion of Honor; or, else, in his short violet-velvet jacket, buttoned to the throat, which he dons in his studio. His hands and feet are very small, his gesture full of grace, and he possesses the charm of a soft, deep voice, as musical as that of a tenor. In a word, he combines more attractions than are necessary to make a man extremely fascinating in spite of his age, which you entirely forget as you look at him.

If your attention is drawn from the artist to study his pictures, you will be none the less interested. Independently of the merit of the works, which we will not discuss in this sketch of "the artist at home," the *habitudes* of the studio can not fail to be struck with the prodigious fecundity of the hand that produces them. We saw this amount of work accomplished in one week, from one of his "Thursdays" to another: First, the full-length portrait, life-size, of a lady in red, that had developed from a sketch into an almost finished picture; second, a new seated portrait of a lady in blue, entirely sketched out; third, the portraits of two children, half-painted the preceding week, and completely terminated this Thursday.

One Saturday morning, by especial favor—for the master does not like to have lookers-on while he works—we were admitted into the sanctum where the illustrious Maestro Gounod was sitting for the second time for the charcoal sketch of his half-length portrait, which was even then a wonderful likeness. The next Thursday the portrait was entirely finished, except a few last touches for which the artist had no need of his model. It had been finished and painted with a *furia* which was in nowise detrimental to the perfection of its execution, and this work is one of the best Carolus Duran ever executed, and will go down to all time as the immortal portrait of the author of "Faust."

It is indolent and unprogressive artists alone who simply follow a beaten track, and whatever may be said of Carolus Duran, it can not be said that he is indolent. Truth to tell, they do gossip a great deal concerning him, and not always good-natured gossip to boot, for this is the fate of all successful and envied men. They accuse him of being affected. The misfortune of celebrated persons is that they can not open their mouths without comment being made upon them. For instance, Carolus Duran said, one day: "They reproach me for being too fond of handsome materials—of velvets, brocades, and plush. I can not paint fashionable women of the *grande monde* in serge. My portraits are in a luxurious style, because our century is devoted to luxury. I am of my century—" and then he thoughtlessly added: "Those artists alone, who belong to their own epoch, belong to all epochs. For example, see Shakespeare." One of those present, who left the studio with us, declared, in a sneering way, that he had pretended to compare himself to the immortal William.

This remark of his is also quoted: His admiration for Velasquez is well known. He considers him the master of masters, the very god of painting. One day a certain person, wishing to pay him a compliment, said: "You paint like Velasquez." "Why not say that Velasquez painted like Carolus?" he replied, and at once the answer was repeated all over Paris as a proof of his great vanity, whereas he was simply making fun of his over-enthusiastic interlocutor, who did not understand the irony of his retort.

Is it affected to know that one has talent and to speak of one's art with the assurance of a competent person, or, knowing that one is handsome, to make one's self appear to the best advantage by dressing well? Is it affected because one rests one's brain, wearied with work, by playing on the organ or by singing Spanish songs to a guitar, or, being a great painter, to be a little vain about an amateur talent for music, or, because speaking Italian and Spanish perfectly, to lose no occasion in which to converse in those lovely languages, which recall lands he is passionately fond of, especially the latter, for the happiest days of his youth were passed in Spain? All this is surely quite harmless.

Gossip makes sport of him, also, because, having been baptized with the commonplace name of Charles, he has transformed it into Carolus, because it sounds better. A man who can not be accused of graver things than these is not to be pitied. But what envy can not above all forgive him is the fact that he earns two hundred thousand francs a year.

It is true that, abandoning himself exclusively to portrait-painting, Carolus (it is thus that he is familiarly designated in Paris, with Magnus sometimes added thereto) has neglected the more elevated side of his art. His "Andromeda" and "Deposition," which, for want of buyers, ornament the walls of his studio, prove that his hand is not so skillful at classic painting as at portraits, but doubtless if he had cultivated that expression of his art, his genius would have been equally apparent.

But it is a great deal to paint superb portraits, and, if he has chosen that as his specialty, it is nobody's business. This choice, they say, is due to his wife's influence, who is a very clever and practical person, a sister of the great actress, Sophie Croizette, formerly one of the great stars of the Théâtre Français, and now married to the very rich Jew banker, Jacques Stern.

Mme. Carolus Duran often serves as model for her husband, who has painted her several times, her rare beauty being seldom seen in models. Like Albano, Carolus finds his models in his own family, and among his best portraits are those, at different ages, of his daughters, Marie Anne (married to the dramatic author, Georges Feydeau, son of the late celebrated novelist) and Sibylle, who recently married a young banker, M. Jules Hellman. The master is a grandfather, and no one seems to believe it less than himself.

PARIS, February 14, 1893.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Senators George, Colquitt, and Maxey, all of whom served in the Confederate army, are drawing pensions as Mexican War veterans. Not one of them was disabled while in Mexico.

Pope Leo's family is long lived. With the exception of his brother, the cardinal—who died a few years ago at the age of eighty-two—all his immediate relatives have lived to be more than ninety years old.

Mrs. Hoke Smith is a daughter of the late Howell Cobb, President Buchanan's Secretary of the Treasury, whose remarkable miscalculation of the government revenue caused a special message to Congress and a new issue of bonds, at high rates of interest, to avert national bankruptcy.

Mukhtar Pasha, who has just been recalled by the Sultan of Turkey from the Egyptian mission (it is suspected, at the instigation of England), was one of the bravest soldiers in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78. He is credited with having inspired the short-lived revolution against British ascendancy in which the young Khedive recently engaged.

The late Louis Jennings, who exposed the Tweed ring during his management of the *Times*, had, at one time, one of the largest incomes ever enjoyed by a working newspaper man. Mr. Jones put aside a large number of the New York *Times* shares, the interest on which Jennings drew, though he did not own the shares. The dividends on these shares, together with his salary, amounted to twenty thousand dollars a year.

According to foreign papers, ex-King Milan of Serbia, since his reconciliation with his beautiful wife, has entered into negotiations with Count Michael Esterhazy, one of the wealthiest magnates of Hungary, for the purchase of one of his estates, upon which is a magnificent castle, in the neighborhood of Pressburg. It is said that his majesty—or Count Tavera, as he now calls himself—wishes to spend the greater part of his time in future on this Hungarian estate.

Certain Washington gossips declare that Judge Gresham, now that he is Secretary of State, will keep Colonel Frederick D. Grant in the Austrian mission, owing to his affection for the latter's father. General Grant, it is said, played poker with Gresham more than once in war times, and, after reaching the White House, made his old friend a district judge. The same wisecracks also declare that Minister Lincoln will be retained similarly for sentimental reasons.

An official notice that His Majesty the German Emperor must have a better view from the windows of his palace, and that to that end all private property from the Schlossplatz and the Breitenstrasse, in Berlin, to the River Spree, will be condemned, has created a bitter feeling there against the emperor, which, however, does not count. The ground thus acquired will be converted into a park. The money with which to do this will be raised by a lottery which the Prussian Government will get up.

Baron von Wedel, a wealthy young German traveling in Persia, ventured to attend service in a mosque, which Mahomedans believe to be defiled by the presence of a Christian. He was at once approached by the worshippers, upon whom he drew his revolver. He was then beaten, and finally tied by the feet to the tail of a horse, which was then whipped into a gallop. When rescued by a telegraph employee he was unconscious, and he has since become a hopeless maniac. He was lately placed in a private asylum.

No one is so great a hero or personage in the eyes of the little Crown Prince of Germany as the Sultan of Turkey, the one ruler who remembers him with costly presents on all great anniversaries and birthdays. The Arabian pony, which his majesty sent to the future emperor a year ago, is the boy's constant delight. He rides him daily, and loves to race with the adjutant who accompanies him. As the pony is exceedingly fleet, he is usually the winner. The prince has been an officer of the Guards since his tenth birthday, is already a daring rider, and promises to become as reckless as his father in handling horses. Emperor William, despite his lame and useless hand, is afraid of no horse when once upon its back, although, owing to his disability, he has difficulty in mounting.

Verdi's residence, near Busseto, is only two miles from his birthplace, in Roncole. The former village was described as "a wretched place" by Miss Blanche Roosevelt, in her biography of the composer. But the country has been much improved in appearance of late years. Sant' Agata, where Verdi writes all his operas, is a beautiful country-seat. His farms are extensive, and there are vast forests planted by his own hand. He also attempted vine-growing near the River Po, at first without result, but of late years, in spite of the river frequently overflowing his land, with considerable success. An exceedingly simple life he lives here among his vines and farms, rising early and dividing his time between his outdoor pursuits and his work in his library; taking breakfast at ten, coffee at midday, and after a five-o'clock dinner strolling about his gardens.

Jacques Cavaignac, who made such a tremendous and unexpected hit with his speech on the Panama scandal in the French Chamber of Deputies, is being talked of for the presidency of the French Republic. He was a school-boy on the upper form of the Louis le Grand Lyceum in 1869, and made himself even then remarkable by refusing, when his name was called as the winner of the grand prize competed for by all the high schools of Paris and Versailles, to advance to the platform on which it was to be handed to him, because the late Prince Imperial stood there to hand to successful youths the prizes they had won. M. Cavaignac never before had the ear of the house, which, indeed, is wont to show aversion to him. He is a person of lank and melancholy aspect, with a head that is bald all over. Nothing could have been more unexpected than his success.

THE ROMANCE OF FIR TOP.

Up a long, rock-walled, Colorado mountain road crept a swaying, yellow-painted stage-coach. With heaving chests the dappled leaders strained the thick tugs, while the driver idly swung his whip and shot streams of "ambeer" at saucy chipmunks. Two passengers were walking. They were a tourist from Boston and the manager of the Horseshoe Mining Company. Horseshoe stock being at low-water mark, the manager showed every possible mark of attention to his companion, who, if appearances counted for anything, was quite well-to-do. On the box with the driver sat a youthful person, with an oldish face, surmounted by a pocket-hat. Something in his manner denoted an acquaintance with the vicissitudes of life in all its aspects. The driver looked at him curiously and cracked his whip.

"Ever in a hold-up, pardner?"

"Yes."

"Tho't so. Ever helt up by a woman?"

"No."

"Tho't not. I wuz onct. Want ter hear 'bout it?"

The passenger looked sharply up and said: "Is it a true story?"

"D'y'e s'pose I could stuff you?"

"I think not."

"That's what I 'lowed."

"All right, then. Pitch in," exclaimed the other.

"See that bend up thar whar th' road slips 'round behin' th' mount'n?"

"Yes."

"That ar's th' place."

"What were the circumstances?"

"They wuz a pile 'r circumstances. 'Member Dick Brand?"

"Where did he live?"

"Fir Top."

"I was never in Fir Top."

"You will be soon. Dick Brand wuz a winner. Kep' th' hotel 'n Fir Top. Could drink mo' whisky than any other man in th' county. An' gamble! Gambled 'is clo'es away onct. Some feller gin 'im a hoss-blanket ter wear home. What you s'pose he wanted ter do then?"

"Don't know. What was it?"

"Wanted ter bet th' hoss-blanket agin' a quart 'r lick. Dick Brand had two darters, Linda an' Bet. Linda marr'd th' fo'man of th' Royal Flush here las' spring.

"Well, Dick gambled an' drunk, drunk an' gambled his time away. Never los' much stuff by it tho', 'tel Doc Martin come ter town, fer th' boys all liked Linda an' Bet, so whenever Dick wuz losin', they'd make th' squeezers run his way a while.

"When Doc Martin struck th' diggin's, he put on lots of side 'ith his stove-pipe bat an' yaller gloves. First time 'e seen Linda, 'e smirked a lot, an' purty soon 'twuz goin' th' roun' that th' Doc wuz lovin' Brand's gal. Linda wanted none 'r his love, an' she tole 'im so. Bin a white man, he'd 'r let her be then. But 'e wa'n't. So what d'yer s'pose 'e done?"

"Don't know. What was it?"

"Say! Is them ar fellers back in sight yit?"

"Yes. They're just this side the bend."

"Whoa thar, you devils. Hol' up yer heads, will yer, an' stan' steady. Why, Doc Martin got playin' poker 'ith Dick Brand. Martin wuz a dandy 'ith th' cards, an' won all 'r th' pore fool's dust. Dick wuz wild ter git 'is money back, of co'se, an' ast Martin ter wait tel 'e could go out an' borry some stuff from somer th' boys. Martin then up an' smiled a Chinese smile an' pulled a roll 'r bills outen 'is inside coat-pocket. Jest a roun' thousan' dollars. He slapped th' bundie down on th' table an'—say, ain't you fellers tired'r walkin'? Yes, I sposed you wuz. Cline in, an' be darned quick 'bout it, fer I'm goin' ter rattle down this slope like a tornader tearin' up Kansas farms. Air you ready? G'lang ye sons 'r Belzebub. Say pardner, whar 'r 'bouts wuz I at when I bit it off?"

"You were saying that Martin put up his cash."

"Sure. I rikkolect now. Well, Dick jumped like a wile hronck when he seen th' pile. More money'n he'd laid eyes on sence th' railroad wuz built up ter Sunset. Martin tole 'im ef he'd make out a morgedge on th' hotel fer one thousan' dollars, payable in a year's time, 'ith intrust at eight per cent, he'd stack th' col' thousan' agin' th' dockymint.

"Brand done it like th' loon that 'e wuz. Martin knowed a lot 'r lawyer doin's, an' 'e drawed up th' paper, an' a couple of his crony's from down th' valley that wuz thar signed fer witness.

"Then th' cards wuz dealt. Martin discarded three, Dick jest tuck one. An', by gum, pardner, I'll eat th' off leader ef Dick didn't lose."

"What did Martin have?"

"Four aces. Dick had a full-house, an' Martin done th' dealin'."

"Of course he fixed the cards, but why did he act as if he wanted to draw his opponent on when it was a simple show-down?"

"Jest fer straight-out deviltry. Soon as 'e had pore Dick floored, 'e showed what 'e wuz leadin' fer. Plunked th' cash down on th' morgedge an' offered Dick both fer his gal Linda. In case Brand refused, 'e wuz ter be sol' outer house an' home.

"Dick wuz clean white an' true ter his gals, even 'f 'e did play fool at gamblin'. Tole Martin ter go somers down 'bout Mexico—that ain't th' place he said, but it's in th' neighborhood. Shuck 'is fist in th' schemey doctor's face an' tole 'im he'd rather see Linda marry a Hong Kong washeeman than pair off 'ith him. Martin jest turned chalky 'roun' th' gills an' went out 'thout sayin' of a word. Tuck mitey good keer ter pocket th' morgedge an' cash, tho', befo' 'e went. An' 'e didn't stop 'tel 'e wuz outer th' Rockies, nother.

"By gum, sir, that ar feller never showed 'is face in Fir Top again fer a year. Yes, 'twuz mor'n a year. Brand knowed 'e'd come back, tho', an' th' pore devil tried ever way under th' sun ter git up that morgedge money. 'Twan't

no use, tho', an' th' mis'ry of thinkin' on it turned 'im sick.

"Jest befo' his time run out, 'e called Linda an' Bet ter 'is bunk an' tole 'em th' whole story 'bout that ar poker game an' th' morgedge. Course they didn't give back no lip, bein' as he wuz jest erbout ter cash in 'is chips. It struck Linda cole, tho', an' I allers noticed arter that she had a mopy kind 'r look.

"'Bout thirteen months later on—Brand had bin planted ten months an' wuz mitey nigh forgot—I carried in th' mail-bag, bein' as he old man Jinks, th' postmaster, went ter work sortin' out th' mail. Arter while 'e hefted one letter ter th' light an' looked at it kinder grim through 'is specs. I wuz settin' on a sugar bar'l, eaten crackers an' cheese. Th' ole man spoke up an' sed:

"Yere's a letter fer Dick Brand. I d'no whuther or not ter sen' it back or give it ter Linda. (In speakin' 'r th' gals folks allers used Linda's name, 'cause she kinder helt th' lines.)

"Give it ter Linda, 'sed I; 'hit mout be 'mportant."

"Jest then Linda come in. She pushed back her gingham bonnet an' sed: 'Is thar ennything fer me, Mister Jinks?"

"Well, Miss Linda, I jest got a letter yere fer yer paw, but bein' as he ain't present ter receive it, mebbe I'd better give it ter you, seein' as how you air his darter."

"Yes, lemme take it," sed Linda. The ole man poked it out an' Linda tuck it. She turned th' envelope over ever' which a way, jest as if she could read it 'thout openin' of it, like th' trick feller in th' circus. Then she tore it open an' begun ter read. I watched an' seed her growin' pale an' skeered like. Then she give a sort of quick gasp an' tore th' letter all ter pieces. At that time I didn't know th' ins an' outs of th' game, but I had a glimmerin'. Linda turned ter me an' sed, in a sorter jerky tone of voice:

"Phil, what 'ud you do if a man wuz goin' ter sell yer outer house an' home?"

"I'd kill th' skunk, Miss Linda," sed I, short off.

"Well, looky yere now, Phil," put in ole man Jinks, speakin' slow an' lookin' wise, 'don't yer think that ar 'ud be agoin' contrary ter th' statoots?"

"Spec' it would," sed I, lookin' in Linda's purty eyes; 'but when th' statoots makes a sweet little gal look like she wuz pluggin' up th' weeps, I sez consarn th' statoots."

"Linda looked at me, 'ith a soft little smile creepin' outer th' mist of cry in her eyes, and went out.

"Now, who d'y'e s'pose I tuck over ter Fir Top second trip arter Linda got th' letter? Don't know, eh? Well yer oughter. 'Twuz Doc Martin. Yes, sir, when I pulled up 'longside 'r th' train, down thar at Sunset, th' Doc come walkin' out, big as Ike, an' got in 'thout so much as sayin' howdy. Two other fellers got in likewise. One wuz a miner an' other wuz some sorter science crank—minrologist, I think they called 'im.

"'Twuz th' middle of th' month, an' skacely enny express money goin' over.

"Well, ter come down ter fine p'int, as we nighed that ar bend in th' road that I showed you, th' hosses got skeered at somethin' they smelt in th' wind. I give 'm th' lash, an' away they went. Jest as we rounded th' turn—me holdin' 'em in then, you know—I heard a sbrill, boyish-soundin' voice yell out 'Halt!'—an' halt I did.

"Gosh, how well I knowed them tones. Rite in front of th' leaders stood a slim young feller, 'ith a mask over 'is eyes. Ther' wa'n't no whiskers or mustash on 'is face, nuther. Stickin' outer th' firs, 'longside 'r th' road, wuz four or five gun-bar'ls. Mor'n likely th' wa'n't no men behin' em, tho'. Jest then, out steps another slim-dandy kid, 'ith 'is forty-four cocked.

"My fr'en's," sed he ter th' folks in th' coach, 'tain't no use fer you ter show fight. Them thickets is full of my men. Step out an' cash up, please."

"They got out an' he went through 'em. Lef' th'er watches, but tuck th'er cash. Tuck all th'er papers, too, an' was specially keerful in 'is 'tentions ter Doc Martin. When ther play wuz over, th' robbers 'loped back inter th' firs an' I druv on. Th' miner 'lowed as how they must be green stock, fer they never looked at th' express-box.

"Purty soon arter that, we got ter th' hotel. Them fellers didn't know whuther or not ter go in, bein' as they had no cash, but I 'spicioned how things 'ud turn out, an' tole 'em I'd stan' fer th' gang. They went in at that, an' Sally Jinks fixed things fer 'em, bein' as th' gals wa'n't at home. 'Bout a nour arter that they come in, tho', an' th' dinner-bell rung. Th' strangers, lookin' purty doleful, walked out ter dinner, an' set down. Before they got through eatin', Big Wallace—him that runs th' farrer bank—come hustlin' in an' sed:

"Is them ar gents that come in th' stage here?"

"Yes," they all hollered at onct.

"Well, ther vig'lunce c'mitty's done tuck them fellers that robbed th' stage, an' strung 'em up. Yere's all th' plunder. You gents jest name th' 'mounts you had in stuff, an' if th' totul fits, you kin divide up 'mong ye. These yere dockymints, I s'pose, kin be 'identified."

"Linda an' Bet wuz a-settin' rite thar all th' time. Bet spoke up an' sed: 'Mister Wallace, wuz them robbers enny folks we knowed?"

"No, Miss Bet. I guess they wuz new han's, jest struck th' trail. Dine-novel cranks, mebbe."

"'Twa'n't no time before them fellers had th'er stuff fixed proper, an' they wuz mighty jubilant, you kin bet, all exceptin' ther Doc, who kep' touslin' his papers about, like he wuz huntin' fer somethin'.

"What's th' matter, Doc?" sed I; 'ennything wrong?"

"Why, yes," sed he; 'they's a valubul paper yere that's missin'.

"It's a morgedge fer a thousan' dollars, an' overdue, too."

"He kep' lookin' an' lookin', but 'twa'n't thar. Then he kinder sighed, an' sed, gentle-like: 'It don't make no difference, nohow, fer th' morgedge is recorded in New York."

"Yer oughter jest 'r sed them gals. Ther faces looked as if th'er best fr'en had sent 'em an invite ter 'is fun'roll. Big Wallace wuz that sheepish he couldn't show 'is eyes, an' I felt sorter slack myself."

"Did he sell them out?"

"He woulder, but, you see, th' morgedge wuz paid. Linda wuz engaged ter th' foreman of th' Royal Flush, but she never had tole 'im 'bout th' poker game. When she foun' 'er road scheme wa'n't no go, she let down an' tole 'im th' whole story. Cried doin' it, too, I surmise. Her feller had some stuff saved up, an' 'e jest paid Mister Doc, an' then kicked 'im outer camp. Linda named the day then, an' she lives 'ith her husband in a snug little shack up by th' Royal Flush Mill, an' Bet runs th' ole house. Thar she is now, stan' on th' po'ch an' peekin' out from under her bonnet at th' stage."

HENRY HOWARD HEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1893.

RECENT VERSE.

Sweetheart, Forbear!

"Sweetheart, forbear!" Thus said I to my dear,
She, with rebellious grace,
And light of wayward fancy on her face,
And some half-smile, half-tear—
"Nay, silence is not peace;
"Twere better far than this, wholly to cease,
If I should know no more
The rapture of revolt, the joyous strife,
The free unfettered air I breathed before."

So we long time assailed with hot debate,
And kindling voice and word,
Deep problems, which a myriad souls have striven
Foreknowledge, Freedom, Fate.
Till, wearied out at last,
Hand clasped in hand, without a word we twain,
Gazing at moonrise on the silvered main,
Knew a strange calm enfold our doubt with sleep,
And all the stress and conflict, stilled and past.

—Lewis Morris in *Black and White*.

Death and the Player.

I watched the players playing on their stage;
An old delightful comedy was theirs,
The very picture of a gallant age,
Full of majestic airs.

Wit, virtuoso, captain, stately lord—
Each played his part with smooth Augustan grace;
And, gray and curled, th' Olympian perukes soared
O'er each fine oval face.

Anon, young Celia, poised on high red heels,
Advanced with Chloe, the discreet soubrette;
Her laughter rings abroad in silver peals;
Her courtiers fawn and fret.

One was a whiskered son of awful Mars;
And one, the favorite, a thing of spleen,
Whose pasquil jests, a stream of falling stars,
Illumined all the scene.

They trod a minuet, and evermore,
Betwixt the courtesying lady and her thrall,
A masked and shrouded dancer kept the floor,
Unnoted by them all.

Alas, poor player, that was Death's dance, indeed!
The curtain fell; the masker's fleshless hand
Compelled thee to his chariot, which with speed
Rolled home to his own land.

And now, with cheeks and eyelids that confess
Grim stains of the last midnight's gay disguise,
Th' ingenious haggard actors swiftly press
Where their dead brother lies.

How strange a grave-side—oh, how strange a scene!
The player's double life in such eclipse!
What a morality would this have been
On those once mocking lips!

But they are dumb, and there's scarce time for tears.
Back to the town! They're clamoring for our plays.
'Tis good that arch-comedian Death appears
But once in many days!—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

Love's Service.

Love called to a young man winningly,
"Come, join the ranks of my company,
And take the field in my Service."

But the young man said, "There are other things
Than blushes, and kisses, and flowers, and rings,
Of far more worth than your Service."

"There's business, and sport, and pleasure, and art;
Your war is mere folly, your weapon a dart;
I've no time to spare for your Service."

Love turned lightly away when he heard the rebuff,
Of young volunteers there were more than enough
To fill up the ranks of his Service.

But time, passing by, made clear to the man
That they are the wisest who join when they can
The worshipful ranks of Love's Service.

So he offered to Love his jewels and coin;
Forgetting his age, he thought he would join
The throng who pressed to Love's Service.

But Love answered lightly, "The day has gone by,
A sere autumn leaf is too old and too dry
For a garland worn in my Service."

"You can buy, if you like, a friendly regard,
And perhaps it may seem, if you try very hard,
As if you were in my Service."

"But the raw recruits for my household guard
I take from the young; the old are debarred
From taking the oaths of my Service."

"The countersign's 'Youth.' Can you give it?" "Ah, no,"
"Then right about face. You're too old and too slow
To learn the details of my Service."

—Charles F. Johnson in *Temple Bar*.

Perhaps the smallest independent legislative body in the world is the single House of Montenegro, composed of eight members—four appointed and four elected. The upper House of the Bermudas numbers nine, as does the Senate of Delaware. Even the tiny Republic of Andorra has twenty-four members in its single legislative House. Among legislative assemblies, the United States House of Representatives is about eleventh.

THE DOWERLESS MAIDEN.

Alexandre Dumas tells her How not to Find a Husband.

Not only in California, but throughout the United States, not only throughout the United States, but in Europe as well, the end-of-the-century young man does not seem to be proposing. Even the maids with dowers are not driven to frenzy by the number of their suitors, while the dowerless demoiselles seem doomed to spinsterhood.

The subject has of late been arousing much attention in France. The French society girl has not the personal liberty of her American sister; but she has the same ambition to catch a rich husband, who can give her luxury as well as independence, and this conspiracy not to marry, on the part of the gilded youth of France, strikes her as an outrage. Speaking on behalf of thousands of her sisters, a Paris society girl wrote recently to a Paris newspaper as follows:

"Sir: There is one question of great public interest that I should like to see discussed in your columns—the ever increasing difficulty marriageable girls meet with in finding husbands. I belong to the upper middle class, and I have received a brilliant education. My chief sin consists in my having no dowry. I graduated from college at eighteen, I am a good musician, I speak English, I can sew, and I can cook and keep house; I am told I am pretty. In short, I am an ideal wife, and my mother has taken me out into society a good deal, not doubting for an instant that I should speedily find a husband. But I didn't, although I was a distinct social success.

"I have danced, night after night, with innumerable young men, who all said they thought I was charming, but none of whom proposed. In short, here I am, still unmarried and nearly twenty-one. I am tired of dancing, I am tired of exhibiting my charms for the gratification of adolescents. It is clear that no one wants me without a dowry.

"Now, I ask you, what future is there for a young girl in my position? I can not go on the stage, for I have not the artistic temperament. I can not take up medicine, for it is revolting to me. Teaching is undesirable, for there are as many professors as pupils in the schools already. And, as to business, that is not considered respectable. What can I do? Must I go on practicing at my piano four hours a day and translating English exercises? Perhaps, when I am a confirmed old maid, I can get a place as housekeeper to some gouty and repentant old bachelor. But what can I do in the meantime?"

The editor, instead of replying himself to this pathetic appeal, forwarded the young lady's letter to Alexandre Dumas, who is (in France) an acknowledged authority on all feminine questions. Dumas has written the following characteristic reply:

"I confess at the start that such a young girl as your correspondent seems to be does not interest me much. She reproaches her parents for having given her a brilliant education without being able to supplement it with a dowry, and this seems to me very ungrateful, although I am well aware that one of the first symptoms of the marriageable girl is ingratitude toward her parents.

"Your correspondent is not yet twenty-one, and she thinks it an extraordinary and alarming state of affairs that she is still single. She has danced and perspired a good deal in the arms of a number of young men to whom her excellent mother has given her, more or less décolleté, and she is surprised that none of these young men, initiated into her bodily charms and perfume, should have asked her hand in marriage. This young girl is very naïve and very ignorant for one who has her diploma.

"Her professor of philosophy can not have told her much about men, or else she would know that they are not so foolish as many women think them, and that those who make good husbands do not go and seek wives in ball-rooms, where young girls allow themselves to be bugged by the first comer after the empty formality of an introduction. As to those men who look on marriage as a business matter, the hugging has no importance. They do not care how often their *fiancée* has been embraced so long as the *dot* is satisfactory. From time to time we bear of rich men marrying girls without money, but the instances are rare. The exceptions to the rule have usually been girls of extraordinary beauty, of whom our millionaire has been sensually smitten. Again, the nice young man who waltzes so well and goes into raptures over your pretty gown, knows perfectly well what such dresses cost, and if you will wear such gowns, he expects you to supply the cash to pay the dressmaker's bill.

"Your correspondent says she is tired of exhibiting herself to adolescents, that she has danced quite enough, and that she sees no prospect of finding a husband. She asks what she can do.

"Here we have a young girl who has been brought up, like all young girls of her class, with the idea that when she is old enough she has only to go and hop about in ball-rooms to meet with a handsome and rich young man, who will immediately fall head over heels in love and lay his life and fortune at her feet. She will be satisfied, if necessary, with a husband with one hundred thousand francs a year—not a business man, of course, because business isn't respectable, but an engineer, a lawyer, an ambassador.

"What strikes me in this profession of faith of a young lady not yet twenty-one, is the implied contempt of the woman for the man. Not a word about love or devotion. Not a word about the sacrifices she would be willing to make if she met a good man, the modest position she would be willing to take as his wife. It is plain that, in her opinion, as in the opinion of her thousands of sisters on whose behalf she writes, man was created not to realize the aspirations of her heart, her soul, and her admirable education, but to satisfy the needs of her vanity, her caprices, her ambition, her desire for luxury and show. 'I am a woman and just eighteen. I am pretty and a virgin. Where is the imbecile who is willing to buy me? If he won't pay what I'm worth, others will.' Come, young man. Here is another virgin with her first décolleté dress on. Get an introduction, dance with her, fall in love, and make her yours before the altar. You were only created and borne into the world for her amusement.

"Well, my dear young lady, the young man keeps away from you, and he is quite right, for, bower foolish you may think him and as he may be, he has the animal instinct that prevents him from making a marriage that will embitter his whole life. Not only does he know that you have no dowry, but he can see through your fresh and immaculate flesh that you have not two sous' worth of heart, and he prefers to

leave you with your mother, who is responsible for your bad bringing up. You will remain an old maid, and it will serve you right. The gouty old bachelor that you count on as a last resort will fail you, too. When he is fifty, he will marry an old mistress who has been patient with him, or he will content himself with his servant-girl, who has fixed his mustard-plasters. When he dies, he will leave her an annuity of a few hundred francs, and he will die a much happier man than if he had married you. If you had given the matter a little more consideration than you have done, you would see that this bachelor, whom your kind think selfish, has taken the best path in life, and the one nearest to that of the fathers of the church, who nearly all died bachelors, which would seem to prove that marriage is not always considered supreme felicity by superior minds.

"In short, you are uneasy as to your future and you want advice. It is too late. You have gone too far on the bad way. Your ideas of life are all false, and it is too late to correct them. The men that you would marry will not marry you, and those that would marry you are not good enough for you. You can not marry without a dowry. Why should you expect to, when you expect your husband to have money? No, get hold of some money and you will have as many offers as you could wish. Your suitors will not amount to much, but they will have two legs and look like men, and that will spare you the humiliation of being an old maid.

"To be entirely frank, I hold out no hope for you. Your principles are bad. You despise work, which brings help in the greatest distress, consolation in the greatest sorrow.

"You don't think work is respectable. You are mistaken. This old world of ours is going to pieces, and a new society will arise, based on equality and labor for all. Do not count on men, young girls; count on yourselves. Do not despise art, science, industry, commerce, which represent life and are the basis of all society. Seek in all four what we men have found in them—a real value that is lacking in your gowns, soirées, and dances. That is the best way to find a husband, if you still want one when you amount to something, which is not certain, for your present great desire to get married is only the result of your education, which has incapacitated you from doing anything else. It is quite likely that when your own work has secured for you your independence, men will appear in a different light to you, and that you will prefer to remain single, as is often the case with us men.

"If I were not talking in public with a young girl, I would give her very good philosophical reasons, and especially physiological reasons, for my not believing in marriage. Let it suffice for me to recall that the majority of women, not to say all, always say: 'If I were a man, I should never marry,' which shows what they think of marriage. No, do not worry about husbands. Work, young girl; paint pictures like Rosa Bonheur, write books like Mme. Sand, act like Sarah Bernhardt, philosophize like Heloise, translate like Mme. Dacier, make pianos like Mme. Erard, conduct a store like Mme. Boucicaut. Neither of these occupations is easy, may be, but it is less tiresome than this eternal hunting after husbands, and less humiliating than not finding one.

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS."

Dumas has written a great deal of morbid and unpleasant stuff about sexual and sociological problems; but no one can deny that there is much sound sense in the foregoing letter. Girls who wish to "marry well" ought not to forget that rich men's wives and poor men's wives are made of the same material. The girl who would make a poor wife for a clerk would make a poor wife for a millionaire. And there are a great many girls in the world who would make poor wives for any man.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Biggy Bill.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: By a vote of four to one the Biggy Bill, providing for the erection of a State building in San Francisco to accommodate the numerous departments of the State government located in this city, has passed both branches of the legislature and is now in the hands of the governor. Such a large vote in the presence of the heavy pressure which is now felt in the legislature in favor of retrenchment, shows a thorough appreciation of the merits of the measure from an economic standpoint. By the annual report of the State controller, it appears that the State is put to an annual expense for office rent alone, to accommodate these various departments, of over \$300,000. The Biggy Bill calls for an appropriation of \$300,000, by which it will be seen that the investment will have paid for itself within the short space of ten years, and be a continuous saving of \$30,000 per annum to the State ever after. These considerations have moved the legislature to pass the act by such a large majority, and should insure its immediate approval by the governor.

Some doubt was created by the enemies of the measure as to whether Governor Markham could sign it and still keep within the fifty-cent limit contained in the Republican platform. All doubt in this matter has been dispelled, however, by the reports of the ways and means committee of the assembly, which has prided itself since its appointment on its close adherence to economy. The finance committee of the senate reported immediately that the bill should pass. By the report of the committee of the lower house \$800,000 is available within the fifty-cent limit for new public buildings. The chairman of that committee developed considerable antagonism to the Biggy Bill for some unaccountable reason, and began offering compromises which immediately led him into deep water. A bill was reported carrying an appropriation of \$100,000, to be added to the San Francisco Depot Fund for the purpose of fitting up quarters for certain of the officers provided for in the Biggy Bill. In addition to this, there was also reported a bill carrying an appropriation of \$200,000, providing for certain other institutions also provided for in the Biggy Bill. In neither of the proposed compromises, however, was any provision made for the Supreme Court of California, for which the State is at an annual expense of \$7,800 for room-rent, or over one-fourth of the entire saving made in the Biggy Bill. These compromise measures, carrying, as they do, aggregate appropriations of \$350,000, may be taken as unqualified admission on the part of that committee that there are \$350,000 available for new public buildings in San Francisco, or \$50,000 in excess of the appropriation carried by the Biggy Bill. This, also, in the face of the fact that by this increased expenditure, the tax-payer of the State will still be put to an annual expense of \$7,800, which will be saved under the Biggy Bill.

By what rule of economy it can be made to appear that an increased expenditure of \$200,000 over the amount necessary to do away with a portion of the present rent-roll and erect a building capable of accommodating only a portion of the different departments of the State government in San Francisco will be a saving to the tax-payers, is not clear.

The proposition to locate many of these departments on the water-front is by no means feasible, and is receiving the slight attention which it deserves at the hands of the legislators. Of the other measure, providing for the professional branches of the university, the opinion is most general that no disadvantage or loss will be occasioned by laying that matter over two years, when it may justly become a law.

In view of the foregoing, we believe the governor will have no hesitancy in signing Senate Bill No. 5, as a veto at the present time, admitting that it may become a law two years hence, would mean a loss to the State of \$60,000.

LEX.

W. S. Cain, M. P., presided at a recent temperance meeting in London, and W. E. Abel made the address. There was no disturbance.

YOUNG MILLIONAIRES.

"Fiancéur" tells how they Manage to Spend their Money.

The announcement that Jacob Lorillard had set up as a defense to a suit on a note for two thousand dollars the plea that he had only forty thousand dollars a year, and that out of this he was unable to pay notes which he had indorsed for friends, has drawn attention to the extravagance of our young millionaires. No one who has not investigated the subject is aware of the enormous sums which these youths get away with in the course of a year.

Another Lorillard—Louis L.—was given a cottage at Newport by the millionaire spinster, Catherine Wolfe. To enable him to keep it up, she left him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash. But the income of this sum failed to supply him with the means of maintaining his stables, his stud, his carriage-house, his conservatories, his palatial home, and of giving the entertainments and dressing the ladies of his family in the style which his cottage exacted. He had to put a mortgage on the property. A recent estimate of what he was expected to spend, ran as follows:

Rent of town-house.....	\$ 6,000
Refurnishing of cottage.....	6,000
Household expense.....	6,000
Dress, etc., of three daughters.....	15,000
Total.....	\$33 000

With such an outgo, even a millionaire may get very hard up, as Mrs. Paran Stevens and the Duchess of Marlborough lately showed.

The richest bachelor in New York at the present time is Eugene Higgins, who devotes his time to spending his money, and does it with taste and judgment. He has two houses, one on Fifth Avenue which he rents, and a country-house at Morristown which he owns, and on which he never tires of spending money. All through the autumn, he keeps it full of guests; the most fashionable young ladies and the swiftest married couples being only too glad to share his bachelor hospitality. At the Hunt Club meet, he seated one hundred and fifty guests at his table, all in bright hunting-costume. Next fall he will give a tournament, with the costumes taken from "Ivanhoe."

The grounds offer the guests their choice of many amusements. The polo-ground is perfectly level and one of the best in the country. The racket-court cost fifteen thousand dollars. Near these is an admirable race-track, with a grandstand of yellow pine, which will contain a hundred people. There are two tennis-courts, one paved with asphalt, the other hammered earth. The stable is a long, low building, buff in color, one hundred feet by seventy. It contains twelve large box-stalls and eight ordinary stalls, and in these several of the winners at the late Horse Show have their homes. The stable is floored with asphalt, walled with ornamental tiles, and lit by six handsome chandeliers. Every fitting is brass. Opposite the stable is the coach-house, in which twenty carriages of every style, from the shanks coach to the smart road-wagon, take their rest, and above it are twenty bedrooms for the grooms, hostlers, and helpers.

Beyond the stable is a perfect flower-garden, over which an experienced florist and botanist presides, with ten gardeners to execute his orders.

It goes without saying that it costs an annual fortune to keep up a place in this style. Happily, Mr. Higgins has the means. Like Henry M. Flagler, of Standard Oil, better known as the Baron of Florida and King of St. Augustine, money is nothing to him.

The Cæsar of the day has been so puzzled to find uses for his money that he has discovered a new fad—swanneries. Poor John Hoey was the first to start a swannery—at his place at Long Branch. The swans are now in the Central Park. Now the fashion is spreading. Austin Corbin is planning a swannery near his new house, and John D. Rockefeller has given orders for a similar addition to the attractions of his place on the Hudson. The charm about a swannery is that it can be made to cost anything. The genuine English swan, with its snow-white plumage, its graceful neck, its shapely head, and its swelling breast, can only be obtained as a matter of favor. All English swans belong to the crown, and when they reach a certain age, a certain mark is cut on the upper mandible to show that they are crown property. By special statute, severe penalties are inflicted on a sportsman who kills one of them.

The younger millionaires manage to get away with a good deal of money in the purchase of flowers. A single spray of lily of the valley sells in winter for fifty cents. Thus a bouquet containing fifty sprays, and fewer would look skimpy in a vase, will cost \$25. But this is cheap in comparison with roses and orchids. At this season, American Beauties, which are the fashionable rose of the season, are worth \$1.50 a piece, or \$18 a dozen—a generous florist will supply a bouquet of a couple of dozen for \$35. A fine orchid is worth \$2, and to a good customer the dealer will supply half a dozen for a ten-dollar bill.

It is not the ladies in society who ruin their admirers for flowers—it is the queens of the stage. They want their flowers sent up in baskets, standing three or four feet from the ground, and, like the modern clippers, with an enormous carrying capacity. When Chollie is first struck dumb by the charms of Mlle. Aménade, he leaves an order for a hundred-dollar basket, to be delivered on the stage at nine P. M. But when he has basked in her presence for three or four evenings, and has gazed breathless upon her pink tights and her golden wig, he goes to the florist and gives him *carte blanche*. Upon which the shrewd Frenchman diagnoses his symptoms, and remarks:

"*Bien, monsieur, très bien.* I think one tree-hundred basket will about suit de lady."

Many girls get a bouquet every morning from their chappies. A month of such floral devotion will not leave much change out of six-hundred-dollar bills.

NEW YORK, March 5, 1893.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Westminster Gazette* is trying the experiment of publishing a novel serially in its columns. Justin McCarthy, M. P., is the author Mr. Cook is experimenting with. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., introduces his colleague to the *Gazette's* readers. He tells us that Mr. McCarthy's "happiest hours are those which he spends at his type-writer, especially if the work he is engaged in be fiction." He knows four or five languages and can read Greek as fluently as Mr. Gladstone himself. He is a fastidious writer and likes time, though he is capable of writing swiftly and well under pressure.

"Mother Maturin" is said to be the title of the three-volume novel upon which Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been at work for a long time. Nobody knows when it will be finished.

The Century Company is about to publish "A Handbook of Invalid Cooking," by Mary A. Boland, instructor in cooking in the Johns Hopkins Hospital Training School for Nurses. The book is intended not only for nurses in training-schools and private practice, but for all who care for the sick. Besides recipes, menus, suggestions for the proper feeding of children, etc., a part of the book is devoted to "Explanatory Lessons," wherein the various food principles are described, with chapters on nutrition, digestion, chemical changes in food, etc.

It has taken less than five years to complete the new edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, the last volume of which has just been issued. This makes it more nearly up to date than the Britannica, which was ten years in preparation.

We have received the following communication in response to a paragraph in this column in the *Argonaut* of February 27th:

1316 OMAHA STREET, LOS ANGELES, CAL.,

March 1, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In reference to the reproduction by *Tit-Bits* of "The Burglar," without due acknowledgment of the source from which it was derived or the name of the author, allow me to state that, in forwarding the story to the editor of *Tit-Bits*, the source from which it was abstracted was given, and the author's name affixed. While not responsible for that editor's indiscretion, I feel that an apology is due.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE H. TONLINSON.

The most important article in the current *Century* is an account, hitherto unpublished, of Napoleon's deportation to Elba, from the manuscript of Captain Thomas Usher, commander of the ship in which the voyage was made.

Professor Josiah Royce, who has been suspected of the authorship of "Calmire," has written a letter to the Boston *Budget* denying the rumor.

The late Duke of Marlborough, *Truth* says, was, by a strange fatality, just concluding an article entitled "The Art of Living" for the *Fortnightly Review* when he died. Publication of the article was postponed on account of his death. It is to appear shortly.

H. H. du Bose, D. D., editor of the *Pacific Methodist Advocate*, writes thus in a recent issue concerning a Californian production:

"Poseidon's Paradise, the Romance of Atlantis," is the attractive title of a book by Elizabeth G. Kirkmaier. It discloses an astonishing amount of research and information. The writer has read to much purpose the classic authors, and has imitated the late Miss Edwards in her preference for Egyptology. A field of much neglected archaeology in the records of the Pelasgi or pre-Hellenic people has also been looked into. The story is both instructive and highly pleasing, and the plot is skillfully developed to the end—the final destruction of Atlantis."

Saint-Saëns, the eminent French composer, who wrote of Liszt in the February *Century*, is to visit Chicago for the Fair next summer. In the March *Century*, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel writes of Saint-Saëns.

Mr. H. B. Wheatley's volume on "Literary Blunders"—one of the series of "The Book-Lovers' Library"—is soon to be brought out in this country.

The Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris has in trust, for publication in 1910, manuscripts of "Lettres," by Alfred de Musset, and of "Les Mœurs de Mon Temps," by Maxime du Camp, and, in 1920, "Lettres à la Présidente," by Théophile Gautier.

The *Century* for March contains the following list of articles.

"The Violoncello of Jufrow Rosenboom," by Anna Eichberg King; "An Embassy to Provence"—II, by Thomas A. Janvier; "Napoleon's Deportation to Elba," by Thomas Usher, R. N.; "Jamaica," by Gilbert Gaul; "Letters to Two Brothers" (General and Senator Sherman); "Westminster Abbey," by Henry B. Fuller; "The Rousing of Mrs. Potter," by Gertrude Smith; "The Present State of Old Testament Criticism," by Edward Lewis Curtis; "Camille Saint-Saëns," by Henry E. Krehbiel;

"Sweet Bells Out of Tune"—V, by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Artist Life by the North Sea," by H. W. Ranger; "At the Keith Ranch," by Anna Fuller; "Benefits Forgone"—IV, by Wolcott Balestier; "The Cosmopolis City Club"—III, by Vassibon Gladden; verses by Maria Bowen Chapin, "N.," Marion Couthov Smith, Charles T. Dazey, Jennie E. T. Dowe, George Horton, and Edgar Fawcett; and the usual departments.

George Alfred Townsend has written a novel to which he has given the title of "Columbus in Love." It is to appear in one of the magazines.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's "Some Notes of the Past, 1870-1891," contain many references to the Bonapartes. One that relates to Prince Louis Lucien describes him as once entering a London house where the lion of the evening was Orsini, who had just escaped from prison in Mantua.

Mr. Henry T. Finck's life of Wagner, a critical and biographical work in two volumes, is now in press. It presents new letters and many anecdotes of the composer.

The January *Century* has been out of print for some time, and the February number the publishers now have unfilled orders for more than five thousand copies awaiting a new edition. In anticipation of interest in the reminiscences of Napoleon at Elba, which the March *Century* prints, an unusually large edition of that number is issued.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's new volume of poems will be published under the title of "A Wayside Harp."

Henry de Brainsie, a student of Balzac, gives the following curious information:

"The first volume of the 'Physiologie de Mariage' was written in seventy days; 'Le Colonel Chabert,' in two months; 'Louis Lambert,' in seven weeks and three days; 'Le Médecin de Campagne,' in eight months; 'Eugénie Grandet,' in three months; 'La Recherche de l'Absolu,' in three months; 'César Birotteau,' in less than a month; 'Ursule Mirouet,' in two months; 'Le Cousin Pons,' in five months; and 'La Cousine Bette,' in six weeks. In twenty-one years, from 1827 to 1848, Balzac produced ninety books, containing 10,816 pages, three times as large as those of the present octavo editions, and thousands of articles for magazines and journals."

A new novel by Miss Matt Crim, with the title of "Elizabeth: Christian Scientist," deals with the career of a young Georgia girl, who leaves her home in the mountains, and starts out to perform her share in converting the world to Christian Science. The book is written from the standpoint of a believer in these theories.

Edward W. Bok prints the following paragraph in his "literary leaves":

"Andie Rives-Chandler is about to start for California, where she intends to enjoy a complete rest from all art and literary work for at least a month, and perhaps longer. She will leave behind her, however, the manuscript for three stories: one to be published in *Argonaut's Magazine*; the second, entitled 'Tanis, the Sand-Digger,' to run as a serial in *Town Topics*; the third being a short story intended for the new *Peterson's Magazine*."

New Publications.

"A North Country Comedy," by M. Betham-Edwards, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

"Siftings from Poverty Flat" contains half a dozen short stories and a poem entitled "In Memoriam," by Fannie A. Charles. Published by the Californian Publishing Company, San Francisco.

Laura Dearborn's picture of the soul after death, entitled "At the Threshold" and issued in the Unknown Library, is published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"To England and Back," by Canon J. H. Knowles, is a record of a Chicago clergyman's winter vacation. It is a reprint of letters written to a religious weekly, and will prove interesting chiefly to churchmen. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00; for sale at the Popular Bookstore.

"Robinson's New Primary Arithmetic," "Robinson's New Rudiments of Arithmetic," and "Robinson's New Practical Arithmetic," and Scott's "Marmion," with notes for school use, have been published by the American Book Company, New York; price: 18, 30, 65, and 20 cents, respectively.

A second edition of "The Original Papers, with a Portrait of the Lady," by Chester Bailey Fernald, has been issued, containing new matter in the form of a few pages of narrative to connect the various clippings and letters in which the tale is told. Published by H. S. Crocker & Co., San Francisco; price, \$1.25.

"The Dugdale Millions," in the novel of that name, by W. C. Hudson, arouse the cupidity of an

adventurer, and his attempts to capture them make an interesting story, in which a pretty romance is woven. Published in the Sunshine Series by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by Pierson Brothers.

"Elements of Deductive Logic," by Dr. Noah K. Davis, of the University of Virginia, is a concise and clear little text-book for under-graduates. It comprises the body of approved logical doctrine, and, while complete in itself, is a good introduction to Dr. Davis's "Theory of Thought." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Nurse Elsie," by George Manville Fenn, is the story of a young woman whose life is made far from smooth by the hero's brother, but eventually she goes as a nurse to the African coast and the presence of the right man does much to assuage the climatic and other disadvantages of the place. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

Jules Michelet's records of his holiday jaunts half a century ago have been translated by Mary J. Serrano, and are issued with the title "On the Highways of Europe." They include his impressions of England in 1834, Flanders and Holland in 1837 and 1840, and Switzerland, Lombardy, and the Tyrol in 1838. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"The Chief Factor," by Gilbert Parker, is a story in which two hot-headed young Scots quarrel about a girl, emigrate at different times to the Dominion, meet in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and after seven years return home to have their troubled love-affairs made smooth for them. The characters are strongly drawn—except the Indians, who are the noble savages of fiction—and the stories of the fur-traders add to the interest of the central plot. Published by the Home Publishing Company, New York.

"List, Ye Landsmen" is the title of W. Clark Russell's new novel. It is a story of the sea, of course, and almost equally of course, it is an interesting one. The hero goes to the South Seas as mate of a vessel in search of the wreck of a treasure-laden Spanish galleon, and not only is the treasure found, but a beautiful Spanish lady is rescued from a watery grave. Then the captain dies, and the mate becomes captain and has a hard time quelling a mutiny in his crew; but, in the end, he arrives home in safety, with the lady and the treasure. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"The Poems of William Watson" is appropriately issued at this time, when there is so much talk about the brilliant young Englishman who went mad so soon after receiving high distinction at the hands of the British Premier. It contains his miscellaneous poems; the "Ver Tenebrosus," consisting of sonnets written in March and April, 1885; his epigrams; "Wordsworth's Grave"; "Lachrymæ Musement and Other Poems"; and "The Prince's Quest and Other Poems." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

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Mr. Hartwell has been Treasurer of The History Company for several years, and Mr. Mitchell has had charge of The Bancroft Company's retail departments for a number of years.

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COMPLETE IN THE
March CENTURY

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS ALSO: Articles on Westminster Abbey, with thirteen illustrations; Camille Saint-Saëns, the famous composer, with portrait; "Jamaica," written and illustrated by Gilbert Gaul; three complete stories, serials, etc. Sold everywhere; price 35 cents.

THE CENTURY CO., 33 East 17th Street, New York.

That Anti-Crinoline Bill was, at last accounts, hung up in the Minnesota legislature, but the bill making a person who smokes a cigarette on the soil of that State liable to fifty dollars fine or thirty days in jail went through the house in great shape. The senate has not yet acted on it. An Ohio Solon has introduced a bill to banish French patois from hotel bills of fare, and that the Texas legislature is debating a resolution to advise the farmers to raise more hog and hominy and less cotton. We look now for some Maryland legislator to present a bill to prohibit hard winters from killing off canvas-back ducks.

"Scotch whisky" made in Germany is being largely imported into India. The wholesale price, delivered, is sixpence a quart bottle.

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VANITY FAIR.

Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet is different from other recent Cabinets, for it promises very little attraction to Washington society. Several of the Cabinet officers have very charming and accomplished women as wives. At first sight, however, it is difficult to see who of the Cabinet families are to add to the gay world's pleasure in living in Washington. There were rich men and social lions in Mr. Cleveland's first Cabinet. First in magnificence was Mr. Whitney, who bought the house once graced by the Frelinghuysens, added a big ball-room and made the society of the capital more comfortable than it had ever been before. The Endicotts, the Bayards, and the Fairchilds were also social magnates, not very rich in money, but rich in breeding, hospitable experience, and in friends. The Dickinsons and Vilases dispensed abundant hospitality. Mr. Cleveland's first Cabinet was one of the most notable in social possibilities and performance that Washington has ever known. It is apparent (says the *World*) that unless Mr. Olney spreads the board, no one else is likely to take the trouble, unless, indeed, Mr. Lamont conceives a desire to change the habit of his life and blossom into a butterfly. Judge Gresham has no taste or ambition for social leadership. Mr. Carlisle's house is too democratically hospitable to be the centre of fashionable life, while his means are not adequate to frequent demands upon them of this nature. Mr. Herbert is a poor man, and Secretary Hoke Smith has not yet made an independent fortune. Mr. Bissell is a man of affairs, and has not made a reputation as an entertainer.

Hoops are now on sale in the dry-goods houses, one of which advertises in a New York paper as follows:

"CRINOLINES, HOOP-SKIRTS, AND HUMBUG.—Crinoline is the hair-cloth, wiggling, or other stiffened material placed in the lining of a dress to make the fullness set out. Hoop-skirts are improvements designed to accomplish the same purpose, but in a more cleanly and graceful manner. Humbug is 'to impose upon,' and that is precisely what the newspapers are trying to do with the public, but, fortunately, the American ladies are too intelligent to be influenced by newspaper 'freaks.' At the same time the newspapers are ridiculing the style, their own fashion columns continue to assert that extended skirts are fashionable; consequently, will be worn by all well-dressed ladies this coming season. While we are free to admit that extended skirts are an evil, still, as fashion demands the acceptance of either crinoline or hoop-skirts, we should follow the old maxim, 'of two evils choose the lesser,' and wear either the 'Felix' or 'L'Empire' hoop-skirt, imported and sold by —, West Twenty-Third Street."

There are two styles of hoops on sale, the funnel and the Empire. The first is the time-honored tilting, worn on tapes, boopless at the hips, narrow at the knees, and two and a half yards round at the bottom. The Empire has a tape front, the steels extending only to the side, and there is a hustle at the waist. This is a hideous contrivance, intended to be worn with an Empire gown of some delicate texture. It needs to be about as delicate as a bridal-veil, so as not to press down on the wire-works and throw the sides forward. The prices are one dollar and twenty-five and one dollar and fifty cents each. At the first special sale, there will be a drop of about fifty per cent.

Every family in Palermo (writes Sterling Heilig in the New York *Sun*) that once possessed land is able. The other evening, at the one *café chantant* of Palermo, there sat in front of me two counts, a prince to the right, two barons to the left, with counts and barons behind me. All were quite young men, they had the dress and physical advantages of onest bank-clerks in America; but their manners could be the social ruin of any one in the United States above the grade of a policeman. Self-conscious, affected, leering, in white gloves and single asses, they interrupted the performers or applauded with slow, pretentious waving of the arms. It is still the habit of ladies in Palermo never to enter a shop or walk upon the street. Everything is done from the carriage window, because of the laced youth. At the present time their gallantry is a state of transition, for, since an American girl at a young count across the face with a riding-whip, the public sentiment is veering round. On that occasion, two years ago, it was with difficulty that the American girl was saved from arrest for aggravated assault and battery. But the influence of the newspapers was turned to her side.

What to do with the hands (says a *Tribune* writer) is more trouble and anxiety to the lords of creation than a woman generally supposes. If a man is all shy or self-conscious, those members feel like itable excrescences which are quite foreign to the body, and have to be disposed of in some way or other. What a relief it would be to thrust them into the depths of one's pockets, if it were only permissible, and get them comfortably out of sight! Some men compromise the matter by hooking one thumb into the pocket, thus leaving only the one hand to be posed of, which is a comfort as far as it goes. Others fold their arms in gloomy, saturnine fashion; while others thrust them behind them, as if to hide them altogether. Cholly and Chappie have a very ingenious fashion peculiarly their own, and hang their arms loosely from the shoulders a little in advance of the body, letting them wave lightly as they enter a room. But whatever is the style assumed, it is

very noticeable that not one man in ten is absolutely unconscious of his hands or uses them in a perfectly natural manner.

The Bridgeport hoop-skirt factory has received orders from big jobbers in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, and, in fact, from all over the United States. A month ago there came an order for one hundred thousand flat-wire, single-steel hoops, three and one-half yards long, or one yard three inches in diameter. These went to a jobber, and, of course, were sewed into the bottom of sundry skirts. In a week, another order came, this time for two hoops supported by long tapes. Then each week orders followed, calling for additional hoops, until at present the style being put out has eight or ten hoops held in place by long tapes. At this pace, the full-fledged hoop-skirt will come in with hot weather. That was just the way the fashion began thirty years ago. Then at the bottom of the dress there was a single hoop, made of cloth and stuffed out round to about the size of an ordinary sausage. The next step was a series of hoops made of reeds, and the height of the fashion brought out the tilers, which were made of flat-steel hoops covered with webbing. The revival of crinoline can not be other than intensely interesting to the manufacturers of hosiery. There is sure to be a progression from the clocks to the "operas," and a great demand for silk combinations. Assorted shades in garters and supporters are looking up already, and the boot and shoe-dealers are huddling high hopes on the possibilities in their line. The discoveries and patents that have come within the past thirty years are going to come into play with crinoline. The old hoops were steel, covered with cotton or silk webbing. Now, the better brands are of nickel-plated steel, and the high-priced hoops are made of aluminum. It costs sixteen dollars a pound; but it is very light, pliable, airy, and tough.

A man gives an amusing account of a woman's club. First of all the women squabble about tipping the servants. This was very amusing, because at men's clubs, he said, it is a point of honor not to tip, the subscriptions to the Christmas fund clearing off all scores of that nature. When tipping was prohibited, another source of contention arose, as the people with the best manners received better service than people with manners less good. Then there was one old lady who used to get all the papers and sit on them until she had read them one by one. This occasioned disagreeable comment and complaint, and nobody could successfully discover a way of circumventing her; nor could she be asked to stand up and be searched. There was another woman, the most strong-minded of the lot, who was not able to read if any one spoke or rustled a paper, and kept the attendant busy in requesting the members to keep still.

The bony maiden will rejoice when the spring-time comes, for the new styles are just her style exactly. There are, among other things, walking-jackets, with high, flaring collar, stiff shoulder-capes looped up with rosettes, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and a half-girdle fastened in front with a third rosette. The dresses are all short, all wide, all trimmed, and all silk ruffles inside; the waists are all short, with girdles, ham-shaped sleeves, and zouave jacket-pieces of flaring hretelles of the material, lined and trimmed to make them still more assertive. Even the silk shirt-waists, to wear with shop-made jackets and skirts, are bunched up and puffed up with extravagant ruffles, collar-capes, and gathered sleeves thirty-six inches wide at the top. Verily, the attenuated damsel will be very deceptive when she is dressed in her April suit.

It has been said by a wise Frenchman that "happy people need few pleasures"; and when the world sees a woman to whom social success is the aim and object of life, it guesses pretty shrewdly that all is not well at home (writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland in a Philadelphia magazine). Time was, not so very long ago either, when the bridal veil was no less a symbol of a withdrawal from society than the one assumed in the cloister. Dancing, flirtation, attention from other men were all eschewed as a matter of course, and the young woman gave herself all in all to the man of her heart and choice. A man has a right to feel that his wife is "all his own"; but one of the first temptations of social life is to make a pretty or charming woman dissatisfied, "by little and little," with the admiration of one man, and perhaps unconsciously to reach out after evidences of approval and interest in others, and there is then but one step to flirtation. If a woman did but know how she cheapens both herself and her husband in the world's eyes by such conduct, there are few so lost to self-respect as not to be dismayed.

It is quite the custom now (the Chicago *News Record* declares) for married people to invite a third person to go with them to the theatres or down-town dinners. Invariably the third person is a young girl. Some married couples take so little interest in each other after years of wedded happiness that the company of a young woman friend of the family livens things up generally and makes everything pleasant. Wives never object. Jealousy is a lost passion these days, and the chatter of the girl friend saves any effort at conversation. Then, when the husband is

not around the wife can confide all her troubles to the friend, and after a long acquaintance, the married people do not allow her presence to stop any little quarrels that they may have on hand. In that way she sees all the unpleasant parts of married life, and if she does not wish to grow into a sorry, cynical, man-hating woman she will fight shy of married friends, unless it be the class that find real happiness in each other's company.

As Mrs. John Sherwood correctly said, in an article on social life, Washington, *par excellence*, must be the place for dinners in this country, and this has got to be the prevailing form of entertaining as much as in London. The rich people here always gave many handsome dinners, but, year by year, other people who live modestly have joined the ranks of quiet dinner-givers, and, as a dinner invitation is the most desirable in the world, this form of entertainment has encroached upon every other. It is not uncommon to find young men who boldly decline every invitation except those to dinners, and it is extremely difficult to find one who does not declare that dinners are the only entertainments he cares about. Dancing is too much of an exertion for the *fin-de-siècle* young man, and all he wants in Washington, in addition to his modest pay as an army or navy officer, or a department clerk, is an evening-suit and plenty of dinner invitations. The rest may go hang.

The fear expressed among naval officers that they may be out of pocket if foreign navies take part in the proposed Columbian naval review, is based (says the New York *Sun*) upon some experience abroad, where United States officers, with no government appropriation for social entertainment, found it necessary to return the courtesies of foreign navies. To cruise in the Mediterranean, with a rich admiral commanding the flag-ship, is regarded as a privilege by most naval officers, for the admiral bears the expense of any elaborate entertainment, and the ships exchange civilities with the navies of all nations. The Russians, by the way, are still esteemed the most dangerous hosts or guests upon convivial occasions.

Is a wife's clothing, which she has purchased with her husband's money, the property of the husband or the wife? This question has been raised in a London police court by a Mrs. Watts, who is living apart from her husband under a separation order obtained by her. It seems that Mr. Watts has retained in his keeping a large amount of clothing which his wife had purchased with money he gave her for the purpose. Mrs. Watts's lawyer contended that the property in the money passed from the husband when he handed it to the wife, and thus the articles which she purchased thereupon became part of her separate property; but Mr. Watts's lawyers refused to accept this view of the case. Unfortunately this delicate question was not settled. The case was withdrawn upon the discovery that the articles were worth more than fifteen pounds, which is the limit of the magistrate's jurisdiction. Proceedings are to be resumed in another form, however, and American as well as English wives will watch the result with interest.

A dispatch from Vienna indicates the organization of a club of young men who have taken vows of celibacy. Several hundred joined during the first week, and there followed a dreadful outcry from the women. They wrote to the newspapers, and declared they would found a club in which all the members would engage not to marry any one who had been a member of the Bachelors' Club. The ladies who joined this movement did not, however, prove to be the most attractive or youngest of the Vienna fair sex. The Bachelors' Club, a few evenings ago, was the scene of a disagreeable incident. While a boisterous sitting was being held, a young woman suddenly entered, accompanied by an elderly one, and attacked the president, declaring before all assembled that he had promised to marry her over and over again, and that she should not rest until he had resigned the post. There have been no more meetings since, probably because several members have reason to fear similar invasions.

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SOCIETY.

The Art Loan Exhibition.

At the opening of the Art Loan Exhibition on Tuesday evening, a heavy rain kept the enterprising art-lovers and patrons at home, and the exhibition opened its doors to welcome a scant company of daring spirits, who, in rubbers and umbrellas, had courage to brave the showers.

Judging by Tuesday evening, it is to be feared that the children of the Golden Gate do not show, where matters of art are concerned, a particularly enterprising spirit. A good loan exhibition is organized with care and trouble; it is desired that the opening shall be somewhat of an occasion; the managing committee have arranged a tea-table where girls in Russian costume give out refreshments; popular and well-chosen musical selections are to be played during the evening by a good orchestra, under the direction of a competent musician—the affair was to have been on the plan of a large-sized studio reception.

On the evening of the opening, a heavy rain falls in showers. The San Franciscan, whose love of art is only to be equalled by his indifference to the elements—at least that is what you are always being told—hears the patter of the rain-drops on the window and decides to stay at home. Excluding the people directly interested in the exhibition, there were not over two dozen visitors at the rooms. These sauntered about in a melancholy way, and exchanged opinions as to the rival merits of "The Blowing from the Guns" and "The Return to the Convent," "The Lorelei" and "The King of the Arena."

The exhibition is the best that has been given here, and is exceedingly creditable to a city as remote and young as this. The rich San Franciscans are not loth to spend money on art, and though some of them buy their pictures by the names signed in the corners and not by the merit of the pictures, to buy that way is better than not to buy at all. Even Rousseau and Corot had their "off" moments, and when a rich stranger, willing to buy Rousseaus and Corots of any sort, comes by, it is not odd that the skillful middlemen occasionally prevail upon them to expend large sums on Rousseau's and Corot's pot-boilers. In consequence of which, there are a good many poor works of great artists in the city. But this, again, is better than not to have any works of any artists—the art-gallery at the Mechanics' Fair would be better than that.

After hearing so much about Verestchagin, one expects to find his pictures imbued with gore. And when he chose such a subject as the blowing from the guns of the leaders of the Sepoy mutiny, he seemed to have reached the apex of the horrible. This big canvas of his stands opposite the door of entrance, with a long line of light falling well upon it. At the first glance, it is not particularly horrible—in speaking of Verestchagin, one forgets the artistic value of the picture and thinks only of its power to freeze the blood—but the greyness of it grows with gazing. Verestchagin seems to have had the same sort of mania as Woert, who, after painting pictures of unspeakable horror, finally went mad. One of his pleasing fancies was to depict Napoleon in hell, with all the widows and mothers whose husbands and sons had been killed in his campaigns striving to tear him to pieces. But to return:

In the "Blowing from the Guns," the Russian artist has chosen just that breathless moment when the Sepoy leaders strapped to the mouths of the cannon—the gunner waits the command to fire. It was a ghastly deed, done when the English burned for vengeance of one still ghastrier. One would fancy that the modern, peaceful Briton would wish Verestchagin had chosen any other subject. The line of cannon, each one fronted with its white-draped Sepoy, extends obliquely across the canvas to a dwindling distance. "The thin red line" of the army, drawn up motionless, makes a background. Each cannon has its attendant soldiers, who, in their wooden immobility, look less than human. The whole picture has a singularly motionless, cold-blooded, photographic stiffness that diminishes its horror. Only the old Sepoy on the first cannon looks like a living thing. His knees have given way, and his face, thrown back, has the dark, livid hue of a chicken's gizzard. The constant sight of that blue-faced old Sepoy, with the trembling knees, would poison days spent in Paradise.

Over against this, to the right-hand side as you enter, is Kray's "Lorelei." This large and healthy-looking lady is a familiar sight, so popular has the picture been for the last four or five years. Kray's "Lorelei" very nearly came down to that point of popularity where she was used to advertise a good cosmetic or a new cigarette, so prone is the public to admire beauty when unadorned. The Lorelei, who is the picture of robust and unromantic health, is depicted perched on her rocky crag and with her long, red hair floating out on the evening breezes. She has just completed one of those weird songs of hers, the unearthly charm of which lured the mariner out toward the whirlpool where he plunged downward to death. The song has ended, its last notes have died upon the tranquil air, and the Lorelei, with a baleful gleam in her eye, is resting from her labors and scanning the prospect with a smile, full as mysterious and deep with enchantment as the smile that had such a magical charm for Leonardo da Vinci.

The picture is executed with richness of color and a good deal of cleverness; but the artist has not

put into his siren that mystery and unearthliness that, in song and story, have surrounded her figure with an atmosphere of demoniac charm. Like quantities of such pictures, it is a good study of a handsome model. Henner, in those wonderful nymphs of his, their warm whiteness shining against the dark of bosky thickets, showed his power of investing the slim, shining figures with a quality not of this earth. They were nymphs, creatures that lived when the world was young—beautiful, soulless beings that were only living flowers.

In the smaller room opening to the left, were some of the most interesting pictures of the exhibition. Just by the doorway was a beautiful little Dupré—a peasant-woman and some cows. There was the life, the depths, the poetry in this that the French painters of peasant life learned from Millet and Bastien Lepage, the man whose intense realization of the poetical in the peasant life roused such a storm of enthusiastic admiration in Marie Bashkirtseff. She, who was naturalistic and realistic to the tips of her fingers, could yet feel the depths of poetic emotion in the gaunt "Jeanne d'Arc."

Just opposite the doorway, looking backward, is the Lorelei, greatly improved by distance, and appearing, from this point of view, as if she were shining with a soft, phosphorescent, greenish light. Looking forward, one's glance rests on that picture of Monet's, called a "Sunset Effect on the Riviera"—a very fine study of this strange master's. It is all pink, and glistening, and like the sunset cities seen in the clouds. When you approach, it appears to visibly melt, until, at a close view, it bears a resemblance to a partially dissolved shape of pink ice-cream. But, backing away again, the nebulous mass slowly takes shape, and, from the pinkish haze, the mountains and the pale city on its rock rise as Camelot did under the wand of Merlin.

There is also in this room a picture by Degas. Degas is an extraordinary and interesting artist. The little pastel of his is quite typical of his work, which is confined almost entirely to studies of ballet-dancers. Some years ago, at the exhibition of French impressionists given in New York, Degas had a whole room filled with nothing but pastel studies of these, the favorite subjects of his muse. But he does not portray them with any of those bewildering graces with which other artists have invested them. Even the thin and underfed-looking girls in Palmeroli's extremely clever picture, "L'Ecole de Danse," are buxom beauties compared to the hideous, bony, distorted, evil-faced creatures whom Degas chooses to depict as typical coryphées.

Like most of the disciples of his school, Degas is a ruthless realist, and, like a good many French realists, he lets the pendulum swing him far. In his fear of being carried away from the great maxim of Keats, "that Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," he depicts the subjects that he has chosen with a morbid dwelling upon their lowness and ugliness. Degas would scorn to sketch a pretty figure into one of these repulently realistic pastels of his. Yet there must be sometimes pretty figures in the groups he chooses to paint. The realist has it on his mind that he must be truthful, and, if he is truthful, his work will have a beauty of its own, and, carried away by the enthusiasm of his school, he rigidly adheres to the portrayal of the most hideous and repulsive types of the class he has resolved to paint, feeling that if he sketches the less ugly ones he will be falling from the high standard of realism.

So Degas has taken upon him to depict the coryphée in all her ragged, bony, hard-featured, ill-fed hideousness, as Millet depicted the peasant in the sordid hardness of his life of unremitting toil. To Degas these poor, wretched, unkempt creatures were not so interesting in the calcium glare of the stage as they were in the dreariness of the great bare room where they practiced or sat about talking in groups. Here he pictured them, as in the study at the Loan Exhibition, talking together, dancing, standing in a dull group stupidly looking on at a new dancer, a single figure bending down to tie a loose sandal or stretching up to fasten a flower in her straggling hair. In every one of these rough, and apparently careless, sketches, the life and movement were wonderful, the fidelity to the coarse-featured ugliness of the models was ruthless and almost cruel.

Degas is one of the successes of the impressionist school. Opposite his pastel hangs a "portrait" of Renoir's, a fellow impressionist. When an artist acknowledges and owns himself out and out an impressionist, he may be permitted to execute some strange, weird works that will pass unchallenged, sheltered by the mysterious power of the great word "Impressionism." He may draw badly, he may paint worse, he may set a great price on a poor work, and, stranger still, he may get it. The French artists have realized to the full the magical power of that attitude in the artist which says to the Philistine: "You think my picture a daub—of course you do, for you are not able to appreciate it. It's a great picture, only to be understood by the enlightened few—ordinary people could never understand it." An artist who has it on his conscience to adopt this attitude and then complacently exhibit pictures which look like the palette after it has been scraped, may not be a great artist, but he is an extremely clever business man.

The "portrait" of Renoir's is one of those challenges of impressionism which the members of that school appear to execute in moments of delirium. It represents a young woman, in profile—very ugly pro-

file—holding against her chest what one supposes is a rose, but which looks much more like a fresh tomato. She has red hair tied with a red ribbon, and behind her head is either a descending shower of tulips or else a wall-paper decorated with these blossoms. The whole is executed in the wildest hues. This is probably as legitimate a piece of artistic sensationalism as the painting of such a picture as "The Blowing from the Guns," or Jean Beraud's "La Madeleine Chez le Parisien."

Of the several very fine pictures, there is one splendid "Yorkshire Moor," where a great wind is blowing and one feels the fresh air sweeping up and over the long level, and in the upper currents sees it, taking a few adventurous birds and whirling them about like leaves. There is also a very fine portrait of Keijih's—an old woman in a black dress, dreaming.

This shows another side of Mr. Keith's genius. He who has had such success in the portrayal of the poetic side of nature in this portrait, shows that rare power in the painter of painting in the face that fleeting shadow of the soul which always lies there, and which so few artists can reproduce. About this musing old woman there is that same extraordinary and illusive charm which there is in the famous wax head of the Museum of Lille. Both artists seem to have caught in the faces of their two models that indefinable, inexplicable, mysterious thing called soul. It is the presence of this which makes the great portrait. Other portraits show a face, painted well or ill, a good likeness or a bad, behind which there is only canvas. This dreaming old woman in her dull gold frame is so alive, so palpably a real creature—or rather the thoughts that engross her are such vitally real thoughts—that coming upon her suddenly you feel as if you ought to withdraw silently so as not to interrupt her reverie.

The Coming Art Sale.

It is now definitely settled that Messrs. S. & G. Gump will have their art sale, which we referred to last week. They now have in their gallery the finest collection of paintings that has ever been seen in San Francisco, all of them having been selected in the art centres of Europe by Mr. Gump, most of them during his last trip to the continent, and many are exquisite gems that have never before been exhibited in this city. There are paintings there that have been exhibited at the Paris Salon and the Munich Exposition, and the artists represented are those whose names are most familiar to patrons of art. The last consignment of pictures arrived during the week and have been elegantly framed for exhibition.

One of them that has attracted special attention is a Christmas scene in Italy, by Professor A. Tiratelli, of Rome, one of the most celebrated of modern artists. The picture is remarkable for its coloring, perspective, and general artistic finish, and is worthy of most careful inspection. Then there is another, a Moorish interior, by Vincent March, a noted Spanish artist of the Fortuny school. It is as fine as any of Gérôme's work, and would obtain recognition in any part of the world. As with these paintings, so it is with the others. They are all notable and attractive. The collection is a most valuable one; in fact, there is altogether too much money invested in it, and for that reason the Messrs. Gump have decided to dispose of it at public auction, and inform us that the sale will be in April. This will be the last auction sale of paintings that the firm will ever have, probably, as they will not again import valuable works of art to the extent that they have heretofore.

Mr. George Crocker has made a very handsome present to the Country Club—a tract of land south of Golden Gate Park, for trap-shooting.

Stylish Spring Bonnets.

Special arrangements have been made at The Maze to receive the large number of ladies who will attend their spring opening in millinery to-day and Monday. Their importations from Paris comprise over one hundred and fifty designs, and they can only be obtained at The Maze. The display they make is beautiful from an artistic point and will be of exceeding interest to the fair sex. The daintiest creations of the milliner's art have been secured by this enterprising firm and simply to see them is to desire them. The Maze is the great modern department store at the corner of Market and Taylor Streets.

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SOCIETY.

The Dean Diner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean gave an elaborate dinner-party last Thursday evening, in the tapestry room at the Palace Hotel. The adjoining room was used for receiving the guests, and was decorated prettily with potted tropical plants and a variety of foliage and fruit-blossoms, among which little fairy-lamps glowed. The tapestry room was exceedingly attractive. The marble mantel and the walls were adorned with vines and foliage, and the round table was massed with a profusion of almond-blossoms and illuminated by candelabra having pink candles and pink shades. Covers were laid for eighteen, and a sumptuous menu had been prepared. The Hungarian orchestra played during the service of the dinner. Every arrangement was perfect, and the evening was delightfully passed. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes, Miss Jennie Sherwood, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Emilie Hager, Miss Nellie Hillier, Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. W. S. McMurtry, Mr. E. N. Greenway, and Mr. Walter Lee Dean.

The Miller Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a delightful dinner-party recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Havemeyer of New York, who are visiting this coast. The decorations were in exquisite taste and the menu elaborate. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Havemeyer, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Miss Havemeyer, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Herrick, Mr. W. H. Havemeyer, Jr., Mr. George Almer Newhall, and Mr. Henry East Miller.

The Jones Musicales.

Mr. Winfield S. Jones gave an enjoyable musicale last Saturday evening at his residence, and very pleasantly entertained a number of friends. Miss Dodge, of Boston, gave several instrumental selections in admirable style, and Miss Lillie Lawlor delighted every one by singing several French and English songs in her usual charming manner. Delicious refreshments were served, and altogether the evening was made a delightful one. Among the guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mrs. Lucy B. Otis, Mrs. Otto Favre, the Messrs. Dodge, of Boston, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Wilson, Miss Mamie Harrington, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. George Davidson, Mr. Pelham W. Ames, Mr. W. J. Lawlor, Baron von Balverin, Mr. C. C. V. Reeve, Mr. Garnett, Lieutenant C. P. Summerville, U. S. A., and Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Helen Otis and Mr. Frederick Billings Lake will take place in April.

Miss Jennie Watson and Mr. George Shreve will be married about the middle of April.

The wedding of Miss Helen Smedberg and Lieutenant George W. McVey, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., will take place on June 1st.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Maude Badlam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam, to Mr. Frank Bradford, of the firm of Bradford Brothers. The wedding will take place in April.

Miss Marie Naglee, daughter of the late General Naglee, of San José, will be married in Philadelphia during Easter week, to Mr. Robbins, son of Rev. James Robbins, of Philadelphia.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Grimes and Mr. Harry B. Houghton, both of Oakland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruby Flint, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Flint, of Sacramento, to Mr. James Frank Hughes, of Salem, Or. The wedding will take place on March 22d.

A musicale and reception will be given at the Hotel Pleasanton this (Saturday) afternoon and evening for the benefit of the California Wild Flower Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition.

The Art Loan Exhibition in aid of the Hahnemann Hospital Fund, which is being held at the Real-Estate Exchange, on Post Street, will continue open

for three weeks more. The charity is a worthy one and the exhibition is interesting and is deserving of much encouragement. A review of its attractions appears in another column.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury entertained Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at dinner at the Palace Hotel last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Horace Davis gave a delightful lunch-party recently at her residence, and hospitably entertained Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. M. Castle, Mrs. Theodore Payne, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Jerome Lincolno, Mrs. E. A. Bruguière, Mrs. J. D. Whitney, Mrs. J. S. Hager, and Miss Mary B. West.

Previous to their departure for Japan, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson were given a dinner-party by Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan. Miss Jeonle Cheesman and Mr. E. H. Sheldon were also present.

Mr. Edward M. Greeaway gave an elaborate dinner last Monday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, *né* Hooker. The others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Hager, Miss Jeonle Hooker, Miss Small, of Toronto, Canada, Miss Beth Sperry, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Walter Lee Dean, Mr. F. P. Deering, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Beazley, Mr. Everett N. Bee, and Mr. W. H. Magee.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Cunningham, and Miss Taylor comprised a party which left last Saturday on the steamer *Peru* to make a two months' trip to Japan.

Mr. John H. Wise is visiting Washington, D. C., and his old home in Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair changed their plans at the last moment, and, instead of going to Europe, are en route to this city for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. C. Steele, of Oakland, have gone to Cuba, and will be at the city in three months.

Mr. John D. Spreckels returned from Coronado Beach last Sunday.

Mr. J. William Byrne witnessed the inaugural ceremonies in Washington, D. C., and is expected back here in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Arnold are in Cairo, Egypt, after having passed the Christmas holidays in Paris as the guests of Mrs. Arnold's uncle, M. Henri Harrisse, the well-known historiographer. M. Harrisse, whose great work on Columbus and the early navigators was crowned by the French Academy, was requested to undertake the presidency of the section of cosmography at the Columbian Exposition. He was obliged to decline the invitation on account of failing health.

Mrs. John Martin returned on Friday to her mines in Trinity County, after attending the funeral of her late brother, Mr. Henry Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy intend passing the month of April at the Pope villa near St. Helena.

Mrs. John H. Dickinson and Master Reginald Dickinson have left Pasadena and are at Redlands.

Mr. John Byrne will pass the spring and summer at his vineyard near St. Helena.

Mr. M. Hall McAllister is in Guatemala, Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kelly, Sr., and Mr. Thomas H. Kelly are at St. Augustine, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Havemeyer, Miss Havemeyer, and Mr. W. H. Havemeyer, Jr., of New York, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller at their home in Oakland.

Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Miss Bessie Shreve will remain in Santa Barbara about three weeks more.

Mrs. L. L. Baker is paying a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. Daisy Casserly has returned from a prolonged visit at Monterey.

Colonel and Mrs. P. A. Finigan were in Rome when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Sempel Miller have returned from a month's visit to the various resorts in Southern California.

Mr. J. Henley Smith is visiting Washington, D. C.

Mr. Rodney Smith has gone to Portland, Or., and will be away about six months.

Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge, who has been confined to his rooms in the Palace Hotel for a couple of weeks by serious illness, is now able to be out.

Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Bender, and Miss Yerrington are at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Green have secured a cottage in Sausalito and will occupy it early in April.

Mr. James Brett Stokes, who has been passing a couple of weeks at Monterey, has gone to Coronado, and will remain south for several weeks.

Misses Eleanor and Mae Dimond have gone to Santa Barbara for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Frank S. Johnson returned from his Eastern trip a week ago.

Mr. C. M. Palmer returned from the East last Monday.

Mrs. Belle K. Adams and Miss Adams, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Eliza D. Keith have returned from a visit to Monterey and Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Byron G. Crane and Miss Crane are enjoying an extended tour of Southern California.

Miss Lulu Plum is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Irvine, at her ranch in Orange County.

Miss Louisa Connors, of Sacramento, is passing this month with Mr. George C. Carr at Belleview Ranch, Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Appleton Maguire have taken a cottage in Sausalito for six months, and will occupy it in about three weeks.

Miss Mamie Deming has returned to Sacramento after an enjoyable visit to friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howard have returned to the city after a prolonged absence in Europe, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. George A. Crux, who left for Washington, D. C., last month, is now visiting her Newton relatives in Virginia and will afterward make a short visit to Philadelphia and proceed to New York where she will be the guest of her uncle and aunt, General and Mrs. John Newton. Mrs. Crux will return via Chicago, and expects to be home about the middle of next month.

Mrs. A. G. Hawes returned last Wednesday from Honolulu where she has been visiting her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart went East last Monday and will be away several months.

General John T. Cutting returned from Washington, D. C., last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Center are occupying their new residence on the corner of Fillmore and Vallejo Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bowhay have returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pilcher, *né* Bissell, have gone on a visit to Phoenix, A. T.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commander G. M. Rook, U. S. N., has been detached from the navy-yard at Washington, D. C., and ordered to command the *Alert* in the Asiatic squadron. He will leave here for his station on March 14th.

Lieutenant Louis P. Brant, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as Indian agent at the Round Valley Indian Agency, Cal., and has been succeeded by Lieutenant Thomas Connolly, U. S. A.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Symphony Coöcert.

Mr. Adolph Bauer gave his second symphony concert of the second series last Friday afternoon at the Tivoli Opera House, and attracted a large audience. Mr. Donald de V. Graham was the vocalist. The programme comprised Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," Saint-Saën's "Dance Macabre," and A. Foote's "Francesca da Rimini," its first production here.

Miss Adèle Aus der Ohe, the famous piaoist, will give four recitals this month in Metropolitan Hall. The first one will take place on Thursday evening, March 16th. The doors will be closed during the progress of each number. Miss Aus der Ohe is world-renowned as one of the best interpreters of the music of Liszt, and during her recent European tour her playing received the highest commendation of the European press.

The Philharmonic Society will give its third concert of the fourteenth season on Thursday evening, March 16th, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt. The society will be assisted by Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, vocalist, Mr. Joseph M. Willard, violinist, Miss Ernestine Goldmann, pianist, and Miss Amy Gell, accompanist.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his last ballad concert of the second series next Friday afternoon in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. Among the artists will be Mrs. Mary Wymann Williams, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, Mr. Frank Belcher, Mr. George Olmi, and Miss Marie Louise Kimball, the harpist.

Mme. Emelia Tojetti was obliged to postpone her song recital, owing to a sudden attack of illness. The concert will take place next Wednesday evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. All tickets issued will hold good for that evening.

The amateur Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Louis C. Koell, gave its second concert last Tuesday evening in Metropolitan Hall.

Fashion in Champagne.

When the Prince of Wales suddenly decided several years ago that no wine was suitable for the royal palate but Pommery Sec, all other wines were banished from the little suppers which the prince gave to his friends, and "Pommery" became the proper thing. If a nobleman prepared a banquet, Pommery was the first consideration. The London dealers were so surprised that, until they communicated with the French head-quarters, they could hardly supply the demand. It was the same way in America; New York society was seized with the craze, and in every fashionable novel of the season, Pommery Sec figures prominently.—*Eastern Exchange.*

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CYNTHIA WAS A MARRIED LADY.

And a Wicked Man was Lovelace.

"Beauties, sir, American beauties! They don't exist, save upon paper or in photographs. I hate American women, sir, they're so unwomanly."

And then Captain Lovelace blew out a great cloud of smoke, and seemed to swear inwardly.

Now Lovelace was our lady-killer; we looked up to him as having had tremendous successes. We should none of us have thought of asking him to dinner—that would have been far too dangerous to the peace of mind of those of us who are married. And as for our daughters, Lovelace wasn't a marrying man; but here, in the still night, we did not mind listening to Lovelace's adventures, and chuckling over them. Lovelace was rather fond of relating his successes. A terrible fellow, a professional lady-killer, sir; horribly good-looking, mowed 'em down like grass; he was a regular upas-tree to the whole sex.

"But I thought you went to the States on purpose to study the American female?" said I.

"So I did, Pumper, so I did. But I was cured of the American female in Paris. I had a terrible experience. I was deceived, sir, deceived by a woman," he added, very solemnly; "and for the first time in my life," and then he groaned aloud.

We had dined together, Lovelace and I, and we had had a bottle of '34 port. It always makes a fellow communicative and confiding, our '34 port, and if we hadn't had it I shouldn't have got the story out of Lovelace; but the '34 port did it, and Lovelace wanted no urging to tell his tale—he was still smarting from his recent wrongs.

"Rather a new experience for you," I said, with a sympathizing smile.

"New, sir!" he replied; "it was horrible; it has destroyed my illusions. I have ceased to look on women as angels. I met her in Paris," he said. "The husband was a busy man—a mere money-grubber, a soulless drudge. I met them at the embassy. Mrs. Van Spoo was a pretty woman. I was naturally attentive, and Van Spoo invited me to dinner. There were no other guests."

"'Yeou've no business, I guess,' said Mr. Van Spoo, after Cynthia—I mean Mrs. Van—had left us to our coffee; 'yeou're just hanging round, ain't you?' said he."

"'You've hit it,' I replied; 'it's just that. I'm here for pleasure.'"

"Ah," said Mr. Van Spoo, with an amused grin, 'here for pleasure, eh?' and then he vulgarly dug me in the ribs. 'Now look here, Cap,' said Mr. Van Spoo, familiarly, 'you're just the chap to show Cynthia round. My hands are full; I'm up to my eyes in work. You show Cynthia round; you trot her out; you'll be the very boy for her. We've got ten days here, you see, and Cynthia has to see the shows.'"

"'Did Mrs. Van Spoo suggest this?' I asked, with some curiosity."

"'Waal, no,' replied the husband; 'it's my idee. There ain't no harm, is there?' he asked, and he seemed to grin fatuously."

"I accepted the position at once, for I confess to you, Pumper, that I was smitten with Mrs. Van. We were congenial spirits. She admired Longfellow—so did I; I read Shakespeare—so did she; and she was a dear, delightful Dresden-china-shepherdess sort of a little woman. But you've seen her, and so I needn't talk of her complexion, her figure, her wealth of golden hair, and her eyes—ah, those treacherous eyes!" and then Lovelace took a big gulp at his brandy-and-soda.

I hastened to assure him that I had seen her, and that she was a remarkable pretty woman, and generally admired.

"She's a Dead Sea apple, Pumper, that's what Cynthia—I mean Mrs. Van Spoo—is!" he cried; "to me, at least," he added, with a deep sigh.

"I personally conducted Mrs. Van during her ten days in the American's paradise. Cook's tourists were nothing to her. She saw everything. We visited all the churches and went to the top of all the steeples. We descended into the catacombs; we inspected the morgue; we went to the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the Salon. We rushed to Versailles and the ruins of St. Cloud. We breakfasted and dined at a different restaurant and patronized a different theatre every day. We drove in the Bois, and we went to the races, the Eden Theatre, and the café concerts. It nearly killed me, Pumper. I explained, I translated, I bargained, and in the intervals—the short intervals—I laid regular siege to Mrs. Van Spoo."

"'Now, Captain Love' (she always called me Captain Love, the minx!)—'now, Captain Love,' she would say, 'you really mustn't. It's playing it very low down upon Daniel to try to mash me. It isn't quite fair on poor little me, Captain Love'; and then she would hold up her little well-gloved hands in mock alarm, and insist on asking some insane question, which had to be answered from the guide-book. But I felt that I had touched her heart, for on the ninth day of our perambulation of Paris, just as I was about to suggest that she should fly with me—for they were leaving France for New York the next day—she suddenly buried her face in her hand, herchief, and declared that I frightened her."

"'Cynthia,' I said, 'we love each other. Un-

propitious fate has linked you to a wretch who fails to appreciate you at your proper worth. I, Cynthia, on the other hand, am your slave for life. Darling,' I cried, warming up and preparing to quote poetry."

"'There's Dan'll!' almost screamed Mrs. Van Spoo; and, sure enough, there he was, advancing to us with a self-satisfied smile."

"I will come for your answer to-morrow at eleven," I whispered; and then I rose to greet the poor confiding husband."

"I ordered a third ice, for we were sitting in Tor-toni's at the time, and tried to look as unconcerned as possible."

"I succeeded. Van Spoo, poor, simple, huckstering soul, suspected nothing"

"Next day at eleven I presented myself at the Van Spoo's apartments at the Bristol. I was evidently expected. Cynthia was pale, and her eyes sparkled with a feverish light. There were open trunks lying about in every direction. They were getting ready for the start to New York. I lost no time. 'Take the place with a rush' is my motto."

"'Cynthia,' I cried, as I fell upon my knees and placed her taper fingers to my lips."

"'Captain Love,' said Mrs. Van Spoo in a choking voice, 'he—Dan'll—is in the next room, and—he suspects. Let me implore you to leave me.'"

"At that moment there was an imperious knock at the door—a husband's knock."

"'Save yourself!' cried Cynthia, as she held open the lid of an immense Saratoga trunk, one of those huge coffers without which no American lady ever travels."

"For her sake, for the sake of this Transatlantic Imogen, I, a modern Iachimo, stepped into the great trunk. It wasn't fear of the man Van Spoo, Pumper; it was love—love for the treacherous little fair-haired viper, his wife."

"The lid closed upon me, and I heard the ominous click of the spring lock."

"'Come in, Dan'll,' cried Cynthia Van Spoo; and before I heard the fellow's voice I smelled the odor of the rank cigars that he invariably smoked."

"'Waal, my gal,' said Van Spoo, 'are yeou through with them boxes?'"

"'They're all packed, Dan'll. I've just filled the last one'; and Mrs. Van Spoo's voice seemed to be choked by a kind of sob."

"'Then they can be started off at once, pussy,' said Mr. Van Spoo."

"I heard no more; I believe I fainted."

"When I came to myself, I was brought to by a tremendous concussion; I heard the noise of vehicles and the hum of voices. We were evidently in the street. I dared not utter a sound for Cynthia's sake. We were soon in rapid motion over the smooth asphalt. The position was a terrible one. I couldn't turn, but I could breathe—thank heaven, I could breathe. I would go through with my terrible adventure for Cynthia's sake. What if I were to die of suffocation? Dreadful thought! But her secret, Cynthia's secret, the secret of our love, would be safe. She would release me at the first opportunity. She evidently had had some plan—trust a woman's ingenuity for that—but she had not had time to communicate it. But my meditations were interrupted. I and my living tomb were suddenly, violently flung upon some hard substance. If it had not been for my hat, my skull must have been fractured; as it was, I felt as if every bone in my body was dislocated. But I uttered no sound—no cry escaped me, for I felt that, perhaps, the eyes of Cynthia were upon the trunk, and a groan might betray us."

"We—the trunk and I—were banged about horribly for the next five minutes. Then somebody kicked us, a voice shouted: 'Grande vitesse, Charing Cross, enregistré,' and then my sufferings recommenced. But I bore it, sir—I bore it for Cynthia's sake."

"I saw it all: she was eloping to England with me, and for a moment I pitied the poor deluded American husband, Van Spoo."

"We were placed in the van, the train started. After what appeared like years of agony, though it was only a little over four hours, we were dragged forth. I was one vast ache, but my heart beat with happiness; for now, surely now, Cynthia would release me. My position was terrible; in total darkness, my knees in my mouth, unable to change my attitude, parched with thirst and want of air, it was worse than the miners in the coal-mine, worse than the Little Ease; but hope, the hope of my reward, sustained me. And then I heard a voice—an honest, hearty English voice; 'Look out, below!'"

"Then we, the trunk and I, flew through the air as if shot from a crossbow. There was an awful crash, and I lost consciousness. They had shot us, with the rest of the heavy luggage, down the steep shoot to the steamer's deck—a railway collision was a joke to it."

"They put the heavy luggage forward; you feel the motion of the ship most there. I am a bad sailor, Pumper. I always have a private cabin when crossing the channel—I had one now. I draw a veil—you can fancy the rest. But I bore it all. I endured torments in the van from Folkestone from want of air; we, being big, were undermost in the huge pile of luggage in the van."

"When we got to Charing Cross, at last, the

customs officials opened my prison. I learned afterward that there was a label directing that the trunk was to be opened and examined immediately on arriving at Charing Cross. The label, sir, was in the handwriting of the fiend Van Spoo. Had Cynthia betrayed me?"

"They dragged me out, sir, more dead than alive, and I was at once given in charge for attempting to defraud the railway company by traveling as passengers' luggage."

"I dared not tell the story. I gave a false name. I was fined five pounds the next day, and passed the night in the police cell. The magistrate said that he hoped it would be a warning to me."

"It will be, Pumper. Never—never while I live, will I again pay my addresses to a married lady. But I wonder whether Cynthia—I mean Mrs. Van Spoo—did what she could under compulsion? I wonder?"

I shook hands with Captain Lovelace, and I sympathized, and then I bade him good-night."

He's married now, poor fellow, so I tell the story."

C. J. WILLS.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Shrewd Move.

The crinoline will soon begin
Such lovely secrets to disclose,
That dealers now are laying in
A fine supply of silken hose.—Puck.

Seems to Like His Job.

King Death goes on his tireless way,
And reaps the fairest flowers;
He never asks a holiday
Nor kicks for shorter hours.
—Washington News.

A New Nursery Rhyme.

Sing a song of shekels,
A rounder full of rye,
With four-and-twenty lamp-posts
Marching slowly by.

And when the lamps were past him,
He tumbled down kerflop,
Wasn't that a pretty sight
To set before a cop?

—New York Herald.

How She Won Him.

He was a six-times millionaire,
Who sat behind her at the play;
The maid took off her bonnet there—
He married her next day.
—New York Press.

The Government would be Stuck.

Suppose that, while we've got these stamps,
They form a mulcture trust—
Then heaven help us, gentlemen,
The government would bust!—Puck.

The Boston Girl Speaks.

"Oh, do not say that Cupid's darts
Have pierced your very 'heart of hearts.'
That phrase from you is torture—quite!
Because it is not quoted right.
Although you're he whom I adore,
I could not love you, dear, so much, loved I not Shakespeare more!"
—Boston Transcript.

For Seasickness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. PRICE, of the White Star S. S. *Germanic*, says: "I have prescribed it in my practice among the passengers traveling to and from Europe in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time, it will in a great many cases prevent seasickness."

The Vatican will profit largely by the creation of the new cardinals. Each recipient of a red hat will pay \$2,500 to the Pope's household in fees. This is a large sum in proportion to a cardinal's salary, which is only \$4,500 a year.

Thousands of persons certify to the speedy cure of all throat and lung affections, by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

The word "syndicate," which is of American origin, is now used in the British House of Commons to characterize combinations by which a number of members, having a common object in view, unite for balloting purposes.

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Milkman's Late Again?

That don't matter so much, now-a-days. Dilute one part of Highland Evaporated Cream with two volumes of water—for delicious cream; with three volumes of water for rich milk—You've solved the milk question for all time. We use only milk obtained from farms under our own supervision. Prepare in hermetically sealed cans. Ask for the Highland brand—take no other.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mendez, the Hebrew poet, sat to Hayden for a portrait, and told him not to put it in his show-room, as he wished to keep the matter a secret. Hayden, however, could not resist exhibiting the picture to a friend. "That's Mendez," he said. "You don't say so! Well, upon my word, you've not been so fortunate as usual. It's not in the least like him." "Well," said Hayden, "the fact is, he particularly wished it should not be known."

Jay Gould once told a story about an Irishman. It was when there were packet-boats on the Erie Canal. The Irishman offered to work his passage to Buffalo, and they set him leading the horses that towed the boat. He worked faithfully for two days, doing a great deal of thinking. On the third day he thought it out. "By the powers," he said, "I might as well walk as work me passage." And walk he did, without even thanking his employers.

It is said that in a Western theatre recently (remarks the *World*), a man suddenly rose in his seat and complained to the audience that, on account of the thing worn on the head of the woman in front of him, he was unable to witness the performance. And, as the story goes, the man's daring was rewarded. The woman rose in all her majesty, looked at the man with an expression that seemed to say, "Oh, I wish I were Corbett," and swept out of the house in great anger.

The guns in use on the ships of our modern navy have a plate of steel armor fastened over them and bent slightly back, so that a missile striking it would be deflected upward. A visitor to one of the ships said he supposed that this was a serviceable protection to the men who were working the guns. "Lor' bless yer!" replied the old salt who was explaining the mechanism of the big rifle, "tain't to protect the men, it's to keep the works from gettin' knocked out of order. There's men enough."

Mr. P. H. Winston and Hon. H. A. Gilliam were for years leaders at the Bertie County (N. C.) bar, and had each a full appreciation, from experience, of the skill of the other. At one term Mr. Winston was suddenly called away, and placed his business in the hands of his nephew, Duncan Winston, a recent acquisition to the bar. "Now," said he, "Duncan, if Gilliam makes you any offer of a compromise, decline it. If you make him one, and you find he is about to accept it, *withdraw it immediately*."

One of our city physicians recently received the following letter from a country physician (?): "Dear dock, I have a pasbunt whos phisical sines shows that the windpipe was ulcerated, of and his lung have dropped into his stumick. He is unabel to swoller and I fear his stumick tube is gon. I hav giv hym ery thing under heaven without effectt. his father is welthy Onerable and influensial. be is an active member of the M. E. chirsch and god nos I don't want to loose hym. what shall I due. ans buy retun male. yours in neede."

A Boston pastor was sitting in his library one evening, recently, when a knock at the door came. He answered, and found a couple who desired to be united in matrimony. The pastor asked them into his parlor and performed the marriage ceremony, after which the groom handed him a sealed envelope, supposed to have contained the usual compensation. The happy couple departed, and the reverend gentleman opened the envelope and found the following note: "If she turns out as well as I think she will, I will come back and pay you for your services."

A passenger in an English train, near Windsor, had the misfortune to have his hat blown off. He instantly jumped out after it through the window. The train was stopped, and he was found sitting by the line, a little shaken, but brushing his hat with tender solicitude. Some unpleasant things have been written about this incident, reflecting upon this person's intelligence; but the fact is that the great majority of us every day show a similar lack of the sense of proportion. How often do we endanger our lives by hastening over a slippery crossing to anticipate an approaching car; we save by it half a second of time, for which we have no particular use, and risk being huried into eternity.

A congressman tells this story: "When I was about thirty, I hung out my shingle in a small town in a Southern State, and, being from the North, I did not receive at first the agreeable recognition I expected. One blatherskite of a fellow made himself so obnoxious that one day I slapped his jaws. I was feeling pretty good, when I was knocked out by receiving a challenge from Mr. Blatherskite. I tried to get out of it some way, but couldn't, and finally accepted his challenge, and chose double-barreled shot-guns at ten paces. I didn't hear anything from my man for twenty-four hours, and then I had a personal call from him. 'I have come in,' he said, after a few preliminary remarks, 'to make a statement about this duel. What I've got to say is that shot-

guns are too doggoned mortuary for me, and if you have no objection, I'll apologize and call it square.' I accepted the situation gracefully, and ever after Mr. Blatherskite was most respectful."

"Dick" Parsons, of Cleveland, and Senator Sherman were great friends, and Mr. Sherman secured for Mr. Parsons the appointment of Minister to Argentine, and took him to call on Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Parsons always took great pride in his personal appearance. His attire was faultless and was the object of many glances from the President. When the opportunity offered, Mr. Parsons, in his elegant and polished way, expressed his thanks to Mr. Lincoln. In conclusion, he said something about the climate over there being much warmer than that in which he resided, and that he had been told that the change would very likely affect his health. "Well, Mr. Parsons," replied Mr. Lincoln, when he had finished, "if you should die over there, you would leave a mighty good suit of clothes."

A lady wrote once from a little country town to Rufus Hatch, asking him to advise her how to invest five thousand dollars. She did not know Mr. Hatch, but hinted that she had seen him and another gentleman on one occasion enjoying a supper of roast clams on board of a yacht off Fire Island. Mr. Hatch replied as follows:

"Your communication has reached me through the courtesy of Fisk & Hatch, an eminently respectable firm of bankers, with whom, probably unfortunately for myself, I am unconnected. Mr. Hatch, of Fisk & Hatch, is considered the good Hatch of New York city. There are several wicked Hatches in the banking business in this wicked Wall Street. Neither the good Mr. Hatch nor myself is in the habit of inviting ladies to eat clams under assumed names. Allow me, however, to give you some advice. First, in writing to brokers, avoid giving a detailed statement of your ancestors, your friends, and your posterity. Second, invest your five thousand dollars in mortgages on Jefferson County cheese and butter-farms. Third, if, however, you have the insane idea of becoming suddenly rich through the action of some unknown quantity, send your money to the good Mr. Hatch, of Fisk & Hatch, and instruct him to invest it in government bonds and nothing else. Fourth, in reply to your inquiries about Messrs. Gould and Vanderbilt, I will say that their reputation in Wall Street at present is not of the best quality. They have gone out of things that they were in and have gone into things that they were out of, and the street is greatly puzzled. Fifth, if you desire any further advice, I would advise you to address the good Mr. Hatch, and not your obedient servant,

UNCLE RUFUS HATCH."

Aunt Thankful Wade in her youth had left her Eastern home and taken up a claim, near her brother's sheep ranch in Montana. Living alone, she had faced unflinchingly much danger and hardship, and enjoyed the reputation of being unusually fearless. A few rods below her house was the little railway-station, and one day a box containing a live monkey was deposited upon the platform. Through the frail slats he soon found his way while the station-master was busy, and five minutes later he confronted Aunt Thankful as she chopped kindling wood before her door. With a shriek of dismay the startled woman ran into the house and shut the door, but the monkey, undaunted, leaped through the seven-by-nine window into the room. To reach the door again without passing the chattering creature was impossible, and intending to be more discreet than valorous, Aunt Thankful ran into the pantry, landing with both feet in a huge pan of dough upon the floor. From this point she threw tin dishes, plates, knives, whatever she could reach, at her grinning opponent, all of which he deftly seized and returned with alacrity. At this trying moment the station-master appeared, and making a lasso from the clothes-line, secured his express package, which had gone so sadly astray. "Were you frightened, Aunt Thankful?" he asked. "Well," she said, stepping forward with her wonted dignity, "I don't keer ter hev him fur a stiddy boarder, nor I don't keer ter play ball with an ape."

Have no Equal.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have attained a world-wide reputation solely upon their superlative merits. They have many would-be rivals, but have never been equaled or even approached in curative properties and rapidity and safety of action. Their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and they are recommended as the best external remedy for weak back, rheumatism, sciatica, colds, coughs, sore throat, chest and stomach affections, kidney difficulties, weak muscles, strains, stitches, and aches and pains of every description. Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

—DUNBAR'S GREEN TURTLE, SHRIMP, AND OKRA, and Webb's Maine Corn. S. Foster & Co.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:35, 3:05, 5:05, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:35, 3:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 1:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Week Days	Tocaloma	12:15 P. M. } except
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations.	6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Saturdays		6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00. Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cluff's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—March 15th, SS. City of Sydney; March 25th, SS. Acapulco; April 5th, SS. San Juan.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco at noon on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—March 15th, SS. Colon; April 3d, SS. San Jose.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

City of Rio de Janeiro.....Thursday, March 23, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Thursday, April 13, at 3 P. M.
China.....Tuesday, April 25, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Saturday, May 13, at 3 P. M.
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets,

3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.

Oceanic.....Tuesday, March 14

Gae Hee.....Thursday, April 4

Belgie.....Thursday, May 4

Oceanic.....Tuesday, May 23

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Geo. H. RICK, Traffic Manager.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.

Sailing from Liverpool and New

York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Majestic.....March 22; Majestic.....April 19th

Britannic.....March 29th; Britannic.....April 26th

Teutonic.....April 12th; Teutonic.....May 3d

Germanic.....April 12th; Germanic.....May 12th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

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29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 8, 1893.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Peninsula, Runcney, Sacramento, ...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose, ...	12:15 P.
8:00 A.	Niles and San Jose, ...	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga, ...	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa, ...	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis, ...	7:15 P.
8:30 A.	Adamic Express, Ogden and East, ...	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, ...	
	Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville, ...	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, ...	8:45 P.
	Stockton and Milton, ...	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore, ...	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers, ...	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez, ...	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose, ...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno, ...	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa, ...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benia and Lodi, ...	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville, ...	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville, ...	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore, ...	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East, ...	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles, ...	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East, ...	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose, ...	7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Vallejo, ...	8:45 A.
7:00 P.	Calistoga, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East, ...	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, ... 8:05 P.
Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Wrights, ... 6:20 P.
Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos, ... 9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

San Jose, New Almaden, and Way Stations, ... 2:38 P.
San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations, ... 6:16 P.

San Jose and Way Stations, ... 5:10 P.

Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations, ... 3:30 P.

San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, ... 10:40 A.

San Jose, and principal Way Stations, ... 9:07 A.

Palo Alto and Way Stations, ... 8:46 A.

San Jose and Way Stations, ... 6:35 A.

Palo Alto and principal Way Stations, ... 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Bluff, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS. WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS.

7:40 A. M. 9:30 A. M. Petaluma and Santa Rosa. 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

8:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 8:00 A. M. Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations. 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Hopland and Ukiah. 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Guerneville. 7:30 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Sonoma and Glen Ellen. 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Sebastopol. 10:40 A. M. 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Ukiah, Hydenville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays: Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.

PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

Ticket Offices at Ferry, 30 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Jan. 27, Feb. and March 10, 24, April 15, 30.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M.

For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, at each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 N. Montgomery Street.

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VERDI'S NEW OPERA.

Some Account of the Plot and Music of "Falstaff."

Verdi's new opera, "Falstaff," was produced at La Scala, in Milan, on the night of February 9th. The venerable composer is within a few days of having completed his eightieth year, but this fruit of his declining years shows no sign of diminished powers, if we may trust the universal verdict of the correspondents. The genesis of the new opera and some other information concerning it are given in the New York World as follows:

"Boito, the composer of 'Mefistofele,' suggested Shakespeare's character of Falstaff as the subject of the opera, and, in 1890, he completed the libretto. Verdi has been working on the music for about two and a half years. It is drawn from 'Henry IV.' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and Falstaff is the great central character. He occupies the stage during all but ten minutes of the opera. It was announced, a short while ago, that the opera was a lyric comedy in three acts and five scenes, with nine characters besides Falstaff—the soprano, one mezzo, one contralto, three tenors, one baritone, and one basso, and a chorus of thirteen male and fifteen female voices. The libretto describes the trick played on Falstaff by the merry wives of Windsor. The cutting to three acts entailed a great amount of simplifying. The original plot included a scene in which Falstaff was to be hanged from a tree. Ford's house, which ends with the scene of the clothes-basket and the casting of Falstaff into the ditch; the second is the appointment made in the park at the back, where he is cuffed and kicked until he confesses and repents. The cast originally selected for the first production included, besides Maurel, who had the title-role, Emma Zelli and Virginia Guerrio as Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, and Stella Mangianottis Nannetta, the daughter of Alice. The others are Dame Quickly, Josephine Pasqual; Ford, Signor Corsi; Dr. Cajus, Signor Paroli; Fenton, Signor Garbin; Bardolph, Signor Folligali-Rosetti; and Pistol, Signor Quindico. The choruses appear only in the park scene, which ends the opera."

There is no overture or prelude of any kind to the opera. Says a correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette*:

"After three bars of a vigorous *tutti*, the curtain rises on the interior of the Osteria della Giarrettiera—which is Italian for the Garter Inn. Falstaff, seated at a table, is busy selling letters and drinking. Pistol, long and lean, and Bardolph, embellished with a tremendously red nose, look on. Enter Dr. Cajus with a furious apostrophe, abusing Falstaff for his riotous behavior and violence to his servants and horses the night before, and complaining also of having been made drunk and robbed by Falstaff's followers. He gets no redress for his grievances, and exits vowing never to get drunk again otherwise than 'fra gente onesta, sobria, civile e pia.' Pistol with Bardolph accompany him to the door, with a mock Amen to his vow; but are hushed by Falstaff, who first examines the host's bill, then reproves them, and finally explains his plan. Here are two letters to be borne, one to Alice, the other to Meg; both are love letters, and from each he expects pleasure and profit. Pistol refuses the mission. 'Non sono un Messer Pandarus,' says he. Bardolph declines also on the grounds of honor. A page is intrusted with the message, and then, turning to his followers, Falstaff delivers himself of his views on honor, which he says is, after all, but 'una parola,' which contains nothing but 'dell'aria che vola.' Having finished his admonition, he takes up a broom and, hitting right and left, turns his scrupulous companions out. The capital passage here is the closing scene, with the monologue on honor, in which the above-mentioned scene in 'Henry IV.' with the same lines of Falstaff in Act Second of 'The Merry Wives' have been marvelously bleached by Signor Boito, and reentered musically with an astounding facility."

That concludes the first scene. The second represents the gardens outside Ford's house, a group of trees dividing the stage in two:

"Sixteen bars of a sprightly character precede the greetings and the ensuing conversation between Alice, Meg, Nannetta, and Mrs. Quickly. The theme of the talk is John's letter to Alice. He tells her that he has seen her names, and the *quartetto* resolve then and there to have their revenge. The phrases of the four *comari* roll from mouth to mouth, a most perfect title-tattle, kept throughout in a vivacious movement, hardly interrupted by a slower one when the letters are read. A beautiful, large phrase for soprano (Alice), 'E il viso tuo su me rimprovera,' closes the letter-scene and precedes an outburst of laughter; after which, the four voices united in a short quartet, and all *escenti* to make room for another ensemble. Here is Ford, surrounded by Dr. Cajus, Fenton, Pistol, and Bardolph, all speaking, or rather singing, at the same time—these examining Falstaff's designs, those offering help and advice. The 'merry wives' return, having combined a plan of revenge; but, perceiving the other party on the other side of the group of trees, retire to the left, while the men leave, also, to the right to take counsel in stricter privacy. But Nannetta and Fenton have remained to steal 'due baci in fretta.' They kiss and speak of their love; both parties return, always divided by the group of trees (there the lovers are hidden); and here is placed the first finale of the work, in which are combined in a masterly manner the former ensemble of the four female voices, the quartet of the men, while a charming love phrase for tenor (Fenton) hovers over the whole—altogether a *concertino* in nine real parts. Once more the women are left to themselves; a former theme reappears; and the phrase of Alice, 'E il viso tuo,' proposed by the soprano and taken up in unison by the other voices, and wound up with a peal of laughter, closes the first act. The act represents over an hour of music and action, twenty-eight pages of the pianoforte score containing some nine hundred bars; of these hardly seventy are in moderate movement—the rest is an unceasing allegro, the slowest of which marks one hundred to the crotchet by the metronome. Hence an incredible 'go, go, go,' which pervades the action, and makes the whole thing alive and natural, while the music more than flows—it simply runs."

The first scene of the second act takes us back to the Garter Inn. Falstaff receives Mrs. Quickly and her embassy, and afterward Ford, disguised and translated into Fontana; from Mrs. Quickly he accepts an appointment *dalle due alle tre* in Ford's house, and Fontana is promised help in his well-known errand. In the second scene we have the interior of Ford's house.

"Nannetta, who is crying of love for Fenton, is promised aid—a necessary deviation from the original; a screen is disposed between the chimney and a linen-basket, and suitable directions are given to the servants. But here is Sir John ready to take the place by storm; an allusion to the circumstance provokes him to sing of times past, 'Quand' ero paggio del Duca di Norfolk ero sottile,' a gem in twenty-four bars of gayette rhythm; and, as he gets more enterprising, in runs Mrs. Quickly announcing Meg. Quick behind the screen goes the amorous knight, but not for long, for here is Ford in earnest pursuit of the gallant; while he and friends disperse over the house in search of him, Falstaff has to exchange his hiding-place for a linen-basket. Profiting by a momentary absence of all except Falstaff in the basket, Fenton and Nannetta hide behind the screen to resume their love-making and kissing. All return—the men—except Falstaff, from the search, the women grouped around the basket; the din ceases for a moment, when a sonorous kiss is heard behind the screen; here a second finale, the most humorous page of the score—that is the situation. Ford, with his friends, lays siege to the screen with all sorts of funny preparations, thinking Falstaff there; the three women cackle round the basket, out of which Falstaff pops now and then, gasping for breath. The lovers, heedless of all, go on in their hiding-place with their cooing. The oburgations of Ford and company, the *cinqetto* of the women, Falstaff's boarse grants, the love-duet behind the

screen, form here an *ensemble* of sixty bars in nine real parts again, strengthened yet by the addition of a male chorus; and, as far as construction and clearness of effect go, the like has never yet been written."

In the second scene of the third act, we are in Windsor Park. The moon comes up, little by little, and at first hunters' horns are heard in the distance:

"Fenton appears first, with a short *arioso*, which he terminates with the phrase, *bocca baciata*. Nannetta answers in the distance, and the phrase is taken up by both voices in unison. Alice and Meg come up, are joined by Mrs. Quickly, and here the disguise which is to trip the lovers is effectuated. All run away, for here comes *il pezzo grosso*. Midnight strikes, and Falstaff, in his grotesque get-up, appears, counting the strokes. Here is also Alice. But hardly have the would-be lovers exchanged a few words, when a cry for help is heard (Meg), and Alice bolts, for fear of the ghosts, and leaves Falstaff to his own devices. These are not complicated. 'Sono le Fate, chi le guarda è morto,' says he, and lies down upon his face. What follows is familiar; and it will be sufficient to indicate that, helped by disguise, Fenton gets Nan for his wife. The marriage ceremony in the final scene is performed to delightful music; and the finale is a fugue, the theme of which ('Tutto nel mondo è burla') is proposed by the haritone (Falstaff) and worked first through one group composed of soprano, tenor, and contralto (Alice, Fenton, and Quickly); then the theme passes to a second group, from mezzo-soprano (Meg) to soprano, etc.; then to the third—the chorus now doubling the parts, now used as pedal, now as *canto fermo*; altogether eighty-five bars of writing for ten real parts and a full chorus—a miracle of lucidity in treatment and construction, and a page with a similar finale in the 'Meistersingers,' colossal as it is, can hardly compete, unless it be in sonority. While for speed and *brav* the thing is simply unparalleled. The work finishes, as it begins, in the key of C major."

Single seats sold at fifty dollars each before the performance, and there were, of course, unlimited calls for composer, librettists, and artists. Many notables—among them Pietro Mascagni, the young composer—were in the audience, and the King of Italy sent a personal note expressing regret that he and the queen could not be present.

At the theatres during the week commencing March 13th: The Bostonians in "Robin Hood"; Stetson's company in "The Crust of Society"; and repetitions of "His Majesty," "A Night on the Bristol," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Sybil Sanderson scored a success in "Roméo et Juliette" at Nice, recently, being recalled several times.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres the event of the week has been the production of the new opera "His Majesty," at the Tivoli. It is the work of two San Franciscans. H. J. Stewart wrote the music and Peter Robertson the libretto. When it was produced for the first time at the Grand Opera House, some weeks ago, the performers were all amateurs. Now it has been placed in the hands of professionals, and the result has been crowded houses. On the first night at the Tivoli there were many auditors present who had witnessed the first performance at the Grand Opera House. They were anxious to compare the amateurs with the professionals. The verdict was almost unanimous—the amateurs, as a whole, sang better; the professionals, as a whole, acted better. The dialogue, which is full of bright bits, did not attract much attention when the lines were uttered by amateurs; the Tivoli performers, however, gave it the necessary accentuation, and underlined it, so to speak. The opera has been cut somewhat, and improved in the cutting. The fact is more apparent than ever, as the *Argonaut* remarked after the first representation, that the two leading rôles are not those of the prince and princess, as the authors intended. The star parts are those of the prima donna and the impresario. If any further changes are made in the opera, these two rôles should be added to, while the prince and princess should be diminished in importance. The poverty of the king is somewhat over-elaborated in the dialogue—after the first announcement of it to the audience, repetitions of the fact cease to cause laughter. The poverty "business" is all very well—we were speaking of the dialogue. In fact, what the opera most lacks is business and action. As the French playwright said, when interrogated as to his success: "There are three rules to make a successful play." "What is the first?" "Action." "And the second?" "Action." "But the third is?" "Action."

The dailies of a week ago devoted quite a little space to cable dispatches from Paris stating that Loie Fuller, the serpentine dancer, is engaged to be married. They stated that the name of the happy man was not known. If the editors had had their wits about them, they could have supplied this important detail from the Paris letter in the *Argonaut* of February 20th. It was there announced that Miss Fuller is engaged to Mr. John Fitzpatrick, of Philadelphia. This was dated at Paris, January 27th, so that the enterprising correspondent who sent the dailies' cable was a matter of six or seven weeks late.

Young Justin McCarthy seems to have a penchant for theatrical engagements, so to speak. He was formerly engaged to marry the daughter of a noted London actor, but the match was broken by the death of the young lady two years ago. His present *fiancée* is known in private life as Miss Ullithorne, but she has won fame on the light-opera stage in England and America as Aida Jenouire.

Carrie Millner-Hamilton is not with the Bostonians during their present tour. It will be recalled that she and Camille Darville were at daggers' points when they were last here; but the impossibility of having two prima donnas was made possible by starting another company for Miss Hamilton, in which she is now singing "Robin Hood" in the smaller cities of the East.

John Stetson's version of Dumas's "Demi-Monde" is that made for Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the poet. Stetson's wife will have the rôle of Mrs. Eastlake Chapel, and her sister, Belle Stokes, that of Violet Esmond, and the Mrs. Ernestine Echo will be Isabel Evesson, formerly leading lady at the Boston Museum.

An odd sound has this item from a criticism—decidedly favorable, by the way—on Eleanor Calhoun's personation of an American adventuress in "L'Argent d'Autrui," which has just been produced at the Odéon in Paris: "It was a pleasant novelty to hear the occasional English phrases delivered in an intelligible way."

Young Salvini has secured from the Porte St. Martin Theatre, in Paris, the complete *mise en scène* of Emile Blavet's play, "Le Fils de Porthos," a continuation of "The Three Guardsmen," and will appear in it next season.

Marie van Zandt sang in "Lakmé" at Pau to a crowded house, in spite of the fact that the usual price of admission had been quintupled.

Emma Eames-Story is lying ill in Paris. She hopes to be well enough to come over for her concert tour of this country in April.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"But you certainly ought to consider the wishes of your parents." "Why should I? They didn't marry to please me!"—Life.

Harry—"Does she know you love her?" Fred—"She can't help knowing it. Why, she told me she had twenty thousand dollars a year."—Life.

"The only thing left now," said the counsel to his client, "is the judge's charge." "How much is it likely to be?" asked the client, anxiously.—Truth.

Watts—"What is the matter with Thompson? He has got so he stammers all the time." Potts—"His wife made him stop swearing."—Indianapolis Journal.

Jeune premier (at the amateur theatricals)—"I say, old man, have you got the stage fright?" Heavy villain—"No; I think she's in her dressing-room."—Truth.

"What's become of your mocking-bird, Dawson?" "It killed itself." "Indeed! For what reason?" "Disappointed ambition. It tried to mock a German street-band last summer and couldn't."—Bazar.

How he got out of it: Wife—"George, I know you will not like it, but I will have to get you to stop at Lacey's and match this piece of goods." Husband (enthusiastically)—"Not like it! Why, the girl that waits on that counter is the most bewitching, sweetest little angel!"—Puck.

His secretary (hopefully)—"Sir, I have married your daughter." (After a pause, bitterly) "I suppose you have no further use for me?" Himself—"Your week is not out until six o'clock. You may sit down and draw a new will for me, leaving all my property to the church."—Truth.

"Yes," said Barlow to his friend, "I have just returned from Europe. I always take a trip across in Lent." "Isn't that an odd time to go?" said Harkins. "Perhaps; but I think I ought to give up something in Lent, and—well, I'm particularly susceptible to *mal de mer*."—Truth.

Bilkins—"Your friend Scribbler seems to be always short of funds. If his books don't sell, why don't you try him at office-work when you need a new man?" Boomer—"No use. A man who can't succeed as a novelist hasn't imagination enough for the real-estate business."—New York Weekly.

A lady, blonde, refined, accomplished in Celtic ballads, desires an appointment to cook in the family of a gentleman of social and political influence, whose wife's receiving days do not conflict with her own. Children's and guests' meals extra. Would remain not less than three years if satisfied. References exchanged. 4 Mulligan Flats, Murphy's Bell.—Life.

"How do you manage to get rid of bores?" asked Snodgrass as he came in and took a seat by the busy man's desk. "Oh, easily enough," replied the busy man; "I begin to tell them stories about my smart youngster. Now, only the other day he said—What I must you go? Well, good-morning." "Works first rate," was the busy man's comment as he resumed work.—Bazar.

Jack—"Say, Bill, we've been in bard luck lately, ain't we?" Bill—"We have, old man." Jack—"I'll tell you what we'll do. You insure your life in my favor for ten thousand dollars, and I'll do the same for you." Bill—"Well, what good'll that do us?" Jack—"Why, we'll just load up our guns, and step off thirty paces somewhere, and see who gets the money."—Life.

Mother (anxiously)—"I am told that your husband plays poker every night at the club—plays for money, too." Married daughter—"That's all right. He gives me all his winnings." Mother—"What? Do you?" Married daughter—"And he always plays with Mr. Nextdoor." Mother—"What difference can that make?" Married daughter—"Mrs. Nextdoor makes her husband give her his winnings, too, and then she gives the money to me, and I hand her what my husband won from bers, and so we both have about twice as much money as we could get out of them otherwise."—New York Weekly.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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A deep silence is resting upon the Democracy, but it is the stillness of content. The Great Father at Washington, who doeth all things well, is managing the affairs of the people without any assistance from the chiefs, which he does not invite. They shudder, grow livid with the effort to other their wrath, but say nothing lest they make things worse for themselves.

It is fine to see how calmly Cleveland assumes himself to be the whole Democratic party, and something more. His election, he feels, was a sufficient reward for everybody who helped to bring it about—everybody except the Mugwumps, that is. Toward them he does appear to experience a sensation of gratitude. As for the Democratic army who

fought for him, officers and men—well, they would have fought for any other candidate just as heartily, so nothing is owing them. The coolness of his announcement that he will reappoint none of the men who held place under him before, as he "does not wish to establish an office-holding oligarchy," is beautiful and thoroughly Clevelandesque. The principle is good enough, and nobody who is not a patriot for revenue cares for the dashed hopes, the hungry despair of the political hacks who have been thus notified to go to work for a living. But why did the high-minded, the disinterested Mr. Cleveland withhold his excellent views as to an office-holding oligarchy until after he had got an office again for himself? Wasn't it in a manner "playing" the Colonels and Majors and Judges to reserve this announcement until a time when circumstances would render their resentment harmless? Even the unworldly Mr. Cleveland is not so innocent as not to know that the Colonels and Majors and Judges would have seen him in a much warmer place than Washington is at this season ere they would have made speeches, and marshaled parades, and herded voters had they not supposed his victory would mean something substantial for them.

So the Colonels and Majors and Judges conceive that they have been cheated—that there was an implied contract which the President has meanly broken when he found it safe to do so. And they are right. It is easy to be virtuous when there is nothing to lose by it. While the campaign was on, and Mr. Cleveland needed the Colonels and Majors and Judges, he was their very good friend and humble servant, and his entirely praiseworthy belief that office-holding in perpetuity by a small set of men in a political party is not well for the country was kept from publication. There are two descriptive phrases which may be applied to this species of reticence. One is wise discretion and the other cunning self-interest. The words statesmanship or ingratitude will fit equally well his repudiation of obligation when he finds himself comfortably covered for four years by the roof of the White House. It pains us to say it, but Mr. Cleveland, with his everlasting attitudinizing as a maker of political maxims and a setter of lofty examples for his successors, is a bit of a humbug. Perfect selfishness and a heart insensible to the claims of loyal and fruitful service have not been uncommon characteristics of the great ere this, but it should be said that they are often, also, part of the make-up of small and stupid men who have the luck to be conceited and invincibly self-satisfied.

The celebration of the jubilee of Pope Leo the Thirteenth is an event which marks the drift of public opinion. During the fifteen years of his Papacy, Leo has been at open warfare with his sovereign and with the enlightened portion of the Italian people. Of late years he has constituted himself a prisoner at the Vatican. He is not in harmony with any present movement in the world. Against every advance in civilization his attitude is a silent protest. He is a relic of the past, as much out of place to-day as a pterodactyl. Yet at no former jubilee was Rome ever more crowded with visitors than it is to-day, and the voluntary presents of the faithful amount to the enormous sum of \$1,250,000 in money and a million in jewels. There was once a jubilee where the gifts of the pious were received on tables which stood in the Corso, and it is recorded that the showers of coin were so heavy that the priests stopped counting them, and simply raked them into bags with fine-toothed rakes. But the coins were chiefly silver, and probably did not amount in the aggregate to the volume of the contributions of 1893.

It is curious to observe that the Duke of Norfolk, the premier duke of England, heads the list of donors with the imposing sum of 1,250,000 lire, or \$250,000. He can afford it; but the act is a curious illustration of the conservatism of the human mind in matters of religion. The Duke of Norfolk is a loyal British peer. He would probably take up arms at the head of his tenantry to defend his country if she were attacked, and would feel that he was merely performing an ordinary duty. But he draws a check for fifty thousand pounds to a prelate who is in chronic rebellion against

his sovereign, and who is laboring to the full extent of his ability to render orderly government impossible in Italy. Were an Italian to behave so in England, the duke would be the first man to denounce the behavior as improper and indecent.

Among other large donors are the Emperor of Austria, who gives \$40,000, two prelates in Bohemia and Hungary, who give \$20,000 each, and the nobility and hierarchy of Rome, who give \$100,000. The Emperor of Austria has always been considered the eldest son of the church, though when he sent troops to protect Protestant chapels in the Tyrol, he was regarded at Rome as rather unfilial. South America is credited with a donation of \$80,000. We do not observe any large contributor from this country, and none at all from California. What is the matter with the local faithful?

This mixture of modernness and mediævalism is curious. The Pope is like a middle-age figure just stepped out of a marble sarcophagus, with the mold of antiquity upon him. It seems impossible to think of such a hoary relic of by-gone days receiving checks and bidding his chamberlain enter them on a deposit-ticket and hand them to the receiving-teller. But it is only in cashing checks that the Vatican is modern. In other things the Pope can not adjust himself to the age in which he lives. When his predecessor, Pius Nono, began his term of office by taking the lead of the Liberal party in Italy, that dry old cynic, Metternich, smiled and sneered, in his courtly way: "Liberal? Bah! A liberal Pope is an impossible thing."

The next excitement at Rome—when the jubilee is over—will be the award of the Golden Rose. Some of our readers may have forgotten that the Golden Rose is, as its name implies, a reproduction in gold of a rose which stands forty inches from its pedestal. The calyx of the flower is of delicate mosaic, chased with the name of the Pope, the date, and the name of the person who receives the rose; the leaves and stem are solid gold; the former are sprinkled with diamond-dust. The ornament costs about ten thousand dollars, and for three centuries has been made at the same jeweler's in Rome. Every year the Pope sends the rose to some lady who is distinguished for her virtue. As Pius Nono once said, it was a "good mark," like the Prix Montyon in France. Of course it is eagerly coveted. History is full of stories of the prodigious sacrifices which ladies of princely rank have made to win it. As there is a new rose to be given every year, and as the number of illustrious queens and princesses is limited, each of the latter is likely to be honored in turn. There are no Catholic royal families in Europe which do not exhibit a rose or two among their family jewels.

This year it is understood that it will go to the wife of the Prince of Wurtemberg, about whom the world knows nothing, but who may be a paragon of virtue and piety. Good Italians hoped that the Pope would at last see his way to bestow it on Queen Margherita of Italy, one of the best royal wives and mothers in Europe. But Leo can not forgive her for being the wife of the sovereign who keeps him out of his temporalities, and the rose is not for her.

It is amusing to reflect that while the white-souled Margherita of Italy can not have the Golden Rose, it is in the possession of Isabella of Spain—that Isabella who boasted that her son Alfonso was not her husband's son, but who could not for the life of her tell whose son he was. Yet Isabella was given the Golden Rose, the prize for virtue, by the Pope of Rome!

An event recently occurred in London which has agitated equally two spheres so widely separated as drawing-rooms and newspaper offices. And not only in England, but in this broad land of freedom as well, has the disturbance been felt. The occasion of excitement in "society" and "journalism" on two hemispheres was the sale of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That the paper should change owners was not in itself a phenomenon so remarkable as to shake the globe, for it has often been sold before, but this time no less a person than William Waldorf Astor is reported to be the purchaser.

This report seems to be pretty well substantiated by circumstances, and the *Argonaut* hopes it is true. Such an American as Mr. Astor is needed in London journalism. There are plenty of Americans like him there, as well as at home, but none with his ambition for the distinction of type or with such a purse to gratify it. Mr. Astor, speaking his mind daily through an English newspaper, can place his native and his adopted countries under immense obligations. He may be the means, under heaven, of removing many misconceptions from the minds of both peoples. In brain and pocket he is singularly well qualified to do the grand work of an international enlightener. Mr. Astor belongs to—we may say, stands well toward the front of—the new order of Americans who are of such recent growth that they are entitled to be known as a *fin-de-siècle* product. They would not have been esteemed very highly, perhaps, by the men who fought and won two wars with Great Britain, or by the mass of later Americans who participated, on either side, in the battles of the rebellion, but they are nevertheless greatly admired and envied by not a few of their countrymen, and by a still more considerable proportion of their countrywomen of the present day. They have arisen to conspicuousness as a class only since the close of the war last mentioned.

No member of the order could be better equipped as a missionary to the English than Mr. William Waldorf Astor. As an individual and also as a representative of his order, he has distinguished merits. In the first place, not a dollar of the millions in his possession has reason to blush for having been earned by its owner. Two generations of inheritance have rubbed that stain away, which is more than a good many of the British nobility can say of their guineas. By experience, Mr. Astor has learned to despise American politics, and to realize the hollowness of a society that is without birth or titles, and debarred from hoping for the latter by the prejudices of the deluded mob in this vulgar republic. About ten years ago, Mr. Astor, then being young and desirous of making himself known apart from being the heir of his father, agreed with those who saw the need for "gentlemen in politics" as a means of purifying and elevating the same. To this end, the young millionaire accepted a nomination for Congress and proceeded to purify the politics of New York. But though he went around with the heelers of his party to all the saloons, to boodlum picnics, Dutch shooting-matches, trades-union dances, and other revels of the populace, throwing reforming money about him with both hands and elevating the electors till their heads ached, the populace went up against him on election day with jeers and votes, and knocked him into space. Thence he was recovered by a sympathetic President and sent as minister to Italy, where he amused his leisure by writing a novel. It was not a very good novel, but the effort to do something besides being rich merely was creditable, and inspired respect. Had Mr. Astor returned to New York and run for Congress again, he might have been taken more seriously and fared better. But he had wearied of such public honors as a republic can bestow, and meantime, a war had broken out between two ladies of his eminent family that decided him on removing from among us altogether and conferring the boon of his permanent residence on the capital of our hereditary foes, the British. Mrs. William Astor and Mrs. William Waldorf Astor each determined to be known as "Mrs. Astor" simply, and as neither would yield precedence, this narrow continent became too small to hold them both. Consequently, the world now enjoys the double blessing of an American Mrs. Astor and an English Mrs. Astor. Mr. Waldorf withdrew his illustrious name from all the charitable lists of New York, leased the Lansdowne House in London, and has been giving dinners to the aristocracy, with a view of establishing himself socially. In May, it has been cabled (with what effect upon the spirits of the American Mrs. Astor can be imagined) the English Mrs. Astor is to be presented to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India. For guides in the wilderness of English fashion, a correspondent informs the earth, the Astors are so fortunate as to have secured the services of Mr. and Mrs. Harry White. Mr. White is the Secretary of the American Legation in London, and "he and his wife are most popular Americans in English society. They are thoroughly anglicized themselves."

The course of the *Pall Mall Gazette* since it has changed hands indicates the scope of Mr. Astor's mission. The political and ethical errors of the Declaration of Independence are to be explained away, and proper apologies made to our British kinsmen for the indecent and deplorable revolt of the thirteen colonies. In his journal, as well as in his life, Mr. Astor will doubtless endeavor to show that the ideals of the Revolutionary rebels are as repugnant now to rich and fashionable Americans as they possibly can be to conservative Englishmen. The notion that the imbruted (and hard-up) masses, who pay rent to Mr. Astor for the privilege of living on American soil, are as well able to govern themselves as the monarch and nobility and gentry could do the business

for them, will be justly ridiculed. Other illusions of a crude society—such as that garters, and ribbons, and stars, and the privilege of doing servants' work for the queen are not worthy objects of ambition to men of brains—will be corrected. Thus will the two nations be drawn together in firmer bonds of amity, the American name be made respected abroad, and every anglo-maniac in New York and Boston be rendered deliriously happy. That we have not misinterpreted Mr. Astor's journalistic intentions is to be inferred from the fact that the newspaper, since its transfer, has abandoned Liberal, not to say Radical, principles, and is doing its best to be the *Pall Mall Gazette* described in Captain Shandon's famous prospectus. It will be recalled that Mr. George Warrington received from that talented, though unfortunate, gentleman, a note asking him to contribute to the first number of the *Gazette* "a genuine West End article—you understand—dashing, trenchant, and d—d aristocratic." And it will also be remembered that when Mr. Warrington, accompanied by Mr. Arthur Pendennis, visited the captain in the Fleet Prison, they discovered him engaged in the composition of a salutatory declaring that the new paper would be written by gentlemen for gentlemen, and defend church and king. So we find Mr. Astor's *Pall Mall Gazette* rallying round the roast beef of old England, recognizing that a lord is a lord, huzzaing for the fine old country gentleman, revering the British constitution as of divine origin, and crusted in general with Toryism. They can not help it, somehow. Let an American, of a certain intellectual grade, get a taste of English society, and he is done for. No snob, native to that land of snobs, is more exquisitely thrilled or entirely conquered by a smile or a hand-shake from a nobleman than is the American *parvenu*. If he stays he turns Tory, and, like that secretary of our legation who has the Astors in tow, becomes "thoroughly anglicized." Look at Ashmead-Bartlett, who married his grandmother, Miss Burdette Coutts, and went to Parliament to vote against the progress of democracy. Look at George W. Smalley, Mr. Whitelaw Reid's resident correspondent in London for the *New York Tribune*. The man has gone on until he fancies himself to be a fox-hunting, hard-drinking, violent-tempered, bluff and hearty country squire of the olden time. And he writes like one. See how our men and women, who go abroad, push, and cringe, and intrigue, and squabble for the awful honor of bending their knees before the dull and virtuous old lady whom the English people choose to keep as a ruler without power, and who represents only the principle of hereditary government which this republic kicked out of doors a hundred years ago and more. No wonder Englishmen of sense have only laughter and contempt for our pretensions to superior political wisdom when this spectacle, and others like it in motive, are constantly before their eyes. It is well that these people should have an organ, and it is well that a man of Mr. Astor's limitless wealth should supply it. The *Pall Mall Gazette* will be read with delight in every newspaper office in the United States for some time to come, and it is more than likely that there will be unpleasant weather ahead for all anglo-maniacs who have not had the forethought, or the money, to imitate Mr. Astor, and get out of a country that is wretchedly unsuited to their manly, self-respecting, and enlightened tastes.

A number of weeks ago, in referring to the silver statue which Montana proposes to send to the World's Fair, the *Argonaut* commented on the claim made by many artists that the noblest development yet seen of the female form divine is to be found in this State, and added that there were girls among us who might serve as models for a new Venus of Milo. In a spirit of light badinage, the *Argonaut* threw down the gauntlet to other States to match our beauties if they could. What we suggested jocularly has been taken up seriously by the *Examiner*, and a number of young ladies are having themselves photographed "in silk tights and cheese-cloth drapery" in order to make the world acquainted with the excellence of their proportions.

This is going a little too far. No possible advantage, artistic or other, can be derived from such exhibitions, and they must inflict a shock on modesty and delicacy. In the South Sea Islands and in the realm of King Mombasa, in Africa, clothing is rare, and the exhibition of the female form *au naturel* excites no surprise and involves no sense of shame. In more civilized portions of the world such displays rob women of their chief charm—modesty.

It is to be hoped that the names of the young ladies who write to the *Examiner* to say that they desire to be photographed undraped are fictitious. But if these young women really exist, we should strongly advise them not to enter this "art competition," in which their charms shall be seen of all men. Let them, on the other hand, keep the aforesaid charms very much to themselves, and when they marry, they can dazzle their husbands with them. When it comes to admiration of a young woman's intimate charms, she had

better confine herself to one man, and that man her husband.

A most extraordinary idea prevails among the promoters of such "competitions" as this, that by repeated comparisons of female forms, one will be found which can be taken as a type of perfect beauty. This is an error arising from imperfect acquaintance with the canons of art. No woman is physically perfect in every respect. No painter or sculptor can produce an ideal Venus from a single model. He must borrow from many, taking from each the feature in which she particularly excels. The story of the girls of Greece combining to supply Praxiteles with composite perfection in a model is probably one of those historical figments which we abandon with regret; but in artistic circles, a girl who undertook to pose for the whole figure, as well as the face, would be classed with the witness who, in reply to Mr. Jagers's question—what he could testify to?—replied: "Most anything, sir."

Such statues as the Venus of Milo are not petrifications of specific women. The actual outline of each part—the head, the neck, the torso, the arms, the legs, the hands—was probably borrowed from some model in whom that part appeared to have been developed to perfection. When each part had been secured by itself, it devolved upon the sculptor to blend them together into an harmonious whole, and to breathe into that whole the concrete idea of loveliness. Not one of the several models employed could find herself reproduced in the finished statue. All had been absorbed and idealized. A professional critic might perhaps detect a familiar curve or sinew; no one else could. If ever an ideal statue of California is produced, it will have to be evolved out of the inner consciousness of some man of genius, assisted by the study of a number of graceful female figures. Miss Sarah Jane, of the Mission, who fancies that her plump curves are going to glisten in marble for the delectation of her friends, is quite mistaken. Her artistic education is incomplete.

Even if California were to send a statue to Chicago which should be a type of feminine loveliness, it might not be the Chicago type. Chicago has already disapproved of our artists; she might disapprove of our art. Those flat-faced feminine freaks who abound in the Chicago streets may be the Chicago ideal. It is related of a Chicago lady (name of Raggles) that when in Italy she was very anxious to see the Apollo Belvidere. When at last Mrs. Raggles was shown that stony type of manly beauty, she gazed at it long and silently, and then, leveling a scornful umbrella at it, remarked: "Well, I've seen the Apollo Belvidere, and I've seen Raggles, and gimme Raggles."

The legislative worm has turned, and Sacramento writhes in agony from its bite. The senate and assembly, by a two-thirds vote and with a whoop of vengeful joy, has submitted to the people a constitutional amendment setting up Sar José as the capital of the State. To say that Sacramento is astonished would be as superfluous as to assert that the first sudden appearance of Jack from his box surprises the human infant; and to aver that Sacramento is grieved and repentant is equivalent to affirming that the small boy who has been throwing stones from behind a fence is filled with sorrow and remorse when he finds the gigantic policeman's hand on his collar. Grief and repentance! Sacramento is pale, tearful, and tremulous with the one, and grovels in the dust in a passion of the other. She crawled upon her bell to the legislature, and begged abjectly for forgiveness when the slipper of retribution had been raised; but the stony-hearted statesmen would have none of her belated penitence, and laughed in bitter scorn at her piteous protestations of esteem and affection. So the slipper descends. Sacramento is running about in a panic, like a hen just deprived of its head, and the spectacle, so far from moving the State to pity, provokes from it that mirth which is occasioned by the happiness that the best of us are said to find in the misfortunes of our friends.

Sacramento had committed her crime in safety a hundred times before, and the legislature had borne the blows with such donkey-like meekness that its possession of heels as teeth, as well as bray, was forgotten. Her offending newspaper, which said the statesmen were a hard lot, filling their pockets with bribes, drinking much, and reveling gross said only what all newspapers say of all legislatures, a what everybody believes. And when the paper thanked heaven that adjournment was near, it spoke the soul of the State. Sacramento's people of society, who did not invite the legislators to their kettledrums, five-o'clock teas, evening full-dress hoe-downs, exhibited merely the decorous reserve which self-respecting folk of a social turn exhibit everywhere. But the legislator took counsel with his bleeding vanity and his anger, and passed a resolution within himself to the effect that if newspapers outside of Sacramento chose to abuse him, he could not help it; that if cur aristocrats elsewhere saw fit to ignore him when they g

feeds and shindigs, he had to put up with it; but when it came to undergoing these familiar afflictions in this one-horse town, be and the Mephitic American understood a thing or two about self-defense. So he sprung the proposition for the removal of the capital to San José, and his lust for revenge has been glutted.

Really we did not think there existed a Californian community with so little manhood, so little self-respect, as Sacramento has shown since the legislature turned upon it. Mass meetings, extra sessions of the board of trade, apologizing, favoring, and deprecating deputations, thunderous resolutions denouncing the offending *Bee* newspaper, boycott of the same, galleries crowded by the capital's fashionable women for the first time in the session—and all for what? To tell lies for placating a parcel of absurd petty politicians in a temper who had power to take some dollars out of Sacramento's pocket. The town thinks no better of the statesmen now than ever it did. It wants the legislature, but it has no wish to have the legislator in its homes—and quite right, too. But when the fellow whom it despised and sneered at picks up a cudgel, down goes the town on its terrified knees, up goes its clasped hands, and its quavering voice cries out that it has always loved and revered the legislature and longed to have it at the family table and to dance with it at the soirée. If anything could induce the State to vote the capital away from Sacramento and give it to wide-eyed, eager, and palpitating San José, that spectacle of thrifty humility and calculating remorse will do it. Sacramento invites kicking.

Last week one of the San Francisco dailies sent around its reporters to interview people on "the decline of matrimony." The controversy over the decrease of marriages—which, by the way, is not an absolutely incontrovertible fact—has advanced a step by the contention of some of those interviewed that, in the present condition of affairs, women are not as anxious to be married as they were, and that the perplexing problem of the hour is not what shall become of the maids, but what is going to become of the unmarried men. Men are being supplanted in almost every walk of life by women, who are steadier, more reliable, less dissipated, and less extravagant than the majority of men; hence a state of things is prefigured in which the woman shall not be driven to marry for a home. It is said that there are in New York alone eighty thousand female wage-earners, besides domestic servants.

It results from this condition of affairs that girls are not worrying as much as they did about the future, and are willing to let the conjugal question settle itself. They are ranging themselves on the same plane as men; willing to narry if the right man comes along and the conditions are favorable, but equally willing to remain single and to fight the battle of life alone rather than risk an inharmonious natch or a ghastly shipwreck. The old stories of husband-runting are relics of a past age. The old maid of our early recollections is not the old maid of to-day. She was scrawny, angular, without a curve or a grace, with fishy, blue eyes, and wrinkled high brow, a thin nose, thin lips, a hard mouth, a sharp chin, scant hair, and a shrill voice; her nature was stiff, prim, austere, narrow, carping, envious, fussy, intolerant. Whereas the end-of-the-century old maid, at forty, is fresher, plumper, and better preserved than most married women. She has known fewer cares and pains than her married sister; therefore her nerves are quieter, her manners gentler, her temper under better control. She is apt to be amiable, her picture is familiar to the average girl, and when she contemplates it, after reading one of the belligerent divorce cases with which the newspapers abound, she is less inclined to ever to throw herself into the arms of a man whom, with him as she may, she never can know until she has seen his wife, and more disposed to do as her brother does—acquire a knowledge of a calling which will support her, and make matrimony a secondary consideration in her life. Men have used old maidism as a whip to coerce girls into saying yes when their instincts prompted them to say no. Old maidism loses its terrors, the relations of the sexes undergo a change. The coarse brutes who now secure wives simply because they can offer a girl a home and the position of a spouse, will then be derelict. Why should a girl marry a man who reeks of whisky and tobacco, who never thinks of any one but himself, when she can make herself independent, and can lead a serene life as a man's slave? M. Alexandre Dumas said, in a letter printed in the last number of the *Argonaut*, that it is at least doubtful whether any woman promotes her happiness by marrying. It is going rather far. But the girl who, having to choose between supporting herself by work, or supporting herself by marriage, elects in favor of the latter, does her injustice of which she may hereafter repent. Mr. Labouchère, fully appreciating the crisis which the nation has reached, proposes to meet the new society which is being evolved out of the ruins of the old with a law which would wrest from men their monopoly of the

right of making offers of marriage. The suggestion is worth considering. There is no natural reason why the man should choose and the woman be chosen. There probably lives no girl who, at some time or other, has not seen a man whom she could have loved and made happy if she could have spoken, but who has passed her by unconscious, while her mouth was sealed by conventional rule. If it were possible, the experiment would be worth trying. If men had to prink in the hope of attracting an offer from a girl, their behavior would be more circumspect, and they would be more amiable creatures than they are.

That witty writer and social philosopher, Arthur McEwen, says, in a morning paper, that "no woman should have to work; she should be left free to bear and rear children." Mr. McEwen narrows woman's sphere. Surely the business of motherhood does not suffice to absorb the whole of her faculties or her energies. No law of physiology justifies such a distinction between the sexes; it is as unreasonable as Kingsley's absurd line that "men must work and women must weep." In the lower orders of creation, the female is as steady a worker as the male. Maud S. is none the less swift because she is a mare; no farmer excuses his mares from the plow on the ground of their sex; no sportsman underrates the fine scent of his setter bitch because she is not a male. To make good his theory, Mr. McEwen should have proved that women can not work and that it is unnatural for them to do so, propositions which he would find it difficult to demonstrate, and which underlie the subjection of women to men.

A sounder view on the subject is that which was expressed by one of the ladies interviewed, Mrs. Bunker, of the Woman's Union. She says that women do not marry as often as they used to do, because they are not now forced into marriage by want or at the point of public opinion. A woman may marry or not, as she pleases; she can take care of herself, and no one criticises her conduct. That seems to be the common sense of the question, and points the way for its solution.

When Italy, for the fourth time, rose in arms to throw off the yoke of Austria, France offered her assistance. Italy had had a cruel experience of such help, and Charles Albert, by one of those inspirations which sometimes come to a man, declined the offer with the historic words: "L'Italia fara di se." When women can afford to say to men that they can take care of themselves, the conjugal problem will be solved.

Of the sixty-three millions of population of the United States, seventeen millions are voters, and it is estimated that of these nearly two millions are either incumbents of public office or employed in public situations as subordinates, or are engaged in the partisan strife for these positions. The towns and cities, counties, districts, and States, furnish each their allotted places for the common struggle every year, every two years, or four years; but the more general and more bitter struggle occurs upon the change of Federal administration every four years. There are about a quarter of a million offices and places to dispense, from heads of departments down to the lowest in the line of messengers and laborers. For every place in the Cabinet and at the heads of bureaus there are a score of partisan applicants, and in each descending grade, to the lowest rank of officials of whom manual labor is not required, for every place there are a hundred aspirants. It may be estimated, accordingly, that in the chase for Federal office there are about two million voters struggling for two hundred thousand places. About one-eighth of the voters in all the United States are mainly absorbed in hunting for or trying to hold Federal positions. The American people are becoming place-hunters. In the States, counties, cities, and townships, there are places for ten or a hundred, and there are hundreds or thousands struggling and scheming to obtain them. These are evil signs. If any young man devotes to business or professional pursuits one-half the time and energy that obtaining political preferment entails, he will find himself at middle age in the enjoyment certainly of a competency and probably of a large fortune. An object-lesson of interest to young men may be seen in the Departments at Washington. They are filled with elderly men working for meagre salaries—men who have grown old prematurely—men who tremble at every change in the heads of their departments—men who have lived in lodgings with their families for years because they never knew "how long they would stay in Washington." Yet these poor wrecks once entered blithely into the struggle for political places, as many young men are doing now.

In his inaugural address, which manifestly had been deeply pondered, President Cleveland pointedly referred to his own anxiety for the redemption of the pledges which the Democratic party made in the platform. Foremost of these pledges was the change in the tariff and the adoption of the system of levying customs duties "for revenue only."

The palpable meaning and popular interpretation of the Democratic platform pledge was a change to the system of free trade, heretofore untried in the United States. Reverting to this pledge, President Cleveland declared in his address that it was the decree of the people that the legislative and executive branches shall take action in the most positive manner to the accomplishment of tariff reform, in accordance with the policy of the Democratic party. He made particular reference to the condemnation, by the verdict of voters, of the maintenance of protection. In the face of the incontestable truth that the founders of the government advocated the tariff protection of American industries, and that the American people have never departed from some degree of protection in tariff duties, it is extraordinary that such emphasized utterances have had expression from Mr. Cleveland. Against him, in clear point of fact, is the solitary instance of the Democratic administration of President Buchanan—from 1857 to 1861—in which was established the nearest degree of free trade—of tariff for revenue only—with simply *ad valorem* duties. The total expenditures of the government were at that period much below eighty-five millions of dollars a year, yet three years' practice of the Cobb *ad valorem* tariff, "for revenue only," exhausted the treasury and forced the administration to advertise for a loan of twenty millions of dollars, which failed of acceptance on account of the low condition of the credit of the nation. The system of free trade was at the time projected by the reformers of the tariff, but it met impregnable opposition from a Congress composed mostly of Democrats, quite as did the approximating project of the Mills Bill, supported as it was by President Cleveland, less than five years ago. It is to be hoped that the Democratic senators and congressmen share Mr. Cleveland's views on platform pledges. If so, they will have to carry out the Democratic free-trade ideas. And if free trade prevails, we shall all of us be rolling in riches in a year or two. Or else we shall all of us be broke.

So much confusion prevails at the close of the sessions of the legislature that it takes time to ascertain what bills have become laws and what bills have been killed. But it appears, from the newspaper reports, that the bill imposing a tax on legacies and inheritances has passed. Assuming this to be the case, the *Argonaut* feels that it may take a little credit for the service it has rendered to the State. It was the only San Francisco paper which urged upon the legislature the duty of providing a new source of public revenue by taxing windfalls arising from deaths. Some two weeks before the legislature convened, the *Argonaut* editorially pointed out the need for an inheritance tax in this State. This article was followed by others. We are glad to see that the result has been the passage of a bill taxing inheritances. It will mean many millions of dollars paid into the coffers of the State. It will mean that foreign heirs in distant lands will be forced hereafter to leave at least a portion of their testamentary money in the State whose existence permitted its accumulation. The payment by Jay Gould's estate, of a small tax to New York suggested to the *Argonaut* that in this State his heirs would have paid no tax at all. Hence our articles, resulting in the passage of the bill. Jay Gould's death, therefore, was measurably useful to California.

President Cleveland has appointed ex-Congressman Blount, of Georgia, formerly chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, as a special commissioner to Hawaii. His duties are to examine into the condition of affairs at the islands, and to make a full report thereon. The new administration, having recalled the treaty which ex-President Harrison sent to the Senate, is evidently going to make haste slowly in the annexation matter. This is well. As this journal has said from the beginning, the great American republic can not, in the light of its traditions, annex a helpless nation without the consent of its people. It has not yet been shown that the Hawaiian people desire annexation. It seems as though we had all we need on the islands now. We have Pearl Harbor as a naval and coaling station; we have the trade of the islands; men of American blood occupy a dominant position there; and the United States can decisively object to any other power seizing the islands. What more do we want?

It has been recently asserted that the condition of women is always worse in bad climates and in areas of temporary depression, improving as the weather improves. The other day, in confirmation of this, a man was arrested for beating his wife. His excuse was that it was raining. His wife begged him off, as women will do, saying that he always beat her in wet weather, but on good days he was a very kind man. This case led to some investigation of the facts, and it was discovered that arrests for wife-beating were greatly in excess in wet weather. The explanation is that when it rains the men are liable to stay at home from work, and, having nothing to do, are more apt to employ their idle hands in this way.

BLOOD-STAINED GOLD.

The Tragic Story of a Mammoth Nugget.

"I know where there is a piece of gold that four men can not lift with their bare hands."

Pancho Gonzalez made this remark to me as he and I were sitting alone at our camp-fire in one of the lonely cañons of the Guadalupe Mountains in Western Texas. We had been out several days and nights on a fruitless search for a hunch of cattle that had strayed from their range on the Pecos, and camped for the night among the rocks and boulders of this rough mountain gorge. Our talk had naturally drifted around to mining and gold hunting.

Joking was not one of Pancho's characteristics. He was rather sober and taciturn, and not given to speaking often, unless spoken to. Consequently, when he made the remark with which this story opens, I glanced at him in surprise, and prepared myself to hear something of interest. For three years I had known Francisco—or Pancho, as he was called for short—and during that time we had come to be pretty good friends. He was a handsome, brigandish-looking fellow, spoke English well, and bore traces of what was probably considered in his country a good bringing up. He was skillful and daring in handling stock, and, as we were both in the employ of a large cattle company, we were much of the time together, and knew, by many actual experiences, that we could rely on one another in the frequent trying and dangerous situations that constantly beset the trail of the cattleman on the frontier. He had always been reticent as to his past; but I had many theories of my own in regard to his former occupation in his native land.

"Yes," he answered, as I urged him to go on with the story, "I will tell you all about it. I never told any one else, because it is dangerous; but I can trust you not to tell another. It was five years ago, in Mexico, that I saw that piece of gold, and it is there yet, for no one knows of it but me. It weighs over four hundred pounds, and will bring death to any one who discovers it. That is why I have left it there all these years, where I saw it buried and helped bury it. There were eight of us handed together then—Mexicans all. We called ourselves foresters, but I believe the soldiers called us brigands. My cousin was captain, and I was his lieutenant. He was a man rash and daring, and all of us were afraid of him—even I, his lieutenant and cousin.

"There was a rich gold-mine in the Sierra Madre, worked by a big English company who employed about twenty white men and several hundred Mexicans and Indians. The mine was far in the mountains, over one hundred and fifty miles from the railroad; but the company, at great expense, had built a wagon-road to it to get the machinery there for the big mill. We had a friend or two among the Mexicans there, and, though our mountain stronghold was about three leagues from the mine in the direction of the railroad, we always knew when any treasure was to be shipped, and frequently profited by it. Finally the company took to shipping their hulkion under a strong escort of twenty men, and this hulkion us for a while. But this, it seems, proved too troublesome and expensive, and the superintendent at last hit upon another plan that he thought equally safe. He had the hulkion output for the entire month melted into one lump. As this amounted to nearly one hundred thousand pesos, its weight was over four hundred pounds, and in its transportation by wagon would need only a nominal escort, as a piece of gold too heavy to handle or to dispose of safely would be of no use to us men of the road.

"Of course we were duly notified of this new plan by our friends at camp, and we, very unwillingly, allowed the hulkion to reach the railroad in safety. Meanwhile, the captain, who hated to be thwarted, worried over it day and night, until he finally invented a scheme that proved successful, so far as getting the gold was concerned, though it never did any of us any good. He told us his plan one night, and ordered me to go to the mine myself, and wait around until I could find out the day when the next shipment of bullion was to be made. The next day I proceeded to the mine, and easily got a job of shoveling tailings near the mill. In less than a week, they 'hung up' the stamps to make a 'clean-up,' and the next day the furnaces were in full blast, retorting the amalgam and melting down the gold. By loafing around the corral and talking to the teamster, I found out that the team was ordered out for the railroad the next morning. That night I caught my horse, and, returning to camp, reported to the captain, who immediately ordered us to saddle up and follow him, and, before midnight, we drew bridle in some heavy pine timber, a hundred yards from the wagon-road, where we unsaddled and went into camp.

"At daylight, a look-out was posted on the road, and the rest of us whiled away the time dozing and playing monte, until we were brought to the alert by a signal from the look-out. Leaving our horses secured in the timber, we followed the captain, and ambushed ourselves, four on either side of the road, among the rocks and underbrush. Here, keeping well under cover, we could see up and down the road for nearly two miles in either direction, for our captain had chosen a place where the road, after climbing a steep hill by a tortuous grade, was level for only a few yards at the summit before plunging downward into a deep cañon.

"Far down, in the direction of the mine, though, of course, the mine itself was not visible, being over two leagues distant, we could see the team approaching. It was drawn by four animals, and, as it came nearer, we noted that the animals were mules, and that the wagon held four men besides the driver. Nearer yet, and we knew that the four men sitting behind were white and the driver was a Mexican. I was sorry for the latter, for I had met him and been quite friendly with him at the mine the day before. But the captain's orders were strict. We were to kill every one, as only by so doing could we hope to succeed in our plan for keep-

ing the gold after we had obtained it. I felt glad, however, that I was not to be among the first to shoot. Five were to shoot first, at a given signal, each picking his man, while the captain, myself, and another were to reserve our fire in case the first volley should not be fatal to all of the victims.

"Nearer came the wagon, the little mules struggling up the steep grade, and now we could distinctly see the faces of the men. I recognized one tall, powerful-looking man, with a long beard, as the superintendent himself, and his son was beside him. All were well armed, but they did not look as though they expected to have any occasion to use their weapons. For a few minutes they passed from our sight under the brow of the hill, but we knew, as we knelt breathlessly in the brush, that those five men were slowly approaching their death. Now the heads of the mules appeared as they neared the summit—a few more turns of the wheels and the wagon was on the level, and then—a whistle—a rattling discharge of rifles, and all was still. The mules had halted at the volley, and were breathing hard from the heavy pull, and, as we waited in our cover for a sign of life from the victims, the only sound we heard was the drip, drip of the blood from the wagon-bed. During those few moments, I remember that I was gazing with a kind of fascination at the hideous grin on the face of the driver, who had fallen forward, with both arms and head hanging over the dash-board. A ball had struck him in one eye, and had taken part of the top of his head off, but the other eye was open and glaring horribly.

"The captain stepped out of cover and advanced to the wagon, while we all followed. The four men behind had been seated facing each other, and had fallen forward from their seats. They were piled together in the bottom of the wagon-bed, a ghastly, bloody heap. But we were after gold, not dead bodies, and two of the band, climbing into the wagon, dumped the unsightly corpses into the road, one on top of another. When the last corpse was thrown out, there lay the gold at the bottom—a huge lump in the shape of a sugar-loaf, standing nearly a foot high, but so covered with the life-blood of the men that only a few yellow streaks indicated the metal beneath. With its red, cone-shaped mass it resembled a great, gory heart torn from some monster larger than an elephant. Some of the hand crossed themselves on seeing it, muttering that blood on gold portended bad luck. Just then, while the captain was cursing them for a set of superstitious fools and declaring that they need not claim their share if they were afraid of it, the mules, becoming frantic at the smell of blood, before any one could spring to their heads, dashed forward with the wagon over the brow of the hill. Instinctively we raised our rifles to stop them in their headlong course; but, an instant later, we saw it was unnecessary. At the beginning of the descent, the road swerved to the right along the steep hill-side, the ground sloping off rapidly on the left side for twenty feet to the brow of a precipice. In making this turn at full speed, the animals swung the wagon off the edge of the grade on to the abrupt slope, and, in less time than it takes to describe it, wagon, harness, mules, together with the dead body of the driver, were piled in an inextricable mass among the boulders of a mountain torrent sixty feet below.

"On first leaving the road, the wagon had upset and dumped the lump of gold on to the yielding soil of the slope. It lay half-embedded where it fell, and as we gathered round it, some of the superstitious ones again started back in horror, for all that was visible was a bloody cross lying nearly flat upon the ground, tilted slightly toward us. But the mystery was easily explained. The cross was merely a frame-work, on which the heavy bullion could be more easily handled while in transit. It was formed of two planks, each two feet in length, spiked together in the form of a cross, and, as four of us put our united strength to two of the ends, we had to strain hard to turn it over, for the cone-shaped mass of gold was still firmly attached to the lower side, and striking the ground when it fell, before the frame-work, it half-buried itself. It had been set on its base at the intersection of the two planks, and firmly bound to its place by thong after thong of green rawhide that continually contracted as it dried. This was a great convenience to us, and while four of the men were dispatched to lead up the horses and secure the arms and other valuables that were now of no use to the victims on top of the hill, the remaining four laid hold of the four ends of the frame-work and, struggling up the few yards of steep slope, set it down in the centre of the roadway. Here, when the horses had arrived, we spread a number of saddle-blankets around an open space about two feet square, and with a pick and shovel that had been brought along as part of the captain's plan, we soon had a hole dug about two feet in depth, into which, using two *riatas*, we lowered the treasure, frame-work and all. All the earth that we had taken from the excavation had been carefully placed on the outspread blankets, and now, after refilling and carefully tamping the hole, we carried the remainder of the earth to a little distance and scattered it over the bank. Our treasure was safe, for no one would ever look for it there.

"Now, *muchachos!*" said the captain, "our work is done. For three or four months we will operate in another part of the country, and when it is all forgotten, we will come back some day with a wagon and carry away our gold. *Vamos!* before six months are passed we shall all be rich men." So saying, he vaulted into his saddle and we followed his example. But before leaving the spot we rode back and forth at a gallop up and down the road, to obliterate all traces of our work.

"A month later, while operating in a distant part of the State, we were surprised one evening while in camp by a large body of soldiers. Most of us were drunk with *mescal*, as we had just returned from a successful raid. I was badly hurt at the first fire, and, unperceived, crawled away among the rocks, where I lay till daylight within hearing of the soldiers. After they had gone, I managed to get back to the scene of the battle, where I found every one of my late companions lying dead and naked. The soldiers had robbed them even of their clothes. I was found that day, by some

Indians from a village near by, and cared for till my wound had healed.

"At first, in thinking about the treasure, which was now all my own, I felt dazzled with my riches. Then I remembered the impossibility of moving it and getting it out of the country without others to help me. Finally, brooding over the fate that had overtaken all who had in any way been connected with it except me, I became superstitious. There were the four Englishmen who had guarded it and the poor Mexican who had been driving for them, shot down in cold blood—there were my seven comrades, who had been part owners in it, massacred by the soldiers and their bodies robbed. Twelve men in all, and I was the thirteenth, for whom death was surely awaiting whenever I again gazed on that blood-stained gold and the gory cross to which it was attached. I vowed a vow to myself never to go near it nor divulge the place of its burial. I even feared to stay in the country where it was, and working my way to the Rio Grande, I crossed into Texas." P. C. BICKNELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1893.

TRAINING A HUSBAND.

As he Should Go.

Another lady, writing over the signature of "Octave Thanet," has added to the vast mass of husband-taming literature. We believe that "Octave Thanet" is a *Miss Alice Davenport*. But there are many "missuses" who may listen to her profitably. Writing in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, she asks: How shall a wife keep her influence over the man who has won her? and answers:

Every bride knows her power; every wife comes to know her weakness. A good proportion of the heart-break of early married life is due to the ferment of this knowledge. The poor child whose lover gave up his cigars and his club with such angelic meekness, finds that her husband can smoke like a chimney, and leaves her alone nights in order to spend the evening with his men friends. She imagines that he cares less for her than he did, which is a mistake, in most cases; seven out of ten men love their wives better than their sweethearts. It is simply that her presence is not the absorbing excitement that it was when love was new. The chances are that the wife is become a dozen times more necessary to the man than ever the sweetheart could have been. He would feel her death far more keenly, but he does not need to adjure his heart to "sit still" whenever his fancy summons her image. In short, she is become the bread of existence in place of the elixir. Now, most of us who have sense would prefer to be bread rather than elixir; but there is no question that more fuss is made over the elixir.

The heart of woman turns with a homesick yearning to the delicate courtesy, the tenderness, the thousand endearments of that enchanted time when her husband was her lover. How keep him her lover?

There is only one half-way house where Love, on his swift progress from intoxication to indifference, may be arrested and so happily entertained that he will rest contented until Death come to summon him; that resting place for Love is Friendship.

But how shall a woman make her husband her friend?

There is one indispensable quality of a happy friendship that many women neglect—interest. Assume that the wife has her husband's respect; assume, further, that she makes him comfortable (a matter of vast importance); all the same, the poor fellow, when home, may be bored to death. The house is delightful, the dinner has aroused all his virtuous instincts by its excellence; madam, his wife, possessor of all the virtues, looks very pretty over her embroidery; but—but—after she has told him about the baby's stretching out its little arms, and Tommy's wonderful cleverness in the kindergarten, and the stupidity of Emma, the waitress, there falls a pause like a wet blanket. He can not spend a whole evening over the newspapers. Madam does not care a rap for politics, she does not understand business (and, after certain memorable efforts to enlighten her, he feels that he does not want the martyr's crown enough to continue his financial education), she is not fond of games, and he is not fond of hooks, so, after a while, he kisses her and goes of "down-town" on business—at the club.

How many women hate that impersonal rival, and, in their minds, teacher of all the small vices—the club. The honestly believe that if their particular naturally virtuous Tom, Dick, or Harry were not lured away by that detestable club, he would spend every evening in the week at home. It is in vain to point out to such women that some of the most devoted husbands belong to clubs; or that, in general, the respectable clubs distinctly discourage high play; or that innumerable times they take the burden of hospitality off her shoulders. She is sure that all clubs are wicked; the only distinction is that some clubs are wicked than others.

Were she as wise a woman as she often is good, she would look about her to discover among her friends what woman most successfully hold their own against the outside tempter of their husbands. She would throw her theories into the waste-basket, and make a fresh set of facts seen by her own eyes. I think she would discover—that, at least, is what a humble observer has discovered—that unless a woman interesting to a man, she can not permanently hold him.

I once knew a distinguished politician whose wife was a private secretary and hest helper. Do you imagine they were bored if left alone for an evening? As a matter of fact their mutual affection was envied by other couples.

Many men, however, like to be distracted, amused, soothed I even know one noble woman who became an amateur photographer to help her husband.

But a wise woman, again, has another quality, quite as necessary in friendship as interest: the quality that some one called the oil of the machinery of life—tact. Such a woman aware that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and t-

her husband will love her and value her all the more for occasional losses of her society. "Let him go to his club, now and then," said the wife of the most devoted husband I know; "he always hears something amusing, and he likes to tell it to me as much as I like to hear it." When we have said everything, is not tact nine parts sympathy and one part shrewdness? A woman who has a sensitive sympathy is not likely to blunder over her husband's weak points any more than a shrewd woman is likely to be blind to them.

In the successful friends of their husbands, this same humble-minded observer has sometimes discovered a third valuable quality, formerly not considered a property of the feminine mind—that is, magnanimity, by which the aforesaid observer understands a large-minded and tranquil habit of viewing things and a generosity that is no respecter of persons. The larger life of the women of to-day has fostered this quality. A modern woman, for instance, has a keener notion of honor than her equally virtuous grandmother. She has no less principle, but much fewer prejudices. In a word, she has more self-control about her moralities. And to borrow the painter's phrase, she knows how to appreciate values.

To those brave dames who would wrest their husbands from evil habits, the advice to Britomarte is commended: "Be bold," and "Everywhere, be bold," but "Be not too bold." Leave to erring man some few, rather harmless vices. Be satisfied if he be a sober man; do not ask him to give up his cigar and his cup of coffee as well. Indeed, it is always well to have modest expectations, if only for the surprising pleasure that comes when they are exceeded.

The observer, so far, has not found a "nagging" lady among the good comrades of their husbands, nor, so far, to the observer's knowledge, has any husband been reformed by nagging.

To the three good qualities mentioned, one may add—sense. Men care little enough, it is true, for sense in their sweethearts; but there is nothing they so unfailingly demand of their wives. And it is only just to admit that they generally recognize its presence, although respect for their own dignity may force them to snub its assertion. But the sensible woman is content if her husband follow her advice—after he has shown her its ridiculous impracticability.

Many a husband and wife find themselves constantly on the verge of a tragic dispute because their virtues are incompatible. How much misery and disappointment on both sides might have been avoided had the wife considered that her conscience was not necessarily infallible.

Besides these essential qualities, the observer, from experience, has learned to value a few of a lighter cast. A sense of humor in a woman is more enduring than beauty, and when it is kindly, as charming as grace. It is also the observer's firm belief that it is the duty of every woman contemplating marriage to learn how to cook. She has, in the observer's opinion, no right to marry unless she either has the money to hire a skilled housekeeper or understands free-hand cooking herself. By free-hand cooking is meant cooking without a recipe-book in one hand.

The observer is positively awestruck by the rashness with which an ignorant woman will order her almost equally ignorant cook to advance on the darkest problems in gastronomy like the conduct of yeast! I know of no business, except housekeeping, where one expects to teach something that one does not know.

There is one advantage in a woman being past-mistress of housekeeping in all its branches: the best housekeepers have the least to say about their servants. For one reason, their servants do not try them so much, because they are not such trials to their servants.

In Sir Arthur Gordon's sketch of his father, Lord Aberdeen, in the series of biographies of the prime ministers of Queen Victoria, he gives an extract from his father's diary containing an account of how he was made a "Knight of the Garter." At a part of the ceremony it is necessary to kiss the queen's hand, which is usually held out in a lifeless, perfunctory manner. "To my surprise," says Lord Aberdeen, "when I took hold of it to lift it to my lips, she squeezed my hand with a strong and significant pressure." The queen also desired that he keep the green ribbon, for which there had been only two precedents in the previous one hundred and fifty years. This was about 1855, when the queen was about thirty-eight years old.

Reviewing the post-official career of the Presidents of the United States, a Washington writer notes that six men—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Johnson, and Hayes—became planters or farmers upon retiring from public life; that five—Van Buren, Fillmore, Tyler, Grant, and Cleveland—openly tried to get another term; that five—Van Buren, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, and Grant—traveled extensively at the close of their official career; and that four—Adams, Pierce, Buchanan, and Hayes—sooner or later became recluses.

At the news-stands in Italian cities the published sermons of Padre Agostino sell more readily than novels. Wherever Agostino appears as a preacher stenographers take down his discourses, and they are sold in pamphlet editions of tens of thousands. In the pulpit the *padre* makes use of considerable theatrical display, and his congregation frequently cheers him to the echo. More than any one else, he is the man of the hour in Italy.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain has written to the Pope, petitioning him to canonize Christopher Columbus as a saint of the Holy Catholic Church, her reason being that he was the first man to raise the cross of Christ in America. St. Columbus would, indeed, be a new rôle for the famous old navigator.

A lot just one door from the Bank of England was offered at auction last month, and only two hundred and twenty-five dollars per square foot was bid. This marks a considerable decline in London real estate.

OLD FAVORITES.

Fra Giacomo.

Alas, Fra Giacomo,
Too late!—but follow me;
Hush! draw the curtain—so!—
She is dead, quite dead, you see.
Poor little lady! she lies
With the light gone out of her eyes,
But her features still wear that soft
Gray meditative expression,
Which you must have noticed oft,
And admired, too, at confession.
With that pensive religious face,
She has gone to a holier place!
Too saintly for me by far,
As pure and as cold as a star,
Not fashioned for kissing and pressing—
But made for a heavenly crown.
Aye, father, let us go down—
But first, if you please, your blessing.
Wine? No! No! Come, come, you must!
You'll bless it with your prayers,
And quaff a cup, I trust,
To the health of the saint upstairs?
My friend! (and a friend I rank you
For the sake of that saint)—nay, nay!
Here's the wine—as you love me, stay!
'Tis Montepulciano!—Thank you,
Heigh-ho! 'Tis now six summers
Since I won that angel and married her:
I was rich, not old, and carried her
Off in the face of all comers.
So fresh, yet so brimming with soul!
A tenderer morsel, I swear,
Never made the dull black coal
Of a monk's eye glitter and glare.
Your pardon!—nay, keep your chair!
I wander a little, but mean
No offense to the gray gaberline;
Of the church, Fra Giacomo,
I'm a faithful upholder, you know,
But (humor me!) she was as sweet
As the saints in your convent windows,
So gentle, so meek, so discreet.
She knew not what lust does or sin does.
I'll confess, though, before we were one,
I deemed her less saintly, and thought
The blood in her veins had caught
Some natural warmth from the sun.
I was wrong—I was blind as a bat—
Brute that I was, bow I blundered!
Though such a mistake as that
Might have occurred as past
To ninety-nine men in a hundred.
Yourself, for example? you've seen her?
Spite her modest and pious demeanor,
And the manners so nice and precise,
Seemed there not color and light,
Bright motion and appetite,
That were scarcely consistent with ice?
Externals implying, you see,
Internals less saintly than human?
Pray speak, for between you and me
You're not a bad judge of a woman!
A jest—but a jest!—Very true:
'Tis hardly becoming to jest,
And that saint upstairs at rest—
Her soul may be listening, too!
I was always a brute of a fellow!
Well may your visage turn yellow—
To think how I doubted and doubted,
Suspected, grumbled at, flouted,
That golden-haired angel—and solely
Because she was zealous and holy!
Noon and night and morn
She devoted herself to piety;
Not that she seemed to scorn
Or dislike her husband's society:
Poor dove, she so fluttered in flying
Above the dim vapors of hell—
Bent on self-sacrificing—
That she never thought of trying
To save her husband as well.
And while she was duly elected
For place in the heavenly roll,
I (brute that I was!) suspected
Her manner of saving her soul.
So, half for the fun of the thing,
What did I (blasphemer!) but fling
On my shoulders the gown of a monk—
Whom I managed for that very day
To get safely out of the way—
And seat me, half sober, half drunk,
With the cowl thrown over my face,
In the father confessor's place.
Eheu! benedictie!
In her orthodox sweet simplicity,
With that pensive gray expression,
She sighfully knelt at confession,
While I bit my lips till they bled,
And dug my nails in my hand,
And heard with averted head
What I'd guessed and could understand.
Each word was a serpent's sting,
But, wrapt in my gloomy gown,
I sat, like a marble thing,
As she told me all—SIT DOWN.
More wine, Fra Giacomo!
One cup—if you love me! No?
What, have these dry lips drank
So deep of the sweets of pleasure—
Sub rosa, but quite without measure—
That Montepulciano tastes rank?
Come, drink! 'twill bring the streaks
Of crimson back to your cheeks;
Come, drink again to the saint
Whose virtues you love to paint,
Who, stretched on her wifely bed,
With the tender, grave expression
You used to admire at confession,
Lies poisoned, overhead!
Sit still—or by heaven, you die!
Face to face, soul to soul, you and I
Have settled accounts, in a fine,
Pleasant fashion, over our wine.
Thank Montepulciano for giving
You death in such delicate sips;
'Tis not every monk ceases living
With so pleasant a taste on his lips;
But, lest Montepulciano unsurely should kiss,
Take this! and this! and this!

Cover him over, Pietro,
And bury him in the court below—
You can be secret, lad, I know!
And, bark you, then to the convent go—
Bid every bell of the convent toll,
And the monks say mass for your mistress's soul.
—Robert Buchanan.

In forming his Cabinet, Mr. Cleveland selected some of the best poker-players in the country.

THE FOUR HUNDRED IN LENT.

"Flaneur" tells how they Fast and Mortify the Flesh.

The Four Hundred are whiling away the penitential season with dinners, sewing-society meetings, and preparations for post-Lenten weddings. At least one notable dinner has taken place every evening. Among the truly pious, the season is commemorated by the elimination of some feature from the menu—either the wines, or the pastries, or the ices; but ordinary sinners dine as usual, the appetite of the normal man being the same during the Lenten fast as before and after. A really fine dinner was given on the sixth at Delmonico's by Lispenard Stewart and Lanfear Norrie. Ninety-six people sat down to twelve tables, ranged in three rows, one trimmed in yellow, one in white, and one in pink. After the dinner, coffee was served in the red room while the Hungarian band played; and then there was the usual professional singing, playing, and dancing. Another large dinner was given on the third by Mrs. C. G. Franklyn to Lord Dufferin, and notable feasts of the kind have occurred at the houses of James V. Parker, Mrs. Robert Hoe, Mrs. Douglas Sloane, and others.

Next in interest to the dinners are the Lenten sewing-classes, which are assiduously attended. It is the fashion to have some person of distinction to read while the ladies sew. Thus F. Marion Crawford entertained a large party of ladies at Mme. Jules Reynals by reading extracts from his novels while the needles flew.

The interest taken in sewing-classes, however, is faint in comparison with that which attaches to the forthcoming Lenten weddings. The crop is going to be as large as usual, and one, at least, is going to be most notable. I refer, of course, to the marriage of the Earl of Craven to Miss Cornelis Martin, daughter of Mrs. Bradley Martin. This will take place on April 18th, and is already alluded to as an international event. Debrett will tell you all about the Cravens; they came in with the Conqueror, I believe; he is said to be the greatest catch in England; as for the Martins, they have been at the very top of American society for years, and Miss Cornelis, though barely "out," has the reputation of having at one time made the Princess of Wales seriously uneasy. It is announced that a committee of the House of Lords will be present at the nuptials, and after these are completed, the members are to take in the Chicago Exhibition under the chaperonage of the Bradley Martin clan. Miss Cornelis is so pretty and naive that it is sad to think of her being lost to this country.

She is not, perhaps, such a perfect beauty as Maud Lorillard, who is to be married a few days before her to the well-known leader of fashion, T. Suffern Tailor, who is Berry Wall's legitimate successor as authority on clothes. Miss Lorillard is thought by many to be the prettiest girl of the season.

That week, and the week following, will go far to prove that the notion about the growing unpopularity of marriage is a delusion. International weddings are especially the rage. In the course of a few days, Captain Harrington Swan, of the British army, a very eligible *parti*, marries Miss Fanny Stevens, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg's sister; the lady will see to it that the British captain has his four regular meals a day. About the same time, Captain Karl von Schwartz, of the crack dragoon regiment of Austria, a *beau sabreur*, with blonde hair and dashing style, will lead to the altar Miss Martha Beckel, who is quite rich enough to treat herself to a dragoon. She is in Europe, sipping the last sweet drops of maidenhood. Yet another international wedding—which will not be celebrated here, but in far-away Peking, in China—is that of Miss Heard, the daughter of Augustine Heard, to the Baron von Brandt, the German Secretary of Legation.

Of coming matrimonial celebrations between Americans the name is legion. On the twenty-fifth of April, Archie Pell, one of the best-looking of the young New Yorkers, will wed at Baltimore Miss Sadie Price, who made a sensation last year at Tuxedo, and was greatly admired at the Patriarchs'. This is a love-match; there is no money on either side. The two Sterling girls will be bridesmaids. About the same date, Mr. Hamilton Hoppin, of the great Hoppin family of Rhode Island, will wed Miss Alice Cowdin; Mr. Cabot, of Boston, of the ancient Cabots, who are supposed to descend from the discoverer, will be united to Miss Maud Bonner, of Staten Island; and Mr. Robert Shaw Minturn, the last of the well-known Minturns, will bestow his name on Miss Bertha Potter, of the distinguished Episcopal family. On April 5th, at Washington, the son of your Senator Jones will espouse Pauline Williamson, daughter of the general. All the treasures of the Comstock will figure among the wedding-presents. Mr. Trenholm, of South Carolina, who figures so largely in the history of the war, will marry off both his daughters in Easter week, and in the same week the British vice-consul at this port will be united to Miss Guion, of the Guion Steamship Line.

About one coming marriage there is a flavor of romance. A bridesmaid had been bespoken for a wedding. She was taken ill before the time set, and, at the last moment, was replaced by Miss Louise Doelger, a pretty girl, but unknown in society. At the ceremony she met Mr. Moses Rockwell Crow, a gentleman whose name would not reveal the fact that he is the possessor of eight millions, and a sort of Monte Cristo in his way. It was a case of love at first sight. Moses was captured by the fair Louise, and she, after a suitable period spent in meditation and prayer, consented to become Mrs. Crow. No one could resist so lavish an adorer. Mr. Crow lives among the swells of Great Barrington, Mass., and gives dinners and dances. He is in the habit of supplying watches set in diamonds as favors in the German. He took his *fiancé* out to ride the other day in the finest brougham which money could buy, drawn by a pair of priceless horses; when she admired them at the end of the drive, he told her they were hers.

NEW YORK, March 11, 1893.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

How a Widow Roused the Heyday in a Young Lad's Blood.

It was five o'clock of a hot August afternoon at Luc-sur-Mer. The bathers were roaming over the beach or ensconced in cozy, sheltered spots. Women, rosy-pink with the heat, were leisurely crocheting and gossiping, emphasizing their remarks with the movement of the white ivory needles. Bright-eyed men, their smiling listeners, idly traced hieroglyphics on the sand. Happy children, watched over by white-capped nurses, made mud-pies to their hearts' content.

Over one small group of loungers presided a young woman, whose pensively graceful, delicate-featured face was one of rare sweetness. Her hair was blonde, her mouth fresh as a child's, while in her black eyes quivered lights and shadows, as on a placid lake. A crowd of young men were gathered about her, each one anxious to claim part of her attention by some trivial little speech. Now and then she would quietly drop a word and every one stopped talking, to hear and applaud her.

Marguerite Helm was a Norwegian. She had married for love a countryman of hers, a painter, but he had died soon after. Gifted with a marvelous voice, she had resolved to make it her means of support. Going to Paris, she had shut herself up for a year, with her grief and her musical studies. Her stay at Luc-sur-Mer was the first dissipation of her widowhood.

Just now the conversation had turned on a foreigner's difficulty in using French idioms. All her admirers seized the opportunity to compliment her on her proficiency in the language.

"Gentlemen," she said, suddenly, "you shall each tell me which word in all your language you prefer."

After a moment's hesitation the contest began. To the men it was a pretext for new gallantries.

"Marguerite," sighed one.

"Norway," murmured another.

"Love!" suddenly exclaimed a boy's undeveloped voice—a voice just undergoing a change.

The word was so impulsively uttered that everybody started. Marguerite herself bent forward to see the speaker. It was Jacques Lespar, a mere boy of almost girlish beauty. His white forehead, his straight nose, with its sensitive nostrils, his slender, refined hands—all betokened good blood. His penetrating eyes fixed themselves upon those of Mme. Helm; hers were filled with a sweet indulgent curiosity.

"Well, there really are no more children. Make way for the young!" were the remarks heard from the men.

Happily the dinner hour was near, and the group dispersed. Jacques and Mme. Helm remained together. They both felt a little embarrassed at being alone, and neither knew what to say. Finally they began to talk of the weather, of the superb days and warm evenings. Then the boy escorted Marguerite to her hotel, and went home.

Ever since the beginning of the season, he had silently admired Mme. Helm. A subtle fascination irresistibly attracted him to her. When she took her morning stroll, he instinctively walked behind her, like a dog following his master. When she sat down on the beach amid her admirers, he furtively slipped in among them, envying, with all the strength of his ingenuous youth, the young men who could laugh with her or the old gentleman who called her "Dear child." How often he had tried to speak to her! But the great sadness rising in his heart at his utter insignificance would choke the words in his throat.

An orphan from his cradle, he was entirely alone in the world. A distant relative had become his guardian and directed his education. He grudgingly managed Jacques's finances and bestowed only a scant affection upon his ward. The boy's generous nature was starved in this atmosphere of indifference, and he at once loved Marguerite with all the energy of long-suppressed feeling. It was his first passion, and, like a rich spendthrift, he laid at her feet all the treasures of his heart. As to being paid in return, he never dared think of that. He would have been satisfied if, like a priest at God's altar, he might be allowed to worship Marguerite all his life.

After that August afternoon, Jacques and Mme. Helm were frequently together. They talked over their plans, and being mutually attracted, learned to know each other well. Every day after breakfast, they walked on the quay, and the boy made the young woman his confidant. Marguerite heard his grave speeches with a smile, and reciprocated by giving good advice with almost motherly tenderness.

Time passed on, and often, when returning from their walk, the day died with the setting sun. The women, coming home, would greet them with some half-audible, jesting remark; the ragamuffins would giggle at them on the road; and the men bow, with a sort of pleased, boorish politeness.

It was the first time since her departure from Norway that Mme. Helm forgot her sorrow. She liked her rôle of tender mamma, and put an unconscious coquetry into her conduct. She would often prelude her remarks with: "I, M. Jacques, who am an old woman—" and she smiled to think of her three-and-twenty years.

She did not dream how this child adored her. Only once did a slight doubt enter her mind, but Jacques's conduct quickly dispelled it. He treated her like an elder sister, and did not mind appearing ridiculous in her eyes. To her this was sufficient proof that he was not in love. Anxious to warn him against life's snares, she continued to show him a calm, motherly affection, and the thought of having for Jacques any other sentiment would have shocked her.

After spending the greater part of an exceedingly hot day indoors, they went one evening for their accustomed after-dinner stroll in the fields. The setting sun poured its purple rays over the country, tingeing sky and meadows, houses and trees with fire. The ocean was mottled with red spots, forming bloody streaks.

Hard by, a haystack's irregular cone stood out in melancholy profile against the sky.

"Let's climb it!" said Jacques.

Marguerite gleefully clapped her hands. Jacques went on to reconnoitre. The road was deserted; no one was to be seen in the neighborhood.

She began the ascent with great difficulty. Her feet would slip, her fingers lose their hold, while the bits of dry hay scratched her face. Her more sturdy companion followed and helped her along. Reaching the top, they sat down and looked at each other, then burst out laughing, like school-boys stealing fruit or serious persons caught in a foolish act.

The descent was more easily accomplished. Their gait had passed, and both opened books they had brought. Jacques lay flat on the ground, resting upon his elbows. Marguerite was stretched on a pile of hay which formed a sort of *choise-longue*. Her tiny feet just peeped from under the hem of her gown. The thin cloth-shoes perfectly outlined her arched instep and delicate ankles.

It was too hot to read. They were both silent. Jacques's eyes were riveted on Marguerite. Her red lips trembled like a flower under the breeze. Her soft, white throat was smooth as the surface of a lake. At every breath her bosom heaved, and the thin material of her dress swelled like a sail. Her whole personality exhaled the subtle perfume of elegance. It was the first time Jacques had noticed these charming details, and, unconsciously, he became absorbed in their contemplation. Little by little his thoughts became confused, his soul rose to his eyes. He breathed with difficulty, and a languor crept over him. The heat of the day mounted to his head and intoxicated him. A vague, delicious desire floated through his being.

The country around was resting after the day's heat. In the far-off fields kneeling women were gathering potatoes, and near them little boys threw clods of earth at each other. From time to time, the cows lying on the grass would low and turn their heads toward the setting sun, as toward a departing friend.

Suddenly through the silent fields rang the cries of an angry voice.

"The field-guard!" exclaimed Marguerite.

In the distance was a man gesticulating threateningly at this couple, who had pulled down his carefully stacked hay.

Like two guilty children, their first thought was to fly from the ruined haystack. The boy was up with one bound. But, in her haste, Marguerite lost her balance and fell. He caught her in his arms and righted her.

They ran across the field; for an instant they hid behind a large mound of earth, then made straight for the beach. Here they sought shelter in a hut used only by the customs officers, and kept very still, fearing to give their pursuer the alarm.

Seated on the narrow bench, Mme. Helm leaned against Jacques. She had never seemed so beautiful. Out of breath from the run, her cheeks were red, her nostrils quivered. With bended neck and wide-open eyes, she listened, in laughing anxiety, for the steps outside.

His ecstasy was complete. Putting his arm around her waist, he drew closer to her. Turning to him in childish glee, she said: "Jacques, we are saved!"

It was the first time she had called him simply Jacques, and the boy lost his head. With a brusque movement he seized Marguerite's hand and imprinted on her wrist a passionate kiss.

Very pale, she rose, not knowing what to say or think. A great remorse struck her like a knife. Had she shown too much affection for Jacques? Had she been guilty of coquetry toward him? The days of their intercourse flashed through her memory—and she found herself guilty.

Instantly she resolved, by some cruelty which Jacques could not forgive, to kill the love she had inspired. She cast upon the boy one last look of infinite tenderness, then, gathering all her strength for the death-blow, she said, in her cold, beautiful voice:

"You little fool!"

—Translated from the *Argonaut* from the French of Albert Guinon by Alice Ziska.

THE MINT SUPERINTENDENCY.

It is almost presumptuous on the part of the writer to express an opinion regarding the fitness of any Democrat for office, and it is most embarrassing to admit the wish that any Democrat of good character should not be entitled to hold positions of political preferment. But we are confronted with this state of affairs: The legislature is Democratic, our newly elected senator and most of our representatives in Congress are Democratic; our municipal government is substantially Democratic. We are compelled to choose between Democrats. We have no other choice but to accept the political situation as we find it, and we must stand either dumb and mute, or express an honest opinion in the presence of the change that now surrounds us.

But we stand amidst a great revolution. A wonderful political change has occurred, disturbing the serenity of the political heavens. Cleveland has swept the country like a cyclone. Still we are citizens, charged with responsibilities, and from whom opinions are expected. If it were true that the writer did not like any Democrats, if all Democrats were bad, still there are conditions that justify him in expressing the wish that one might be elevated to position and the other might remain in private life.

This is the attitude I hold toward James H. Barry, the editor of the Democratic paper, the *Weekly Star*, and candidate for the appointment by President Cleveland to the superintendency of the United States Branch Mint, located at San Francisco. I have a very limited acquaintance—almost impersonal—with the gentleman named in this connection, but I have not been a disinterested observer of political affairs. I have been only a casual reader of the journal he edits; but as a citizen of San Francisco, I have been compelled to know, in a general way, what manner of man he is. And while I do not feel it my duty to criticize unpleasantly any candidate for that or any other office, I admit myself as entertaining the impression that Mr. Barry will worthily fill the place in which he is ambitious to be the incumbent.

James H. Barry, born of an English Protestant father and a Catholic Irish mother, has lived in this city since his childhood. I knew him in his early life as a member of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Sunday-School. He has grown to manhood here, and has demonstrated his integrity, character, and fitness for the office which he now occupies. He will be supported in his candidacy by Mr. Stephen M. White, our newly elected Democratic senator, by Judge Maguire, the newly elected member of Congress from San Francisco, and by hosts of the best and most prominent Democratic gentlemen of this city. No act of his life justifies the unkind feelings that have been entertained toward him by members of his own party. All prominent men of resolute and independent political opinions have enemies; but men of that character also have friends who are staunch and true to them. Roman Catholic political bosses, who are becoming unduly active in the politics of our State and city, are not his partisan associates. He has lost them, and, by his independent and resolute conduct, he has unquestionably deserved to lose them.

The same spirit of resolute and admirable independence that prompted President Cleveland to select Judge Gresham as Secretary of State in his Cabinet—the most prominent and dignified position within his gift—ought to be followed by sending the name of James H. Barry, the opponent of the political rogues and bosses that are now endeavoring to manage and destroy the Democratic party in this State, for the superintendency of the United States Mint. F. M. P.

NATURE ABHORS A BACHELOR.

"He is Either a Nonentity or a Nuisance."

"What are the uses of a bachelor?" Thus asks a melancholy celibate in the *St. James's Gazette*. I speak, of course (he says), not of those who are accidentally and temporarily bachelors, owing to the mere fact of their being for the moment unmarried, but the true genus—the men whom fate has fixed where they are, whom to imagine married is to think a contradiction. I am beginning, most reluctantly and after many struggles, to assign myself to this class. The unanimity of my friends is too strong for my smothered longings. Their opinion is declared by their acts. For I begin to perform the functions of a whetstone. Young ladies are intrusted to me at dinner, at a dance, or (more ominously) for a solitary country walk. It is so good for the girls to talk to a man of experience; one whose manners are formed in a good school; one who knows the world and who yet is perfectly trustworthy. "I know we can trust you with the girls." It sounds a flattering phrase. Alas! The lady means not what she says. She can not trust me; she knows she can not; she knows that on that solitary walk I shall grow romantic and renew my youth in a flirtation. But then she also knows that the young woman about whom she is so touchingly anxious will only flesh her maiden spear upon me, will laugh at while she laughs with me, and will tell the boys (I hate boys) all about it. No; it is not that I am trusted not to make love; the girls are trusted not to return it.

Thus, then, we are whetstones. The razor is sharpened on us. What tones of the voice, what turns of the head, what sudden changes from railleury to just a hint of sentiment, what timid shrinkings, what more timid advances will be likely to cook young Croesus's goose? Oh, try it on Mr. Charles! He is thirty-nine, experienced, tough (alas that I was!), and *blasé*. And young Croesus is twenty-five, fresh, open to flattery, and a very child in these things. If you can make the one sigh for a moment over his coffee, you can have the other deserting the coffee to come and kneel before you in the damp conservatory.

But I must not be always talking about myself. It is the general aspect to which I wish to direct your attention. The real truth is, that, save for such unworthy offices as I have described, we have no place in society; or at the best we are but what commercial men call dunnage-stuff, put in to fill up odd holes and keep the valuable cargo in its place and uninjured. We are mistakes, oversights. Nature abhors a bachelor. The unmarried woman, we know, is a valuable element in society. She has a career; if there is not one fit for her, we have so to alter our laws and habits as to make one. But no one makes a career for a bachelor.

I was talking to Miss Nellie the other day (Arthur wasn't there; I generally happen to call when he isn't there), and I asked her of what use she considered me to be. She looked at me and said, with a little laugh:

"Oh, you make one."

"Of any other utility?" I inquired.

"Well," she replied, searching her memory, "you bring flowers sometimes; you talk to mamma; oh, and once you took us to the theatre—to 'The Dead Heart.'"

"That was an allegory," I observed.

"It was," said she, "just after I found that I had begun to—you know—for Arthur."

"To return," said I; "if I disappeared, would any one miss me? Would a soul notice my absence?" I said this in tones of the deepest melancholy.

"From what he says sometimes," responded Nellie, with a twinkle in those blue eyes of hers, "I think Arthur would."

That's just it! A bachelor is a nonentity or a nuisance. I don't mind being a nuisance to Arthur; in a way I like it. But the general truth (and I don't want to digress into personal matters) remains. Now, to be a nonentity is, perhaps, the most annoying thing that can happen to a man; and to be a nuisance—well, at the best, it's a poor consolation; besides, Nellie's mamma has hinted to me, most unequivocally, that she does not consider it morally justifiable.

I was lying on a sofa at the club an evening or two ago looking at the advertisements in the *Bazar* (we take it because the married men like to know what things really cost), when I heard a voice beside me.

"Choosing your trousseau?" asked Teddie Fleury.

"Tut!" said I, glancing at the title-page of the paper. "I thought it was the *Twif*." As a matter of fact, the two papers are about the same size.

Teddie winked as he sat down beside me. "Congratulate me," said he; "I've just got engaged."

He obviously wished me to ask who the lady was; but as I knew she would be somebody else next month, it did not seem worth while, and instead I inquired "Why?"

"Why?" he echoed in amazement. I waited for his reason. "Well, I suppose," he said, at last, "that I'm tired of filling up the time till the other fellow comes."

"Don't be too sure that you've seen the last of that," I observed, cynically.

But Teddie had stumbled on truth. Dunnage, dunnage! How often have I spent my lovelornest glances on an eye that wandered to the door, my most charming compliments on an ear that listened for the creak of another's boot! The other fellow was coming—or was expected, but not coming which made matters worse still. And when he came—well I've always wondered how women can be such bad judges of men.

A married man once said to me: "The great pull you have over us is that you don't let your trousers bag at the knees." There seems to me to be pathos in that. Unen-couraged, unappreciated, often unobserved, we cling, in solitude, to the ideals of youth. A married man does not; he need not. For him, these ideals are *functi* (or, rather *functæ*, for all ideals are to me feminine) *officio*. They have won him a wife; she is his forever, bag his trousers how they will. Poor woman!

A MODERN INFERNO.

"Sibylla" describes the Great Gambling-Hell at Monte Carlo.

To see Monte Carlo aright, it is not necessary that it should, like Melrose Abbey, be visited by moonlight, but at all times, by all lights, and pretty frequently. No single visit, nor even several flying visits, will enable you to catch and impress on your mind aught but a confused and jumbled idea of some of the most salient characteristics of the general bearing and tone of the heterogeneous crowds found within this spacious and luxurious public gambling-house, where you see extremes—the most opposite and incongruous—meeting and fusing together on terms of the most startling equality. In no other *cercle* in the world will you see the veriest scum and outcasts of humanity enjoying the same privileges of access, lounging on the same seats, sitting at the same tables, and otherwise daily and hourly in the society of the bearers of some of the proudest and most unsullied names in Europe. There is no caste, however high, no stratum, however obscure and degraded, that has not its representative or representatives here. Men, illustrious by birth or deed, and grooms out of livery; respectable, middle-class people, and knavish, low scoundrels of every hue and color; ladies of high repute, brilliant and distinguished leaders of fashion, who carefully exclude *la petite bourgeoisie* elements from their visiting-lists and weed *parvenus* with unsparing hand from their dinner-parties, and who will be seen elsewhere only among persons of unimpeachable reputation and social position, will here, heedless alike of appearances and self-respect, not only sit at the same table but by the side of bejeweled, beapainted, vulgar-looking and vulgar-mannered *demi-mondaines*, mistresses of kings, croupiers, and blacklegs, notorious for their scandalous lives and no less scandalous extravagances. And this particular class descends so astoundingly low in scale that you are stupefied to see within these halls—gaming-halls though they be—such poorly dressed, shabby, coarse-looking creatures, playing at the tables or promenading through these splendid rooms with the cool assurance and effrontery that undisputed right to this privilege alone can give.

As may easily be supposed, the diversity of the component elements of Monte Carlo society and the peculiar purpose which brings them together, are fruitful in discord and dissensions. I have remarked, in my frequent visits at Monte Carlo, three principal aspects in the interior of the Casino: days when disturbances and squabbling are comparatively few, and days, though rare, when all passes off without any particular hitch or noise; when the incessant hum of many voices and the tramping of many feet on the polished oak floors are broken only by the continuous and peculiarly audible clinking of silver and gold coin at the different tables, the rattling of the marble spinning round the cylinder, and the monotonous tone of the croupiers calling out the winning numbers and colors. And there are days, by no means rare, when the atmosphere seems impregnated with electricity and everybody appears to be in a state of perturbation and uneasy mistrust of his or her surroundings; when the most trifling misunderstanding regarding the ownership of money on a certain table becomes a sort of occult signal for a series of dissensions and quarrels at every table, and these contentions and misconceptions, whether real or feigned, often take a tone that is anything but decorous and becoming, even in the—to put it mildly—"very mixed society" that haunts the gambling-tables of Monaco.

The croupiers are very prompt to come between men and settle their differences; but they are exceedingly chary of offering their mediations and of exercising their authority among women—doubtless, experience has taught them the futility of such attempts. As a rule, the fair sex, in the midst of their acrimonious contentions, will not pay the slightest heed to any argument or representation they can suggest, and it is for these reasons, possibly, that while there is any likelihood of feminine disputes terminating within a reasonable time, the croupiers and *chefs de partie*—those who are set to watch the croupiers—will not interfere. This proceeding on their part is not always judicious. I saw, a few days ago, a well-known fashionable lady from New York—"which, naming no names, no offense can be took," as Sary Gamp expressed it—insulted in a most outrageous manner, and that for a considerable time, by one of these magnificently dressed, vulgar, ill-mannered creatures, who are always to be found playing at or prowling round the tables. It was simply a lous for which they contended. At length, the lady, hurt and indignant at the imputation of theft, of which the other roundly and loudly accused her, in self-vindication gave the lous to one of the footmen rather than keep it herself or render it to the barefaced creature who so shamelessly claimed it, and left the room in a flood of tears. It is not a very seemly sight to see a lady forced to defend herself against an attack made on her fair dealing and honesty by an unscrupulous and impudent prostitute in a public gaming-house, but, in truth, Monte Carlo is hardly the place for ladies to be in, and those who frequent a house which is a notorious rendezvous for women of ill-repute and be dregs of society, must go prepared to find themselves placed at any moment in an unpleasantly equivocal position.

These interesting disputes are not always confined to words. On one of my late visits to Monte Carlo, I saw a knavish, ill-looking fellow suddenly pounced upon by a gentleman whose money he had appropriated, called a thief, and pulled from his chair in the most summary and vigorous manner; the furious and indignant aggressor, not content with these measures, would have struck the frightened and bewildered wretch, but for the timely interposal of the footmen and croupiers, who were near at hand. The scuffling and altercation between these two men were highly exciting, in account of the notoriety that the Casino enjoys for the, at times, tragic character of its impromptu scenes. In an instant the salons were in commotion, and there was a general hurrying toward the scene of action, to be in time to secure

good places for the spectacle. The more terrible it would prove, the more thrilling it would be, the better. The general rumor was that a man either had or was attempting to commit suicide. One gentleman near me remarked to a friend that, as suicides were pretty common at Monte Carlo, he should consider himself specially lucky if such an event took place while he was there. But the fates were not propitious to his humane wish, for almost immediately afterward both aggressor and aggressed were marched off by the *commisaires spéciaux de police*, to state their grievances before the administration of the Société des Bains de Mer. "Société des Bains de Mer" has an innocent look and sound, has it not? "Sea-Bathing Society." When one thinks of what this society really is, and of the terrible efficaciousness of their sea-baths, after which no bather ever seeks a second, the title assumed by the proprietors of this notorious "hell" has about it a sort of diabolical and grim humor.

As a study, it is exceedingly curious and deeply suggestive of the leveling tendency of the lust of gold to see and observe these striking diversities of moral condition and social standing assembling together under the same roof, and joining in the same play, if "play" is a term that qualifies with any degree of exactitude that feverish and absorbing pursuit of money, that terrible mental anxiety and wear and tear of brain and nerve that the "need" or the "greed" of gold entails, when the winning or the losing of it depends on a marble's erratic course or the turning up of a card. Yesterday I witnessed a pitiable scene of despair. I had been watching a woman, apparently of the *petite bourgeoisie* class, who, with white face and trembling lips, was losing heavily. Finally she placed a bill of five hundred francs on the *rouge* and—*noir* came up. With a frantic, quick gesture, she clutched up her bill and ran with all her might toward the door. In an instant, a dozen alarm-bells were ringing and several footmen in hot pursuit; but she escaped out of the Casino, and had run with lightning speed toward the line that separates the Principality of Monaco from the French territory. Just before she reached it, a footman overtook her, when, burying her bill in her bosom, she threw herself on the ground, crying, "It is my all! it is the last!" and was so dragged to the police-station, where, of course, she was condemned to prison.

It has been suggested that, after all, the mass of the Monte Carlo visitors are bent only upon amusement and not upon the filthy business of money-gathering. Few, indeed, of those who know Monte Carlo would agree with such an opinion. A little acquaintance with the Casino public, a little observation of the crowd round the roulette-table, a little personal experience of the wild surge of passion which every gambler feels, would soon dispel the notion that "roulette" is a quiet, amusing game at which to while away a few idle hours. The visitor to the gambling saloon is struck, immediately on his entry, by the astonishing silence, by the absorbed attention of the knot of from forty to sixty ladies and gentlemen—supposed to be such—who stand or sit round a large, oblong table, watching the piles of notes and gold appearing and disappearing. Some of them present a spectacle of passion and tragedy such as seldom appears in ordinary life. The only sounds are the monotonous cry of the croupier: "Messieurs, faites vos jeux; le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus," the rattle of the marble as it whirls round the edge of the roulette-wheel, and the slight thump of coin falling on the green cloth of the table as the croupier deftly jerks it in the direction of a delighted winner; or the louder jingle which he vainly tries to conceal when gathering in the last pieces of the unlucky to swell the bank's hoard.

The visitor will find when he joins the mute band of gamblers and watchers, all in a state of suppressed tension, that even such slight sounds as these are at once startling and a relief. Those who have never been thrown in the way of temptation can have but little conception of the violence of this passion. As a passion, the passion of love itself is less absorbing, less enduring, less universal. As a vice, gambling is enthraling and debasing. It is easy to understand how an otherwise honorable man may, when trembling under the sway of this fiercest of fevers, completely forget himself. It is related of an exalted prince of a great continental family that, upset by a succession of losses at Monte Carlo, and denuded of the last coin about his person, in the frenzy of momentary defeat he stretched out his imperial hand and seized a stake which had been placed on the table by another gambler. Of course, the theft was observed; the stolen money had to be given up, and a great nation had to bear disgrace.

Even the physique of the gambler is affected by his transports. He has a lean and hungry look. His furrowed features and attenuated frame, his belief in "systems," and the impossibility of arousing in him any of the generous emotions, are evidences of fearful degradation in mind, body, and soul. Heedless—more than heedless—heartless, and dead to every generous and noble instinct must they be who can watch without sadness and indignation these doomed and unhappy creatures plodding so fruitlessly at their treacherous calculations, and pondering and combining with such earnestness toward the sure accomplishment of their own ruin. Who can watch without pity the slaves of that fatal infatuation which losses but gather more hopelessly in its toils? Who can with indifference watch them, knowing that at every hour of the day, and at every table, there are men and women staking the last lous they have left of thousands, perchance of hundreds of thousands, they have already sown in that treacherous, greedy, barren soil, and know that, after all their patient waiting and deep calculations, they have placed it on the losing number or color, and the final result of all their toil is to see this, their last hope, swept up by the croupiers to swell the millions of the bank? Stand at these tables, and, however shallow an observer you may be, if you use your eyes, you will soon be convinced that the much-talked-of impassibility of the gamester's countenance is a pure fiction. In reality, no face exhibits the workings and the ravages of mental strain and anxiety so vividly and painfully as theirs.

MONTE CARLO, February 15, 1893.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Governor Hogg, of Texas, is only thirty-nine years of age, but weighs three hundred and seventy-five pounds. He is aptly named.

Four members of the Cabinet are directors of either banks or railways, or both—namely, Messrs. Bissell, Olney, Lamont, and Smith.

Senator Peffer's daughter is his private secretary at six dollars per day. His son draws the same amount for alleged services, and his nephew also has the same priced job.

Ashiel C. Beckwith, the new Democratic senator from Wyoming, is a Methodist deacon. It is hoped that he will supplant Mr. Quay as champion of religion in the Senate.

Carlisle is the only man in the Cleveland Cabinet who is not college bred. "And yet," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "it looks as if he could give pointers to his better educated colleagues."

Speaking of the late Prince Albert Victor, Sir Edwin Arnold said: "He was always very careful about his clothes, and I believe that a man who is careful about his clothes will be careful about his morals."

Mr. Cleveland has quite a giddy young Cabinet. Their ages are thus given: Cleveland, 56 years; Stevenson, 58; Gresham, 61; Carlisle, 58; Bissell, 46; Lamont, 41; Herbert, 50; Olney, 58; Smith, 38; Morton, 60.

Riaz Pacha, who now exercises great powers in Egypt, is a Hebrew by descent and religion. He is a man of enormous energy and will power, and has little fear of the young Khedive. He has many enemies, however, at court.

Major "Life" Halford has gone to Europe to pay the salaries of Messrs. Harlan, Morgan, and Phelps, our Behring Sea commissioners, three clerks of the State Department, and his own salary. He will be on this detail duty for, perhaps, six months.

There was a preponderance of important little men at the launch of the *Indiana*. Besides President Harrison, the Cramp Brothers, who built the vessel and who have thirty-two million dollars in naval contracts to perform, were conspicuous for their diminutive physique.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is a member of six leading clubs in New York, Grover Cleveland of five, Chauncey M. Depew of ten, William Waldorf Astor of five, John Jacob Astor of four, August Belmont of six, William K. Vanderbilt of four, Pery Belmont of six, and ex-Secretary Whitney of six.

Although Verdi has been made a marquis, he already enjoys a good many other honors. He is a commander of the Legion of Honor, a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, has the Grand Cross of the Russian Order of St. Stanislaus, is a grand officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, possesses the Order of Osmani and the Austrian Order of Franz Joseph.

The present Archbishop of Cologne is the son of a butcher. The father of his predecessor, Cardinal Geissel, was a vintager, and his mother was a washerwoman. The Archbishop of Posen is the son of a shoemaker. The Prince Bishop of Breslau comes of a family of weavers. The Bishops of Strasburg and Muenster were poor peasant boys, and the Archbishop of Olmutz is the son of a farmer.

The pitiable mental condition of Ferdinand de Lesseps is shown by the subterfuge to which his family has had recourse to prevent him from learning news of the Panama revelations. Two weeks ago, he began to ask for the daily papers, and there was a panic in the family until his children hit upon the happy thought of supplying him with the journals of the same dates last year, in which, of course, no reference is made to Panama affairs.

"I see," writes Mrs. Crawford, in *London Truth*, "that Eiffel is spoken of in some of the London papers as 'a man of genius.' He is, perhaps, the densest person in all France. Thanks to Hebrard being his sleeping partner, he has behind him one of the most resourceful brains of the age in money-making schemes. Hebrard is also a marvelous wire-puller, and had a finger in every cabinet-making arrangement from the time Grévy was elected President."

M. Cavaignac, who is looked on, in the light of recent events, as possibly the coming President of France, is said to be of indisputable Irish descent. He is descended from the MacMurrough Kavanaghs, who were Kings of Leinster, and, according to this authority, the late Mr. Kavanagh, of Borris, long a member of the House of Commons, was a relative of M. Cavaignac. Boom-de-ay is also said to be descended from the harp that once through Tarara's halls.

This illustration of the pluck of Admiral Sir Arthur Cumming, lately deceased, is given by a London paper: When a lieutenant on the South American station, half a century ago, he boarded a slaver, and, through his boatman losing hold of that vessel, he found himself unsupported on board a ship the deck of which was crowded with hostile Spaniards. Without hesitation, he shot the helmsman, seized the wheel, ran the slaver up in the wind, and, pistol in hand, kept the entire crew at bay until his boat was once more alongside.

Railroad presidents and bank presidents all seem to have a fondness for flowers. Samuel Sloan has an extensive hot-house up the Hudson to draw upon, and the desk of the president of the Lackawanna Road is seldom without its two or three vases of fragrant flowers, both winter and summer. Jay Gould used to have flowers sent down from Irvington daily for his office as well as for his house. In the budding and blooming months of early summer, Chauncey M. Depew always has a profusion of flowers about him. C. P. Huntington is another railroad magnate who is very fond of flowers. Almost invariably a bunch of bright-hued blossoms is placed on his desk each morning.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Zola's new novel, "Docteur Pascal," is fast approaching completion. The work deals mainly with the hereditary transmission of lunacy, vice, and crime, and with the supposed antagonism of religion and science. Another question treated in the book is "Is Christianity played out?"

"The Making of a Newspaper," as related by American journalists and edited by Melville Phillips, is announced for immediate publication.

Sir Robert S. Ball, F. R. S., the well-known English astronomer, has just completed an "Atlas of Astronomy," containing numerous telescopic views of planets, the sun's corona, etc., and diagrams of orbits. There are many star maps, and a series of twelve plates devoted to the moon, making seventy-two plates in all. An introduction of nearly sixty pages gives a comprehensive explanatory text. The atlas is published by D. Appleton & Co.

A wise and venerable book-lover once bit upon this cunning way in which to defeat the nefarious book-borrower:

"He wrote the price, in plain figures, in all his books, and when anybody asked to borrow a volume he cheerfully answered, 'Yes, with pleasure.' Then he would add, looking at the flyleaf, 'I see the price of this work is so-and-so—you may take it at this figure, which will, of course, be refunded when the volume is returned.' Those who really wanted the books, made no objection to leaving the deposit, while those who lazily wanted to avoid a journey to the nearest library, generally failed to take the loan. The old gentleman's beautiful library was in this way preserved intact."

Mr. H. C. Bunner, the poet, novelist, and editor of *Puck*, is going abroad for the benefit of his health, and will remain away six months or a year.

An Eastern firm will publish shortly a volume made from Mr. Horatio Bridges's recollections of Hawthorne, which originally appeared in one of the magazines. New portraits will add a special interest to the book.

The editors of the *Century* have learned, since it was printed in that magazine for March, that the interesting account by Captain Ussher of "Napoleon's Deportation to Elba" was very obscurely printed in Dublin, in pamphlet-form, in 1841. It must have had a very small circulation, and, in fact, when the manuscript was submitted to the *Century*, the family were not aware that any copy of the pamphlet was in existence, nor that it was the same material, as they had merely heard that Captain Ussher had once printed a brief account of the trip, as they believed, for private distribution only. Its publication this month has brought into prominence a valuable and little-known historical document. In the magazine, the journal is accompanied by a sketch and portrait of Captain Ussher.

Among the notable articles in the *Pacific Coast Photographer* is one on "Photographic Shutters," by Sanford Robinson, Ph. B., and an essay on the history of photography, in which it is maintained that Daguerre is honored for much that is not really his due.

"Wagner and His Works," by Henry T. Finck, will be issued in two volumes, with portraits.

"Homes in Town and Country" is the title of a forthcoming volume which will contain magazine articles by Russell Sturgis, the late John W. Root, of Chicago, Bruce Price, Donald G. Mitchell, Samuel Parsons, Jr., and W. A. Lion.

Mr. Quiller Couch's recent energetic words about style are worth quoting:

"By 'perfection of style' we mean absolutely nothing, for we speak of a never fixed mark whose worth is quite unknown, and whose height has neither been taken, nor by any possibility can be taken. Probably mortal man can attain no nearer to perfection of speech than to say a certain thing in such a way that no successor will ever dare to say it in different words. But even so, our only criterion is the good taste of the very worst and most shameless plagiarist—a being who, ex-hypothesis, had no knowledge at all of perfection."

A new edition—the third—of the Hon. John Bigelow's "Life of Benjamin Franklin" is coming from the press. Some new and important matter has been added to this edition, and several new illustrations have been prepared for it.

A new revised edition of Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" is brought out by D. Appleton & Co. in 12mo form. The revision includes a rearrangement so as to bring the parts devoted to Ireland by themselves, making seven volumes of the English history and five of the Irish, each work complete in itself. The same publishers issue also, in a small volume, Mr. Lecky's address entitled "The Political Value of History."

Burns has just been done into Italian by Signor Otens, who has already translated the works of Edgar Allan Poe.

W. D. Howells has just completed an account of his early life, when he worked with his father editing and publishing a country newspaper in Ohio. The paper will appear in one of the magazines.

The "Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier," now being prepared by his literary executor, will probably be published next fall. An unexpected amount and variety of interesting correspondence will come to light, and many errors will be corrected that are to be found in all previous biographies. Those who have letters of Mr. Whittier containing

passages of public interest in their possession, will confer a favor by communicating with Mr. S. T. Pickard, Portland, Me.

A new edition (in the cheap Minerva Library) of George Borrow's "Lavengro" is coming out in London.

Among the private papers of the poet Baudelaire, the French translator of the works of Poe, was recently discovered a page headed: "Hygiene, Conduct, Method," the first commandment of which was: "To make every morning my prayer to God, fountain of all force and of all justice, to my father, to Mariette, and to Poe as intercessors."

M. Octave Uzanne announces that, as he intends to visit the Chicago Fair, he will suspend for a year the publication of the monthly magazine, *L'Art et l'Idée*, which he edits. Meanwhile, Emile Rondeau announces that he will publish, in March, the first number of a "revue documentaire illustrée mensuelle," *Le Livre et l'Image*, the art editor of which is John Grand-Carteret, and the chief writers of which are to be, among others, Jules Adeline, Henri Houssaye, Sardou, and Yriarte.

How many copies of Fanny Kemble's play "Francis the First" are to be found in the United States? We doubt if many people know that such a tragedy exists. She wrote it when a girl, and her publisher gave her two thousand one hundred dollars for the copyright. Ten editions were issued within a few years.

"Dr. Paull's Theory" is the title of a romance which will appear immediately in Appleton's Town and Country Library. The writer is Mrs. A. M. Diehl.

Emile Zola has no idea of giving up his struggle to become one of the immortals, and considers himself a candidate until he shall have attained his end. M. Zola is convinced the prejudice is not against himself, but against his books. In France, as in England, he told an interviewer, there is "a mass of not very intelligent people" who object on principle to the kind of literature he produces. On other grounds he can not see that there can be any objection to him. "The Académiciens admit," he says, "that I am a respectable man, that I have no debts, that I am a brave bourgeois whose private life is decent and honorable, that I don't make too bad a figure in a drawing-room, and that I dress just like anybody else," and, dressing like anybody else and behaving like a respectable citizen, he does not see why he should persistently be denied the honor to which he aspires. He is resolved to have it, and will probably succeed, for he has on more than one occasion shown remarkable tenacity of purpose.

Amélie Rives's tragedy of "Athelwold," in book-form, and two American novels—Maria Louise Pool's "Katharine North" and Annie Eliot's "White Birch"—are announced.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling intends to call his forthcoming book of short stories "Many Intentions."

Under the title "A Wayside Harp," Miss Louise Imogen Guiney will soon publish a new volume of poems. Many of these have appeared in the periodicals, but some have never before been printed.

Mrs. Burton Harrison has sailed for Italy, via Gibraltar, for a four months' outing. Mrs. Harrison has just finished a two-act play, called "Evergreens," for Mr. Felix Morris, who will produce it for the first time in Chicago, in October next. The plot is founded on one of her "Belhaven" stories.

New Publications.

A second edition of "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford," edited by his friend, Reuben Spaccott, has been published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The King of Honey Island," by Maurice Thompson, a story of Louisiana three-quarters of a century ago, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Ideals: A Romance of Idealism," by Charles Grissen, is a little book containing a long account in blank verse of a new Utopia and several Indian legends told in rhyme. Published and for sale by the San Francisco News Company, San Francisco.

"Dyonic Breathing and Harmonic Gymnastics," by Genevieve Stebbins—who has written books on Delsarte, "society gymnastics," etc.—is a "complete system of physical, aesthetic, and physical culture," if we may trust its title-page. Published by Edgar S. Werner, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Songs for the Hour," by D. M. Jones, contains a number of short poems, some in praise of a Welsh-American bard, others expressing love for Ireland and hopes of home rule, and others, again, describing incidents of American life. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

"The Antiquary" has just been issued as the third volume of the new Dryburgh edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels. This is an admirable edition, printed in clear type on good paper, with uncut leaves, making a volume of more than four hundred pages, and illustrated by Paul Hardy. Published by Macmillan

& Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Our Cycling Tour in England," by Reuben Gold Thwaites, is a diary of a six weeks' vacation spent by the author and his wife wheeling through southern England. The route lay from Canterbury to Dartmoor Forest and back by way of Bath, Oxford, and the Thames Valley. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50; for sale at the Popular Book Store.

Stephen Bonsal, Jr., the young American journalist who accompanied Sir Charles Euan-Smith on his unsuccessful mission to negotiate a treaty between Great Britain and the Sultan of Morocco, has gathered together his letters to the journal that sent him out, and they are now issued in a volume, entitled "Morocco as It Is." It is a lively account of the mission and the peoples Bonsal visited, but it adds little or nothing to the world's knowledge of the North African states. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Orchardcroft," by Elsa d'Esterre-Keeling, is a story of English life. The hero is the son of a gardener, and falls in love with the adopted daughter of his father's master; naturally rank puts a barrier between them, but he goes abroad, returns a great artist, and eventually marries the girl, who has meantime discovered the secret of her birth. The story is thoroughly conventional, and is only to be distinguished from a thousand other such tales by some clever scenes of child-life. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

The grave introduction Charles Dudley Warner has written for Isa Carrington Cabell's little book, "Seen from the Saddle," scarcely prepares the reader for the gay chatter of that clever young woman. She is brimful of pat quotations and can say a good thing out of her own head if occasion arises, so that her accounts of her New England summer rides are always amusing and often fraught with unexpected wisdom. Published in their Black and White Series by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Ruth McEnery Stuart, one of the cleverest of the clever young women who have been making magazine stories of various episodes of Southern life, has collected thirteen of her short stories and prints them in a volume, entitled "A Golden Wedding and Other Tales." In all but two of the stories, the Louisiana negroes figure; in "Camelia Riccarda," the personages are "dagoes," the Italians of New Orleans; and in "The Woman's Exchange in Simpkinsville," the reader is taken to an Arkansas village. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A welcome addition to the long list of cook-books is "A Handbook of Invalid Cooking," by Mary A. Boland, instructor in cooking in the Johns Hopkins Training-School for Nurses. It is intended for the use of nurses in training-schools and in private practice and of others who care for the sick, and contains explanatory lessons on the five food principles, digestion, nutrition, and the properties of different classes of food; recipes for an invalid's diet; menus for the sick; directions for serving; instructions for the feeding of children; description of apparatus, etc. A table of contents and index make the book a most convenient one. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

"Louis Agassiz: His Life and Work," by Charles Frederick Holder, is the latest issue in the series of Leaders of Science. It is intended for young readers and the laity, rather than for the scientific world, and so gives account of the salient features of the great scientist's life and points out the good he accomplished, without making elaborate analysis of his scientific achievements. The biographer is an enthusiastic scientist who possesses the faculty of making his facts intensely interesting, and in this work he has added not a little to the facts already recorded in Mrs. Agassiz's "Life." The bibliography at the end of the book fills thirty-six pages. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

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VANITY FAIR.

The beauty of form and color that endures till middle age is as rare as a brown-eyed blonde. That women wreck their good looks through ignorance or intemperance there is no doubt. Good wine, a good table, a good time, and no restrictions, are the murderers of health as well as beauty. A radiant wife, who has children and grandchildren, gives this information regarding "the care-taking" that has kept the roses in her face: "Ten hours' sleep, funny papers, good novels, and the society of bright people; warm bath always at five o'clock and a glass of hot water immediately after; then dinner, always soup, never any greasy or spiced dishes, very little meat, plenty of vegetables, one glass of wine—two-thirds water—and fruit and coffee. Before breakfast a cool sponge bath, never a cold one; then fresh fruit, coffee, a soft egg, and toast—this three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. I am a bappy woman, and my sense of the ridiculous is the tonic of my life." Adelina Patti is a very small eater and most methodical in her habits. Contrary to report, she drinks no wine, but only weak whisky and water. A wealthy lady living in New York goes to the Gulf every winter "to eat oranges for her complexion." She goes abroad to give her digestive system a vacation; and she takes the Baden-Baden baths for a skin tonic. A poor beauty, who keeps a private school for a living and never has more than one month's rent ahead of expenses, eats fruit after each meal to cool the blood; rides in a jolting car whenever her liver is torpid; takes a vapor bath when her skin gets dry and her complexion is russet tinted. Her chief drinks are milk and lemonade, and she declares that with hot water she can cure any bodily ailment; she hates in it, drinks it, and goes to bed with a hag of it for the seat of pain.

Club life abroad is curiously different from club life in America. The greater freedom with which men in our clubs (says the New York Sun) spend money is the thing that distinguishes clubs here from clubs in London. Champagne is more frequently ordered in the clubs of New York than in those of London. The Briton takes his champagne seriously. Many London clubs include a considerable number of men whose incomes are just sufficient to enable them to live as bachelors in decent style. There is a host of younger sons who prefer the freedom of an idle life, with a small income and the possibility of marrying an heiress, to what they regard as the vulgarity of trade. The superior economy noticeable in English life is to be ascribed to the fact that many of the class that make up the membership of clubs are living upon fixed incomes, while in the United States every man is hoping for better things. The average London club is created with a proper regard for the limitations of younger sons. Thackeray's Polytechnic, where Mr. Goldworthy, M. P., ate his shilling dinner of two mutton chops and a due allowance of club bread and beer, was designed to meet the wants of men with modest incomes. "You must know, sir," says Brown, the elder, "that at the Polytechnic, in common with most clubs, gentlemen are allowed to enjoy gratis, in the coffee-room, bread, beer, sauces, and pickles. After four o'clock, if you order your dinner, you have to pay sixpence for what is called the table—the clean cloth, the vegetables, cheese, etc.; before that time you may have lunch, when there is no table charge."

The life of an English club-member, with, say, fifteen to eighteen hundred dollars a year, involves economies that to the average American would be impossible, if he knew that by going to work he could earn as much more. It means lodgings in some quiet street at considerable less than similar lodgings would cost here; breakfast at the lodgings, a luncheon somewhere else, and dinner at the club or at the house of a friend. It is possible to dress decently on very little, so that the young man is able to dine at the club the year round; if need be, to have his little run in the country, his cruise on a friend's yacht, or his fishing in the Highlands or in Norway. It is common in London clubs of the quiet kind to provide a table d'hôte dinner at three shillings or three and sixpence. The diner may have in addition, for thirty or forty cents, a plot of excellent claret. Most of the diners at clubs of very good standing seldom go beyond the table d'hôte and its plot of claret. Even men in comparatively easy circumstances are content with this, and anxious that the meal shall be kept within five shillings. Something better is often provided for a guest; but if one member of small income dines with another at the club or elsewhere, a return dinner becomes a matter of obligation. Many English clubs have a house-dinner once a month. Upon such occasion, champagne usually appears on the table, but the younger sons of small income are careful, even at the house-dinner. The economies of such a man excite no scorn or surprise. His case is too common. He has deliberately accepted life at fifteen hundred dollars a year, and the average Englishman sees nothing discreditable in such acceptance, or in the voluntary idleness of a man, perhaps of education and brains. That he should improve his condition by marrying money is a matter of course.

Proprietary clubs are not unknown in New York, but they specially flourish in London. An American

who belonged to a London proprietary club which was typical of its class, describes it as a marvelously comfortable, though unflinchingly British, concern. The man who projected it and was its proprietor was a respectable upper-class Briton of good address and much popularity. Every proprietary club must have a reason for being. He discovered a need, and filled it. The lines upon which the club was organized were such that it attracted army and navy officers, some resident foreigners, and many colonials. The proprietor managed to obtain a lease of a deceased noble statesman's London residence, in a desirable quarter, not far from some of the best London clubs. Dues and initiation fees were placed at moderate figures, the house was furnished in solidly comfortable fashion, and the best obtainable servants were provided. The proprietor was lucky enough, before proceeding far with his scheme, to obtain the countenance of a royal duke, a most important aid to anything in London. Sundry noblemen, high officers of the army and navy, foreign ministers, and more or less distinguished clergymen strengthened the club, and in time the membership grew to seven or eight hundred. All dues went to the proprietor, and he met all expenses, while a board of governors managed the concern. The proprietor may, if the governors approve, sell the club to a new proprietor, or the governors may, if they will, arrange to have the club incorporated.

The British commoner fondly imagines that within his own club-house he is the equal of any fellow-member, though the membership include noblemen and even peers. But even here British respect for rank steps in. The etiquette of precedence is observed as men file into the house for dinner, and if there be a nobleman present, the toastmaster, in addressing the company, says, "My lord and gentlemen," a seemingly invidious distinction that his lordship does not resent. One institution of British clubdom little known in this country is the system of exchanges among clubs in all parts of the empire, whereby the member of a club in one city obtains, by means of an official certificate from his board of governors, the privileges of a club in some other city, the arrangement being mutual between the clubs. It was the boast of one Englishman that he had traveled around the world without once stopping at a hotel, because his London club gave him the entrée to clubs all over the empire.

"Speaking of broken engagements," remarked a young girl, the other day, "makes me think of a funny story. A friend of mine was expecting to be married, and had everything ready but her gowns. All the table and bed-linen was hemmed, and marked, and put away in lavender, while dozens of tray-cloths, doilies, and bureau-scarfs were made. She had even prepared a large supply of all kinds of house-cloths for windows, silver, etc., and had put away six rolls of linen bandages, in case any one should cut a finger or sprain an arm. Well, the engagement was broken, and what do you think she did with all those things upon which she had lavished so much loving care? She made a big bonfire in the back-yard, and upon the flames, started by means of a match and an old barrel, she heaped her treasures. Never did vestal virgin feed the sacred fires on ancient Roman altars make more fervent vows than did this nineteenth-century maiden when sacrificing her dainty linen in the hope of assuaging her heart-ache. That all happened some years ago. On a cabinet in her own room stands a large jar, which people declare contains the ashes of her heart and of her bridal linen cremated together on that fateful day."

The great world of women, who desire to follow a lead, take their cues from the merest accidents. A manufacturer has an overstock of moire which he sells at half-price. Worth buys it for petticoats. The word goes abroad that he is using moire, and the stuff becomes fashionable. A newspaper reporter rushes in, the busy man is too busy to answer in detail, and is told that every color will be worn. He chooses to mention green, and, presto! the whole world goes clad in the hues of spring and jealousy. Incidentally he announces that he is making no more Empire gowns, but will go in for small waists and full, round skirts. Worth was asked if hoops were to be worn. "I hope not. I think not," he said. However, when he announces that he has just put sixty yards of silk in a gown, the evil day seems nigh.

The disposition to alter the shoulder line of low dresses is more threatening than crinoline. Englishwomen have always had reason to be proud of their finely modeled shoulders. In consequence, the low dress of 1830, seen in old-fashioned portraits of the young Queen Victoria and the portraits of Jenny Lind, which once were so familiar to this country, always had greater vogue in England than elsewhere. Frenchwomen have always uncovered their shoulders sparingly. This was partly through that artistic instinct in dress which the French possess above other nations, and which warns them that the hard line carried around the shoulder and seemingly to amputate the neck and head, is trying and inartistic. The exception was the Empress Eugénie, whose sloping shoulders were remarkable among women, and who displayed them lavishly. Otherwise the V-shaped corsage has always had greater vogue in France. American women have no standing rule in the mat-

ter. They have followed in this matter the fashions of France rather than those of England. The proposition now to dismiss the shoulder-strap and expose the shoulders is before them, and is much more imminent than crinoline. The spectacle of a scraggy neck rising out of a mass of chiffon and lace is one before which we may well pause.

In Paris, a *voiture au mois*, or carriage hired by the month, comes much cheaper than in any other capital. A well-appointed hrougham, with one horse and a coachman in livery, costs sixty dollars a month; with two horses and a coachman and footman in livery, one hundred and fifty dollars. The carriage is at one's door at nine o'clock in the morning, and remains at the disposal of the hirer until midnight, with an intermission of one hour at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and of one hour at six in the evening, to give the man and horse time for their meals. In the case of a *voiture de grande remise*, a very elaborate affair, with powdered and liveried coachmen and footmen, used at weddings, funerals, or official receptions, three dollars an hour is charged. The *fiacre*, or cab, taken on the street costs forty cents an hour, or twenty-five cents a drive. In London, a hansom costs fifty cents an hour, and a four-wheeler forty cents for the same space of time.

In the course of the controversy—to which reference has already been made in this department of the *Argonaut*—on tight-lacing, an English paper secured the following replies to a series of questions. The opinions expressed point to an increase of tight-lacing during the last five years, many of the replies being worded "most decidedly." Fifteen inches is the smallest "stock" size. Several makers had made, and do now make to order, as small as 13 inches, while 14 and 15 inches are far more usual than one would at all suppose. More than 80 per cent. of the authorities consulted were of opinion that girls are put into *real* corsets earlier than formerly, with the object of insuring a slender waist. Nearly 70 per cent. declared that many of their customers, who practiced extreme tight-lacing, wore a minimum of underclothing—"quite insufficient," several wrote—or especially arranged garments, so as to enable them to tight-lace with the least trouble and discomfort possible. One well-known *corsetière* wrote: "Five or six of my tightest-lacing customers wear what, if they were a little thinner, would be nothing more nor less than actresses' 'tights.'" Seven *corsetières* knew of fashionable schools where tight-lacing was either enforced or encouraged. Five had made many pairs of corsets for girls of sixteen and under (mostly resident at these schools), with waist measurement of 15 inches. Seventy per cent. were in favor of the wearing of properly made stays from twelve years of age; 14 per cent. from thirteen to fourteen years of age; 8 per cent. in favor of ten years of age for the commencement of stay wearing; and the remainder inclined to fifteen years of age. The following are among the most interesting replies sent in: What is the size of the smallest-waisted corset you have recently made to order?—Fourteen-inch waist, 40-inch bust, 38-inch hips. The bust was, of course, forced up, by the extreme lacing, out of all proportion. To my mind, the lady when laced into this corset, as she was in my presence, looked quite unnatural and ridiculous. Do any of your clients wear special, or specially arranged, underclothing to enable them to lace tightly without discomfort?—The majority of my customers wear woven, tight-fitting clothing to do away with the fullness of the old-fashioned underclothing, which I consider better and more comfortable, and certainly it enables them to lace more tightly. What is the smallest-waisted corset you have made for (a) ladies over thirty; (b) young ladies over eighteen and under twenty-five; (c) girls over thirteen and under sixteen?—(a) Waist 16 inches, bust 38, hips 37; (b) waist 14 inches, bust 40, hips 38; (c) waist 16 inches, bust 31, hips 20—age about fifteen years. At what age (if a very slender figure is desired) should corset-wearing be commenced?—At fourteen to sixteen; not before, in my opinion. And then tighter lacing should only be very carefully encouraged and very gradually carried out.

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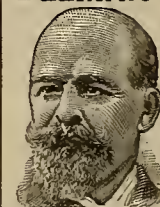
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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mme. de Lesseps, the wife of "le Grand Français," can write equally well in French and English. She wrote a novel several years ago and published it anonymously. She is collecting her husband's private papers and correspondence, and proposes, it is said, to write a book explaining and defending his course in regard to Panama.

It is interesting, at this time, to recall the wives of the Presidents:

Three of the first four Presidents of the United States married widows. The wife of John Quincy Adams, who received her education in England, created a great sensation in the nation's capital. The wife of Martin Van Buren, Hannah Hoes, lived but a short time after her marriage, dying about seventeen years before her husband's election to the Presidency. President Tyler's second wife was an ardent Roman Catholic, and Mrs. Polk was a calm-mannered Presbyterian. Mrs. Millard Fillmore had been a school-teacher, and the courtship was marked by difficulties, as the lover could rarely afford the expense of a journey to see his fiancée. Mrs. Franklin Pierce was the devout daughter of a clergyman, and made the White House a centre for charitable and religious enterprises.

Princess Margaret of Prussia received from her godmother, the Queen of Italy, as a wedding gift, a tiara of diamonds said to be worth not less than fifty thousand dollars.

This story is told at the expense of the Emperor of Austria, in connection with royal photographs:

Permission to be granted a sitting by her majesty was always refused, till one up-to-date photographer issued to the trade a counterfeit presentment, which was so unlike as to be almost a caricature. The royal vanity was touched, and thenceforth appeared more pleasing and truthful portraits of the empress.

Queen Victoria has quite a reputation among continental royalty for lack of courtesy and hospitality, and the Russian court still talks about and relates the most incredible stories concerning the slights to which the late Czarina was subjected when she visited England in the latter part of the seventies.

Apropos of the recent death of Augustine Brohan in Paris, Mrs. Crawford writes to the New York Tribune:

"Augustine Brohan was the daughter of another famous comic actress, Suzanne Brohan or Brown, and sister of the not less well-known Madeline Brohan. Her niece, and, in some respects, the heiress of the *vis comica* of the whole family, was the late Mme. Samary, of the Français, the only theatre in which any of the Brohan kindred ever played. Suzanne, the daughter of a Scotchman by a semi-Italian semi-French Jewess, was the 'friend' of Prince Benjamin de Rohan, one of the dandies of the Restoration. Suzanne made out of Brown and Rohan the composite name of Brohan, upon which the birth of her daughters were registered. Augustine was thrust into the Conservatoire at the age of ten. Her mother had endless difficulty in keeping her at the Conservatoire, Augustine being desirous of a religious life. At fifteen, she ran away to a convent, from which her mother succeeded in withdrawing her. This happened a few months after she had won the second prize of comedy at the Conservatoire. A year later, she won the first prize. Soon after, she was presented by her mother at the Théâtre Français as a candidate for an engagement. She scored a brilliant success on her first appearance there, and was at once given a salary of three thousand francs a year, a large one for a girl of sixteen and for the time at which it was allowed her. She chiefly played the parts of soubrettes. When she talked, she was as witty as a comedy of Sheridan. Sometimes she was very Gaius, but managed not to be gross. Alfred de Musset, who forsook George Sand for her, wrote for her a dramatic poem, in which she was at her best. Augustine Brohan inspired the elder Dumas's prologue to 'Le Testament de César,' 'Le Papillon' of Sardou was also written for her. One of her brilliant triumphs was in Malfille's 'Les Deux Veuves.' Her sharp tongue made her enemies without number in the theatrical world. She was very near-sighted, and the footlights utterly ruined her eyes. Her stage companions were always placing stumbling-blocks in her way in the wings of the theatre. Twice, when the court was present at plays in which she was to act, she was made, in entering on the stage, to trip over and fall. Time after time she sent in her resignation, but the emperor and Prince Napoleon interfered to get her to withdraw it. In 1868, she made up her mind once for all to quit the stage, and to marry a M. Gheest, who had been secretary of the Belgian Legation. She was better off than he was, and bought a house in the Rue de Balzac, in which all her wedded life and widowhood were spent. He and she were near-sighted, and the footlights made her life dreary. She took refuge as well as she could in religion in her old age, but said that her moral sense had been too much warped by the stage for her to find the peace which piety affords to the simple-minded. Her son was her single consolation. She died in his arms—blind, paralyzed, much older than her years, and forgotten by the world."

The dispute now in progress between King Humbert's government and the widow of Garibaldi is attracting considerable attention throughout Italy. A recent letter from Rome says:

"The point at issue is the possession of the Isle of Capraia, which the military authorities require for coast-defense purposes. The war department has offered the family three hundred thousand francs by way of compensation, which seems handsomely good, considering that the patriot paid twenty thousand francs for the island. The whole family have agreed to the terms offered by the government, with the exception of the widow, who has now begun legal proceedings against the war department. She is, without doubt, the least commendable of the three successive wives of the famous general. Garibaldi was married, first, to Anita, the bride of his youth and the mother of Menotti and Ricciotti, his sons; and, second, to a lady whom he wedded shortly after his return to England. Garibaldi left his second wife, however, almost immediately after the ceremony, in consequence of his having been placed in possession of some letters in his bride's handwriting of such a compromising character as to preclude any idea of life in common. Subsequently Garibaldi unsuccessfully applied for a divorce, in order to marry his third wife, and thus to legitimize his younger children. The death, however, of No. 2 enabled him to legalize his union with wife No. 3 just a short time before his death."

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, of Récamiar Cream fame, has again become prominent through her divorced husband's suit to have her adjudged insane. A recent sketch of her says:

She is about forty years of age. She is the daughter of Henry G. Hubbard, of Chicago, his youngest child. At about the age of sixteen years, she married Herbert C. Ayer, of the firm of J. V. Ayer & Sons, iron merchants of Chicago and Youngstown. The firm failed about 1883, and Mr. Ayer went to Europe. One of the three children had died through exposure at the Chicago fire. Hattie and Margaret survived. In 1886, she began suit for divorce from Ayer in the Chicago courts. He let the case go by default, and she obtained the custody of Margaret. Hattie was of age. In 1888, Ayer moved to amend the decree so that he should get the custody of Margaret. Mrs. Ayer has fallen out with Blanche Willis Howard, the novelist, in the charge the girl then was of having stolen from her. Aligned that his former wife was addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, morphine, and sulphonal, and that she

would even take hair lotions for the alcohol in them. They reached a compromise on July 1, 1889, she agreeing to relinquish all claim to Margaret and to relieve Ayer from any claim for alimony. Cast on her own resources, before she brought suit for divorce, Mrs. Ayer furnished houses artistically by contract, and is said to have performed this office for Lily Langtry's house in New York. Later she incorporated the Récamiar Manufacturing Company for the manufacture of toilet articles. In May, 1889, she began a suit against her daughter Harriet. Harriet's husband, his father, and the Récamiar Manufacturing Company, to recover five hundred shares of the stock of the company, pledged as collateral for a loan of fifty thousand dollars. The result of the action was the surrender of the stock by Harriet, the daughter, and on June 4 Mrs. Ayer got possession again of the Récamiar business.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the novelist, is a sister of George Francis Train, and that one letter in her superfluity of initials stands for her maiden name.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Wilkie Ballad Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave his fourth and last ballad concert of the second series on Friday afternoon. It was enjoyed by a large and fashionable audience. The programme was a particularly attractive one, and comprised the following selections:

Quartet, "Believe Me, if all Those Endearing Young Charms," Moore's Melodies, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Dickman, Messrs. Belcher and Wilkie; song, "Kerry Dance," Molloy, Miss Minnie Corcoran; ballad, "The Love that Lives" (composed expressly for this concert), John Parrott (poem by Samuel Minnure Peck), Mr. Alfred Wilkie; ballad, "Kathleen Mavourneen," Crouch, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman; harp solo, "Fantasia" ("La Traviata"), Gerhard Taylor, Miss Mary Louise Kimball; duet, "Larboard Watch," T. Williams, Messrs. Wilkie and Olmi; serenade, "Angel's Serenade," Tosti, Mrs. Mary Williams; ballad, "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls," Moore's Melodies (with harp accompaniment by Miss Kimball), Mr. Alfred Wilkie; songs, (a) "Evening Star Song" ("Tannhauser"), Wagner, (b) "My Love's Jewels," Charles F. Dennee, Mr. George Olmi; trio, "Ti Prego," Nicolosi, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Dickman, and Mr. Wilkie; for harp and piano, "La Caster Valse," John Thomas, Miss Kimball and Mr. K. F. Tilton; madrigal, "My Bonny Lass She Smileth," Morley (A. D. 1595), Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Dickman, Messrs. E. G. Somers, George Olmi, and Alfred Wilkie.

These ballad concerts have been so successful, from a musical standpoint, that it is possible that Mr. Wilkie may give a third series.

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society gave its third concert of the fourteenth season last Thursday evening and attracted an appreciative audience. Mr. Hermann Brandt directed the music and the society was assisted by Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Miss Ernestine Goldmann, Miss Amy Gell, and Mr. Joseph M. Willard. The following programme was presented:

Overture, "Fingal's Cave" ("Hehrden"), Mendelssohn; "Il Saggio," Mercadante, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, violin obligato, by Mr. Joseph M. Willard; "Hungarian Fantasia," Liszt, Miss Ernestine Goldmann; (a) Evening Song, Jensen, (b) Filigrane (Air de danse), Lackenbacher; Suite (Scenes Napolitaines), (1) La Danse, (2) La Procession et l'Improvisateur, (3) La Fête, Massenet; "I Can Not Tell You," G. Meyer, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; "Lovely Paraphrase," Nesradha; "Sylvia Ballet," (1) Intermezzo et Valse lente, (2) Pizzicati, (3) Cortege de Bacchus, Delibes.

The Tojetti Song Recital.

Mme. Emilia Tojetti gave a chronological song recital last Wednesday evening in the Maple Room, at the Palace Hotel, and was greeted by quite a large audience. Professor R. A. Lucchesi was the accompanist. None of the selections, except the "Casta Diva," have been given in public here before. The programme was as follows:

"Oh, cessate," (1659-1725), A. Scarlatti; "Sen corre," (1698-1740), D. Sarri; "Oh Vergine," (1634-1755), F. Durante; "Se tu mi ami," (1710-1735), G. B. Pergolesi; "Oh ciel mio dolce ardor," from "Paride ed Elena" (1714-1787), G. Gluck; "Ah, che morir vorrei," from "Arianna," (1735-1803), J. Haydn; "Recitativo e Aria," from "Così fan Tutte," (1756-1792), W. A. Mozart; "Tears of Love," (1770-1827), L. von Beethoven; "Casta Diva," (1802-1835), V. Bellini; "Amour," (1845), T. Joyeuse; "Irma," B. O. Klein; "La Farfalla," tempo di valzer cantabile, N. Celega.

The Aus Der Ohe Concert.

Miss Adèle Aus Der Ohe gave her first piano recital last Thursday evening in Metropolitan Hall, and was very favorably received. A large and critical audience enjoyed the following programme:

Toccata and fugue, D. minor, Bach-Tausig; sonata, F. major, op. 10, No. 2, allegro, allegretto, presto, Beethoven; papillons, op. 2, Schumann; chant polonais, Chopin-Liszt; four études, op. 25, No. 1, A flat, No. 2, F. minor, No. 3, F. major, No. 9, G flat major, nocturne, E. major, op. 6, Chopin; valse caprice, Tausig; rhapsodie Honroise, No. 12, Liszt.

The second recital will be given at three o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon in Metropolitan Hall. The programme will be a varied one of much excellence.

The Morgan Harp Recital.

The Misses Maud and Eleanor Morgan gave a harp recital last Wednesday evening in Metropolitan Hall. The attendance was quite large and the concert proved to be unusually interesting. The programme was as follows:

Adagio, in E minor, Thomas; essay on the harp, Miss Maud Morgan; (a) berceuse, Hasselmann, (b) "Patrouille," Hasselmann; fantasia (composed and dedicated to Thalberg), Parish Alvars; "A Fairy Legend," Oberthur; harp duet, "March of the Men of Harlech."

Miss Alvina Heuer will go East in a few months to perfect her musical education, and to enable her to do this, a number of her friends have tendered her a complimentary benefit, which will take place next Friday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall. She will have the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart, Mrs. J. Madden, Mr. J. H. Rosewald, Dr. A. T. Regensburger, and a male quartet comprising Messrs. Coffin, Howland, Stadfeldt, and Nielson. The beneficiary will sing an aria, a song with violin obligato, and a few ballads. Miss Heuer has ap-

peared before the public so often in behalf of charity that it is to be hoped she will be greeted by a large audience. The concert is under the patronage of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mrs. James Stewart, Mrs. D. Neustadter, Mrs. Hélène Bunker, Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Mrs. M. E. Pendleton, Mrs. W. V. Huntington, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Asa R. Wells, Mr. John Siebe, Mr. A. W. Starbird, Dr. Frink, Mr. Philip Galpin, and others.

The benefit to be tendered to Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams, prior to her departure for Europe, will take the form of a concert, which will be given in Odd Fellows' Hall about the middle of April. A novel and interesting programme is being prepared, the details of which will be announced soon.

ART NOTES.

The Wild Flower Exhibit.

An interesting adjunct to California's display at the Columbian Exposition will be the exhibit of wild flowers that is now being prepared by Miss F. Butler. As the result of much travel and research, she has made sketches of about six hundred specimens of our native flora. These will be properly framed and exhibited. It is proposed to have a roof-garden on the California building, and around the base of the trees Miss Butler will plant as many varieties of plants as possible, thus adding much to the picturesque appearance of the whole. It has been demonstrated that this plan is feasible, as our California wild flowers are daily shipped to the East and Europe for cultivation. Miss Butler will be pleased to receive contributions of seeds of rare plants, which may be sent to her residence, 707 Bush Street. Mr. William Keith and Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson, the artists, have examined the sketches, and refer to them in the highest terms.

The Art Loan Exhibition in aid of the Hahnemann Hospital Fund, which is being held at the Real Estate Exchange on Post Street, will continue open about two weeks more. The exhibit is a notable and interesting one, and is worthy of encouragement.

Mr. Willis Polk will have an exhibition of his sketches at his studio, 1015 Vallejo Street, next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, in the mornings and afternoons.

—SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. Crème Simon marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Stanislas Strozynski, corner Powell and Ellis Streets, 433-435, San Francisco, and druggists, perfumers, and fancy-goods stores.

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The cheapest dress made by Worth, the Parisian man-milliner, even if of cotton, does not cost less than one hundred and fifty dollars.

DCLXXXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, March 19, 1893.

Tomato and Oke Soup.
Baked Shad, Fried New Potatoes,
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce,
Asparagus, Cauliflower,
Roast Goose, Apple Sauce,
Lettuce, Egg Dressing,
Peach Snow-balls, Orange Cake,
Coffee.

PEACH SNOW-BALLS.—Cover one-third of a box of Knox's Gelatine with cold water; when soft, add boiling water to make a full pint or a little more. Strain it on a platter; when cool, break into it the whites of three eggs and beat until it begins to stiffen; add a little sugar, add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, a pinch of salt, and some vanilla flavoring; also about half a can of canned peaches, pineapple, or other fruit, reduced to a smooth pulp through the colander. Have the fruit very sweet. Beat all together until stiff and foamy, then mold in coffee or egg-cups. Set them aside to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Ask your grocer for it. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johnston, N. Y., will bring you cook-book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-à-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Inquire rates of storage.

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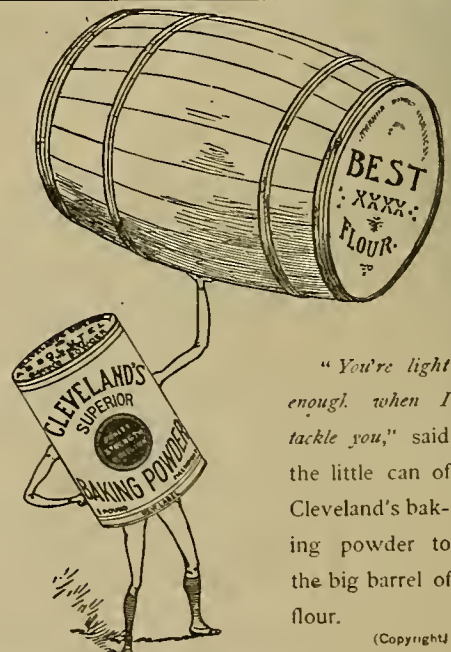
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SOCIETY.

The Strahler-Stone Wedding.

A very pretty wedding took place on Tuesday evening, March 7th, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. E. B. Young at 19 Baker Street. The contracting parties were Mr. F. A. Strahler, of Yokohama, and Miss May E. Stone, youngest daughter of Mr. D. C. Stone, of this city. The Rev. Mr. Breck, of St. John's Church, performed the ceremony. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were invited. The house was most elaborately decorated, Woodwardia ferns, fruit blossoms, hyacinths, camellias, and violets being used, with graceful draperies of pink and Nile green. The bridal party entered the drawing-room to the strains of the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," the little nephews of the bride, Masters Harry and Richmond Young, leading the way, followed by Miss Bertha Corde as maid of honor. Many telegrams of congratulation were received by the young couple from Japan, New York, and Zurich, the native home of Mr. Strahler. Mr. and Mrs. Strahler went to Monterey for a short visit, and held a reception at the Palace Hotel on the evening of March 16th; shortly after, they started for the East, en route for Europe, where they will spend several months before going to their future home in Yokohama.

The Schmiedell Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell gave a charming lunch-party at her residence last Thursday, in honor of Mrs. C. A. Spreckels. The parlors were handsomely decorated with sprays of almond-blossoms, ferns, and a variety of bright hued flowers. Daylight was excluded from the dining-room and illumination was given by gas and candelabra, having yellow shades, that were set on the table. The wild poppy, buttercups, daisies, daffodils, and other wild flowers were used in the table decoration which was very attractive. Covers were laid for twelve and the luncheon was commenced at half-past one o'clock. A string orchestra played concert selections during the service of the delicious menu and a couple of hours were passed in its enjoyment. Those present were:

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mrs. C. R. Peters, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Beverly Macdonald, Mrs. M. Castle, Mrs. John Curry, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall.

The Spreckels Lunch-Party.

An elaborate lunch-party was given recently by Mrs. John D. Spreckels at her residence, 2504 Howard Street. The table decorations were exceedingly pretty. A silver epergne was the centre-piece, and it was tastefully ornamented with delicate maiden-hair ferns and La France roses. Handsome silver candelabra were used and the gas was also lighted. The repast was bounteous, and during the time devoted to its enjoyment musical selections were played on the orchestra. Among the ladies present were:

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. Alvinza Hayward, Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor, Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Mrs. Morgan, and Mrs. Neumann.

The Grant Musicales.

A delightful affair was the musicale given by Mrs. Adam Grant last Tuesday afternoon at her residence on Bush Street. The rooms were beautifully decorated with a profusion of fragrant violets and other spring blossoms. There were about one hundred and twenty-five ladies present from three until five o'clock, and they were charmingly entertained by an interesting programme presented by Mrs. Louis Brechemin, Mrs. Berry, and Miss Ada E. Weigel. Mrs. Brechemin was heard to much advantage in "A River Dream," by Goring Thomas, "He Kissed again with Tears," by Kellie, and a selection of Godard's. Mrs. Berry, who has a rich contralto voice, pleased her auditors in her singing of "Quando à le Lieta," by Gounod, "The Honey-moon," and a duet, by Boito, with Mrs. Brechemin. Miss Weigel acted as accompanist, and also gave six piano selection by Dvorak, Chopin, Brahms, and

Liszt. The programme was one of excellent selection, and its artistic interpretation made the time pass quickly and pleasantly. Light refreshments were served as desired.

The Kohl Lunch-Party.

Mrs. William Kohl gave an enjoyable lunch-party recently at her home in San Mateo. The gardens and conservatory had supplied some lovely flowers for the embellishment of the rooms, and the display of violets on the dining-table was both remarkable and beautiful. At each cover was a corsage bouquet of perfect La France roses. The menu was sumptuous, and the hospitality of the hostess was bouffant to every way. Among those present were:

Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. George Loomis, Mrs. John Curry, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Alvinza Hayward, Mrs. W. S. Wood, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Henry Edgerton, and Miss Mamie Kohl.

The Olympic Club Fair.

The Olympic Club Fair and Circus Maximus will be held in the Mechanics' Pavilion from Monday, April 17th, to Saturday, April 22d, inclusive. The arrangements for it are progressing most satisfactorily, and there can be no doubt of its ultimate success. The afternoon programmes will include promenade concerts, juvenile revival of ancient Græco-Roman games, aquatic sports, and a series of special entertainments. In the evenings there will be reproductions of Græco-Roman games by the entire strength of the Olympic Club. Caesar's court will be represented by one hundred ladies and gentlemen attired in Roman costumes. Amadee Joullin will have charge of the artistic arrangements, H. J. Stewart will act as musical director, and the restaurant will be under the direction of Ludwig. The season tickets, costing five dollars each, will admit two persons to the entire series of twelve entertainments.

The pavilion is to be so transformed as to reproduce closely the ancient Coliseum in Rome; the roof will be concealed by a tinted canopy and the arena will be surrounded by tiers of seats. In a prominent position will be the throne of Caesar Augustus. There will also be a special department for twenty-seven vestal virgins who will be arrayed in classic costumes. The costumes in every case will be copied from the best authorities. All the arrangements and management of the arena are in the hands of George A. Adam, who is also attending to the infinite number of diversions for the *entrées*. Mr. H. J. Stewart has composed the classical music for the odes, marches, and dances. W. B. Newson is the business manager, and L. D. Adam is the press agent.

Many prominent society ladies are taking active interest in the enterprise. There will be a number of special booths. The Avenue Booth will be attended by ladies of Pacific Avenue and the vicinity; Mrs. Russ will have charge of the Olympic Club Booth; and the Gypsy Camp and Sibyl's Cave will be prominent features. "Caesar's Drawing-Room" will be under the care of Mrs. J. B. Schröder, Jr., of Redwood City. Alameda ladies have kindly offered their services and will manage a flower market. The details of the affair are progressing very satisfactorily. Over one thousand season tickets have been sold so far.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair arrived here last Tuesday from New York, and are occupying the Fair mansion on Pine Street. They will probably stay here a couple of months.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey has gone to Coronado Beach for a month.

Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington and family will go East late in April to remain away during the summer.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin are expected to return from the East to-day.

Mrs. John H. Jewett will leave in a couple of weeks to make an Eastern trip.

Mrs. John S. Hager and family have gone to Coronado Beach for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard are occupying their cottage in San Rafael, after passing the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander have leased a residence in San Mateo, which they will occupy during the next six months.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young will go to Chicago early in April, and will be away about six months.

Miss Alice Mullins has been passing a couple of weeks in San José as the guest of Miss Grace M. Spencer.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands is at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith returned from Honolulu last Thursday. They will occupy Sunshine Villa in Santa Cruz during the summer.

Mr. James V. Coleman and Commander Leonard Chetney, U. S. N., are en route from New York, via New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard will go East in April and will be away about six months.

Mr. James D. Phelan passed Monday and Tuesday in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wise have returned from an enjoyable trip to Santa Barbara. Early in April they will go to San Rafael to occupy their cottage during the season.

Mr. Rothwell Hyde has returned to his vineyard near St. Helena after passing several days here.

Colonel Isaac Trumbo, who has been East for a couple of months, is expected to return soon.

Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones are at the Grand Hotel, in New York city.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina has returned from a visit to Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. G. Steele, of Oakland, are in Havana, Cuba.

Mrs. L. Ponton de Arce, Mrs. Ricardo Villafranca, and Miss Marie Ponton de Arce left last Wednesday for Central America, and will be away several months.

Miss Carrie Gould is the guest of General and Mrs. S. S. Bardette, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Wensinger have arrived in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Hume have gone to Australia, and will remain away until late in April.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Van Bergen are occupying their new

residence, 1720 Broadway, and will receive on the second and fourth Fridays.

Mrs. John H. Dickinson and Master Reginald Dickinson have been passing the week in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne will leave in a few days to visit Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren Dutton, *né* Roman, have left Arizona, and are visiting various resorts in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. George Law Smith are at the Hotel Grand in Nice.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin C. Stump and Miss Stump are the guests of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst in Washington, D. C.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Among the retirements in the army during President Cleveland's administration will be Colonel Chauncey McKeever in 1893, Colonel B. J. D. Irwin, Colonel Loomis L. Langdon, and Major-General O. O. Howard in 1894, Brigadier-General A. McD. McCook, Major-General John M. Schofield, and Colonel George H. Mendell in 1895.

Commander G. M. Book, U. S. N., left last Tuesday for the Asiatic station to assume command of the *Albatross*.

The engagement has been announced of Lieutenant Golden L. H. Ruggles, Third Artillery U. S. A., to Miss Mary Miller, second daughter of Major Marcus P. Miller, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.

Lieutenant James Ashley Turner, U. S. M. C., has been granted six months' leave of absence owing to illness.

Lieutenant G. W. S. Stevens, U. S. A., is en route from Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Charleston* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant N. J. K. Patch, U. S. N., of the *Charleston*, has been granted a leave of absence, and is at the Army and Navy Club in Washington, D. C.

Rear-Admiral Irwin, U. S. N., has been ordered to relieve Rear-Admiral David B. Harney, U. S. N., from the Asiatic station, owing to the retirement of the latter from service.

The wedding of Miss Pauline Williamson, daughter of General Williamsoo, and Mr. Roy Jones, son of Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones, will take place soon after Easter at the home of the bride's parents in Washington, D. C.

President Carnot in the Pommeroy Cellars.

The day was a very flattering one for the house of Pommeroy. The establishment on the Boulevard Gerbert was fronted by a grand triumphal arch bearing the inscription, "Vive la République," and the court-yards and cellars presented a grand sight. The flags of all friendly outposts were displayed.

After the reception by the city authorities, the Cross of the Legion of Honor was presented by the president to M. Vassier, as the representative of the trade of Reims, and as the assistant and successor of Mme. Pommeroy in the philanthropic charity for which she was so well known. M. Carnot, in decorating M. Vassier, accompanied the ceremony with a few impressive remarks, and expressed his gratification in having an opportunity of distinguishing one of the champions of France's fame. Among the medals that were distributed we note the following to persons engaged with the house: A gold medal to M. Victor Lambert, a silver medal to Emile Poret, and a bronze medal to Victor Cayet.

After the banquet, at which M. Vassier was present, the president paid a visit to the establishment of the house. He was received with all the honors, and first paid his attention to the bust of Mme. Pommeroy, by the distinguished sculptor, Charaillaud. M. Vassier and Mme. Louise Pommeroy, Comtesse de Polignac, then presented to the head of the state a glass of Pommeroy. While he was enjoying it, a choir of children sang a beautiful song composed for the occasion.—*La Depeche de l'Est*.

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PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was recently approached by a Scotchman at the close of his lecture on Robert Burns, who said: "Colonel, the title of your lecture should be the epitaph on your tombstone." "How is that?" asked the orator. "Robert Burns," replied the Scot.

The bootmaker to Don Carlos, the son of Philip the Second, once took him a pair of boots which were too small to be comfortable, and, by the order of the angry prince, they were cut in pieces, boiled, and forced down the wretched fellow's throat, so that he was well-nigh killed.

Mrs. Clara Foltz, when in San Diego, had for examination one day a large, burly Irishman. The idea of being questioned by a woman lawyer was to him a huge joke, until she began to question him on personal matters, when, assuming a suspicious air, he remarked: "I don't know yer intentions, num; but I'm a married man."

"Do you think," asked an Englishman of an Irishman, "that the Irish will be content if they get Mr. Gladstone's home rule?" "There'll be no peace and happiness in Ireland till they do get it, sir." "But don't you see that it will lead to a series of free fights in your country?" "Sure, sir, and isn't that peace and happiness to an Irishman?"

A London newspaper relates that, a few days ago, Queen Victoria was greatly charmed with a piece of music performed by the band playing in public at Osborne, and sent one of her attendants to learn the name of the piece. The attendant came back and reported, with some embarrassment, that it was entitled "Come Where the Boogie is Cheaper."

Lord Palmerston's reply to the illiterate member who asked him, "Are there two kens in 'Onion?'" is specimen of his rather boisterous chaff. "No, only one; that's why 'eggs are so scarce there." Mr. Disraeli's comment upon a portrait of himself, "Is it not bideous? and so like," exhibited a discernment not common with unflattered sitters.

In a North Riding village lived an elderly man who had been married three times, but had been as often bereaved. After the death of his third wife, a rumor was circulated as to a fourth wedding. On being questioned, he replied in the following decisive manner: "Naay, nut ab; what wi' marryin' on 'em an' what wi' buryin' on 'em, it's ower expensive. Ab can't affo'd it nae mair."

A runaway darkey, before the war, was on his way to Canada, and was met by a countryman, who questioned him as to the treatment he had received at the hands of his master. "Didn't you have enough to eat?" the countryman asked. "Yes." "And enough to wear?" "Yes." "And a warm place to sleep?" "Yes." "Then what did you run away for?" "Say, boss," the darkey replied, "if you think you'd like the place, it's open to ye."

An Englishman, a temperance lecturer, was invited to speak on total abstinence. Being nobody in particular, he was placed last on the list of speakers. The chairman also introduced several speakers whose names were not on the list, and the audience were tired out, when he said: "Mr. Bailey will now give us his address." "My address," said Mr. Bailey, rising, "is 45 Loughborough Park, Brixton Road, and I wish you all good-night."

"In my dealings with reporters I have had only one experience with the newspaper death-watch," said Chauncey M. Depew to a writer in the *Detroit Free Press*. "A couple of years ago I was laid up for a week; I was not very sick, but in some way it got rumored about that I was dying. At eleven-thirty o'clock at night the telephone in my boudoir rang. I was up and answered the call. 'Is this Dr. Depew's house?' was asked. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Is he dead?' 'No.' 'Is he going to die to-night?' 'I don't think so.' 'Thanks; good-night.' 'Good-night.'"

A card should be turned down at the upper left-hand corner when a call is made in person and the recipient is not at home. An amusing case of the punctiliousness with which this rule is observed in Europe is that of an old Spanish gentleman who went to pay his devotions at the shrine of a saint, but discovered that the church was undergoing repairs and that there was no priest officiating at the altar. Unwilling to lose credit for his devout intentions, he drew a visiting-card from his pocket, and, carefully turning down the corner, reverently deposited it on the altar.

Judge William Lindsay, the new senator from Kentucky, is a man full of resources (says the *World*). On one occasion he had a bad case and was roundly abusing the opposite party to the suit. Finally he said something specially offensive, when the party approached him, and, whispering in his

ear, said: "I will give you just five minutes to retract that remark. If you don't do it, I will kill you!" The last words were hissed in his ear. "Well," said Judge Lindsay, smiling, "what do I want to wait five minutes for? I will take it back right now."

At a Massachusetts town the other night, there was a temperance lecture in the chapel of one of the churches. The gentleman who was to preside did not show up, and a man known to have a deep interest in the temperance cause was called upon to act in his place. Mr. S— is a very nervous man who easily gets rattled. He struggled to his feet, and this is what he said: "Ladies and gentlemen: Since Brother — is not here to ask the blessing of God to rest upon this meeting, we will proceed with the business and do the best we can without it. Amen."

Artenus Ward died not many months after his London debut, attended to the last by Tom Robertson. Just before Ward's death, Robertson poured out some medicine in a glass and offered it to his friend. Ward said: "My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff!" "Come, come," said Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug, "there's a dear fellow! Do now, for my sake; you know I would do anything for you." "Would you?" said Ward, feebly stretching out his hand to grasp his friend's, perhaps for the last time. "I would, indeed!" said Robertson. "Then you take it," said Ward. The humorist passed away but a few hours afterward.

An Illinois conductor tells the following story: "We pulled into Alton one day, and, among other passengers to get aboard, were two very large colored people of the common 'persimmon class,' and very ignorant. As I came by taking up tickets, the old gentleman dug out two tickets from the deep recesses of his tattered vest, and, as he handed them up, said: 'One of dese is foh me, the udder is foh ber.' I looked at the tickets critically, and then, turning sharply to the old fellow, I asked: 'Which is yours and which is hers?' The old lady began stammering something, but the old lady cut him short by hitting him a terrific whack with her fist on the side of the head, exclaiming: 'Dar now, you ignorant nig-gah, I done told yuh yuh'd git us into trouble, and now yoh see yuh done got de law on us.'"

Early rising was a frequent subject of contention between Nahum Briggs and his wife. One night, when it seemed to Mrs. Briggs as if her tired eyes had but just closed, Nahum spoke up briskly: "Come, Lucy, come; time ter git up. It's all habit sleepin' so much." His wife rubbed her heavy lids and rose reluctantly. The clock had stopped, but Nahum said it was nearly six, for there was a light in "Bunker's shop," and he usually opened the store at that time. Soon the kettle was steaming cheerily, and while breakfast was being prepared, Nahum took his lantern and went out to "do the chores." He watered and fed his stock, and returned to eat a hearty morning meal. Then they sat down to wait the first streak of dawn; but after an hour it seemed, if anything, darker than before. "Ain't it terrible long comin' light, think?" asked Mrs. Briggs, as to a carping judge. "Oh, I'm used ter bein' up to greet the day," sniffed Nahum; "I guess the sun will be 'round on time." Soon his wife looked out again. "For the love of John Turner!" she exclaimed; "Bunker has put out his light an' is goin' home. Do go out an' hail him, an' find what time it is." "It's day-time, I tell ye," said Nahum, but he went out and "bailed" his neighbor. "I dunno exactly," said Mr. Bunker, with some moderation; "but when I shut up shop, I think it was 'bout ten o'clock." Then Nahum came in and shut the door. While Mrs. Briggs prepared for a second night's rest, he wound the clock and set it. She noticed that he took a decided comfort in winding it more vigorously than seemed quite necessary.

Set Him Right.

Geo. Augustus Sala, the well-known English writer, on his last Australian trip wrote as follows to *The London Daily Telegraph*:

"I especially have a pleasant remembrance of the ship's doctor—a very experienced maritime medico indeed, who tended me most kindly during a horrible spell of bronchitis and spasmodic asthma, provoked by the sea fog which had swooped down on us just after we left San Francisco. But the doctor's prescriptions and the increasing warmth of the temperature as we neared the Tropics, and, in particular, a couple of ALLCOCK'S POKERS PLASTERS clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right."

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 2:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 2:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12:45, 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:45, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Week Days	Tocaloma,	12:15 P. M. "Wk Days
6:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes,	6:10 P. M. Daily
	Tomas, and	
	Way	
	Stations.	
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Howards	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Duncan Mills	6:10 P. M. Week Days
	Cazadero, and	
	Way	
	Stations.	

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$2.25; Tomas, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomas, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY

(except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 15th, 25th, and 30th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—March 15th, SS. City of Sydney; March 25th, SS. Acapulco; April 5th, SS. San Juan.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco at noon on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—March 18th, SS. Colon; April 3d, SS. San Jose.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

City of Rio de Janeiro.....Thursday, March 23, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Thursday, April 13, at 3 P. M.
China.....Tuesday, April 25, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Saturday, May 13, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer, From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.

Gaelic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, April 4

Belgie.....(via Honolulu).....Thursday, May 4

Oceanic.....Tuesday, May 23

Gaelic.....Tuesday, June 13

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. COMPANY'S General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.

Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Britannic.....March 26th
Teutonic.....April 5th
Gaelic.....April 12th
Germanic.....April 19th
Majestic.....April 26th
Teutonic.....May 3d
Germanic.....May 10th
Majestic.....May 17th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

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29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 8, 1893.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento,...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San Jose.	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	6:15 P.
* 7:30 A.	El Yerrano and Santa Rosa.	* 6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Yerrano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Yacaville.	10:15 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European, Atlantic, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.	1 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Wrights.	6:20 P.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San Jose, New Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Palajo, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.	5:10 P.
12:05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San Jose, and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave SAN FRANCISCO. DESTINATION. Arrive SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS. SUNDAYS. WEEK DAYS.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Petaluma and 10:40 A. M. 8:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 3:00 P. M. Santa Rosa. 6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 8:00 A. M. Litan Springs. 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Cloverdale, and Way Stations.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Hopland and 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

3:30 P. M. 8:00 A. M. Ukiah. 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Guerneville. 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

3:30 P. M. 8:00 A. M. Sonoma and 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Glen Ellen.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Sebastopol. 10:40 A. M. 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 3:00 P. M. 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Yichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Chato, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Ukiah, Hydenville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$5.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.

PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 9 New Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Jan. 27, Feb. and March 10, 24, April 15, 30.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Rosa, Los Angeles, and all way ports, 9 A. M. For Santa Rosa, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., C. agents, 10, Cal

THREE POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1, 2, 3. THREE POZZONI'S TINTS

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Fancy Stores.



Whatever Mr. de Koven's detractors may say of the originality of his musical compositions, they can not deny that he is a man of energy and enterprise. Since the composing of "Robin Hood," he has written "The Knickerbockers," several popular songs, contributed any amount of somewhat dreary theatrical comment to the press, helped found the Vaudeville Club, and worked his way into the inner sanctum of the Four Hundred.

His first opera, "Don Quixote," was very dull. It held the stage for a time, and then gave place to "Robin Hood," which, in England, under the name of "Maid Marian," was a great success. There is no doubt about it that the airs of "Robin Hood" are extremely pretty, wearing well enough to bear a second and third hearing. Moreover, the composer is not niggardly with them. They are strung together as closely as possible on the slender thread of the story. Mr. de Koven's is not a stingy muse. It gives you your money's worth of music.

The Bostonians had a fine welcome on Monday evening. A packed house greeted them, and waited patiently while Miss d'Arville seemed—judging by the length of time that elapsed between the announcement of her arrival at the ferry and the raising of the curtain—to be walking up from the end of Market Street to the theatre. The applause that greeted every member of the company was as flattering as that which welcomed Ward and James, calling from Mr. Barnabee a speech as short and to the point as even the celebrated orations of John L. Sullivan.

It was agreeable to welcome once more this company of well-trained and attractive players. It is one of the best-toned—if such a word may be used—companies in the country. What they lack in vivacity and dramatic ability, they make up for in the conscientious and earnest manner in which they always strive to do their best, and in the fact that several members of the company have exceedingly good voices. This is a thing as rare in light opera as good dialogue.

Each of the old familiar faces called out from the house a round of welcoming applause. Mrs. Bartlett Davis and Miss d'Arville seemed to carry off the honors. The former would always be a favorite, even if she had no voice, no sparkling swagger, and no dimples. She has the *je ne sais quoi du charme* that captures the house, from the gods to the orchestra. An attractive personality is certainly above rubies. Moreover, Mrs. Bartlett Davis is one of those rare and radiant singers who can act, and sing, and look pleased at applause without appearing to be consumed with self-consciousness. She seems to have none, and for this, if for no other reason, it is a good and a pleasant experience to look at her act and to listen to her sing.

In the second act, she introduced De Koven's song, "Oh, Promise Me," which, unfortunately, is a trifle too low for her voice. It seems a pity that Mr. de Koven can not get better words to set to his pretty music. In all his compositions, he seems to be unfortunate in his selections of words. In "Oh, Promise Me," the melody is charming, the verses singularly meaningless—"will take our love together to some sky"—what does that mean? That they are going up in a balloon together—that they are going to make a similar excursion to that described by Jules Verne in his story "From the Earth to the Moon." Even in "Robin Hood," if he could have found a really good libretto to fasten his score to, it would have been an operetta that might have stood with "Erminie," or one of Offenbach's. As it is, the dialogue is extremely flat. When Marian and Robin Hood talk together, it sounds like a page from some of those old-fashioned imitations of Sir Walter Scott.

Miss d'Arville does not seem much in sympathy with the dialogue. She gets through it as quickly as she can. Accentuating it with an occasional wink of her eye or wag of her head, she is not above the weakness of being stagey, frowning and clinching her fists in the good old style that obtained in the days of the dawning of comic opera, and which is still seen in the sort of spectacular performances where the lord and lady, mounting on a dais and waving their hands, cry, "Let the festivities proceed," and numerous ballet-dancers and acrobats come in and caper about.

But Miss d'Arville has animation, style, a fair voice, and what some people call "a fine-looking appearance." Maid Marian, according to De Koven and Smith, seems to have spent most of her time in gentleman's attire, and, garbed in the doublet and hose and buskins of the day, she undoubtedly looked very pretty, and was entirely free from the quibbles that assailed Rosalind when she heard

that Orlando was also in the Forest of Arden. In the forest scene, Maid Marian was quite a picture—all in pale grays, with slashings of white, and long, gray suede boots. She carried a yew-tree bow in her hand, and looked as handsome, and picturesque, and unlike a boy as actresses always do when they personate the "pretty pages" that seem to have been as useful to the writers of mediæval fiction as the sprained ankle is to novelists of our day.

In the writing of comic-opera scores, Mr. de Koven ought to be encouraged. In the first place, he is one of the few Americans who seem to be able to compose anything in the way of an operetta that is really pretty and melodious; in the second place, he is the only member of the fashionable class who has ever done this sort of thing. Society, now and then, gives an actor or actress to the stage, at rare intervals produces a novelist, in one or two instances a singer, but a composer never. Mr. de Koven has a muse that is vigorous enough to resist the deadening influences of the life whereof McAllister is high priest.

He is, undoubtedly, the most successful writer of this class of music that we have seen thus far. Now and then, in the scattered cities that dot the face of this great country, some aspiring musician rises and strikes the lyre of Offenbach, and the public hail him as the coming winner of the laurels of the illustrious Franco-German. The silence that broods over Philadelphia was broken by the melodious strains of "The Little Tycoon," which appears to have been the swan-song of its composer, or, if he did again smite the lyre, nobody heard the smiting. San Francisco sent two of its highly gifted children out into the wide world with opera scores. Edgar Kelley and Stahl both wrote good operettas, sold them, and had the joy of seeing them produced; but, so far, neither of them has written any music as popular and pretty as the melodies in "Robin Hood." Chicago, in this one particular, leads the procession.

The authors of "His Majesty" and "Puritania" had better not try to have their operettas produced in the Eastern cities, or they will leave us here operettaless. They ought to take pity on the city in which they live and save it from the threatened doom of no comic opera any more. It is said that the Bostonians will soon discontinue their trips to the Far West, only making the Western circuit as far out as Chicago. San Francisco is a long way off, and the taste of its theatre-goers is singularly erratic. A star popular two years ago may play this year to empty houses. A player who has acted on his last visit here to a house that did not pay expenses, may on his next pack the theatre from the first row in the orchestra to the gods. Never was there an audience of more variable tastes. Augustin Daly's company, on their last visit, played to half-filled houses, and once they had crowded the theatre to the aisles. It may be the fear of encountering a frost of this kind that is causing the Bostonians to think of visiting us no more.

Francis Wilson was well received here, so he may come back, though it is a well-known fact that he is such a favorite in New York that he does not care much about leaving the city. Lillian Russell—for bow many years the idol of Gotham, which has loved her faithfully while she was fat and while she was thin, while she was bad tempered and while she was good tempered, while she took trouble to act well and while she was too lazy to do more than sing through her part—has, they say, shaken the dust of this inhospitable city off her feet, and declares millions would not lure her back here. Deserted, then, by this fair and buxom lady, and by the Bostonians, and possibly by Francis Wilson—what will happen to light opera in San Francisco? Our own composers and librettists will have to take pity on our desolate condition and write operas solely and only for native consumption, to be performed by native talent. Who knows? San Francisco may become the great home of comic opera, as Cincinnati is the home of under-glaze pottery and Chicago is the home of pork packing.

After the crowded houses at the Bostonians, no one can again say that it was the two-dollar ticket mandate that spoiled the last engagement here of Daly's Company. People will pay the two dollars when they like the performance.

At the theatres during the week commencing March 20th: The Bostonians in "Knickerbockers"; the Tivoli Company in "The Grand Duchess"; Mrs. Baron Blanc in "Camille"; and Stetson's company in "The Crust of Society."

The club valet, as now known, is a comparatively recent development of New York life, though he has existed in one form or another ever since men began to have permanent lodgings in clubs. It is his duty to do for all lodgers what a private valet would do for his employer. Trained English valets are preferred for the office. A great deal of the valet's time is occupied in pressing garments that the ordinary young man, unprovided with a valet, must send to his tailor to be pressed. The valet is not to be tipped any more than any other club servant, but his share of the Christmas-box is always a handsome one, and he falls heir to much valuable cast-off clothing.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What makes some girls look young so long?"
"The men are to blame. They won't propose."—*Life*.

"Madge has a very awkward walk, hasn't she?"
"Yes; but wait till the hoop-skirts come in next fall, and her walk will be out of sight."—*Puck*.

Watts—"Who was that man you spoke to a moment since?" *Lushford*—"He was one of my college glass-mates."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Author—"A period of thirty days is supposed to have elapsed between the second and third acts of my play." *Critic*—"You got off light."—*Truth*.

He (who is going abroad to seek his fortune)—
"You'll be true to me, won't you, darling?"
She—"Ye-yes, George, if you're successful."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Elder Feather—"I see dat Professor Slippah, de prestidigitator, is on de back seat, an' he will 'blige me by steppin' out on de po'ch while de collecshun is tuck up."—*Judge*.

Boy—"I say, Dutchy, you mustn't toot aroun' here. There's an ole woman a-dyin' in that house!"
Itinerant—"Vat's der matter of you if I blay 'Angels' Voices,' ain't it?"—*Life*.

Homeboy—"What's your idea in lugging your bicycle along on your present trip to Europe?"
Globo-trotte—"I intend to take in the picture-galleries this time."—*New York Weekly*.

Gabriel—"The Frenchman at the window says he died from fighting a duel. *St. Peter*—"Impossible; how did it happen?" *Gabriel*—"He thinks he must have caught cold."—*Truth*.

Mrs. Herdso—"I bear your son has married a girl you didn't like." *Mrs. Saidso*—"On the contrary, she was a girl we did like, and one of the best we ever had in the house."—*New York Sun*.

Jasper—"Sarah Bernhardt keeps tigers and such creatures for pets." *Jumpuppe*—"Then I shall not be surprised to see a newspaper article some day headed, 'The divine Sarah in a pet.'"—*Truth*.

Invalid tourist—"Is Denver a good place for a consumptive to make his permanent residence?"
Denverite—"I reckon it is, stranger. This town has the finest cemeteries in the hull darn State."—*Judge*.

First maid—"What do you think of my Worth costume?" *Second maid*—"Worth? Why, I thought you said you bought it on Eighth Avenue?"
First maid—"So I did; but it was marked \$200, worth \$25."—*Bazar*.

"I made an angel-cake that was elegant and one that was awful," said Maud; "this is the third, and it will decide as to whether or not I can be considered an expert." "I could tell this was the rubber," said Harry, as he tried the cake; "it tastes like it."—*Bazar*.

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Fourth, Thursday Afternoon, March 23.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Sarah Bernhardt will start on a tour of South
America in June.

Marie Van Zandt, the prima donna, is the grand-
daughter of Signor Blitz, a prestidigitateur well
known in his day in New York and Philadelphia.

Music-hall variety is a lucrative investment in Lon-
don. The Empire Music Hall pays an average
yearly dividend of seventy per cent.; the Alhambra,
twenty-five per cent.; the Tivoli, twenty per cent.;
and the Pavilion, sixteen per cent.

George Moore, the brilliant young Irishman who
wrote "A Mummer's Wife" and other novels and
has written some clever essays for London peri-
odicals, has furnished the world with a new proof
that the novelist is not the man to write a play.
His "Strike at Arlingford," recently produced, has
proved a failure, being pronounced dull, insipid,
and conventional.

Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème" has been
made the subject of an *opéra comique* by Audrey
Messenger, and has just been produced at the new
home of lyric comedy in Paris—the Théâtre Lyrique
—with every appearance of success. Messenger is a
former pupil of Saint-Saëns, and is known in this
country as a composer of operas only by "La
Fauvette du Temple" and "La Basoche."

Effie Ellsler and C. W. Coudock have at last
shelved "Hazel Kirke," and brought out a new play,
"Doris," in Detroit, a few nights ago. The heroine,
played by the former Hazel, is a schoolmistress in
an English village, who marries the young squire,
without telling him that she had previously been
married to a burglar, from whom she had got a
divorce and whom she had supposed dead.

Georgie Drew Barrymore, who was so ill that she
had to retire from the stage when she was last here
and went home by way of Panama, is at work once
more in "The Sportsman" in New York. She is
too weak to play continuously, however, and on
alternate nights her rôle is taken by Evelyn Camp-
bell. In spite of the inevitable comparison with Mrs.
Barrymore, the younger actress is said to do very
well.

"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" has just reached Sierra
Leone, and, according to reports, it has touched the
natives in their most susceptible spot. Says an ex-
change:

"At a recent concert, attended by a large free-lit gallery
audience made up of natives, mostly clad in shirts only,
one of the singers gave 'Ta-ra-ra,' with the usual sym-
nastic accompaniments. The effect was magical. The
native audience rose to their feet, kicked up their legs, and
bowed their 'Boom-de-ays' in their vernacular. The more
ludicrous portion of the audience retired, the concert was
stopped, and the whole place was given up to the devotees
of 'Ta-ra-ra.' The seats offered no obstacles to the per-
formance of the dance, and the yells of the singers were
heard all over the vicinity. At last reports, 'Ta-ra-ra' was
in possession of the coast."

A. M. Palmer has made it a rule in his New York
theatre that every "dead-head" shall pay ten cents
for his or her ticket, the proceeds of this tax going to
the Actors' Fund. Objection to this plan is made on
behalf of "actresses, because they are so forgetful
and most of them would be offended if asked for the
fee." That actresses carry purses is notorious, but
that they carry anything in their purses is not so sure.
Light is shed on the cause of their "forgetfulness"
by the fact that, after a recent "professional matinée"
in the theatre which he manages, Harry Mann picked
up six purses in the auditorium, from which the total
yield was seventeen cents.

The news comes from Paris that the illustrious
Thérèse, the famous café-concert singer of imperial
days, is about to quit the music-hall stage. A cor-
respondent says:

"She is fifty-six years old, and yearns for the ease of her
own fireside. There was a time when her duties took Paris
by storm, and Napoleon the Third applauded her with
gusto in the salon of one of his generals, etiquette forbid-
ding his presence in a common music-hall. Thérèse has
been somewhat mystified by the prodigious success of
Yvette Guilbert, though she acknowledges and admires the
talent displayed by that artiste. But the songs that obtain
favor to-day are such as make her blush. Thérèse's exit is
to be dignified by a brilliant benefit, and then the retiring
singer will go down to a little farm she possesses and look
after her poultry and vegetables, coming up to Paris now
and then to revisit the scenes of former triumphs.

A musician declares that in nothing is the growth
of musical taste in this country illustrated more
effectually than in the choice of selections for per-
formance on the piano at public concerts. He says:

"Take an old programme, and by that I mean one thirty
years old, or thereabouts, and you will find that the piano
pieces are by Droyschek, Thalberg, Gottschalk, the Wehl-
'transcriptions' from Italian operas and potpourris of pop-
ular airs, designed entirely to show off the technical abilities
of the performer. Nowadays you hear but little of that.
The musical interest must exceed the technical interest.
Liszt is a good deal played, to be sure, but you will find
that the repertory of the successful modern pianist is made
up from Beethoven, Schumann, Bach, Schubert, Chopin,
Mendelssohn, Grieg, Rubinstein—men whose idea was to
express musical thought and feeling, not to show what a
man could do with his fingers."

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goods selected from the Catalogue here referred to, will be accepted as a cash payment
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Pacific Coast is indebted to the press of the East for true account of the inaugural ball. The reports telegraphed by our own newspapers represented the same to have been a scene of unexampled grandeur—a scene of stately gorgeousness in which all who participated were properly impressed with the awful knowledge that they were dancing to the administration out and another in. It is a solemn thought that in a simple republic such as ours we celebrate the change of rulers by performing a dance. In other less favored lands the outgoing and incoming of the king or president would be accompanied by the burning of gunpowder, the whizzing of bullets, and the piling up of revolutionary corpses. But as for us, we content ourselves with waltzing it through the mild quadrille and whirl patriotically to the politically innocuous dance. His Majesty Grover the good was there; but whether he advanced and fell back in the Virginia reel, or whacked the waxed floor with the ample

soles of his distinguished feet in an unpretentious, democratic hoe-down, has not been recorded. Tammany sent no fewer than three thousand braves to participate in the inauguration, and all who could maintain a perpendicular were at the ball. It was a great night for Ireland. Dublin Castle itself, even when housing the gayest and most hospitable of lords-lieutenant, never was the scene of more joy. We learn from the New York journals that the most resolute efforts were made to undo St. Patrick's work of freeing the Irish from the plague of snakes. Wine and strong waters were to be had for the drinking at the ball, and the combination of Democracy and a bottle produced the natural result. Such hilarity was never witnessed in Washington before. Eight years ago Tammany did not participate, and things were tame, but this time the boys were there and asserted themselves. In so far as the multitude present in claw-hammers and décolleté gowns represented the republic, the ball appears to have been a magnificent national spree. All Tammany was loaded, and when Tammany has the happiness to be in that condition, contiguous persons must either drink on invitation, or fight. There were no fights. On every hand might be seen inflamed sachems with their dress-coats ripped up the back, cheering for Democracy and another bottle. Thousands were drunk. This inaugural bat, tear, toot, whoop, and hurrah is a staggering argument in favor of Senator Sherman's bill for advancing the termination of the President's four years a couple of months. Not only is it unpleasant for the new chief magistrate to stand out in the bitter March air, bareheaded and protected merely by the statesman-like Prince Albert, but the weather at so early a season, especially in the early morning hours, is highly perilous to Tammanyites and other gentlemen, who, for the blissful moment, see nothing incongruous in facing the freezing blast and the omnipresent snow-drift in steel-pen coats, flying free, and patent-leather shoes, with soles no thicker than writing-paper. Tammany's best intellects were at that ball, and, as a consequence, every spare hotel bed in the national capital has ever since held a good New York Democrat undergoing treatment for pneumonia and quivers. The mortality among statesmen has been great.

Of course President Cleveland shared none of the annoyances that afflicted the other members of his civilized party. He made his appearance in the halls of revelry solemnly, departed thence for sleep, and awoke in due time to take his pious way to church on the morning following. And while he was at prayers, Tammany and his loyal cohorts in general were exhausting the energies of the hotel bell-boys with fevered rings for cocktails and soda-water.

In the interest of his party, Mr. Cleveland assuredly should sign the Sherman bill. Possibly time may produce a President who will decline to have his accession to office emphasized by a circus street-parade, and a dance and debauch. The Tammany inaugural may be denominated an apotheosis of booze.

The death of Margaret Fox, the original "Rochester Knocker," which took place at New York last week, recalls a flood of spiritualistic reminiscences. Margaret and her sister, Catharine, were the daughters of a sporting man who lived, forty years ago, at Hydesville, near Rochester, N. Y. The father, in a spirit of bravado, lived in a house which was said to be haunted. Thus, from their youth, the girls were familiar with ghost-lore. They heard sounds which were probably caused by the wind or by the scampering of rats; but which ignorant and credulous neighbors ascribed to supernatural agency. They may have investigated the sounds, have traced them to their true origin, have learned to imitate them, and have discovered how the trick could be turned to pecuniary profit. At any rate, when the girls grew to womanhood, they turned up at Rochester and began to give exhibitions, at which sounds which could not be easily explained on any common theory of dynamics were by them ascribed to supernatural causes. From this to the evocation of spirits the step was short. The Fox sisters gave out that by divine dispensation they had been gifted with the power of holding intercourse with the dead, and of

compelling the latter to answer questions by an alphabet of sounds.

Their success was astounding. No room in Rochester was large enough for their séances, and one of the most capacious halls in New York city was filled nightly by their disciples. They made converts in every station of life. Among their firm adherents were counted Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, Judge Edmonds, and Fenimore Cooper. Neither reasoning nor ridicule checked the delusion. When Horace Greeley was worshipping at the Fox shrine, his assistant, Charles A. Dana, now of the *Sun*, offered a prize of one thousand dollars to any spiritualist who would anticipate by twenty-four hours the news of an incoming Atlantic steamer, but Mr. Dana could not convince the people in his own office.

After a time, the excitement died out, as such sensations always do. The Foxes made a small fortune, and Mr. Fox, who has just died, married Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer. Other professors of the occult science—Horne, Slade, and their followers—took up the business and invited it to advantage. In most of the leading cities, vulgar frauds advertised themselves as "spiritual mediums," and offered to introduce gentlemen to their dead grandmothers on payment of a dollar. Swarms of well-meaning but weak-minded people haunted "spiritual séances," and professed to derive a good deal of comfort from communings with the dead. In the meantime, men of candor and common sense called upon the leaders of modern science to investigate and proclaim the truth about "spiritualism." Conceding that nine-tenths of the professional "spiritualists" are impostors, there remained an enigma, which, if it could not be explained on theories of sleight of hand, appeared to be inscrutable; then arose a general desire for its elucidation.

Two committees of investigation were appointed. One was raised in England, and consisted of members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; it dealt with the subject rather in a slap-dash way, and pronounced the whole thing to be bumbug. The other, the investigators compelled acquiescence in their conclusion, though many felt that it was a pity the committee did not been more exhaustive in its inquiry.

The other commission was the fruit of a bequest by a leading spiritualist in Pennsylvania, Mr. Henry Seybert. He left to the University of Pennsylvania a large sum of money. Part of this was set aside to defray the cost of a commission to make a searching inquiry into modern spiritualism. If spiritualism was found to be based on truth, the bulk of the money was to endow a Chair of Psychical Research in the University of Pennsylvania. If spiritualism was found to be fraudulent, the money was to revert to certain specified ends. The commission was appointed in the winter of 1886-7, and embraced such eminent men as Dr. Weir Mitchell, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Dr. William Pepper, Professor Robert E. Thompson, Dr. Joseph Leidy, and other leaders of the scientific world. The commission decided not to endow the Chair of Psychical Research, and left Mr. Seybert's money in the university treasury. In May, 1887, it published a report in which it recapitulated some evidence taken by members, and roughly sketched conclusions to which it had come.

Its gist is that all or nearly all the phenomena of spiritualism are produced by trick or legerdemain. Referring to the argument of spiritualists that the sounds and other manifestations which they produce must be the work of spirits, because they can not be produced by terrestrial agency, the commission say that they can all be explained by ordinary physical causes. In reference to the Rochester knockings, they observe shrewdly that the mediums are invariably and confessedly cognizant of the rappings whenever they occur, and can at once detect any spurious rappings, however exactly imitated from the genuine. This, of course, would not be the case if the rappings were caused by a supernatural agency over which the medium had no control. The commission conclude by observing that they have not been cheered in their investigation by the discovery of a single novel fact.

The Seybert commission held its sittings in various

First, it attended the séances of various "mediums" of local renown in New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, without any notification to the "mediums," who were in ignorance of the character of their visitors; the commissioners were attended by a stenographer, who took such notes as he could in the darkened rooms affected by "mediums," burglars, and other nocturnal persons. Afterward, the commissioners gave notice through the public press that they would sit for the purpose of examining and testing the so-called manifestations, the "mediums" to appear before them, knowing that their actions were to be carefully scrutinized. The "mediums" were to be paid for their services. But none of them came forward. As a result of the notice, however, a conjuror or prestidigitator came before the commission. He performed every feat done by "mediums," and performed them very much better than the spirits did. His slate-writing far surpassed that of Slade, and amazed the commissioners. The writing was done upon slates which he did not touch, and which were held all the time in the hands of the commissioners. Yet this man claimed no supernatural aid, and, in fact, disclosed to the commissioners the manner in which all these feats were accomplished.

The Seybert Commission on Spiritualism made its report to the University of Pennsylvania, and adjourned without day. There will be no Seybert Chair of Spiritualism in that university. But there will be always weak-minded people who believe in these "spiritualistic manifestations," as there were in the days when the Fox sisters began the "Rochester Knockings."

The exciting news has been received from Rome by cable that the Pope is "greatly displeased by the abandonment of the American pilgrimage." Every other nation worth speaking about sent a pilgrimage to assist at the jubilee of His Holiness, and it naturally ruffles the infallible temper to be thus neglected by the great republic of the West. The pilgrims turned into the Papal box-office no less a sum than one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in money and a million more in jewels. Unreflecting persons will be apt to think that a haul such as this ought to satisfy the prisoner of the Vatican, but profounder minds comprehend that the more a man gets the more he wants—and the Almighty has not seen fit to exempt his vicegerent on earth from that human peculiarity. Besides, the Pope's non-pecuniary feelings should be taken into account. His church in the United States is rich. It has succeeded in getting its bands into the public treasury in many of the States; it has the press under its thumb, and every one of its charitable institutions, being made a pretext for begging alms from the just and the unjust, is a source of income. Why, then, should the Catholic Church of America have omitted to send a treasure-laden caravan to Rome, pilgrims to prostrate their free-born persons in the audience-chamber, to salute with their self-respecting lips the impeccable toe, and to drop twenty-dollar pieces into the hat when the Head of Christendom tipped the nod to the chamberlains to pass the hat? It appears that our Catholic fellow-citizens intended to join the pious procession, and the Pope, it is telegraphed, "attributes the abandonment of the undertaking to the disputes between Archbishop Satolli and the American bishops." He has ordered an inquiry.

This is serious. The inquiry is sure to be searching, exhaustive. Until it is finished, other things will have to wait. Archbishop Ireland, Cardinal Gibbons, and their sympathizers on the one hand, and Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, and the mediæval borders on the other, may be of the opinion that the public-school question, the limit of discussion of secular and ecclesiastical problems that should be permitted the priesthood, the right of the American church to have a voice in its own government, deserve attention, but these trifles will be set aside until His Holiness has ascertained why the pilgrimage to himself has been abandoned. He is a very shrewd old gentleman, and, having lived a long, long while, shares the belief common to the aged that there is nothing in this world so important as money. He knows that his church in this country has dominion over the pockets of all the servant-girls, most of the laborers, nearly all the politicians, and considerable influence over the safes of not a few millionaires in the banking and mercantile lines. His Holiness is not ignorant of the fact that the land is dotted with hospitals, Magdalen asylums, convents, colleges, and parochial schools, all of which represent large revenue drawn from the easy-going heretic as well as the devout Roman Catholic. It is natural that he should be concerned about his percentage on the game—if we may indulge ourselves in a Western expression—and that he should demand an explanation. Doubtless he will be content to believe that the hurry and rush of American life, of which he has probably heard, make it inconvenient for our Catholics to journey to Rome and give their time and thought to doing him honor. But while reasonably willing to dispense with pilgrims, it is not to be expected that he will put up with the absence of

the good money which pilgrims, in order to insure a welcome for themselves, are in the habit of carrying with them. His Holiness was not born yesterday, and he will not be put off with gauzy excuses. He has done his share. Ready, during office hours, infallibly to decide questions of faith and morals, to bestow his apostolic blessing on all contributors, and to create counts, marquises, chamberlains, and Knights of the Order of the Holy Ghost for the customary fees, it is but just that he should require the American hierarchy to make it clear why the pilgrims, bearing gifts, have not arrived.

While it is to be hoped that Permanent Apostolic Delegate Satolli will not be brought into trouble by the investigation ordered by the Pope, the *Argonaut* ventures to express the respectful wish that Cardinal Gibbons and the archbishops subject to him may have it borne in upon them that it will not be expedient, in view of their own welfare, to intermit again American pilgrimages to Rome. If the precedent already set on the occasion of the jubilee were permitted to stand—and we are delighted to know that our august friend of the Vatican has no inclination to allow that—the people of the United States would be denied exhibitions of abject loyalty to a foreign potentate which are of no small service in the direction of showing that Roman Catholicism is in essence repugnant to modern thought and republicanism. Indeed, His Holiness would do this country a good turn were he, in the way of penance, to impose an annual pilgrimage for the next decade or so on the American faithful. And if he were to decree that those who join the caravan should be punished for their present neglect by handing over to him their last dollar when they reach Rome, his popularity on this side of the world would be enormously enhanced. Such a decree, accompanied by an order that no stranded pilgrim, on pain of eternal damnation, should apply to relatives or friends on this continent for means wherewith to return, would induce an American holiday. To get rid of the chiefs of Tammany; to deprive the Democratic party of its officers of the line; to free the press, even in partial measure, from the dread which the exiles of Erin have inspired; to see Rome thronged with our stout-jawed, small-eyed rulers—the people would do much to bring on this millennium. Although ninety-nine in a hundred of our Milesian millionaires came over in the steerage, and although the same proportion of our Irish politicians, who fare sumptuously every day and dress in purple and fine linen, were their fellow-passengers, and were designed by nature to cut turf, it would be easy, by an appeal to the people, to raise funds to give them a cabin-passage to Rome. We need not inform Archbishop Riordan that local recruits in plenty could be secured for the penitential pilgrimage. The course pursued by President Cleveland, in ignoring the war-horses when making his appointments to office, has made desperate many gentlemen eminent in the leadership of the California Democracy. Ninety-five per cent. of these embittered statesmen are, of course, of the proud and sensitive race, and, therefore, of the household of faith. They would be glad to get away, and California would be glad to have them do so. The nucleus for a pilgrimage is ready to Brother Riordan's hand. Let him take heed how he uses his opportunity. The Pope, with his paltry one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in jubilee money, and his beggarly million in jewels, is not in a mood to stand trifling.

In Marion Crawford's new novel, "The Children of the King," a striking contrast is drawn between the aim of the man of the world in seeking a wife and the instinct of the man of nature in the like pursuit. Mr. Crawford does not go so far as to say that highly civilized men marry for money only, or that all peasants are capable of romantic love; but he treads in Mr. Finck's footsteps in considering love as a less potent cause of marriage in what is called good society than it is supposed to be by moralists and divines. Gentlemen do still occasionally fall in love, and the love does lead to matrimony; but cynics tell us that such occasions are becoming rare, and that we are drifting into the European fashion of leaving marriages to be settled on material lines.

Two propositions will be admitted by the judicious. First, young people—the young man between the age of twenty-three and twenty-eight, the young woman between the age of nineteen and twenty-three—are rarely gifted with sufficient knowledge of character to choose wisely; and second, a choice at which a father and mother, both middle-aged, arrive after due meditation, is more likely to be sound than unsound. Intelligent parents know the world. A mother of grown-up children diagnoses with unerring eye faults in a girl which will become fatal to happiness when she is married; a father can detect in the lad the seeds of future weaknesses and frailties. They sometimes judge wrongly, but not often. The girl recommended by a mother to her son will be almost sure to make him a good wife; the

young man whom a father introduces with favorable indorsement to his daughter is apt to possess the making of a steady, upright, affectionate husband. But the delegation of the duty of match-making to the parents necessarily involves at the very outset considerations of money. Parents are well aware that poverty is the most fruitful of all causes of matrimonial unhappiness. Therefore, in planning a match, they try to contrive that the young couple shall have, at any rate, an income which shall guarantee them against discord arising from the grocer's or the dressmaker's bill. It is their foresight in this respect which disturbs the old proportion between marriages of love and marriages of reason.

Americans are prone to consider themselves so perfect that they have nothing to learn from other peoples. But the rules regarding marriage which experience has taught the French, the Germans, the Italians, and the Spaniards are, perhaps, not wholly beneath our notice. Among those races, marriages are arranged by the elders; and in society it is generally arranged that the couple shall not—at any rate, for some time to come—encounter risk of want, with its consequent tribulations. Occasionally, the demands of European parents have seemed sordid and exacting to Americans. It is not surprising. When Lord Randolph Churchill married the daughter of Leonard Jerome, his family required the American to mortgage the Union League Club building to insure the payment of the young lady's annual allowance. It is understood that the engagement between Prince Poniatowski and the daughter of Calvin Brice has been broken off because the noble Pole insisted on a larger sum down than the senator was willing to place at his disposal. So the engagement between Cecil Baring, of the house of Barings, to the daughter of R. T. Wilson, of New York, is said to have come to nothing because Mr. Wilson refused to hand over a quarter of a million in cash to his son-in-law.

The position taken by American fathers in these cases is always the same. They are willing to give their daughters an income suitable to their new rank, and to secure payment of the income in any way that lawyers can recommend; but they are not willing to place the capital of the dowry in the hands of a young man who may squander it at the gambling-table, or on the turf, or lose it in speculation. They have no objection to a marriage of convenience, but they insist that it shall be so guarded that its object shall not be defeated by future vicissitudes of fortune. It seems that their position is impregnable, and that the titled fortune-hunters who dog the footsteps of American heiresses are not pursuing the wisest course for their own interest.

On the broad proposition whether a young man should marry for money, there can not, of course, be two opinions. If a young man marries for purely sordid reasons and without some love, heaven will be likely to decrease it on further acquaintance. But it is not observed, as a rule, that girls who have a little money are less attractive, or less affectionate, or less unselfish than dowerless maids. They have probably been better educated, and have seen more of the world than those whose means forbade the enjoyment of expensive luxuries. The rule in France, which is based on common sense, expects the bride to bring to her husband a sum equivalent to the capitalization of his income. If applied here, that rule would justify a lawyer who is making two thousand dollars by his practice in expecting his wife to bring forty thousand dollars to the joint account; this sum, judiciously invested in the name of trustees, would guarantee the wife and her children against want in the event of death or misfortune. That would be a provision which would offer a better prospect of happiness than a marriage hastily undertaken in a burst of calf-love.

Lying before us are the San Francisco dailies of March 21, 1893. Looking them over, we find the following headlines devoted to slogging and sloggers:

It Was Made A Draw—Some New York Sports Who Were Much Disgusted—This Is The Sort Of Thing That Goes To Show The True Inwardness Of Pugilism—That Jaw Again—Champion Jim Gives Free Rein To His Anger—Poor Fistic Shows—A Disgusted Crowd At Coney Island—Magee And McCarthy Worked Hard—Tame Boxing Of Dixon And Siddons—No Room For Corbett—The Champion Barred From A Pittsburg Hotel—Pugilists Found To Be Expensive Guests—Corbett Refuses To Sign Articles For A Match With "Denver" Smith—Nothing Seen But Draws—Two Fistic Combats Where No Victory Was Won—Coney Island's Latest—McGehee And McCarthy Get A Chance To Divide A Purse—Dixon And Siddons Equally Fortunate—Choynski's Challenge—Parson Davies Thinks He Should Push Fitzsimmons Hard.

The newspapers, though professedly reflectors of public opinion, in which lackey attendance on the populace they find their profit, are usually about the last to perceive the trend of popular feeling. This is because the men who conduct newspapers are not the brightest of their species and live lives that deprive them of the benefit of contact with the better portion of mankind. For illustration, it is apparent to any person of ordinary opportunities of observation that even the masses in the United States are tired of prize-fighting. Gentlemen do now and again go to see a mill, but

they rarely become devotees of the ring. It may not be unbearably shocking to behold a pair of skilled brutes punch each other; indeed, there is excitement in the spectacle—all the pleasure of combat without any of the risks. But it is lowering, as everything is which gives play to the animal side of men. Sullivan, a beast so frank and unconscious that he is interesting, kept pugilism in evidence for a dozen years. He disdained every restraint of civilization, and civilized men took an enjoyment in him because he represented in joyous, self-admiring brutality everything that a well-regulated human being desires not to be, but yet feels within himself the capacity for being. The press, mistaking the nature of the interest in such brutes, takes them seriously and deals with them as if, out of the ring, they were creations of importance. Witness the plethora of dispatches relating to the British bulldog Mitchell, just out of an English prison for an assault on an old man, and his financial backer, the typical British tough, Abingdon Baird. Mitchell is as graceless a drunken hoodlum as any jail can show, and the man who was with him and died for the proud privilege of being a second in a prize-ring, is of a sort that is bred only in England. Here men have to make their own money, as a rule, and to do that requires brains; but in England fools and brutes are born to wealth, as well as to titles. Baird was one of the happiest of men. Born a horse-boy, he was heir to millions. His aspirations never rose above the tavern. He was the dream of the kind of men to whom you toss a quarter when they hand the reins. Baird fulfilled himself. In his more amiable moods, he took care of that accessible lady, Mrs. Langtry, and blacked her eyes. It was shocking; but so long as there are Langtrys, let us give thanks that there are Bairds. He had over half a million a year, and he could find no better amusement than to maltreat a professional beauty. He did not heat her very hard, which was considerate, since he was a representative British tough. The American tough has illusions; the British tough has none.

Yet it is to such men as these that reporters hold the incense-urn of notoriety. That the columns of preliminary and actual description of prize-fights, full of the suggestion of blood and bruises, may disgust decent readers, does not seem to enter into the calculations of the editors. People are tired of pugilists, tired of their knock-outs and dodges, more tired yet of the battles they wage by telegraph and through the interviewers. They are wearied with the detailed accounts of Sullivan's sprees, the admiring reports of Corbett's amours, and the debut of Peter Jackson on the stage. It is time that pugilists and pugilism were relegated to the degraded, police-dodging, noisome part of the public that appreciate them.

Mr. John W. Mackay, whose prompt recovery from the wound caused by an assassin's bullet has been a matter of general congratulation, has been attacked by peritonitis, and is seriously ill. He drew the attention of his attendant surgeons to a pain he felt in his left side. According to the daily papers, they at once diagnosed it as inflammation of the appendix vermiformis.

The appendix vermiformis, so called from its resemblance to an earth-worm, is a small, narrow, and hollow cord, from one to six inches in length, which hangs from the posterior lower and left portion of the cæcum, or great intestine. It appears to have no use whatever in the human system. There may have been a time when, like the herbivorous animals, we had more complex digestive processes, of which this is the remainder. Now this little appendage is never called to the owner's attention, except when it gives him annoyance. Being hollow, with an open mouth, it sometimes receives seeds, particles of food, and even shot, and these give rise to inflammation of greater or less severity. If the patient is in luck, the little receptacle will be relieved of its contents, and the inflammation will subside. If nature fails to relieve itself in this way, the doctors have powerful drugs which are opposed to act on the appendix; where they fail, it becomes necessary to open the abdominal wall and excise the appendage. It can be removed without danger; but, owing to its proximity to several important organs, it is necessary to use the knife with extreme care. A deviation of a few lines from the true direction might be followed by fatal results.

During the last ten or fifteen years, abdominal surgery has made great advances. At one time, the opening of the abdominal wall and surgical operation upon the abdominal cavity was almost invariably fatal. The percentage of recovery was about five per cent.—that is, ninety-five out of a hundred died. Now, however, all this is changed. Under the methods of antiseptic surgery inaugurated by Sir Joseph Lister, the operations to which we refer are frequent and successful. In an Italian medical college, last month, the pedale Maggiore, of Bologna, one of the professors, Giuseppe Ruggi, a brilliant surgeon, celebrated his three-hundredth case of abdominal surgery, and in the last fifty cases there was not a single death.

It may be said by some that, in Mr. Mackay's case, the

shooting had nothing to do with the present trouble. But if, unhappily, an untoward result should ensue, it will be impossible to convince the world that the wound and the inflammation were not in some way connected. The lowered vitality caused by the wound may have led to his present illness.

Barring accident, Mr. Mackay has probably before him many years of usefulness. Thanks to the success of his telegraph enterprise, he is probably as rich as he ever was, and he is a man who makes his millions work for the age in which he lives. He invests no money merely for the sake of permanent income. His investments are all in public improvements, and are calculated to afford employment to others. At the time he was shot, he was on the eve of departing to Virginia City, where he was going to decide whether there was warrant for the proposition to pump out the lower levels of the Comstock; and on his return from that journey, he was going to examine the new Vanderbilt mining district in this State, which, if it fulfils its promise, may give a new start to mining enterprise. He is a man of such untiring energy that he is never still for a day, a complete contrast to those millionaires who see no better use for their millions than to make them fructify where they will do no one any good. Every dollar that Mackay expends supplies some one with bread. Others lend their money out on the safest kind of security, and rejoice, when the December balance-sheet is taken, that they have increased their pile, and have not risked a dollar to benefit any one or anything. If such millionaires are any use to the community or to the age in which they live, it is hard to see where the use comes in. If Mackay should die, it will be a public calamity.

The miserable crank who shot him appears destined to cumber the earth a little longer. He is suffering, we are told, from pleurisy, and the doctors cherish hopes that they may preserve his worthless life. There are those who hope that they are mistaken. Not from a bloodthirsty desire for the assassin's death, but because they dread the experiment of submitting his guilt or innocence to a jury. Citizens who have the fair fame of this community at heart are afraid that his trial would end in a failure of justice, through the disagreement of the jury, and then the word would go far and wide that in San Francisco the murderer of a millionaire can not be convicted, and that here rich men carry their lives in their hand. That would be a grewsome reputation for the city to acquire. Yet we have so many broken-down gamblers who lost their money in mining stocks that some of them would be likely to want to get even with one who was shrewder than they, and made money where they dropped it. No one can measure the mischief which has been done in the past by the preaching of incendiary and anarchistic doctrines by San Francisco demagogues. Young men have grown up with utterly unsound views of life. Men who ought to know better regard all rich men as their enemies, whom it is fair to strike down when opportunity offers. They have been encouraged in this infamous belief by time-serving newspapers, whose greed for small ads. led them to pander to the lowest instincts of the ignorant class; they have comforted each other in their delusions by an exchange of foolish talk at their labor unions. If one or two members of this class should happen to be on the jury which tries the man who tried to murder John Mackay, the community will be lucky if justice is done.

On examination, the immigration law passed by Congress at the close of the last session proves to be of questionable value. The amendment or improvement upon the old law, if it can be so considered, consists in form, and not in substance. It does not exclude the most objectionable classes of European immigrants; it simply draws somewhat closer the meshes of restriction of the old law, while it tears away the salutary large net which was provided in the amendments to the bill, as it was first reported to the Lower House from the committee, absolutely excluding the pestilential and dangerous. The law, as it stands, resembles more the draft of a prolix pettifogger than the production of a sound lawyer and able statesman. Its worth is depreciated by impracticable requirements, which will be generally disregarded. As reported to the House, the bill contained important provisions against the insurrectionary, lawless, anarchical, the helpless and utterly worthless, the depraved, vicious, and illiterate—of whom none should be permitted to land and remain in the country. But the bill was recommitted, and the chairman of the House committee, Mr. Stump, of Maryland, a Democrat, representing an inland district, and densely ignorant of the main features of immigration, managed to hold back the bill till the closing hours of Congress, and then returned it with all the important amendments stricken out, and substituted his own absurd and puzzling amendments, replete with perplexities and trivial details. Finally the bill was hurried through under suspension of the rules in its emasculated condition, the committee

chairman having eliminated from it everything of real worth before he let go his custody of it. The law is insufficient and actually is no amendment of the law for which it is substituted. The existing Congress will unquestionably be called upon, in obedience to the popular sentiment, to pass another and adequate law to govern immigration. To bungle the amended law to regulate naturalization, which is so much required, would be most unfortunate. Immigration is the forerunner of naturalization; to perfect the law in guarding against the evils of the one is to have better assurance of the character of the other. Even if improper immigration is tolerated, there should be a careful law to guard against fraudulent naturalization, with strict prevention of its abuses by the courts.

There is among the rank and file of active and prominent Democrats already manifest disquiet, apprehension, and dissatisfaction with reference to President Cleveland's Cabinet appointments—more particularly in calling Judge Gresham, an original Republican, who had affiliated with that party ever since 1856, and voted for Fremont that year, to the chief place in the Cabinet, with the possible contingency of succeeding to the Presidency, over the heads of the most eminent Democratic statesmen, and giving to him the appointment of ministers and consuls. Other of the Cabinet appointments have amazed and displeased his party and disgusted the Mugwumps, who have unfalteringly supported him since 1884. Fresh alarm has been created among the Democrats by the intimation that President Cleveland aspires to another term, and to this end is intent upon the reconstruction of the Democratic party.

The *Argonaut*, like most journals which pay out anything to writers, is continually beset with applications from "syndicates." These "syndicates" are the mosquitoes of journalism. They are continually buzzing around every editor's ears. They are getting to be such a nuisance that we have determined in future not to pay any attention to their letters.

The *Argonaut* has no use for "syndicate" matter. We think the simultaneous printing of the same matter as original in a number of newspapers is a petty fraud—it is obtaining pennies under false pretenses—it is a sort of cheap-john journalism. Nevertheless, we have always been courteous to these "syndicate" managers, and have invariably declined their stuff politely, returned it (when they sent stamps) politely, and wished them all at the devil—politely. Our courtesy has not always been appreciated, and we have now come to the conclusion that showing courtesy to "syndicate" secretaries is casting pearls before swine. The annexed documents would seem to demonstrate this deduction:

Officers.
H. B. WOODBRIDGE, President,
City Editor Chicago Times.
D. A. LATSHAW, Vice-President.
Manager.
WILLIAM E. LEWIS,
Managing Editor Chicago Mail.
Directors.
P. P. POMEROY,
Telegraph Editor Chicago Times.
THOMAS CANNON,
WM. E. LEWIS.

THE PRESS AND NEWS SYNDICATE OF CHICAGO.

W. H. ECKMAN, SEC. AND TREAS.,
ROOM 4 MAIL BUILDING.

CHICAGO, March 13, 1893.

Ed. Argonaut, San Fran.—DEAR SIR: Do you want a letter, about twelve hundred words, on the present status of grounds and buildings, as proof that World Fair can not be ready within ninety days, reinforced by interviews with officials. Good stuff, written by daily W. F. reporter. Wire yes or no, collect. Res'ly,

W. H. ECKMAN, Sec'y.

To this we replied in the negative, wiring reply as requested. The next day we received the following note from the telegraph-office:

PACIFIC POSTAL TELEGRAPH-CABLE COMPANY.
MAIN OFFICE, 534 AND 536 MARKET STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 21, 1893.
Memorandum for Argonaut Pub. Co.—DEAR SIR: Payment was refused on your message, March 18th, to the Press and News Syndicate, Chicago, Ill. Will you kindly remit seventy-five cents on same? Yours, resp'y,
P. P. TEL. CO.,
Receiving Clerk.

We remitted the seventy-five cents as requested, and in this office from now henceforth and forever all "syndicates" are turned down. If any sort of a "syndicate" gets any kind of a reply from any one in this office to any sort of a question, they will please ring the bell.

The *Argonaut* presents its compliments to Mr. H. B. Woodbridge, city editor Chicago Times, president of the Press and News Syndicate; to Mr. D. A. Latshaw, vice-president; to Mr. William E. Lewis, managing editor Chicago Mail, manager; to Mr. P. P. Pomeroy, telegraph editor Chicago Times, Mr. Thomas E. Cannon, and Mr. William E. Lewis, directors of the aforesaid syndicate; it suggests that they take Mr. W. H. Eckman, their secretary, and disguise him as a Chicago reporter. In this condition, he would move the hardest heart. By standing him on State Street, during business hours, with a tin cup around his neck, and his reporter's badge indicating his lowly condition, he might in time accumulate enough nickels for "The Press and News Syndicate of Chicago" to pay its telegraph bills.

THE VENGEANCE OF PALOMA.

If any stranger, coming into Grant County, had asked who was the most remarkable citizen of Mexican blood in that section, he would certainly have been answered "Regino Salas." If he had first seen the man, the chances are that he would not have asked the question—as will appear hereafter. Though of fair strength numerically, the Mexican element in Grant County was hardly conspicuous. It was quite otherwise up in the central and northern part of the territory. Around Albuquerque, and Las Vegas, and there, the old Spanish names were still numerous and potent; the Pinos, and Lunas, and Bacas, and their compeers still owned enormous ranchos, and filled government contracts, and led patriarchal lives of plenty, and multiplied and waxed fat, and even held offices—municipal, State, and Federal, and so had hand and voice in affairs.

But it would seem that the nearer the border the more insignificant became the native population. As at El Paso, only just "across the river" from Mexico, so at Silver City, twenty leagues or so from the border-line; the Mexicans were of the humblest and obscurest, living in the most squalid way, taking no part in the general life of the busy little mining town, and regarded by the bustling Americans as of hardly so much moment as the domestic animals they tended.

But Regino Salas was different. First, and most important of all, perhaps, Regino always had money. There was no doubt that he got a considerable revenue from some pay-streak of *placeres* that no one had succeeded in locating; no amount of dogging and spying could trace him to the source of the coarse gold-dust that he brought in, every now and then, and sold by the buckskin sackful to Le Doux, the little French jeweler, who dealt with him more liberally than the bankers. Regino always laughed indulgently when questioned about his mine, but he made no confidences. He had other sources of income, too; he was a robust, lusty fellow, and, for sheer love of exercise, it seemed, he felled trees like a frontier Gladstone, and furnished a good part of the fuel consumed in Silver, sending down generous loads under conduct of less fortunate compatriots, who had their regular days for lumbering up with their heavy wagons to Regino's bome on the mountain by Pinos Altos. Then Regino was an inveterate and successful hunter, and, in the course of every year, he turned many a pretty penny from his capture of peltries.

Regino was a handsome fellow, in his way, which was the typical way of his race and caste; tall he was and supple, with slim, aristocratic hands and feet, jet black hair, dense, longish, and so oily that its gloss gave it the satiny sheen supposed to come from fineness; snuff-brown skin, black eyes, keen as a hawk's, under broad, heavy brows; fine nose, white teeth—oh, the *paisanos* bestirred themselves when Regino rode into Silver on his prancing black steed, both horse and man bedecked in genuine Mexican fashion, with abundant toggeries of stamped leather, embroidered buckskin, horse-brail ropes, and shining silvery galloons and tinkling buttons by the yard and quart.

But there was another of his appointments which materially modified the eager welcome of the *muchachos*. That undesired appurtenance was Paloma, and this was the particular feature which made Regino a marked and notable feature of the landscape.

Paloma was an especially fine specimen of that feline species known in California as "the mountain lion"; in other parts, the beast is often called panther, puma—which is not wide of the mark—cougar, and tiger. Certainly any of these names was more apt than the one Regino's humor had given the brute—Paloma (dove or pigeon)!

The Mexican showed for the ugly beast an affection that seemed unreasonable and unnatural, until it was explained on the score of innate masculine vanity; for Paloma was a living proof of Regino's skill, and pluck, and courage. Paloma's mother had been an enormous animal that had ravaged the poultry-roosts and the scant sheepfolds of Pinos Altos for many a year, until the settlers were quite desperate. Many a well-grown calf had been dragged away by that savage creature to her lair among the rocks and pine-trees; and, when her last cub, the redoubtable Paloma himself, was a little brindled, whining, whimpering thing, the killing of her mate had made of *la leona* an incarnation of ferocious fury, and her depredations had become more frequent and more daring than ever. Then it was that there had disappeared a three-year-old child from the doorstep of its home, during the few moments while its mother was absent, stepping down to the spring for water; when she returned, only a sprinkle of bright, warm blood, trailed across the yard, was left to show for the baby.

That horrible raid settled the fate of the fierce old puma. All the miners at Pinos Altos, reinforced by a crowd of men from Silver, turned out in pursuit, resolved to put an end to her preyings. But after a hunt of forty-eight hours that had failed to find her, they sat huddled, vexed, and weary, around a great camp-fire at the rendezvous, when Regino Salas staggered in among them, with a significant load on his shoulders—the pelt, and head, and claws of the old monster, and, trussed up in the hide of the slaughtered dam, a snapping, snarling, clawing little bunch of fur, and fire, and fury—the whelp that afterward grew into the lordly beast Paloma. All alone had Regino Salas tracked the great wild cat to her den in the *arroyo*—all alone he had done battle with her there, doubly savage as she was for the presence of her offspring, and the man had come off victor. Not all unscathed, however. He had managed to keep his handsome face unscarred, but his left foot was so badly bitten that for many a month he was fain to wear a soft, loose, moccasin-like *ligua*, in lieu of the tight, narrow, high-arched, high-heeled boot affected by his race, in common with the cowboys; and in his side was a deep-clawed, compound gash that scraped the ribs in places, and the flesh on his bridle-arm was torn to rags from shoulder to elbow.

The two physicians in Silver for once accorded in sen-

tencing Regino to a speedy death from blood-poisoning. But he had himself treated with the simple domestic remedies of his people; and, what with his natural vigor, and the pure air of that high region, and, as many would declare, the preservative properties of the fiery, red *chile* pepper that had formed so large a part of his diet, and his unceasing cigarette-smoke—some one or all together of these things, or somewhat unexplained above and beyond them, pulled Regino through the ordeal, and left him with no worse handicap than the need aforesaid to mortify his vanity for a while in matters of costume.

People always declared that it was by the power of his wounds that Regino had been able to train Paloma to such submissive tameness. For, all through his illness, the man had shown more solicitude for the preservation of the whelp than for his own condition; and, as soon as he was measurably restored to health, he had set about the education of the cub with a vim that was full of promise. Then it was—the wonder-loving averred—that, when the wild thing showed signs of vicious rebellion, Regino would strip his clothes from his wounds, and, holding the brute's muzzle to the liquid scars, would taunt him:

"What then, thou ingrate! daring one! dost realize who owns thee? but see what fearful wounds the claws and the fangs of thine old dam made in my body! she was more huge, more fierce, more bloodthirsty than thou canst be, ever—and yet, I beat her!—killed her! do thou submit, then, in time, and own thy master."

Such, it was declared, was Regino's system of education. Regino only laughed when he heard the explanation, and said naught of his firm, persistent patience—alternated with drills now and then, it must be admitted, at the point of a bar of iron, white-hot; and the virtues of a low dietary scheme, into which flesh was not allowed to enter.

But the results of the plan were apparent to all. Paloma tagged at the heels of his master as faithfully and meekly as any devoted dog; loping along with long, tireless bounds when Regino was in the saddle, stepping close beside him when on foot, coiled by his chair when sitting. In size and color the brute was much like a big mastiff, and for such strangers often mistook him, when at a distance; but their undeception was complete when they were near enough to note his fangs, his rapacious eyes, the sharp-setting of the pointed ears, in short, Paloma's features.

Regino never came into Silver without Paloma, and this mitigated somewhat the dashing, successful fellow's popularity among the women. True enough that Regino was most generous in the matters of purchasing and presenting *tamales*, *enchiladas*, sweetstuffs, and trinkets; and his personal charm was undoubted; but his grisly companion was a thing of terror to the feminine spirit, that found more fear than delight in favors that must be enjoyed in such company.

"For my part," said Pepa Morales, one day when the subject was under discussion, "I never see that *demonio* of a Paloma without seeming to see in his wicked eyes the tortured, unshriven soul of the little Campos baby—you know the *leones*—dam and whelp—they ate him!"

"But did they?" questioned Panchita Valle; "Regino never said so."

"Oh! Regino! of course not—if it were known of a surety the cub had set tooth in the tender flesh of the *niño*, nothing could have saved him—and Regino was determined to rear him. He knows that flies can not enter a shut mouth, does Regino—and he would do anything on earth rather than give up Paloma!"

"But, of a truth, then, he will have to give up the beast when he marries," said little Tyrza Mora.

The other girls all looked dubiously at Tyrza. They had been gathered, seven or eight in number, in the long, tile-roofed, earth-floored porch of Juan Moreno's house, when Tyrza came past, on her way home from down the gulch, where she had gone to see that little José took the mother's three lean, gaunt goats to the most likely spots for browsing. The girls had called her in through idle curiosity and unkindly wish for experiment. The women of their race are, as a rule, either too generous or too languid for ill-natured treatment of their own sex; but unlovable traits were disproportionately developed here, and Tyrza seemed fair prey. She was a queer little thing, skimpy and ill-nourished. She had but one feature in common with the rest of the brood that swarmed under Pedro Mora's slab-roof—all the Mora children had hair that stood fluffily out in a shock, instead of lying in smooth and unctuous masses, as does Mexican hair in general. But Tyrza's shock, instead of ink, was of a lively orange brown, which gave a peculiar effect, with her densely black eyes, strange pallid skin, and jetty, wide, black brows. People were wont to comment on her strong resemblance to a mighty Irish miner who had been once a *compadre* of simple-minded Pedro Mora.

"When he marries," said Balvanera, Juan Moreno's daughter; "but that is just it—Regino is not likely to marry. No girl would live in the house with a wicked, dangerous beast like Paloma—and the woman does not live that Regino would turn him out for!"

"Oh, you think so?" said little Tyrza; and in her manner and her voice there was so much of piqued self-esteem, and of self-confidence, and of challenge, that the others fairly ached with a desire to shake her. But, just then, some one opened the doors of Crawford's, on the opposite diagonal corner, and Regino came around from the side street, leading his black horse, Duque, and Will Goldsmith tied on, by the leather points of the saddle, divers bags and parcels of domestic import—Regino lived well in his home on the mountain. Then Will gave the "lion" a great wedge of rich, yellow cheese; for all the employees at Crawford's liked Regino, and knew his "love me, love my dog" principle—not to mention the tickling of their fancy by the picturesque element of the combination.

Chata Moreno called to Regino, and he, with Paloma at his heels, went over to the group of girls in Moreno's porch, whereupon they all set to chattering, like the black-birds in the cottonwoods.

"Oye! Regino!" said Pepa Morales, "this Tyrza here says you ought to get married—to a girl that would make you get rid of Paloma."

"Yes, and she thinks she could make you do it," said Balvanera.

Now these speeches, sad to relate, were the outcome of pure spite and designed to awaken antagonism in Regino, as against Tyrza. But he, with the innate perversity of man, only laughed and turned on the presuming midget a glance of something very like admiration. Then he took up Chata's guitar and strummed and sang a love-song, punctuated with glances as impartial as expressive. Chata slipped into the house and brought out chocolate and sweet wafers; when Tyrza saw the tray, she was for going, for she was a proud and independent little body, and disinclined to accept lukewarm hospitality, although, truth to tell, her mouth watered for the unaccustomed dainties. But Regino put out a hand, in seeming carelessness, but with real masterful interest, and impelled her to her seat again.

"Stay!" he said; "sit down and wait for me, and I will take you home on Duque. I go out that way in a little. Here Chata, Balvanera, is it not true that it would be a slight to leave when the cates are coming? Tyrza must think you put *hierba* in the chocolate."

Then, as perforce, they all urged little Tyrza, though in truth they would not have been sorry to dose the foamy chocolate with a bit of the "weed" (*i. e.* poison) about which Regino had jested; well, not enough to kill the girl, of course, for the Americans had laws, and the *padre* might make difficulties about absolution; but enough to make her uncomfortably sick, then, and turn limp that impudently curved, taunting lip, and bow the saucy head. But, failing that, the angelic creatures tried to indemnify themselves for jealousy and wrath by putting Tyrza in the wrong as concerned Paloma. For Tyrza very frankly and emphatically declared her fear and horror of the animal, whereupon the other damsels, after the manner of their kind, gushingly expressed enthusiasm and delight in Regino's pet, and even went so far as to pat and stroke with coerced fingers the tawny coat of Paloma, in vicarious endearment. But little Tyrza shuddered away as far from him as she could retreat.

Nevertheless, it was to Tyrza that Regino turned presently, in deferential readiness, and he set the girl's light figure in his deep *vaquero* saddle, and led black Duque up along the narrow rocky streets, under the cottonwoods, to Pedro Mora's home, a rough and squalid dwelling built of cedar slabs driven into the soil, mud-roofed, mud-floored, windowless, dark, smoky, close, and grimy, but—a home for a dozen or so of swarthy children—and the home of Tyrza.

And to that humble, needy home Regino now came often, with gifts of game and fire-wood, and tobacco to the parents; for he was of a practical turn; but nevertheless also with nuts and sweetstuffs and playthings now and then for the swarm of youngsters, and ribbons and trinkets for Tyrza, such as the girl had had never before in her short, stunted life; even a glossy new guitar, crisp and soundful, instead of the battered, cracked instrument that Tyrza had managed to rescue from pawn. But perhaps what she most appreciated was Regino's forbearance with reference to Paloma. He seemed to appreciate thoroughly her unconquerable fear of the animal, and to value properly the honesty which scorned to trade on a pretended courage or tolerance, and so he spared her, so far as might be, contact with his sinister companion. The children, strange to say, stood not a bit in awe of the saturnine puma, and frolicked about him gleefully enough, Paloma neither inviting nor repelling their familiarity, but following with his eyes Regino's every motion. And this stolid endurance of the children's antics, together with the preoccupation of his own love affair, kept Regino from observing that the beast grew every day more sullen, and at times disobedient.

"Now look thee, Tyrza," he said to his little sweetheart, when, one day, she ran out to meet him as he leaped from the saddle, and the great brute pressed jealously between them, and shouldered her apart from her lover, "look thee, *querida*, dear one, I know how thou art afraid of the lion, and it seems cruel to bring him hither; but of a truth, I know not how to spare thee. Paloma seemeth to know well whether it is to the town I come when I leave the house, and he must needs come with me. But when I go to the *placer*, he lies down like a dog on the threshold, and will let none follow after. It is for this I must keep him—the beast is a faithful servant. Else, proud as I am of my dominion over my fierce pet, I would send him away for thy sweet sake, my Tyrza. But now, less than ever, can I risk that any one should find out the secret of my gold-mine, for now I would fain enrich myself for thy sake. Hitherto, I have worked but for the needs of the day—'enough is as good as a feast,' thou knowest."

In her heart, poor Tyrza thought she would rather choose poverty so but she might be rid of Paloma; but she said nothing, being withheld by a threefold subjection—she was a lover, she was woman, and Mexican.

And so, ere long, Regino and Tyrza were married. A priest came down from Las Vegas for the ceremony, for the *cura* at Silver had died a little while back. And Moreno's store was almost emptied of its *garbanzos*, and its *chile*, of *panocha*, olives, *organo*, garlic, thyme, and all the herbs and spices of the Mexican *cuisine*, with an enormous supplement of comestibles and potables from Crawford's. And for that Pedro Mora's house was so small and so squalid, the wedding feast and the dance was held in Howlett's Hall, where were given the hops of the Americans; and there were bidden all the compatriots who could at all be made to pass muster of respectability, and the old *tamales*-vender set up her little ten and her advertising bonfire in the street alongside, and drove a brisk trade, whilst the urchins held high revel in the rocky street, and gazed in through the shutter-slats at the gayly clad couples gyrating in *Habanera* and *danza* to the weird cadences of Mexican music, played by a fiddler and two harpers; and there might have been raging a tremendous aerial battle of elfin musketry, so heavy and prolonged wa-

the firing of *cohetes*—the spiteful, waspish little Mexican rockets which are indispensable to every native *funcion*, whether marriage, church feast, or burying; and when day opened wide eyes over the cottonwoods, Regino set little Tyrza, blushing and thrilling, upon a gentle little gray mare, fitted with a brand-new side-saddle, cushioned with ruby plush, and, swinging himself on black Duque, they rode away toward their home on the mountain.

As they started, Tyrza threw a quick, timorous glance behind the horse of her husband, and then looked into Regino's face with an expression half of relief, half misgiving.

"What is it, then, mine own?" asked Regino, tenderly; "but—on my soul! I believe thou wert looking for Paloma!"

"It is true," said Tyrza, blushing; "and all the night I have been uneasy, but without knowing for why, until I saw he stepped not behind thee. It is that I am so used to see him."

"But now thou wouldst not expect to see him, Tyrza, surely? Not on our wedding day, *esposita mia* (little wife). No! I shut him securely in the cabin, with food and water. Ay, *Dios!* my Tyrza! How I love thee! Thou canst not know how well! I am a poor, wordless fellow before thee, and canst not tell thee. Thou canst only judge by my giving up Paloma—I have grown indifferent to him since I knew thee. For look! he was so great a thing in my life. Other men have parents—families—Paloma was mine only companion; others keep servants—I dared have near no hireling who should spy and steal my gold-mine, but Paloma cared naught for the wealth himself, and he protected it from others. The sports of my fellows—cock-fighting, lazoing, riding—all their games to my strength were but the plays of children; but my *leon* was a constant proof and witness of my success in deeds of prowess wherein weaker men find death as well as failure. Now canst thou understand something of my pride in the beast, and in the distinction he gave me? And seest thou how completely thou hast won me, when I care no longer to keep him, whom thou fearest?"

Tyrza understood. There were more depths of feeling in the strange little girl than her class or her training would warrant.

Paloma leaped from the bed with a bound when Regino unlocked the door of his warm, comfortable log-house on the mountain. The beast cast not a glance at the girl, but fawned upon his master.

"But what is this?" cried Regino; "he has not drunk nor eaten?" for the provision stood untouched, nor would Paloma approach it now, until Regino gave it, bit and sup, from his own hand. The man found the brute's exaction amusing; but Tyrza was touched by so much savage devotion. There were chords in her own heart that answered to that strain, and, with a sudden tenderness, she bent to stroke the flat head of the *leon*. Paloma whirled with a snarl and snapped at her soft, round fore-arm so viciously that Regino, snatching her swiftly aside, was yet not quick enough to avert a tear in her tender flesh—it was no great thing, only an inch or so of abrasion, and Tyrza kept back her tears and vowed it did not hurt her. But Regino fell upon Paloma, and, with furious kicks, thrust him forth from the cabin.

So far as they knew, Paloma neither ate nor drank during the week that followed; certainly he touched naught of what was set before him; but he might readily have lapped from the little stream near by, and among the birds and beasts of nocturnal habits he might find prey. But all day long he lay sullenly beside the wall, and at nightfall crept slinkingly within, in tentative effort to couch himself, as of old, across the bed's foot. But Regino drove him thence, with blows and curses. That was absolutely the only notice the man vouchsafed to the creature he had so long cherished. Strange that a man's greatest cruelty always falls on something he has once loved! So Regino, in the reaction of his passion for Tyrza, seemed now to hate Paloma fiercely. The girl remonstrated with her husband: "Nay, Regino, do thou feed the poor *bestia*—I believe that he is starving—that he has not eaten since we came home. Give food to him—he will take it from thy hand."

"Not I!" said Regino; "let him starve, then. I am minded to kill him—be it thee, bit thee—mine angel darling!"

"But see," said Tyrza, "it was not a great thing—the place is almost well now—and it is not as if the poor brute could think and reason. Before—before we—before I came, he had all thy care and attention—and now he is less than nothing to thee—so he sulks like a slighted child."

And she thought, but did not say, that the animal's show of injury and offense, that was indeed almost human in its sullen, smoldering resentment, was a thing of course; for Tyrza's chief cause for horror of the brute lay in that superstition of the Mexicans thereabouts that Paloma's body was possessed by the restless, unaid spirit of the little child they believed that he had eaten.

Regino hardened his heart ever against Paloma. It was nearly a week after the marriage before he spoke to the creature, save to thrust him forth from the house whenever he entered. But at last he found himself in need of ready money, and so disposed himself for a visit to the gold streak.

"No! no!" he laughed, at Tyrza's instance; "I will not take thee with me—the place of the mine must remain a secret—only Paloma knows. And now be will have his innings. I must leave him to guard the way and keep prying feet from following me. I warrant you no one will try to pass him. And so, my own one, I must leave thee; by the night I shall have golden *chispas* enough to keep us for a while in idle comfort."

He left his wife with lingering, fond caresses, Paloma watching them the while from without, half wistful, half ferocious. Regino ordered him to lie down and watch, and Paloma, unwillingly, it seemed, went to stretch himself within the doorway that commanded the trail leading farther up the mountain. Then Regino roughly drove him out again, pointing to a spot on the rocks where he should lie. The animal seemed more than half-inclined to disobey, but at last

stretched himself sullenly, and the last look Regino turned backward gave him a picture of reddened, vicious eyes and lips drawn back from cruel gleaming white fangs, while a little cloud of dust hung above the tawny coat, stirred up by the nervous lashing of the tail that twitched with all the quick yet stealthy force of the cat family.

All day Regino chipped and dug in the *placer*, and manipulated the big miner's spoon of cowhorn and the washing-pan of rawhide. Toward sunset, he had a good handful of dust and nuggets.

"La Tyrza is not here," he muttered, when he stepped out of the pines at the edge of his clearing. "I thought she would have come as far as this to meet me. Vaya! I know what hinders—she dares not pass Paloma. He would keep stricter guard against her for spite than with others, it may be. The girl did well not to venture." But he saw no tawny mass where he had left Paloma. The cabin-door stood open, but no aromatic smoke curled up from its stone-built chimney. Regino shouted loudly: "Tyrza! *Hopa!* Tyrza! *on'ta el Paloma?* where is Paloma?"

Then from the open door leaped the long, gaunt, sinuous, tawny body; as it bounded past him, Regino caught the gleam of the blood-shot eyes and the shine of snow-white fangs; but he rubbed his own eyes quickly, for it seemed to him that they were veiled with some strange glamour that made the dark, hot mouth seem to drip bloody foam, and—was it the low, red beams of the sinking sun that splashed and blotched the creature's chest and legs with crimson? He turned and shouted after the flying shape every call, command, and whistle by which he had been wont to enforce obedience on Paloma; but the animal gave no heed, but dashed into the gloom of the pines—and was seen no more forever after.

Regino hastened on to the cabin—is there need to tell what ghastly THING he found there? Could his thought ever again say "It was home," of that blood-drenched room? Could his memory croon "wife" when it turned to the awful form, still palpitating, that lay, torn out of human shape by the relentless iron claws, mangled to a mass of horror by the cruel teeth of the jealous, maddened monster? These things are not to dwell on—they are not for description.

But this is why, now and then, is seen in the streets of Silver City, a brown man, bent, gnarled, wrinkled, with hair whiter than the fluffy down that the wind heaps and tosses under the cottonwoods on gusty spring days—and yet, as the people about will assure the curious stranger, not ten years since, this wreck was in early manhood. The Americans will explain, too—but the Mexicans will only cross themselves, and smoke in silence at its mention—why he always wears, in collar-fashion, a broad band, of orange brown, that looks as if woven of soft hair.

Y. H. ADDIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1893.

DUPED BY AN INVENTOR.

The Swindling of "the Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

The mystical refrains of "Ta-ra Boom-de-ay" are now seldom heard in the London streets, but in their stead you hear everywhere the gay doings of "the man who broke the bank" at Monte Carlo.

Charles Wells, "Civil Engineer and Patent Agent," as he describes himself, is "the man who broke the bank." His trial took place this week. He first came into prominence toward the end of 1891, through successful speculation at the gambling-tables of Monte Carlo, and the story of his immense gains were duly chronicled in the newspapers from day to day. At the time, the announcement was generally looked upon merely as an enterprising advertisement on the part of M. Blanc, whose balance-sheet always shows a heavy item of expenditure in subsidies to the press. But he was a heavy winner, and won more at patents than at gambling-tables.

The methods pursued by Wells to procure money were simple in the extreme. His practice was to advertise continually in the morning papers under various pseudonyms, such as "Discovery," "Fortune," "Genuine," etc., offering large sums, if not fortune, in a few months, with a big bonus almost immediately, as a return for the investment of a few hundred pounds. An answer to any of the advertisements brought a gushing reply, enlarging on the great amounts brought in every day through successful invention, and inclosing an elaborate statement setting forth a plan for the saving of forty per cent. on all fuel burned on steam-engines. Wells represented that, when completed, he was confident of obtaining, if necessary, at least two millions of dollars by the sale of his patent, but the offer he made for the time being to his correspondent was one-quarter of the share of all profits of the invention during fourteen years, while, as security for the money advanced, the provisional certificate for the patent would be made over to him.

It appears the dupes were plentiful, and so successful were the advertisements that their insertion was continued in the principal London journals up till the very end; but it is needless to state that the invention itself never came to anything, and not a single farthing was ever repaid to the numbers driven into the bankruptcy court and the work-house by imprudent investments in it. From the records in the patent office, it seems he applied for provisional protection for nine patents in 1887, forty-two in 1888, and fifty-four in 1889, besides several in 1890 and 1891; but nearly all of them were abandoned when the usual nine months had expired. In some cases, however, it proved more beneficial to complete the patent in order to profit by further payments from the victims. In one way or another, at any rate, enormous sums were paid over to this swindler in his efforts to float the invention which was bound to yield "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice," but which never got beyond the initial stage of dipping into the dupes' pockets. One lady alone contributed no less than ninety thousand dollars, another twenty-five thousand dollars, and a gentleman nearly fifty thousand dollars. All sections of society, too, were

represented among the simple folks who placed faith on his ardent protestations, and Wells showed himself equally ready to suck dry the fly which found its way into his net, whether it was the workman with a few years' savings or the aristocrat with his thousands.

During his stay on the Riviera, Wells was known as "Le Plunger," and is said to have won eight hundred thousand francs in one instance, and afterward an additional seven hundred thousand francs. On the latter occasion he had before him on the green tables a pile of one-thousand-franc notes a foot high, yet played coolly, never lost his head, and slept soundly with the notes under his pillow in his room at the hotel.

But he probably made a great deal more over his patents in Great Portland Street than in the Casino at Monte Carlo. Shortly after he had been puffed in half the papers in Europe and America as "the man who broke the bank five times in one evening," he published a pamphlet setting forth the details of an infallible system, with the object of inducing some one to furnish him with forty thousand dollars, in order that he might carry on his gambling operations on a larger scale. Such an invitation in itself of course spoke volumes as to the net results of his much vaunted winnings, and so far as it has transpired he did not get a partner; while in regard to his play, he was the inventor of no new "martingale," as the principal system he followed is well known. He himself owned he had no fixed rule, but generally went in for coup of three consecutive reds or three consecutive blacks, beginning with a stake of three hundred dollars, and doubling each time if successful. When not fortunate, he adhered to the three-hundred-dollar stake, while after the third lucky coup he always returned to his first venture.

About the time of his Monaco experiences, Wells was reported to be the owner of several yachts, which formed what was known as the Monte Carlo Fleet, and served as floating gambling-houses. The idea was by no means a novel one, for many years ago, when play at the German Kursaals was prohibited, it was proposed to start a joint-stock company for the purpose of buying an ocean steamer, which was to be fitted up as a casino, and ply between the chief ports of the Mediterranean, Atlantic, and Pacific. It was maintained that so long as the vessel kept out of the three miles admiralty limit, there was no international law to prevent a "gambling hell" being kept on the high seas. The largest of the Monte Carlo Fleet was the *Palais Royale*, a yacht of some two thousand tons. It formerly ran as a packet-boat between Liverpool and La Plata, but after Wells bought it, he spent one hundred thousand dollars upon it, and had it fitted up in the most sumptuous style as a pleasure-yacht. The ball-room, furnished so that it could easily be utilized as a most comfortable gambling saloon, was approached by a magnificent staircase, and the music supplied by a "grand" and a fine organ, while four *maitres d'hôtel* looked after the welfare of the guests who were housed in twelve irreproachable cabins.

Shortly after his Monte Carlo achievements had made Wells the object of common talk, he began to figure in the Law Court Reports, being repeatedly sued for money obtained by shady practices; but it was not until last November that he was brought before a criminal court on a charge of fraud. Wells defended the case up to the last minute, but was convicted.

Within a few hours of the delivery of the judgment, a strange craft lying at Plymouth got up steam and disappeared. Her departure was so hurried that workmen, who had been engaged on some repairs on board, had to gather up their tools and leave at a moment's notice, and it was not until the arrest of Wells at Havre was accomplished that the sudden flight was satisfactorily explained. The yacht sailed with the intention of reaching Portugal, and from Cherbourg went on to Havre, only to find its movements followed by the police. At Havre, Wells appears to have given up the idea of escape by water, and had just packed up a valise, in order to catch a train, when the *procureur* of the republic and the English vice-consul stepped on board to make his arrest.

There is nothing striking or unusual in the appearance of the man. To look at him, no one would suspect that he was the biggest swindler living.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, February 20, 1893.

If a border warfare shall arise over Maryland's claim to a part of West Virginia, it is likely to be one of the liveliest of recent times. The mountaineers of West Virginia are a picturesque and rugged people, desperately poor, haters of excisemen, and lovers of liberty. Many of them, from their high nests, watched with indifferent interest the war of secession, and felt themselves lucky in their isolation. Their language is full of strange words, their morality is a simple code, and the one first-rate article in the house is the rifle, that every man and not a few of the women know well how to handle.

A woman correspondent of several German newspapers went away disappointed after visiting the tenement-house district in New York with a charity physician. She looked in vain for the deep poverty of continental cities, and was astonished at the little attempts at ornament in the tenement-house homes. Above all, she was surprised at the sight of oranges vended in the streets. The poor, as she had known them in Germany, would regard oranges as an unattainable luxury.

Carroll D. Wright, chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics, reports that wages in Massachusetts average one dollar and seventy cents to every dollar paid in England, while the cost of the same mode of living is one dollar and seventeen cents here to one dollar in England.

After all, there was a certain high sense of duty in Jennie Wouch. She killed her mother and infant cousin, buried them in a snowdrift, and went to a hotel to earn money domestic, to pay their funeral expenses.

THE CATAPULTA LADY.

We can all remember the Catapulta Lady—she was the sensation of her day. It was not to see the Venezuelan Earthmen, it was not to see the Tartar Chief, or the Lightning Calculator, and it was not to dine, that the people rushed to the great Palace of Dazzling Delight; but it was to admire the pluck, and to gaze on the magnificent proportions of the Catapulta Lady, to rave of her delicious blue eyes, and, on their way home, to swear that, after all, most of that magnificent blonde *chevelure* must assuredly be a wig.

The palace, as most places do, looked more attractive upon its magnificent advertisements than it actually was—in the daytime, at least. A shilling admitted you to all the entertainments. Possibly there were country people who had the moral and physical courage to receive the whole of that solid shilling's worth. For one shilling it was possible to pass an entire day, and a great portion of a night, in the Palace of Dazzling Delight. At ten A. M. the palace opened; at ten-thirty there was an organ recital that lasted for an hour; at twelve, "Glass-Blowing Extraordinary," by Professor Brownini. Nobody ever saw the professor in the flesh, but a vicious-looking boy would press upon you the purchase of a blown-glass peacock, with a spun-glass tail, which he always declared was a great curiosity. Probably his principal victims were the shilling visitors, who passed a happy day at the Palace of Dazzling Delight; unless they put them in their hats, however, the glass peacocks would be certainly smashed to atoms in the awful crush in the evening that inevitably attended every performance of the Catapulta Lady. There was a big galvanic apparatus, at which confiding yokels were privileged to enjoy grinding torments for the small sum of one penny. But, probably, the most extraordinary exhibition in the Palace of Dazzling Delight was the Picture Gallery. There was no charge made for this; the gallery was full of masterpieces; prices in four figures were marked upon many of them; some were even so valuable as to be labeled not for sale—ambition was the characteristic of them all. But the great Picture Gallery was, after all, but a sort of lovers' walk. It was the paradise of the British servant-maid of the smarter class, who, like the Grande Duchesse, proverbially "dotes on the military." Tall warriors, clad like overgrown boys, in the tightest and shortest of shell-jackets, here poured soft nonsense into the ears of amorous cooks. The workingman, clad in his holiday black—those shining garments which always appear to have been made for somebody else—showing a large expanse of shirt-front, and wearing the brightest of bright ties, would walk and sit here for hours with the object of his affection. Here, too, the pairs would surreptitiously lunch upon substantial sandwiches, moistened by libations from little flat bottles. Hard-working *paterfamilias* came here with his flock of pale-faced and inquiring children. How those children enjoyed themselves! how they laughed! how they shouted! how they gambled in the great Picture Gallery, till their innocent pleasure was quenched in the cruel joys of a palace Bath bun! The palace Bath bun is, and was, the largest and heaviest Bath bun to be had in London. The merry voice of childhood, after partaking of it, ceased to be a natural treble—it became stuffy; and for the rest of that day, the child who had eaten a palace bun became quiet, tractable, and unnaturally silent. Entertainment after entertainment was offered by the proprietors of the palace to its patrons in bewildering variety. Evening closed in, and the proceedings became more interesting. As nine o'clock approached, the crowd became thicker and thicker, for at nine o'clock the "Tremendous and Startling Act of the Catapulta Lady" was advertised to take place.

This entertainment was probably unique; the great colored placards outside the palace in no way exaggerated the sensational character of the performance. Mlle. Monti, for such was the sonnding professional name of the Catapulta Lady, was represented as flying through the air, over the up-turned faces of expectant thousands. Expectant of what? Who knows? Expectant, perhaps, of some horrible tragedy; expectant of the dreadful catastrophe that in the minds of all who had witnessed this crowning glory of the acrobat's art must some day or other inevitably arrive.

But the crowd at the Palace of Delight was quite differently constituted now; it was the usual music-hall audience, reinforced by an almost equal contingent of the curious of both sexes. A sensation is very dear to the Londoner's heart, and Mlle. Monti's performance was a decidedly new sensation. The Bounding Brothers of Babylon had finished their marvelous acrobatic performance; Miss Lottie Topper had entreated the male portion, at least, of the audience to "Meet her in the park, in the park, for a lark, for a lark, in the park"; then she had strutted round the little stage with a little mincing swagger supposed to be peculiarly her own, then she sang four idiotic lines in a squeaky voice, then she advanced to the centre of the footlights, and, waving her hand with an air of command, shouted: "Now, then, all together, gentlemen. 'In the park, for a lark, for a lark, in the park.'" And then several thousand male voices, submitting to the airy charm of her manner, had yelled, shouted, screamed, and bawled the idiotic refrain, and had unanimously agreed to meet Miss Topper "in the park, for a lark." And then Miss Topper would archly place her finger to the side of her nose, and, in a hoarse stage-whisper, would add the immensely funny remark, "after dark." The youths who were seeing life would then frantically applaud.

But it was not Miss Topper who had filled the Palace of Delight. Miss Topper was not the attraction which had drawn hundreds of men about town, in faultless evening-dress, to the place. There they sat, row upon row, in the first gallery; not a chair was vacant. Hard-hearted London, with its flower in its button-hole, or fanning itself, or sipping its green Chartreuse, sat expectant; just as the old Roman ladies at the circus were the most avid for blood, so English ladies of rank, beauty, and fashion crowded the reserved seats at the Palace of Dazzling Delight.

Lord Despard was there, and, as was natural, Lord Despard was excessively attentive to Miss Featherstoneleigh. Miss Featherstoneleigh was wealthy. Miss Featherstoneleigh belonged to the cream of society. It was easy to know that it was so, for Miss Featherstoneleigh's name was pronounced *Festoneleigh*. It is a sure sign of social creaminess when the name is written one way and pronounced another, and Miss Connie Featherstoneleigh meant to go on calling herself *Festoneleigh* and writing herself *Featherstoneleigh* till she should cease to have that exclusive privilege and enter the real Olympus as Lady Despard.

"And do you really mean, Jack, that you come to this place every night?"

"Certainly, Con. I'm always due here at nine. Besides, it is not expensive. I have a season-ticket."

"And do you really come, then, in the hope of seeing the poor creature killed?"

"Good God, no, Connie," said the young fellow; "I know I'm a fool, but I hope I'm not such a beast as that."

The young peer was good-looking enough, and he didn't seem by any means a fool; but he was *blase*—certainly *blase* for a young fellow of four-and-twenty. It wasn't his fault that he was rich—rich with the accumulations of a long minority. Everything had been made easy for him; even at school other fellows had done his exercises; masters and tutors had bowed down to him. It had been much the same thing at college. Dons had toadied him, and their designing wives had laid artful pitfalls for the young lord—pitfalls baited with artless daughters. But they wasted valuable time, for Despard was to be married to his cousin Connie as soon as she should reach years of discretion. There was but four years difference between them; they had been chums and cronies, and remembered each other as long as either of them could remember anything; but they were more brother and sister than lovers. With them it had always been "Connie" and "Jack." They had fought fiercely many a time and oft, as girl and boy will do, but kissing and making friends had always followed. At first this latter process had been more pleasant to the maid than to the youth. Growing girlhood is not graceful. In the uncompromising frankness of had boyhood Jack had confided to his mother that Connie was an impossible girl. "She's exactly like the mastiff pup, mother," he had said; "she's all joints." But as years rolled on, and Miss Featherstoneleigh's draperies grew longer, Miss Featherstoneleigh ceased to be an object of ridicule to her handsome cousin. They both accepted the position—Jack as a duty, Connie with a considerable amount of secret satisfaction. And, as a matter of fact, they were engaged to one another.

"Do you mean to tell me, Jack, that you are really smitten with this creature—with a female tumbler, a music-hall person? I had no idea that you had weaknesses in that direction. Why didn't you join in the chorus, sir, of the song which has been so enthusiastically applauded?"

"Oh, Mollie isn't a bit like that, you know, Con. Her name's Mollie Buck, you know, and she's quite respectable."

"Well, at all events, Jack, she'll make you an inexpensive wife; for if she dresses in private life as she is represented in the advertisement, her clothing won't cost you much, and I suppose that is her habitual costume."

"I wish you wouldn't chaff a fellow," said Jack, with great solemnity. "She'll never marry me, he added in a melancholy tone."

"Marry you, Jack," said his companion, with concentrated indignation, astonishment, and horror—"Marry you."

"I supposed I should have had to tell you, sooner or later, Connie—I asked her to marry me. She hasn't got an 'h' in her vocabulary, but she's as good as gold; and I worship the very ground she walks on."

"In fact, you two are a sort of modern Peter Wilkins and his Flying Woman?"

"Anyhow, you needn't laugh at me. I tell you she refused me, and I offered to make her Countess of Despard, and she said she 'wasn't that sort.' But I can't help hanging about after her, you know. Con, there's a horrid fascination in it, and I believe it'll end badly. I come here every night, you know, and it's like attending an execution. If there was anything wrong with the Catapulta, Mollie would come to utter grief. But I can't keep away; there's a sort of awful attraction in it. Just look at my hand."

The young fellow's hand shook as though with ague; beads of cold perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his lips and face were white with apprehension.

"And who is your fortunate rival, Jack?" said his cousin, with a smile.

"Oh, a beast of a fellow, a gymnast man—a lazy ne'er-do-well who earns a pound a week and is drunk every night of his life. She means to marry him. There he is."

At that instant a tremendous flourish of trumpets announced that the great sensational performance of the evening was about to commence. A dissipated-looking man, with a truculent and brutal manner, dressed in a flaring costume of red cotton velvet to represent Mephistopheles, made a self-satisfied bow to the audience. There was nothing attractive about the fellow, and he had a malignant cast in his eye. He instantly busied himself with a huge machine of wood and polished steel, which was wheeled on to the stage that occupied the end of the building; this was the so-called "Catapulta." Seizing the handle of an iron windlass, he proceeded by its aid to draw to its full extent a huge steel bow, somewhat resembling a monstrous carriage-spring. He then drew back a curtain and introduced the heroine of the evening. With a bound the Catapulta Lady advanced to the footlights, kissing both hands repeatedly to the audience.

"Isn't she lovely?" said Lord Despard, enthusiastically, to Miss Featherstoneleigh.

Now Connie Featherstoneleigh was a brunette; and in her heart she could not appreciate the charms of her rival.

"I suppose she is what men would call pretty—that is, pretty in a way," she vouchsafed, and fanned herself violently.

The Catapulta Lady lost no time in preparation. She

rubbed her little feet rapidly upon a sort of door-mat, and at once took up her position on a small iron pedestal in the centre of the machine. She assumed the attitude of a diver about to take her plunge.

The hand played its loudest. Enthusiasm was at its height.

The cock-eyed Mephistopheles placed his hand upon a trigger.

"One!" he cried.

"Two!"

"Three!" As he uttered the word there was a crashing sound and a noise of moving chains. Swift as an arrow from the bow Mollie Buck flew through the air, from one end of the vast hall to the other, her lovely golden hair streaming over her shoulders like an angel's wings. As she took her aerial flight many thousand pairs of eyes followed the flying form. Graceful as a bird, she alighted upon a bar of wood, which was suspended from the roof by two silken cords. The trapeze swung violently to and fro with its lovely burden. Then the audience gave one hoarse gasp as from a single throat, and a deafening thunder of applause rang through the vast building. The pretty, graceful creature dropped upon a lofty pedestal which stood beneath the trapeze, and, semi-nude as she was, bowed her acknowledgments in unconscious innocence. It was the hour of her triumph, poor girl. To her, her silk fleshings were but the ordinary form of evening dress. No operatic prima donna could have borne herself more proudly.

The cock-eyed man, in the red velvet suit, bowed too; but he was unnoticed, for every gloating eye was fixed upon the Catapulta Lady, her grace, and her magnificent wealth of wavy, golden hair.

A portly man in evening dress—a creature in a huge white waistcoat, resembling a glorified waiter—is at hand; he steps forward and hands Mlle. Monti to the ground. A lane is formed through the shouting audience, the manager leads the Catapulta Lady through it, back to the platform once more. To those lucky people in the front row it is very evident that Mlle. Monti's hair is all her own.

Connie Featherstoneleigh, like the rest of the audience, is standing up in excited enthusiasm.

"Thank God," says Despard to her, "she's safe. Half of it's over. They will make her do it again, the merciless brutes."

"Hats off! Down! Down!"

Miss Featherstoneleigh and her betrothed resume their seats.

The hang-dog Mephistopheles works at his windlass once more with a will. Bars move, wheels revolve with a clashing noise.

And now all is ready.

Once more the Catapulta Lady takes her place. Once more she makes her little bow. Once more her pretty smile delights the assembled public. They feel that they are getting their money's worth. Despard clutches the rail in front of him, while Miss Featherstoneleigh fixes the performer with her opera-glass.

"One!"

"Two!"

"Three!"

There is a crash, and a noise of breaking metal. Alas for poor Mollie Buck; she is flung high in air, above the devilish engine, and falls in a heap on the ponderous machinery.

There is a yell of horror. An excited crowd rushes pell-mell upon the platform; but ere they reach it Mephistopheles has seized the mangled form and borne her from their gaze.

Then follows confusion indescribable.

Jack Despard hurries Miss Featherstoneleigh away; he hastens with her to a little door, nods to its guardian, who recognizes him, and allows the pair to pass at once. Through dimly lighted passages they hurry; at length they emerge into a wretched white-washed room, all sordid and grimy with the dirt and smoke of years. On a couch in the corner lies the dying girl, the poor pale, painted face moving with twinges of agony.

The eyes opened—the beautiful blue eyes. "Jack," she says in a low whisper, and with her old winning, trusting smile, "take care of Jim."

And then she was gone. Neither Jack Despard nor an enthusiastic British public will ever set eyes on her again. They have looked their last upon the Catapulta Lady.

* * * * *

The Earl and Countess of Despard are a happy pair; they trust each other—they have always done so. Jack's first indiscretion, his love for poor dead Molly, was his last.

As for Mephistopheles, *alias* Jim, he can always be heard of at a celebrated equestrian house in Drury Lane, and once a week he steps across to Coutts' to draw what he calls his "divs." And two pound a week is duly debited by the aristocratic bankers to Lord Despard's account. Jim, of course, does no work now.

Here are some of Bismarck's aphorisms, taken from his "Note-Book of Youth," which dates from the great man's nineteenth year: "Love is blind; friendship shuts the eyes." "You often hear the rich man saying to the poor man, 'I have no money.' A great mind in certain fashionable gatherings says as much by its silence." "In the tête-à-tête, a woman speaks aloud to the man who is indifferent to her, low to the man she is near loving, and keeps silence with the man she loves." "Reading a medical book, one fancies one has all the maladies it describes; similarly when reading the work of a moralist, one discovers all the faults he points out—in others."

When Myra Clark Gaines died, in 1887, her estate was worth nine hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The contest that has since been going on over her will has used up eight hundred thousand dollars of it, and a fresh start was made in Brooklyn courts last week toward whittling down the balance.

A DEAD VANDERBILT.

"Flaneur" discusses the Late "Jake" and the Late Cork Room.

The death of "Jake" Vanderbilt, the brother of the commodore, brings up a flood of reminiscences. Jake was thirteen years younger than his brother, and the latter was well established as the owner of periaugers and sloops when Jake entered his service as a sailor before the mast. He worked faithfully, acquired some expert knowledge of the tides of New York Bay, the Hudson, and the Sound, and was well entitled to the license of captain he obtained while he was quite a young man. For a quarter of a century he sailed his brother's steamers up and down the river, and between the city and the seaside resorts. He was a good pilot, but he lacked the commodore's capacity for making money. Thirty years ago, there were no two men on Staten Island who needed a hundred-dollar bill worse than Jacob and William H. Vanderbilt, though the brother of the first and the father of the second was already more than once a millionaire.

These Vanderbilts are a curious family. New York contains no more broad-minded, intelligent, and generous citizen than Cornelius Vanderbilt, the eldest son of William H., nor has any one a word that is not of praise for George Vanderbilt, the hookworm, William's youngest son. Nothing really severe can be said of William K., the intermediate brother between Cornelius and George, unless it be that he has the reputation of a prig who is trying to fascinate society by ostentation. But of their father, and of their grand-uncle who has just died, there is not much to be said that is pleasant.

Old Jake was as foul-mouthed and coarse-minded an old customer as could be found on the island, though he had married a lovely wife and had two lovely daughters. He never rose above the level of a steamboat captain who has to hullyrag steerage passengers into paying their fare. He was never rich, but from time to time his brother Cornelius threw him a bone, and made him pay for it by sneers. "My brother Jake," the old man would say, "hain't got no business to live in that big house of his. He hain't no money, he hain't no brains, has Jake." All this he would impart in cheerful confidence to fly-by-standers, caring nothing if Jake himself was within earshot.

Jake's son, young Jake, is a chip of the old block. Some years ago he married a sweet girl of humble family. His father, who in his youth had been in the habit of swabbing decks in his hare feet, refused to acknowledge the misalliance. He ordered young Hopeful home, and forbade the wife to show her face on the premises. She had a baby, and she haunted the two hard men for bread. They refused to give her a penny. They made her go starve, with her brat. She brought suit; but the father, who could not afford her a pittance, had plenty of money to hire lawyers, and they dragged her from court to court, until she was actually starving. Then the story reached the ears of the New York Herald. It published a full account of the case, and told a story so revolting, so harrowing, that Jake Vanderbilt must have had the hide of a rhinoceros to remain in the State. It is understood that a brief conversation ensued between him and young Cornelius, and that the upshot was a small provision for the deserted wife and child.

The son of old Cornelius and the father of young Cornelius, William H., was not a pleasant person, either. He lived principally to eat; on his tombstone might have been engraved the well-known dog-Latin epitaph of the Prince of Este: *Este est, et est, et est, et tantum est, ut mortuus est*. It was after a copious meal, of which he had partaken in his own house with Robert Garrett, that he fell forward on the carpet and was picked up dead.

It is with our great families as it is with the noble families of Europe; when they produce one good member out of three, they are doing well. The old Cornelius was not as liberal as his family would have liked; it was by close-fisted economy that he made his first start in life, and when he grew old and very rich, he was apt to grudge other men a modest share of the world's goods. But he was a man of genius, and that atoned for everything. His successor and namesake occupies one of the most exposed positions in the State of New York, yet has not an enemy; he spends his money royally, but does nothing for show; he is at the back of almost every worthy undertaking in the State, and has never once attracted the censure or the criticism of the press.

Another of the famous old-time landmarks is passing away. Sweeney's Hotel is offered at auction; the furniture of the New York Hotel, with which so many Southern planters and so many Southern helms made acquaintance in auld lang sene, has been sold off, and now the carpenters are demolishing the famous Cork Room at Koster & Bial's. It was, in its way, classic ground; if the straight-back oak chairs could have told their story, as Crehilton's sofa did, what gay adventures of the wild Prince and Pointz would have come to light!

The Cork Room was nothing more than the greenroom of Koster & Bial's Variety Theatre. It used to be an office, where the partners did business and arranged future casts with their artists. One day, two or three drummers for rival champagne houses met Koster and Bial there, and twenty-six bottles were opened. Each cork was set on the wainscoting, and, after the drummers had departed, the proprietors of the place thought it would be a droll idea to fasten the twenty-six corks on a strip of felt, which was tacked to the ceiling, as a record of their potations. The exhibition made people laugh, and other drinkers insisted on having their corks honored by a similar elevation. Pretty soon it became the rule that the cork of every champagne bottle emptied in that room should be preserved in this way. They were arranged so as to spell out names and dates, and to represent flowers and figures. When the ceiling was full, the decoration was transferred to the walls, and the novel tapestry was not completed until fifty-six thousand corks

had been employed. It represented a fabulous consumption of champagne.

The room itself—which is only about ten feet by twenty, with a ceiling so low that a tall man's hat hings down some of the corks—has been used for ten years as a greenroom. There, all the queens of the music-hall—Carmencita, Fougère, Jennie Joyce, Marie Lloyd, Dorothy Denning, Madge Lesing, Marie Vanoni, and ever so many others—used to drop in to wait for their cue, or to snatch a moment of repose after an exhausting number. They were to be seen in tights and rouge, and in all the eccentricities of costume which a depraved masculine taste prompts the variety-dancer to adopt. Such a society was naturally alluring to young men about town. To get the *entrée* of the greenroom, a man had to be personally known to Koster and Bial; but a good many young men, especially those who had money to spend, were so known. Thus the stranger who was admitted to the greenroom refreshed his eye with the contemplation of some of the prettiest girls on the stage, in close company with the fast youths of the day, and engrossed in the enjoyment of a champagne which was generally good. When a waiter suggestively inquired whether he should open a large or a small bottle, the stranger felt that the request was equivalent to a command.

For many years there has been a general impression that the Cork Room was a place of such superlative iniquity that every sprig of fashion ought to frequent it. But its fame—like that of many similar places—was hardly borne out by the facts. Where the object of the proprietor of a place of public resort is to sell as much champagne as usual, large quantities of the effervescent liquid will probably be consumed; where large quantities are consumed, a given proportion of the consumers will get hozy; and where young men and young women get hozy, Mrs. Grundy had better turn her face to the wall. But the improprieties of the Cork Room probably reached their limit when dancers and figurantes in scant attire, finding all the oak chairs occupied, contented themselves with seats on the knees of their male friends. Koster and Bial are shrewd; they have been making money for some time; it may be taken for granted that they tolerated no frolics which would have enabled the police to put them on the list of victims who may be periodically blackmailed.

In London, young scions of aristocracy have observed to American friends: "We have nothing here, you know, as good as your Cork Room." This was the utterance of faith, not of sight. Those who have really known actresses and dancers off the stage know that they are proper enough, and even dull, in the *entrées*. They are thinking of their next entrance, and whether they will get an encore for that prodigious elevation of the slipper or that extremely *risqué* line in the song. They are glad enough to moisten their parched lips with a glass of champagne, because it invigorates them. But the amorous swain who fancies that an *entr'acte* contains the *heure du berger* will be rudely awakened from his dreams if he ventures upon familiarities. There probably never was a young New Yorker who pursued his divinity into the Cork Room without regretting it; he may have felt a momentary impression that he was a Don Juan, but he must have been quite certain he was an ass.

The Cork Room was the last of the greenrooms. Those wonderful institutions where Sir Charles Pomander met Bracegirdle and Clive, and the wits and heaux of London chucked the pretty soubrettes under the chin, have been dying for some time, and now they are dead and dead and dead, indeed. The object of a greenroom was to give an actress an opportunity to pull herself together after the scramble of the dressing-room, and to go over once more the lines she would presently have to repeat to an audience. Nothing could be more disconcerting to her than to meet in such a place idiotic gallants, who hored her with compliments and diverted her attention from the business she had in hand; though, perhaps, in another place and at another time she might have been ready enough to welcome the compliments and to be grateful for the attentions. Lester Wallack practically abolished the greenroom when he forbade the admission behind the scenes of any one not connected with the theatre. Other managers have followed his example, and now that the Cork Room has gone, there is no theatre in New York where a calf-lover or a *roué* can pester an actress with professions of love.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1893.

FLANEUR.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Pope's Ring.

MENHAM, N. J., March 12, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I once read in the *Argonaut* a circumstantial account of the ceremonies in Rome consequent upon the death of a pope, process of election of his successor in the Vatican, and so on. Among other particulars was mentioned the crushing and destruction of the ring worn by the late Pope. If you could, through the columns of your paper (to which we are subscribers), give any information as to the character and value of that ring, you would greatly oblige.

Yours truly, MARY ELIZABETH HORN.

The seal-ring of the Pope is of steel, and is in the keeping of the cardinal chamberlain or chancellor; since the fifteenth century it has been used for sealing the apostolic briefs. On the death of a pope, his ring is broken and a new one is made for his successor.—EDITORS ARGONAUT.

A Tax on Estates.

VANCOUVER, B. C., March 15, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read with great interest your article in the *Argonaut* regarding a tax on estates. I now inclose a newspaper cutting which speaks for itself. It runs as follows:

"The succession tax imposed by the Ontario legislature has now been in force about a year. So far, a sum aggregating more than one hundred thousand dollars has accrued to the province."

This will give some idea of what the State of California would receive from such a tax.

Yours truly, S. GINTZBURGER.

Some of the cotton mills in South Carolina earned as high as forty-two per cent. on their investments last year, and all in all it was the most prosperous year in the history of cotton manufacturing in that State.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Porfirio Diaz has now entered upon his third term as President of Mexico.

The French Academy does not agree to the suggestion that the name of M. de Lesseps should be removed from the roll of its members.

James Dunham, of New York, father of the young lady to whom Paderevski was said to be engaged, denies the report as "untrue and outrageous."

S. Lloyd Oshourne, a stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson, though no longer a youth, has entered Trinity College, Cambridge, to study, and will take up his residence there this coming October.

Sarah Bernhardt, so London papers report, has ceased to be a star attraction at Rome and Vienna. According to the reports, she has been doing had business in both capitals, and prices have had to be lowered.

Lieutenant-Governor Botkin, of Montana, is paralyzed from the waist down, and has for many years been moved around in an invalid's chair. And yet he is a distinguished lawyer and an eloquent platform speaker.

William Ordway Partridge, the Boston sculptor, gets ten thousand dollars for his statue of Shakespeare, and will receive twenty-seven thousand dollars for his equestrian statue of Garfield. He is only thirty-one years of age.

Mr. Cleveland, eight years ago, went to Washington a poor man. He returns now worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He has been fortunate in his investments as well as in politics. Mr. Cleveland weighs two hundred and forty-seven pounds.

Eugene Field played a little joke on his guests at a luncheon which he gave in Chicago, the other day, in honor of Dr. Edward Everett Hale. A lot of cohewehed hottles, duly labeled and entered on the bill of fare as if filled with rare wines, were found to contain nothing but water.

The late Baron von Bleichröder, the wealthiest man in Berlin, was one of the few of Prince von Bismarck's benefactors on whom the prince did not subsequently turn his back. It has been said of him that he knew more state secrets than any other man in Berlin except the chancellor.

More than one person who read obituary sketches of M. Taine was surprised at finding the author's Christian name given as Hippolyte Adolphe, instead of Henri. For some unexplained reason the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* bestowed this name upon Taine; but the other was his baptismal name.

Allan Cunningham, a well-known young man of New York city, has been adjudged insane. He had been but recently graduated from Columbia College, and had every prospect of a brilliant career. He fancies he is a brass band, and has seriously injured his health by heating his chest, in the belief that it is a drum.

Sir Richard Temple, who has been in politics ten years or more, has kept a careful chronicle describing men and events in the House of Commons all this time. It now exceeds four hundred pages of closely written manuscript. He shows it occasionally to friends, but does not intend to publish it. What an extremely uninteresting volume it must be.

King Alfonso of Spain recently received a severe lesson in kingly courtesy. While driving with his governess, an aged officer of high rank saluted the king with reverence, and the small boy, in acknowledgment, put out his tongue. A Republican journal made capital of the incident, and the queen-mother, in punishment, gave her son a vigorous whipping that has borne fruit in copious smiles and howls in public.

Emil Frey, who was recently elected Vice-President of Switzerland, is a devoted friend of America. When our late unpleasantness occurred, he left the Swiss University where he was studying and came to America, enlisting in the Twenty-Eighth Illinois. In 1862, he resigned a lieutenancy and raised a company, serving as captain in the Eighty-Second Illinois. He was made prisoner at Gettysburg and received the brevet rank of major on his release. In Switzerland he served in the cabinet, and his next step, according to the Swiss custom, will be to the presidency of the plucky little republic.

Colonel Taft, the Boston boniface, died, as probably he would have chosen to die, of indigestion. He was the most famous of New England landlords, and many a fine pair of legs has grown tremulous under the deal tables at Point Shirley. His larder was so well filled that he frequently challenged his guests to name a bird or fish that was not to be found, when in season, in his ice-hox, promising a free dinner to the man who would make the discovery, but there is no record that the hold challenge was ever successfully accepted. When occasion demanded he could prepare a game dinner that was excelled in bountifulness only by the extraordinary feast of game which Landlord Drake, of Chicago, gives his friends every year.

Editor W. T. Stead has a big rack at his house on which all the London morning dailies are placed as soon as they arrive, which is at a very early hour. He glances hurriedly over the papers and marks with a blue pencil all the articles he wants to read. Then his oldest boy goes over them, cuts them out, marks the name of the paper on the back, and does them up in a neat packet, which Mr. Stead reads carefully on the train going up to London. If he wants to talk with any one in particular, he invites him to lunch instead of taking his working hours for that purpose. He wastes no time in writing, but dictates everything he has to say. He keeps four stenographers busy at his office, and at home his son, whom he is training for journalism, and who is a stenographer, takes his dictation.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has come to honor in France, in that the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has just published a translation of his odd little tale, "An Unfinished Story."

A novel which Justin McCarthy has just completed is called "Red Diamonds."

Harper's Bazar for March 18th is an Easter number. There is a timely article, entitled "Holy Week in Malta," by Isa Carrington Cabell, and Margaret E. Sangster contributes an "Easter Idyl," which is accompanied by a fine engraving from a drawing by W. H. Hyde.

William Hazlitt, the only son of the essayist of the same name, whose works he edited, has just died in England.

New novels just published by D. Appleton & Co. are "From Dusk to Dawn," by Katharine P. Woods, author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker," and, in the Town and Country Library, "A Little Minx," by Ada Cambridge, who wrote "The Three Miss Kings" and other popular tales.

The table of contents of *Harper's Magazine* for April comprises the following articles:

"Kansas—1542-1892," by John James Ingalls; "The City of Brooklyn," by Julian Ralph; "Washington Society," II.—Intimate, by Henry Loomis Nelson; "Retribution," a story of the Seventeenth Century, by Howard Pyle; "The Story of a Buffalo," by Hamlin Russell; "A Modern Knight: Reminiscences of General M. G. Vallejo," by Emily Browne Powell; "In the Baracks of the Czar," by Poulton Bigelow; "The Refugees: A Tale of Two Continents," by A. Conan Doyle—Part IV.; "Horace Chase," a novel, by Constance Fenimore Woolson—Part IV.; "The Progress of Art in New York," by George Parsons Lathrop; "University Extension in Canterbury," by Rebecca Harding Davis; poems by James Russell Lowell, William H. Hayne, Arlo Bates, and Louise Chandler Moulton; and the departments.

An anthology of poetry relating to dogs is about to make its appearance in London. It will be called "The Dog in English Poetry," and will contain two hundred poems, ranging from Chaucer's day to our own.

Walter Blackburn Harte writes from Boston to the *Chicago Tribune*:

"In your issue of February 12th, Mary P. Abbott, on the flimsiest of evidence, assumes that I have derived assistance from Bret Harte's great reputation in literature."

On the face of it, this is a slander. Miss Abbott might, perhaps, be blamed if any one had ever heard of Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins's play, "Giles Corey, Yeoman," is to be published immediately in book-form by the Harpers. Miss Wilkins has written a new story called "Betsey Somerset," and this will soon appear in the *Bazar*.

A correspondent of the London *Spectator* justly observes:

"Too much stress is laid upon the accuracy of the rhymes in Pope, and too rigid conclusions drawn from this as to the pronunciation of his day. Every school-boy has been taught that 'tea' was pronounced in Pope's day like the French 'the,' because of the rhyme:

Great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Would sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea."

But not every school-boy is told (because it might somewhat invalidate the conclusion just drawn for him) that in "The Basset Table," line 122, Pope wrote:

The snuff-box to Cordelia I decree;
Now leave complaining and begin your tea."

Mr. William Morris's romance, "The Well at the World's End," will not be published for a long time to come. It is a mediæval story, and is to be beautifully illustrated by Mr. Morris himself.

In *Harper's Weekly* for this week are given views of the inaugural ceremonies and the inaugural ball.

Edward W. Bok prints the following paragraph about a movement, which for months past has been under way, for the organization of a book-publishing corporation of gigantic dimensions:

"It has for its sole object the dissemination of the best reading at prices generally considered too low to be ruinous. While no legal organization has as yet been perfected, this will now be obtained, since two-thirds of the capital stock of five millions of dollars has been pledged. The company proposes to secure the works of the best current authors and publish them in paper-covered volumes, to be sold not higher than ten cents per volume. The organizers are as yet kept in the background, but from one of them I learned that the capital thus far subscribed had been taken by some of the best business men of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and San Francisco."

This last statement "queers" the whole story. The San Francisco men who have money and would put it in a publishing speculation are rarer than white blackbirds.

Andrew Lang has a book on Homer nearly ready for publication.

A volume of poems by J. D. Hosken, "the postman poet," will soon be published in London with an introduction by "Q." Mr. Gladstone has consented to give Mr. Hosken a grant from the Civil List.

A new volume of lyrics by Miss Mary Robinson (now Mne. Darmesteter) is ready for the printers.

A translation into English of Scheffel's epic poem, "Der Trompeter von Sakkingen," is on the Blackwood press. It is to be entitled "The Trumpeter: A Romance of the Rhine." The original has lately reached its two hundredth edition in Germany.

The announcement is made that General Lew Wallace has completed a new novel, and that Harper & Brothers will publish it early in the summer. A recent paragraph says:

"It is entitled 'The Prince of India; or, Why Constan-

tinople Fell,' and is an historical romance of the fifteenth century, brilliant with oriental pictures, and abounding in scenes of intrigue, statecraft, and valor. The leading motive of the tale is a story of love, heroism, and adventure. For the preparation of this work, General Wallace had made use of facilities afforded him while United States Minister to Turkey. The sales of General Wallace's 'Ben-Hur' have already exceeded half a million copies, and its popularity remains still undiminished."

Frances Eliot, whose pictures of ancient Rome and old French court life have been admired by so many readers, has gone further east for materials for her new book, and in "The Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople" she reconstructs in the squalid streets of to-day the ancient glories of the city of the Sultans. It is published by D. Appleton & Co.

Samuel Smiles, before he wrote any books, had been a railway official, country doctor, and newspaper editor.

Mr. Eugene Field's "Little Book of Western Verse" has had a sale, surely not larger than it deserved, but larger than poetic collections usually achieve in a somewhat prosaic land. It has gone into its eleventh thousand. His "Second Book of Verse" will doubtless have an even larger sale.

Mr. Rider Haggard's new novel, "Montezuma's Daughter," is nearly ready for publication in book-form.

Harper & Brothers will publish immediately: "White Birch," an American novel, by Annie Eliot; "Katharine North," Maria Louise Pool's new novel; "Whittier: Notes of his Life and of his Friendships," by Annie Fields; "Athelwald," a tragedy, by Amelie Rivis; "Giles Corey, Yeoman," a play founded upon incidents in the Salem witchcraft delusion, by Mary E. Wilkins; "The Japanese Bride," by Naomi Tamura, a native of Japan; and "Coffee and Repartee," a series of humorous sketches, by John Kendrick Bangs. The last five books will be appropriately illustrated. The same house has also added to their new edition of William Black's works the following novels, with revisions by the author, viz.: "White Wings," "Sunrise," and "That Beautiful Wretch."

Miss Belle Wallace, daughter of Judge W. C. Wallace, is the author of a paper in the *March Overland Monthly*, entitled "A Glimpse of a California Olive Ranch."

Mrs. James T. Fields's book on Whittier is announced by the Harpers. It is to be illustrated.

Captain Charles King, whose stories of army life interest many people, talks them into a phonograph. Captain King is now forty-nine years old. He has been writing since 1880. Until that time he was in the regular army, but a wound he had received at the battle of Sunset Pass caused him so much trouble that he was forced to give up active military life for literature.

New Publications.

A fourth edition of Benjamin R. Tucker's translation of "The Rag-Picker of Paris," by Félix Pyat, has been issued by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Mate of the *Easter Bell* and Other Stories," by Amelia F. Barr, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Colonel Richard Henry Savage continues his career as an author by writing "The Masked Venus: A Story of Many Lands," which is published in yellow-paper covers by the American News Company, New York; price 50 cents.

"Nanon," by George Sand, with introduction and English notes by B. D. Woodward, Ph. D., has been issued in the Romans Choisis published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 60 cents; for sale by J. Tauxy & Co.

The tenth volume of "Werner's Readings and Recitations," compiled by Caroline B. Le Row, containing two hundred and seventy-five pages of selections in prose and verse, with notes on the authors represented, has been published by Edgar S. Werner, New York; price, 35 cents.

"The Last King of Yewle," in the novelette of that name, by P. L. McDermott, is not the royal ruler of some opera-bouffe realm, but an English curate, ycelpt King, who is arrested on a charge of forgery. It is a melodramatic little story, and ends with the vindication and happy marriage of the hero. Published in the Unknown Library by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale at the Popular Book Store.

"Wolfenberg," William Black's latest novel, sustains his reputation as a polished writer of fiction. The characters are well differentiated and cleanly

drawn; they move in an unusual scenic stage-setting, which is described artistically; and the development of the plot is gradually and skillfully accomplished. "Wolfenberg" will neither add to nor detract from its author's reputation, though it would make a name for a new writer. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"I Forbid the Banns!" by Frank Frankfort Moore, is an entertaining story in which the heroine, who has money and a mind of her own, refuses to marry the man she loves, because she has conscientious scruples against the marriage ceremony and none against becoming what Americans call a "common-law wife." This state of mind is fruitful in "situations," of which the author makes the most, and his style is crisp and epigrammatic. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

In "Time's Revenges," David Christie Murray takes his readers from England to far Tasmania, and presents as his hero an unjustly condemned convict—not a new character, to be sure, but some of the complications in which he involves the story are quite novel and interesting. "Time's Revenges" has a conventional plot, in fact, enlivened with plenty of strange incidents; and at least one character is strongly marked, that of the German adventurer. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"From One Generation to Another," by Henry Seton Merriman, is a story in which a Jewish officer in the Indian army allows to go uncontradicted a report that he had been killed in an engagement, and so gets out of an engagement of another kind, to wit, to marry an English girl. She thereupon marries within four months of hearing the report. A quarter of a century later, her son kills the Jewish officer in a highly sensational manner. Meantime a variety of more or less diverting events occur, and these the author describes in clever epigrams, which alone are enough to make the book readable. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The tenth volume of "Chambers's Encyclopedia," which includes entries ranging from *Swastika* to *Zyrianovsk*, has just been issued, completing the work. The first volume of this new edition appeared in March, 1888, and the entire work is now finished within five years, making it the most up-to-date of the standard encyclopedias. Each of the ten volumes contains upwards of eight hundred double-column imperial octavo pages, the text being contributed by more than one thousand writers, and the illustrations, three thousand five hundred in number, are supplemented with nearly a hundred colored maps. In the tenth volume, the frontispiece is a large, folding, colored map of the world, and there are seventeen other double-page maps scattered through the text. Thirty-nine of the longer articles are copyrighted, and among the other important articles are: "Swift," by Stanley Lane-Poole; "Tasso," by Signora Cantagalli; "Temperance," by Sir Wilfrid Lawson; "Tennis," by J. Norman Heathcote; "Tennyson," by Professor Palgrave; "Thackeray," by Richmond Thackeray Ritchie; "Theosophy," by Mrs. Annie Besant; "Thoreau," by John Burroughs; "Thucydides" and "Troy," by Professor Jevons; "Titian," by P. G. Hamerton; "Trollope," by T. Adolphus Trollope; "Trotting," by John Gilmer Speed; "Turkestan," by Arminius Vambéry; "Voltaire," by Francis Espinasse; "Horace Walpole," by Austin Dobson; "Washington (city)," by A. R. Spofford; "Whist," by Henry Jones ("Cavendish"); and "Zola," by George Saintsbury. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company; Philadelphia; price, \$3.00; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann.

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The approach of Easter is called to mind, if by no other means, by the appearance of the new Easter cards just issued by L. Prang & Co., of Boston. They comprise a large variety of picture-cards, booklets, art-prints, and other artistic publications, some figure-pieces and others showing only flowers, with inscriptions and verses suitable to the season. It is almost unnecessary, at this late day, to say that the Prang publications are the handsomest of their kind, for the firm's energy and artistic taste have kept them far ahead of all competitors.

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VANITY FAIR.

The burning question of the day is: "Crinoline or no crinoline?" (says *Vogue's* London letter). It fills every one's thoughts; is the topic of general conversation, is discussed in the leading dailies, and has penetrated even into the graver pages of this month's *New Review*, where Lady Jeune, the somewhat celebrated wife of Sir Francis Jeune, the great divorce-court judge, discourses dispassionately upon its horrors and its blessings. Lean women, according to Lady Jeune, who is herself of the slight type, will rejoice in its revival, because it will give them bulk; fat women will revel in it, because it will reduce, "or at least conceal from the public eye that increasing volume of persoo of which only fat women know the bitterness"; and women of short legs and long waists will hail it, because it will cover their deficiencies of stature and render more important their advantages. Against this "Defense of the Crinoline," John Strange Winter (Mrs. Arthur Stannard)—and she partakes certainly more of the second order to whom Lady Jeune assures us the crinoline will "come as a boon and a blessing"—wages truculent war in her own journal, *Winter's Weekly*. She has formed an Anti-Crinoline League, cumbering supporters by the thousands, and to which to gain the allegiance of the Princess of Wales she has labored indefatigably, but, so far, unsuccessfully. The future queen is not one to be "bitten" unawares, or likely to put her name to any social "league" before its virtues have been thoroughly ventilated and pronounced upon by one higher in royal authority than herself. The best modistes, however, such as Mesdames Elise, White, Poulz, and Heyward, are distinctly against the introduction of this absurdity of a by-gone generation, and they form a powerful enough faction of themselves to keep such an inflection at bay, at least for six months longer. We may all take that much solace to our souls, and make the most of it during this season, at least.

Why is it that so many clever women consider it a sign of superiority to say that they do not like women? The kind of a woman a man likes best is the very womanly woman, who clings to the old traditions. And why do women think that they increase their charm for men by saying that they do not like women? There are plenty of women who are not emancipated enough to want to dispense with the society and homage of men, who yet breathe a little sigh of relief when they can sit down with congenial women friends and talk things all over that they would never dream of troubling a man with. No woman is ashamed to admit that when a man is chivalrous and courteous, he interests and fascinates her, and none desires to "improve" him off the face of the earth; but there are times when she readily can spare him. Men rarely like to talk of the earnest things of life with women, and if between a man and woman there spring up the confidence and sympathy in interest and purpose that women so often feel for each other, nine times out of ten one or the other gets in love and spoils it all.

The following article by Mrs. M. E. Huogerford, writing in the *Bazar* on "What It Costs to Dress a Daughter," will interest parents, who may want advice as to the proper allowance to make a daughter; will interest the daughter, who has her own ideas; and will interest young men, whether they contemplate assuming the responsibility of some young lady's bills or are deterred from such a step by an instinctive wisdom that bids them shun the ills they know out of: "Style and economy are difficult things to blend, yet the two must be brought together in the lives of most girls. Not to have a new hat when the season comes around, or see no prospect of a new dress, and having to wear the old one that is easily known and recognized of all men, or all women, one had better say, is a cruel trial to a youthful spirit. Life seems very hard to her if the things she needs to supplement her young prettiness are not obtainable for her as they are for the other girls. The propriety of an allowance for girls has been so often and exhaustively discussed that the argument may be considered closed. If parents have any income at all it is surely the right thing to apportion a certain fixed amount to put into a daughter's hands for her yearly expenses. It is unwise to give a girl too much money; but rich men sometimes curtail a daughter's stipend under the mistaken impression that they teach in that way the value of money. In reality, such a course causes the girl's mind to dwell entirely upon details which will probably be of little use later in life, and will hinder her development in wider fields.

"The expenses of a girl who has much social life are far from being small. Even with very moderate ambitions, she will find herself needing a pretty visiting-dress of sufficient richness and style to make it suitable for attending teas and receptions. With this must be supplied a stylish wrap and dressy hat. For shopping, church, and ordinary street wear, there is need for another costume, which, although much less showy, will cost nearly as much as the first. Then, at least, one new evening-dress in a winter is needed for large affairs, and possibly more than one for small entertainments, for receiving days at home, for small dances, for pouring tea when assist-

ing at a friend's reception, and for a host of the other occasions of a festive nature which occur during a season. If the summer is spent at a watering-place or in a lively neighborhood, the preparations for it, while less expensive than for a winter in town, will still be of a character very depleting to a moderately supplied purse. There will have to be dainty morning-dresses for home wear; handsome ones for law-parties; a tailor-made woolen suit for walking, driving, or traveling; a nautical or a mountaineer costume, whichever the situation demands; a tennis-suit, and, it may be, a riding-habit, although, except in the case of Amazons, this will not have to be included in each year's expenses. Very likely the gowns of the previous winter can be made useful for gala evenings by a few inexpensive changes. Millinery, too, is an expensive and serious consideration in summer, when there is so much outdoor life. Of course, in every one's wardrobe there is more or less stock on hand, some dresses that can be restored to society by remodeling; but, as Shakespeare said, long ago, 'fashion wears out more apparel than the man,' and to put the old clothes in touch with the current fashion requires generally the annexation of some fresh material and much skilled labor, so the saving is not always very great. It would not be safe to venture on an exact estimate of what these things would cost, because the expense of making them, if dresses and hats are made at dressmakers and milliners, is an uncertain quantity. Aside from all these more conspicuous matters of dress, an allowance has usually to cover such expenses as stationery, perfumery, toilet articles, flowers for sick friends, materials for fancy work, charities, shoes, stockings, gloves, and a multitude of other things, to say nothing of car-fare, postage, *douceurs* to servants, payments to messenger-boys, and a dozen more avenues of outlay.

"It is, therefore, difficult to tabulate a girl's expenses, but in an attempt at something of the kind, in a pamphlet called 'The Art of Dress,' Madam Roumely allows the English girl a silk dress, a cloth dress, and an evening-dress for winter, a serge dress, a summer silk, and three wash dresses for summer. The first three dresses are put down at \$50 each. The collection of summer dresses she puts at \$80. For boots, slippers, stockings, and handkerchiefs she sets off \$18. Hats, \$30; gloves, \$10; umbrella and storm coat, \$10. Underclothes she thinks will cost \$20 per year. In this total of \$318 there is no provision hinted at for other exigencies. The sum allowed to daughters of well-to-do parents may be said to vary from \$400 to \$1,500. To dress on a smaller sum, say \$300, is certainly possible, although more difficult. There are girls in excellent society who do it, and do it well, but undoubtedly, if they go out much their wits are severely taxed to keep shabbiness at bay, and much of the time that should be given to rest and reading has to be spent in hard work. They must make their own dresses and hats, and themselves accomplish all the changes and modifications required to make their clothes compare favorably with those of the circle they mingle with. Many of the enticing things that girls love, like matinees and recitals, may be dispensed with; but it would be a pity to lose the opportunity for cultivation given by joining literary classes, current topic and history talks, etc., because money could not be spared for the tickets, or, if it could be, the time could not be taken from the constant sewing. I do not myself think the game is worth the candle, and my advice to a too slenderly endowed girl would be—do not attempt the unequal strife, keep out of the whirl of gaiety, and let social pleasures be only occasional recreations, instead of a part of daily life. Everything is relative. The point of view makes all the difference in the world. One can be a belle in the bush forests of Fiji on the modest allowance of three hundred cowries, or whatever shell represents the current coin of the realm, said amount being the *quid pro quo* for the limited quantity of feathers needed to compose the compact costume which is worn in that emancipated country, where fashions never change. One can out-gauge the waists of a girl of this hemisphere by those of the dusky belle whose ambition does not go beyond beads and feathers.

"My heart aches for a daughter whose over-anxious parents talk to her as if all her wants, pleasures, and pursuits were frivolities, and so to be condemned. These things are so much to young people, and most girls have so much in their natures beside the trivial surface effervescence which sometimes offends maturer persons, because it is so little understood. No one who has lived in a large city can have failed to see repeated cases where the daughters of a rich man, when plunged into sudden adversity, throw extravagance and worldliness from them like a cast-off garment, and, as true women always do, use such talents as God has given to earn the family living. This on the other side. One of the most wildly extravagant women in New York was the daughter of a missionary, who never before her marriage had owed five dollars. In asking well-reared girls in easy circumstances to tell me the lowest sum that will make a befitting allowance, my answers have been \$1,000 a year from two of my correspondents, \$500 from two others, and \$350 from another. In the note mentioning the last sum, the writer, knowing my motive for asking, says: 'Don't cut off the \$50 and make it \$300, for that will mean

drudgery, and nothing else.' But as the question is to be met and fairly answered, I must say that I think \$300 will cover the ground, if self-denial and good management are to be counted on. But in giving my verdict, I will add a recommendation to mercy, and I hope every man in good circumstances will give his daughter a larger amount than I have indicated."

Another view of the same subject is taken by the *National Review*, which says: "It used to be said that women dressed to please men. If so, those days are passed. Now they dress to outvie one another. At least, one can not but think so, for, as a rule, men notice only the ensemble; the details are absolutely thrown away on them; and if the only object of women were to attract men, a much smaller outlay would suffice. It is not only the outward garment that is splendid and varied; another modern expense in the dress of women is the magnificence of their under-linen. Every article of a smartly dressed woman's linen is a work of art. The finest linen and the costliest laces are *de rigueur*; the countless petticoats and the perpetual change of *chausures* (every gown having its shoes and stockings to match) constitute another item in the list of necessary articles, and when one comes to reckon on the endless toilets of a year, with their indispensable accessories, one sees easily how impossible it is for any woman smartly dressed to be so economically. Women of the highest rank in England used to consider three hundred or four hundred pounds a year ample for pin-money, and out of that helped others less rich than themselves; but that is ridiculously out of proportion to the sums spent by any woman who wishes to be well dressed. If married women can afford to spend double or treble what their mothers spent, and their husbands are able and willing to let them do so, it is injurious only indirectly, perhaps, but it is directly very hard on girls who, as a rule, have not large allowances, and must, under modern conditions of fashion, emulate as much as possible the example of the young married woman. Girls are handicapped enough, as it is, against this new competitor, who in so many ways trenches on their place in society, and their only hope is to try and imitate the real article as much as possible; so they have to dress out of an allowance of less than half that which she spends."

A girl in society, whose people spend much of their time abroad, told this narrative to a New York *Tribune* writer: "On our last crossing," she said, "there was a particularly nice-looking man who, some way or other, always seemed to be on hand to do little thoughtful things for mamma and me; and as he was reserved and rather melancholy-looking, and quite irreproachable in his general get-up and manners, we found him most interesting, and before the voyage was over we all became quite intimate and 'chummy.' It was quite the accepted thing that he should be our daily escort on deck, where he made himself simply invaluable by the thousand and one *petits soins* which are so comforting on board ship. About himself, however, and his own affairs, he was most reticent, and I noticed that when he spoke of meeting on *terra firma* and of our future intercourse, he evaded the question with a sigh and a look of such deep sadness, that I was almost wild with curiosity. I told mamma that I was sure that there was some mystery about him. She quite agreed with me, and we made many attempts to obtain his confidence; but it was always in vain, until finally, for some perfectly preposterous reason, we decided that he was an anarchist and was vowed to commit some dreadful deed. We would not have been at all surprised to have heard afterward that he had done something desperate; but we were hardly prepared for the real denouement, when, a few weeks afterward, in one of the mammoth New York shops where one can get everything that can be thought of, I heard a familiar voice behind me call 'cash.' Turning, I saw our melancholy hero, whose sad fate was simply to be a floor-walker."

Dumas once said he would have had a dreadfully dull time at a dinner if he had not been there himself.

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SOCIETY.

The McAllister Dinner-Party.

Mr. Ward McAllister gave an elaborate dinner-party in honor of Colonel C. Fred Crocker, last Monday evening at his residence, 16 West Thirty-Sixth Street, in New York city. The others present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, Mr. and Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. George De Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Wyson, Mrs. James Hyde Beekman, Miss Edith Kip, Miss Grace Walton, Mr. Augustus C. Guernsey, and Mr. Joseph H. Choate.

Academic Dinner.

The academic senate of the University of California gave a banquet at one of the down-town hotels last Saturday night, in honor of its oew president, Dr. Martin Kellogg. There were present about one hundred gentlemen, including members of the faculties of the various colleges of the university, members of the hoard of regents, and a few distinguished invited guests. The menu was of especial interest, being printed in Latin, and is given below, with a traoslation:

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GVSTATIO
OVA • PISCIVM • CONDITA
CANCER • ACETARIVS
RADICES • OLIVAE
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PISCIS
SAYNO • FRICTVS • CVM • PVLMENTO • HISPANIENSI
TERRAE • MARIS • MORE • ROSITIS • NOVI
PRIMA • CENA
MIVSTA • PANCRATIARIA • VITVLINA
LYMVS • TENER • BVBVLVS
FRIGIDA • BERKELEIANA
ASSVM
GALLVS • TVRICIVS • CVM • PVLMENTO •
E • BACIS • RVERIS
ACETARIA
LACTVCAE • ET • CICHORIA
MENSAR • SECVNDAE
GLACIATVM • NEAPOLITANVM
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Oysters on Half-Shell.
SOUP.
Cream of Asparagus.
CONDIMENT.
Caviare, Crab, Radishes, Olives.
FISH.
Salmon with Spanish Sauce.
Potatoes à la Newbridge.
ENTREES.
Sweetbreads. Tenderloin Steak.
BERKELEY PUNCH.
ROAST.
Turkey, Stuffed.
SALADS.
Lettuce and Chicory.
DESSERT.
Neapolitan Ice. Apples.
Assorted Cakes. Confections.
Coffee.
SAN FRANCISCO,
Kalends of March, 1893.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Henry Martio, the following testamentary provisions are made:

The entire estate is bequeathed to his widow, Mrs. May E. Martin, who, however, has renounced her right to letters testamentary, and petitions the probate court to appoint E. B. Pond administrator. The value of the estate is not mentioned, but it is supposed to be in the neighborhood of \$750,000.

By the will of the late A. H. Rutherford, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The value of his estate is not known, but it is believed to be worth more than \$100,000. He bequeathed all his property to his widow and their three children in the proportions fixed by the law of the State. He directed, however, that no division should be had until his youngest child should become of age. The youngest child is Emma, a daughter aged fourteen years. The other children are Alice, aged twenty, and Alexander, aged sixteen. Stephen Roberts, Irving M. Scott, and J. B. Wright are appointed executors of the will without bonds.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has presented her account to the probate court for final distribution of the estate of her late husband. She was the executrix and sole legatee. The account is as follows:

Cash on hand, \$12,492; personal property on hand, \$18,282.50; real estate, \$18,440; total, \$49,214.50. Among the assets of the estate are an undivided half interest in the schooner *Lila and Mattie*, an undivided quarter interest in the schooner *Mary Bidwell*, an undivided third interest in the schooner *Albion*, and the schooner *Mary Gilbert*.

By the will of the late Charles Meyer, the following testamentary provisions were made:

He directs that his estate should be considered as community property, notwithstanding that he had separate property at the time of his marriage, and he confirms to his wife her one-half of the entire estate. He made bequests as follows: To his youngest daughter, \$20,000; to each of his three grandchildren, \$1,000; to Edna and Sophie Jacobs, nieces of his wife, \$1,000 each, if married at the time of his death, and \$5,000 to each if unmarried; to a brother's wife, now abroad in Europe, \$1,000; to each of his two sons, \$100 a month until the estate is distributed; to his widow, all household furniture, pictures, ornaments, horses, carriages, etc.; to the Hebrew Benevolent Society, the Eureka Benevolent Society, the Mount Zion Hospital, and the San Francisco Benevolent Association, \$250 each. The residue of the estate is to be divided equally among his children upon his son Philip, who is now nineteen years old, attaining the age of twenty-five years. Until then, the income is to go to his widow for the support and maintenance of his family. He appointed his widow, his son-in-law, Charles Lachman, and A. Brown to serve as executors without bonds. The value of the estate is not stated, but it is believed to be worth nearly \$1,000,000.

—A TEACHER OF SEVERAL YEARS EXPERIENCE, from the Ohio Institution for the Education of Feeble-Minded Children, would like to obtain private pupils of that class in San Francisco. She is a graduate of the Oberlin College, and can furnish good recommendations. Address "M. L. C.," this office.

OLD FAVORITES.

In the recent sale of the antique furniture and curiosities collected by Mr. Lawson Tait, in London, no item in the catalogue was more keenly competed for than an elaborately carved old chest, of Spanish mabogany, which was reputed to be the identical receptacle which gave rise to the pathetic "Mistletoe Bough" legend. Upon what evidence Mr. Lawson Tait's chest is claimed as the actual coffer in which the tragic incident occurred, we do not know; but it is not the only claimant in the field. Lieutenant-Colonel Greatwood, of Tiverton Castle, possesses a chest which came from Bramhill, the seat of the Copes, in Hampshire, which was long reputed to be the house in which the young bride came to her untimely end. The late Sir William Cope wrote a story in which the claims of the chest were set forth. Colonel Greatwood's chest is of oak. The inside measurement is five feet six and one-half inches long by one foot ten and one-half inches in breadth, and two feet three inches high. It is very elaborately carved. The lid closes with a spring, so that it could not be opened from the inside if once shut. To open the chest it has to be unlocked in the usual way, and then a half-turn more must be given, which releases the spring. The style of ornamentation suggests that the chest is of Italian workmanship—it is believed, indeed, to be a *cassone* in which a bride's trousseau was inclosed and conveyed to her future home. The story has at various times been claimed for Exton Hall, the seat of the Noels, Earls of Gainsborough; and for the Leicestershire seat of the Hartpools. But tradition has more persistently fixed the scene of the tragedy at Bramhill. The tale is familiar in literature. What reader of Rogers' "Italy" but remembers "Ginevra," the rugged, touching poem in which the poet tells of the tragedy which befell Ginevra, the bride, upon her wedding-day. There is even an old palace in Florence where they show you the identical chest in which the lady concealed herself. Rogers himself, in his "Italy," says: "The story is, I believe, founded on fact, though the time and place are uncertain. Many old houses in England lay claim to it." The story is exceedingly well known in England and America, chiefly, no doubt, from Haynes Bayly's familiar poem, "The Mistletoe Bough." We give below both poems:

Ginevra.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandina),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
In noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arch'd walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day.—A summer sun
Sets ere half is seen; but ere thou go,
Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious race;
Done by Zampieri—but I care not whom.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" Her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from bead to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflows of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it bangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oak chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and bad belid
The dual robes of some old ancestor,
That, by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire;
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, forever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal-feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"Tis hut to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; hut his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not!

Wearied of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, forthwith,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived—and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find, he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When, on an idle day, a day of search
Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said

By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; hut on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"GINEVRA."

There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever!—*Samuel Rogers.*

The Mistletoe Bough.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the haron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
'Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clew to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran—and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried: "Oh, where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain when a week passed away:
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly—but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
'See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!
Oh, sad was her fate—in sportive jest
She bid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring!—and, dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

—*Thomas Haynes Bayly.*

Parisian Bonnets for Easter.

In the large Eastern cities it is considered the proper thing for all fashionable ladies to appear in church on Easter Sunday, wearing new bonnets. The idea has reached here, and we may expect to see some very pretty examples of the milliners' art on Easter. This thought was suggested by a visit to The Maze, the great modern department store, on the corner of Market and Taylor Streets. A private view was afforded of the dreams in millinery that the firm has imported direct from Paris, and when they are placed on exhibition to-day many a fair heart will flutter with a desire to obtain one. These bonnets are imported only by The Maze, and can not be obtained elsewhere. It will be well to remember that their Easter opening of millinery will be held to-day, and if you wish to see something very pretty, do not miss it.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-à-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Inquire rates of storage.

—SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS.
Crème Simon marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Stanislas Strozynski, corner Powell and Ellis Streets, 433-435, San Francisco, and druggists, perfumers, and fancy-goods stores.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

—CHRISTIAN DAHL, TEACHER OF LANGUAGES. Address care May L. Cheney, 300 Post Street.

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers

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CRÈME SIMON marvellous for softening, whitening and perfuming the complexion. Most efficacious for light affections of the skin.

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HOTEL MATEO



Instead of bread
'Twas lead, she said,
Till the privilege was allowed her
To make and bake
And take the cake
With Cleveland's Baking Powder.

ANTEDILUVIAN WHISKEY

VERY OLD.

RICH

AS CREAM

—AND—

SMOOTH

AS SATIN

THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.

The business man who doesn't advertise sometimes quotes the Shakespearean saying, "Good wine needs no bush," when pushed by friends for a reason for his unbusiness-like policy. In the days of the author of "As You Like It," the press was not the important factor in life that it is nowadays, and the science of advertising was still in a crude state. Times have changed greatly since the days when the "bush" performed the same sort of service for the wine merchant that the striped pole now does for the barber. The announcements of wine merchants are not infrequently seen in the papers, and some of the leading brands of champagne are extensively advertised. A retail dealer in Brooklyn who advertises uses the old proverb, because it seems so appropriate to his business, but feeling, no doubt, that it is a little out of place, he adds this qualifying phrase: "This advertisement is not a bush; it is simply a pointer."—*Printers' Ink.*

CLARKE'S ABSOLUTELY PURE.

The purity—age and elegant bouquet of Clarke's Pure Rye has won for it the title—

PURE RYE

The Finest Whiskey In the World

and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity. None genuine without trademark G. B. & Co. on label. Prices per bottle, \$1.50 per Doz. \$12 per Gal. \$14 per 2 gal. \$3.50, securely packed. We ask a trial order. For sale by all druggists or COLBURN, BIRKS & CO., Sole Agents, 50 A B St., Portland, ME.

Will Open March 30, 1893.
HOTEL MATEO
And Cottages.
A Summer and Winter Resort
M. CLARK, Proprietor,
SAN MATEO, - CALIFORNIA
An Illustrated Circular will be mailed to any address.
Rooms may now be secured.

SOCIETY.

The Olympic Club Fair.

The success of the most interesting week's entertainment to be given by the Olympic Club at the Mechanic's Pavilion next month may be regarded as certain. Hard work and growing enthusiasm on all sides are bringing it about. The patronesses met at the club last Wednesday. Mrs. J. B. Schröder, Jr., of Redwood City, presided and organized the "Patronesses' Booth," with Mrs. Isaac Hecht as president. A large number of ladies were present. As far as the Coliseum show is concerned an enormous amount of work is being done. Costuming, rehearsing, and the manufacture of armor and weapons are keeping the management very busy. The many members of the club are determined that this gigantic affair shall be an unqualified success, and their efforts are being ably assisted by the entire community.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Louise Payot and Dr. Henry L. Curtis will take place on Tuesday, April 4th, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Henry Payot. Miss Nellie Fuller will be the maid of honor and Dr. H. Argenti will act as best man. The opening affair of Easter week will be Mr. Greenway's ball on Monday evening, April 3d. It is expected that the attendance will exceed three hundred. The Hungarian orchestra will play and Ludwig will serve a delicious supper. Mrs. Samuel Theller and Miss Florence Theller have issued invitations for a cotillion which they will give at their residence, 2026 Pacific Avenue, on Thursday evening, April 6th. The next party of The Informals will be held in April at the home of Miss Clara Josephs. The presentation of "The County Fair" will be the great attraction at the Concordia Club this (Saturday) evening. Preparations for it have been under way for several weeks, and there can be no doubt as to its success.

The ball of the Monday Evening Club, which was to have been held in the Palace Hotel on April 3d, has been postponed indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Lockwood gave an elaborate dinner-party last Saturday evening in the tapestry-room at the Palace Hotel. Their guests were: Miss Elliott, Miss Mamie Elliott, Miss Mamie Harrington, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Breeze, Miss Maud O'Connor, Lieutenant T. G. Phelps, U. S. N., Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. M. Robertson, U. S. N., Lieutenant W. J. Shoemaker, U. S. N., Lieutenant A. Fuhs, U. S. N., Lieutenant George Morrill, U. S. N., and Lieutenant H. C. Carter, U. S. N.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt gave a lunch-party recently at her residence, 1805 California Street, and had as her guests Mrs. M. B. Toland, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. C. P. Eells, Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mrs. Audenreid, Miss Evelyn Shepard, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Beth Sperry, and Miss Breeze.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin gave an elaborate dinner-party on Wednesday evening at the Hotel Gerlach, in New York City. Their guests were: Colonel and Mrs. James McNaught, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Wise, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Gerlach, Mrs. Charles C. Calhoun, Miss Mary Kinkead, Mr. Horace B. Fry, and Mr. C. L. Drummond, of London.

Mrs. Charles Wilson gave a delightful dinner Tuesday evening in honor of two Eastern young ladies that are at present visiting here. Those present were: Miss Rodman, of New York, Miss Blanche McKenna, Miss Eugenia Chapin, Mrs. C. I. Wilson, Miss Gertrude Wilson, Major C. I. Wilson, Mr. Lester O. Peck, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Charles Wilson, and Lieutenant Lockwood, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott entertained a number of friends at dinner last Monday evening, at their residence on Franklin Street.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard gave a very pleasant lunch-party last Thursday in honor of Miss Oxnard, of New York.

The members of the Pacific Yacht Club will give an old English dinner this (Saturday) evening at the club-house in Sausalito.

The French Club, which had its first meeting at Mrs. Louis Haggins', has gone on through Lent, meeting at the houses of the various members. But an unfortunate accident has put a stop to the pleasant reunions of the club. Professor Le Fort, the gentle-

man who has been delivering the conferences on French authors, is laid up with a broken leg and arm. He slipped while alighting from a cable-car. Mr. and Mrs. M. Haslett and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bissell, of Alameda, chaperoned a merry party of seventeen on Saturday last to Monterey. After dinner the ball-room was thrown open to them, and dancing was enjoyed until quite late. On Sunday the Cypress Point Drive was taken, the party returning to the hotel in time for luncheon, after which they left on the afternoon train for this city.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander is paying a month's visit to Florida for the benefit of her health. Mr. J. B. Haggin is making a prolonged visit to New York City. Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin are at the Hotel Gerlach, in New York City. General W. H. Dimond has returned from a fortnight's visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Henry L. Tatum is visiting relatives in Virginia. Miss McNutt has returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Dille in Vallejo. Mrs. E. J. McCutchen and Miss McCutchen are visiting relatives in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver will make an Eastern trip about the middle of April. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meade have returned to the city after passing a month at Redlands.

Miss Ethel Smith is paying a visit to relatives in Stockton. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard are entertaining Miss Oxnard, of New York.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor has returned from a pleasant visit to Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Moore will go to Belvedere early in April to occupy their cottage during the season.

Mr. Frederick W. Sharon is visiting Florida for a few weeks. Mrs. Sharon remained in New York, as she is not well enough to travel.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is in New York City. Mr. Robert A. Irving left last Tuesday to visit Coronado Beach and other Southern resorts for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Wooster will leave early in May to visit the Eastern States and the Columbian Exposition. Mr. Rudolph Neumann has returned from a two months' visit to the East, and will go to Unalaska about the middle of April on the steamer *Donner*.

Mr. John Hays Hammond left for London last Wednesday, and will be away several months. Mrs. M. E. Hooper and Miss Ethel Hooper are at their villa, near St. Helena.

Colonel William Macdonald, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Hilda Macdonald, left for the East last Wednesday, en route to Europe, where they will travel for several months. They will visit the Columbian Exposition on their return.

Mrs. L. R. Mead, who has been dangerously ill at the Palace Hotel, is rapidly recovering, and will soon make a trip to Southern California.

Mrs. John H. Dickinson and Master Reginald Dickinson have been at Los Angeles and San Diego during the past week. Next week they will go to Santa Barbara, and after that will return home.

Mr. John G. Kittle, Jr., has returned from a trip to Australia. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas I. Dillon, nee Cooper, are occupying their new residence, 2027 Sacramento Street, and will receive on Thursdays.

Mr. Louis Greenbaum has returned from an enjoyable visit to Coronado Beach and other Southern resorts. Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith went to Santa Cruz last Wednesday, and are occupying Sunshine Villa.

Mr. William Greig will leave on Sunday for Unalaska, where he will remain until next September. Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Miss Agnes McLaughlin, and Miss Waldyer, of Oroville, are at Golden Gate Villa, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dutard have left the Palace Hotel and are residing at 1920 Jackson Street. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Son are occupying their new residence, 2124 Webster Street, and will receive on the first and second Thursdays of each month.

Judge and Mrs. L. D. McKisick and family have gone to Oakland to remain during the summer. Mr. William B. Wigbman returned from Southern California last Monday.

Miss Mary D. Bates will leave for Chicago next Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Lowell B. Spencer are occupying their cottage in Sausalito.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood will leave for the East early in April, and will be away about two months. Mr. Maurice E. Kenealy, who has been here since he returned from Alaska a year ago, left for Southern California last Thursday, and will be away a month.

Mr. Alexander Badlam has returned from a fortnight's visit to the southern part of the State. Mr. Harry Gillig arrived from New York on Tuesday last, and has been very extensively entertained at the various clubs. He leaves for the East, accompanied by his father and mother, on March 27th.

Mr. John W. Mackay, Jr., is en route here from England. It is possible that Mrs. Mackay will leave London to-day for this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Hyde and Miss Hyde left last Thursday for San Francisco, where they will remain some time for the benefit of Mr. Hyde's health.

Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Yerrington, and Miss Bender have returned from an enjoyable visit to Coronado Beach.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Heuer Concert.

Miss Alvin Heuer, the popular young soprano, was tendered a testimonial concert last Friday evening, prior to her departure for the East, where she will complete her musical studies. A large and fashionable audience was well entertained by the following programme:

Male quartet, F. M. Coffin, first tenor, C. A. Howland, second tenor, W. C. Stadfeldt, first bass, William Nielsen, second bass; aria, "Queen of Sheba," Gounod. Miss Alvin Heuer, violin solo, "Legende," Wieniawski, Mr. J. H. Rosewald; baritone solo, "Where'er You Walk," Handel. Mr. Donald de V. Graham; cello solo, Dr. A. Regensburger; soprano solo, "Eternamente," Mascheroni, Miss Alvin Heuer, (Mr. J. H. Rosewald, violin obligato); piano duet, "Eine Balconade," J. Nicodé. Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart; contralto solo, "Creole Love Song," Buck, Mrs. J. Madden; au revoir, ballads, Miss Alvin Heuer, (Signor F. Dellepiane, accompanist.)

The Aus Der Ohe Concerts.

Miss Adèle Aus der Ohe gave her second piano recital last Saturday afternoon in Metropolitan Hall before a large audience, and presented the following interesting programme:

Sonata, F minor, op. 57, (1) allegro assai, (2) andante con moto, (3) allegro ma non troppo, Beethoven; sonata without words, F major, presto, Mendelssohn; soirée de Vienne, Schubert-Liszt; études symphoniques, op. 13, Schumann; valse, A flat, nocturne, C sharp minor, op. 27, Chopin; étude, A. Aus der Ohe; liebestraum, tarantella, from "Venezia e Napoli," Liszt.

At the second concert, which was given last Tuesday evening, the following numbers were given: Sonata in G minor, op. 22, Schumann; moment musical, Schubert; serenade, Schubert-Liszt; nocturne, F sharp, op. 15, scherzo, B flat, minor, waltz, G flat, polonaise, Chopin; "Spring Song," "Isold's Love Dream," Wagner-Liszt; rhapsodie, Liszt.

The third concert took place on Thursday afternoon, when the following programme was given:

Carnaval, op. 9, Preamble, Pierrot, Arlequin, Valse Noble, Eusebius, Florestan, Coquette, Replique, Sphinxes, Papillons, Lettres Dansantes, (A. S. C. H.—S. C. H. A.) Chiarina, Chopin, Estrella, Reconnaissance, Fantalon et Colombine, Valse Allemande, Paganini, Aveu, Promenade Pause, Marche des David's bundle contre les Philistins, Schumann; variations, Handel; rondo, G major, op. 51, Beethoven; menuet, B minor, Schubert; arabesque, Wrangel; carillon, Fischhoff; Chant sans Paroles, Tchaikovsky; étude, Rubinstein; Waldesrauschen, valse from "Faust," Liszt.

The final concert will be given this (Saturday) afternoon, at three o'clock, and the selections will be as follows:

Sonata, C major, op. 53, Beethoven; pastorale, capriccio, Scarlatti; serenade, Schubert-Liszt; chant polonaise, Chopin-Liszt; andante spianato, grand polonaise, Chopin; nocturne, D flat, op. 27, Chopin; tarantella di bravura, Liszt.

The Symphony Concert.

The third symphony concert, under the direction of Mr. Adolph Bauer, was given at the Tivoli Opera House last Friday afternoon. The usual large audience was in attendance, and enjoyed the following excellent programme:

Scenes de Férie (sixth suite), (1) cortège, (2) ballet, (3) apparition, (horn solo by E. Schlott), (4) bacchanale (the first time), Massenet; from Holberg's Time (op. 40), suite in old style for strings, (1) prelude, (2) sarabande, (3) gavotte, musette, (4) air, (5) rigaudon, Grieg; concerto for violin, Wieniawski, Mr. Nathan Landsberger; symphony, "Rustic Wedding" (op. 26), (1) wedding march, with variations, (2) bridal song, (3) serenade, (4) in the garden, (5) dance, Goldmark.

The Gump Art Collection.

Through the kindness of Messrs. S. & G. Gump, the Art Loan Exhibition at the Real Estate Exchange, 16 Post Street, will remain open another week. These gentlemen had secured the rooms of the Exchange in which to hold the sale of their magnificent collection of imported paintings; but the ladies in charge of the charity exhibition prevailed upon them to allow them to remain a week longer.

This definitely determines the date upon which the Gump sale will take place. They have decided to place the paintings, which represent the principal schools of modern art, on exhibition at the Real Estate Exchange, commencing Monday evening, April 10th, and continuing until Thursday. The exhibition will be free, although its great excellence would really justify the Messrs. Gump in charging an admission fee. This plan will give art patrons here an opportunity to inspect thoroughly what is undoubtedly the finest array of paintings ever seen in San Francisco.

They were selected in the art-centres of Europe by Mr. S. Gump during his last trip, and are a revelation in fine art. A well-known art-critic, who is visiting here from the East, stated a few days ago that the collection is not equaled by any in New York. Mr. Gump aimed to secure the work of the best foreign artists, and he succeeded beyond his fondest hopes.

A glance around the gallery shows canvases by A. W. Kowalski, A. A. Lesrel, Julien Dupré, Caesar Detti, Steffany, of Milan, Brissot, Debat-Ponson, H. Schröder, whose work is so much like Meissonnier's, Laugée, whose paintings in the Paris Salon were so highly praised, and, in fact, many other artists whose names are renowned the world over. During the past week, the final consignment of paintings arrived from Paris. There are some most exquisite gems among them; in fact, the two most expensive paintings were sold the day they were framed.

After this exhibition of three days the sale will commence on Thursday evening, April 13th, and continue until the collection is sold. This will be the one opportunity in a life-time to secure such elegant art treasures, and neither the exhibition nor the sale should be missed.

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CUTICURA REMEDIES

These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of Itching and Burning Eruptions and other Itching, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, un-failing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES! Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR APRIL

A NOTEWORTHY AND TIMELY ARTICLE

Kansas==1541-1891

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A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

SCENE.—A sitting-room; time, eight P. M.; place, New York.

Characters: MR. HENRY DOLLIVER, MRS. JENNIE DOLLIVER.

[MR. DOLLIVER discovered putting on his top-coat. MRS. DOLLIVER reading.]

MRS. DOLLIVER [looking up]—You are not going out?

MR. DOLLIVER [carelessly]—You have been misinformed. I am going out.

MRS. DOLLIVER [reproachfully]—I think you might stay at home once a year.

MR. DOLLIVER—You are more than usually inaccurate, my dear. I am confident that I was at home last Sunday night.

MRS. DOLLIVER—When it was raining heavily, and you had a sore throat.

MR. DOLLIVER [shortly]—We will not discuss that point. Naturally I have demands upon my time that I can not explain—

MRS. DOLLIVER [quickly]—Pray don't try.

MR. DOLLIVER—Now, you are angry. Come, now, my engagement is not so pressing that it can not be postponed until nine. I will give you an hour of my company. [Removes top-coat.]

MRS. DOLLIVER [sarcastically]—I feel honored. Will you sit down [melting] by me?

MR. DOLLIVER [as he sits on lounge]—For heaven's sake, give me room! Do you expect me to sit on air?

MRS. DOLLIVER [with symptoms of tears]—You did—didn't use to talk that way. The less room you had the better you liked it.

MR. DOLLIVER [remorsefully]—I remember, darling, I used to press you closely—

MRS. DOLLIVER [in alarm]—Don't—don't—you are tearing my lace fichu!

MR. DOLLIVER—You didn't use to talk about lace fichus. [Takes a chair.]

MRS. DOLLIVER [coming to him]—Now, you look splendid! You always do when you are angry. It makes your eyes bright. [Sits on his knee.] Ordinarily, your eyes—

MR. DOLLIVER [struggling]—Say, is this one of those Louis Quinze chairs? They won't bear one, let alone two!

MRS. DOLLIVER—Chairs! [reproachfully.] You were never afraid of breaking my father's chairs.

MR. DOLLIVER [seriously]—You forget that I pay for these chairs. Besides, you are musing my shirt-front, and I am going out at nine.

MRS. DOLLIVER [rising]—Nine? You never left me before eleven—not so long ago.

MR. DOLLIVER—You would not let me go.

MRS. DOLLIVER [warmly]—Indeed! Many and many times I have called your attention to the clock.

MR. DOLLIVER—With your eyes—your arms were around my neck.

MRS. DOLLIVER [indignantly]—You will tax me presently with making love to you.

MR. DOLLIVER—Well, of course— [Hums softly.]

MRS. DOLLIVER—Sir!

MR. DOLLIVER—Are you going to leave me?

MRS. DOLLIVER—I should—but— [tearfully] I have no place to go.

MR. DOLLIVER [callously]—Go to bed—you look sleepy.

MRS. DOLLIVER—Do you suppose I can sleep after this?

MR. DOLLIVER—This? What?

MRS. DOLLIVER—This cruelty [icily.] Isn't it time for you to go to [Sits at piano.] I am about to sing—it may annoy you.

MR. DOLLIVER—Sing! I haven't heard you sing for six months.

MRS. DOLLIVER—No? I do sing—when you are not here. [Sings "Queen of my Heart."] That was Mr. Litawaite's favorite song.

MR. DOLLIVER—Litawaite! [scornfully.] Puppy!

MRS. DOLLIVER [after prelude]—Did I tell you I saw him last Wednesday?

MR. DOLLIVER [sharply]—You don't mean to say he had the cheek to come here?

MRS. DOLLIVER [mildly]—Don't get furious. I saw him on the street with his wife. They say he is very happy, and so is she. He is very devoted and attentive—stays at home every night.

MR. DOLLIVER [tartly]—What a hore he must be!

MRS. DOLLIVER [softly]—I don't know—I always found him very entertaining. You know he sang very nicely.

MR. DOLLIVER—That's not such an unusual accomplishment. I sing myself—a little.

MRS. DOLLIVER [indifferently]—Do you?

MR. DOLLIVER [piqued]—I suppose you think I have lost my voice.

MRS. DOLLIVER [graciously]—You used to sing very well. Do you remember this? [Plays "Les Rameaux."]

MR. DOLLIVER—I should say so. [Sings.]

MRS. DOLLIVER—Or this duet? [They sing "Come with Me."]

MR. DOLLIVER—My favorite duet, however, is "Dost Thou Recall that Summer Night?" Suppose we try that? [They sing.] Do you remember [laughing] we sang that the evening I first met you at Mrs. Pendercombe's? Do you know it was your sweet voice that first attracted me?

MRS. DOLLIVER—Was it really? And do you remember we sang it that night at home when— [pause.]

MR. DOLLIVER [vacantly]—When?

MRS. DOLLIVER—When you—oh, Harry! [Weeps.]

MR. DOLLIVER [dismayed]—Merciful heavens! What's the trouble now?

MRS. DOLLIVER [gently]—Have you really forgotten? You stood by my side at the piano, and as we concluded you put your arm around me—and—

MR. DOLLIVER [beamingly]—Told you I loved you! I remember. You had on a lovely pink dress—

MRS. DOLLIVER [quickly]—Blue, Harry! I never wear pink.

MR. DOLLIVER—No matter what color—you looked like an angel!

MRS. DOLLIVER [nestling]—So you told me.

MR. DOLLIVER—And I was almost afraid to touch you.

MRS. DOLLIVER—But you did!

MR. DOLLIVER [passionately]—Yes. I kissed you [kisses her]. I hugged you [hugs her], and swore I never would leave you!

MRS. DOLLIVER—And you never have, Harry.

MR. DOLLIVER [fondly]—No, Jennie, I never have. I love you after these three years. By Jove! [confused] I see what you mean. Jennie—sweet-heart—did you really think I had ceased to love you?

MRS. DOLLIVER [anxiously]—It's quarter-past nine, Harry. You have an appointment.

MR. DOLLIVER [decidedly]—I don't care if it is a quarter-past twelve, unless [extricating himself] you wish me to go away.

MRS. DOLLIVER [capturing him again]—Ah, you know better than that!

[Curtain.]

—S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.

THE TRAMMELS OF SOCIETY.

MRS. BROWN-JONES, a society leader. MR. JONES, her husband.

MRS. BROWN-JONES—Will you give me your undivided attention, please?

MR. JONES [gallantly]—Any mathematical process that might affect my attention when you are speaking, my dear, would be only multiplication.

MRS. BROWN-JONES—Please don't be silly. It's a question of society.

MR. JONES—What is—silliness?

MRS. BROWN-JONES—No, no. Here we have an invitation from the Batchbys-Pokedyes, and one from the Hicks-Parkers, both for dinner.

MR. JONES—Are we going to have the invitations for dinner?

MRS. BROWN-JONES [ignoring the remark]—Now I don't know which to accept.

MR. JONES—So thoughtful in you to ask me. I say neither.

MRS. BROWN-JONES—But we must go.

MR. JONES—A dictum of society, eh? Then accept both.

MRS. BROWN-JONES [wearily]—How can we when they're both for Wednesday night?

MR. JONES [triumphantly]—Why, you go to one, and I'll go to the other.

MRS. BROWN-JONES—Impossible!

MR. JONES [calmly]—Not at all. We can demonstrate—

MRS. BROWN-JONES—We can demonstrate nothing. Society is not given to demonstrations. What I want to ask of you is, which shall we accept?

MR. JONES—Toss up a penny—heads, the what-you-call-'ems; tails, the Hickses.

MRS. BROWN-JONES—The Hicks-Parkers—the legislature gave them the right to use the hyphen.

MR. JONES—Very kind of the legislature, I must say. What did it cost?

MRS. BROWN-JONES—Society accepts, but never questions. Now—

MR. JONES—Another dictum. I should advise, then, that we accept both, as suggested before. And as there are no questions asked, we can stay at home.

MRS. BROWN-JONES [severely]—You would try a saint.

MR. JONES—Never, my dear; never. They wouldn't accept me on the jury if a saint was to be tried.

MRS. BROWN-JONES [sadly]—Have you no answer?

MR. JONES—Certainly. Which of the two will give a better dinner? By the way, is the hyphen in the what-do-you-call-'ems legally sanctioned? We'd better dine with the others, so as to be on the safe side.

MRS. BROWN-JONES [ignoring the latter part of the remark]—We do not accept invitations with a view to—

MR. JONES—Gastronomic attractions.

MRS. BROWN-JONES—With a view to the cuisine.

MR. JONES—What then? Family? Wealth?

MRS. BROWN-JONES—We consider society.

MR. JONES—But society doesn't consider, my love. It's a flock of gee—sheep.

MRS. BROWN-JONES [reflectively]—I think we'd meet more people at the Batchbys-Pokedyes.

MR. JONES—Then there might be less to eat. Let's go to the others.

MRS. BROWN-JONES—But we are more indebted to the Hicks-Parkers.

MR. JONES—In what way, my love? I've never borrowed a dollar from them.

MRS. BROWN-JONES [tearfully]—Why do you act so foolish?

MR. JONES [gravely]—Let me see the invitations. [Reads them and smiles.] Why, my charming wife, do you consult me? [Actually grins.] One is for Wednesday, the fourteenth, and the other for Wednesday, the twenty-first.

MRS. BROWN-JONES [penitently]—Don't you see how easy it is for you to answer—if you try?—Flavel Scott Mines in the Bazar.

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

"Put your feet nearer to the fire, George; I'm sure they must be wet after the distance you have walked through the rain"; said Esther Dacey, solicitously.

"It doesn't matter," replied the young man, as he drew his promised bride down on his knee; "and I'm afraid of burning my shoes. They cost twelve dollars and a half."

"Twelve dollars and a half! Why, George Washington Van Dusen Holdington, I never heard of such extravagance in all my life! My brothers never pay over five dollars for their best shoes."

"It is poor economy to buy cheap shoes," remarked the young man, with an air of knowing it all.

"But their shoes look just as well as yours, and they have pointed toes and everything," persisted Esther.

"Oh, yes, they look all right for two weeks, but they don't wear."

"Then you can get a new pair when they wear out. I'm sure you're awfully extravagant. How much do you pay for your clothes?"

"This suit cost me sixty-five dollars."

"Why, that's a perfect swindle! If you expect me to marry you, you will have to turn over a new leaf, I can tell you. Ned got a perfectly beautiful suit for sixteen dollars, the other day."

"But sometimes I have to go out when it rains," remarked George, quietly.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"You can't wear those cheap suits out of doors when it rains; they get wet and shrink up."

"Don't you think you're funny! But how much did you pay for that necktie, George?"

"A dollar and a half, dear. That's the market."

"Oh, George, the boys get beautiful ones on Nassau Street for fifty cents. Elegant four-in-hands."

"Yes, and the colors come off on your shirt-bosom, and when a man pays thirty-six dollars a dozen for his shirts, he can't afford—"

"Why, that's three dollars apiece, and I saw lovely gentlemen's shirts at Stimer's to-day for forty-seven cents, unlaundered. I'll have to take you in band, George. I can't allow you to throw your money away like that after we're married."

"And after we're married, will I have to wear five-dollar shoes, and sixteen-dollar suits, and one dollar and eighty-nine cent bats?" asked George, with a shudder.

"Of course you will. You'll see what a prudent, saving little wife can do for a man. You'll look just as well, and we'll have lots of money left for other things."

"I've no doubt it will be a great improvement," replied George, absently.

But as he kissed her tenderly, the fair burden in his arms seemed to grow heavier and heavier.—Harry Romaine in Life.

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Dr. E. G. DAVIES, De Smet, Dak., says: "I have used it in slow convalescence and prevention from malarial diseases, where the drinking water was bad; I believe it to be beneficial in preventing summer complaints; also one of the best agents we have to rectify the bad effects of the drinking water upon the kidneys and bowels."

M. Munkacsy's affection for large canvases seems to be a growing one; he is now at work, with the aid of a scene-shifter and his appliances, upon a picture for the next Paris Salon. It measures thirteen feet by forty-five.

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of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for *Quick Flesh Building* in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Disraeli, leaning on Mr. Torrens's arm, passing the corner of "that famous eminence," St. James's Street, came upon a bishop, who took off his hat and bowed very low. Disraeli looked hard at his companion, as if curious to know what he thought of the egregious obsequiousness, and then said: "I made him a bishop, but I forgot his name."

The art of confusing one thing with another flourishes in every country in the world. It was in Canada, for instance, that a newspaper advertisement of a nursing-bottle concluded as follows: "When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

Samuel Rogers said to John Leech, the caricaturist of *Punch*: "Mr. Leech, I admire you much." He was just beginning his success as an artist, and was gratified by this commendation, as he supposed, of his art. "Yes," repeated Rogers, "I admire you much. I saw you brushing your own hat, and the man who, in these days, does anything for himself, is deserving of admiration."

"The physician," says a ribald contemporary, "is the man who prescribes change, and then takes all you have." One physician, while attending an obstetrical case where the pay was not considered good, when asked, "Doctor, is the child marked in any way?" answered, "It has only one little mark about it; but you can easily remove that." "What is that, doctor?" "It is marked 'C. O. D.'"

Every one who knows Bishop Cox, of Buffalo, realizes that he believes in the Episcopal Church pretty thoroughly. At the time of Cardinal Newman's conversion to the Catholic Church, Dr. Cox is credited with having remarked that a man must be either a fool or a knave to change from the English Church to that of Rome. "But," objected the bishop's companion, "you surely would not call John Henry Newman a fool or a knave." To which Dr. Cox is said to have replied: "He's both, sir; he's both."

A recent traveler in Malta says that the people have a peculiarly apt and ready wit. He tells of an English officer, who, failing to make a poor Maltese understand an order delivered in the language of Cockaigne, called the poor man "a fool." Understanding this much, the man, who had traveled about a good deal, though he did not understand English, replied by asking: "Do you speak Maltese?" "No." "Do you speak Arabic?" "No." "Do you speak Greek?" "No." "Do you speak Italian?" "No." "Then, if I be one fool, you be four fools!"

In Boston's swell circles there is a family whose butler has given to it a unique position. Michael had not been in Boston very long before he became imbued with the classic learning of the "Hub," and he immediately put his learning to use. Mrs. Marblehall was to give a reception, and, of course, Michael stood at the door. One by one the guests came in, and Michael announced the names very distinctly. But, at last, Mr. Foote and his two daughters came in. The butler looked at the guests and hesitated. He rubbed his hands against his forehead and mustered courage to speak before the crowded guests, and, in a sepulchral voice, he cried: "Mr. Foote—and—the Misses Feet!"

One day the swell artist was passing the house of the younger one (says the *Boston Globe*), and the latter called to him: "Mr. Chrome, I have just finished two pictures, entirely different in subject, and would like to have your opinion of them." The great man said he would be only too happy to look at them, so, ushering him into the house and opening the parlor, the owner pointed to two pictures hanging on the wall, and said: "There they are. One picture is of my father, copied from an old-fashioned ambrotype; the other is a painting of Lily Pond." The artist, after adjusting his eye-glasses and looking carefully at the paintings a moment, turned and asked: "Which one did you say was your father, Mr. Madder?"

A good man who lives in a thinly settled locality has the misfortune to be extremely deaf. His voice is remarkably loud in his devotions, and it is reported that his morning prayer can be heard for half a mile. A neighbor, not long since, having occasion to visit his house in the morning, found its owner at prayer, and, not wishing to interrupt, he waited outside. The tones of the voice within grew louder and louder. Each sentence was spoken with more vehemence than the preceding, until the prayer ended with a prolonged shout of "Amen!" The visitor was about to knock, when the sound of the wife's voice arrested him. With a skill born of practice, she almost rivaled the tones of her spouse as she shouted: "Well, I guess you've drove all the rabbits out o' the swamp this morning!"

During the siege of Vicksburg (says *Life*), an important artillery position had been assigned to a battery commanded by Major Schwartz, a German,

attached to General Grant's command. Late in the day, while Grant was in his tent receiving dispatches from the front, a German orderly made his appearance, earnestly inquiring for "Zhineral Grant." After much parley, his hearers, being convinced that his business with the general was important, admitted him to the latter's tent, where he made the announcement: "Schwartz's hattery ish took!" "Well," said the general, calmly, "did you spike the guns?" "What I!" shrieked the little German, "schpikie dem guns? Dem new guns? Vy, it would schpile em!" "Well, what did you do?" said Grant, impatiently. "Vy, we took 'em pack again, py tam!"

Queer and racy are the tales told of the skill of the Maine ship-builders in the use of the adze and broad-axe. One old-time yarn (repeated in the *Sun*) is of a carpenter who applied, very drunk, at a ship-yard for employment. In order to have a little fun with him, the foreman set him to give a proof of his skill by hewing out a wooden bolt with no chopping-block but a stone. The carpenter accomplished his difficult task without marring the keen edge of the broad-axe, and showed the foreman a neatly made bolt. Then he brought the axe down with a terrific blow that shattered its edge upon the stone. "I can hew fast-rate on your chopping-block," he hiccoughed; "but I'll be damned if I can make the axe stick in it when I git through." The story runs that the foreman lost no time in employing such a workman.

When invited by the Protestant controversialist, well known as "Tribulation Cumming," to dispute with him before the public at Birmingham, Cardinal Newman replied to the effect that he had small ability in controversy, and could not venture to meet so redoubtable an opponent in that field; but, he added, "My friends are kind enough to say that I have some skill on the violin, and, if agreeable, I shall be happy to enter into a contest with you on that instrument." On another occasion, dining at a friend's house, a noble lord among the guests, wishing to draw him out with respect to the upshot of political contests in the Roman states, said: "Things are sadly disturbed just now in Italy, Dr. Newman." Staring into space in an apparently vacant manner, he replied: "Yes, and in China." No one present said a word more on the subject.

A young clergyman once preached a strong temperance sermon. When he had finished, a deacon said to him: "I am afraid you have made a mistake. Mr. Jones, who pays the highest pew rent, is a distiller; he will be angry." The minister said: "Oh, I am sorry; I will go and explain it to Mr. Jones, and remove any unfavorable impression, and tell him that I did not mean him." Accordingly, he waited upon Mr. Jones, who, in addition to the profession of distilling, also carried on a good many other branches of trade and a good many amusements, and was not distinguished above other men as an ascetic. The pastor expressed his regret to Mr. Jones for anything in the sermon which hurt his feelings. He was somewhat relieved when, with a jovial air, Mr. Jones said: "Oh, bless you, don't mind that at all. It must be a mighty poor sermon that don't hit me somewhere."

A "Cape Codder" tells the *Boston Journal* how he cured a setting hen. "I made," he says, "half a dozen snowballs and soaked them in water. In the morning they were solid ice. I shaped them as near like eggs as possible, and then placed them under the setting hen. She smiled. I stood by and watched her. She cuddled the ice eggs under her and chuckled softly to them. In a few minutes she appeared to get uneasy. She arose and scratched the darlings together, and shook herself; then, evidently satisfied, settled down again. Soon she got up once more, this time with evident concern; something was wrong, surely; perhaps the weather was getting cold. She felt wet and chilly; but, with great perseverance, she sat down again, and again got up, this time for good. She walked out of the box and then turned and looked in, but she had had enough."

The Father of Many Ills.
Constipation leads to a multitude of physical troubles. It is generally the result of carelessness or indifference to the simplest rule of health. Eugene McKay, of Bradford, Ont., writes:

"I had for several years been a sufferer from constipation, had taken a great many different remedies, some of which did me good for a time, but only for a time, then my trouble came back worse than ever. I was induced by a friend, whom BRANDRETH'S PILLS had benefited, to try them. Took two each night for a week, then one every night for about six weeks. Since that time I have not experienced the slightest difficulty whatever, and my bowels move regularly every day. I believe firmly that for sluggishness of the bowels and biliousness BRANDRETH'S PILLS are far superior to any other."

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From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.		
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.		
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.		
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.		
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7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays		10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week Days

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City of Peking.....Thursday, April 13, at 3 P. M.
China.....Tuesday, April 25, at 3 P. M.
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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.
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Belgie.....(via Honolulu).....Thursday, May 4.
Oceanic.....Tuesday, May 23.
Gaelic.....Tuesday, June 13.
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29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 8, 1893.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, &c.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	* 12:15 P.
8:00 A.	Niles and San Jose.	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	* 6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano, Santa Rosa, &c.	* 6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, Yuba, Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	* 8:45 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.	10:15 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	† 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.
† 11:45 P. Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.
8:15 A. Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Wrights.
4:15 P. Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.
7:00 A. San Jose, New Almaden, and Way Stations.
8:15 A. San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.
10:40 A. San Jose and Way Stations.
12:05 P. Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.
* 2:30 P. San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.
* 3:30 P. San Jose, and principal Way Stations.
* 4:30 P. Palo Alto and Way Stations.
5:15 P. San Jose and Way Stations.
6:30 P. Palo Alto and Way Stations.
† 11:45 P. Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.
† 7:30 P.
A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. † Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.
Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.
Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.		
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	SUNDAYS.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Santa Rosa.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		
7:40 A. M.			7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.			6:10 P. M.
		Hopland and Ukiah.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.		Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
				6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
		Sebastopol.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bardlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Viechy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Hule Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Utop, Hydeville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Calito, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Uval, Hydenville, and Eureka.
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PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M.
For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M.
For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M.
For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.
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In their first opera, De Koven and Smith took their story from the adventures of the Knight of La Mancha; in their second, from "Percy's Reliques"; in their third, from the Knickerbocker history of New York. This latter period, as far as the revolt of the thirteen colonies, has lately attracted the attention of the playwrights, De Koven and Smith having chosen it for their opera and Henry Guy Carlton having founded his last play upon it.

The date of "The Knickerbockers" appears to be some time before the thirteen colonies had decided to rebel. It is before the days of the Stamp Act and the Boston tea-party, before Puritan and Knickerbocker had forgotten their little feuds to unite in their great struggle for freedom. These were the days when the thrifty burghers of New Amsterdam sneeringly alluded to their stern neighbors of Boston and Salem as "Yankees," a term which the modern English fondly suppose can be properly used to designate any being born under the shadow of our hospitable flag.

New Amsterdam, in those simple times, was a small but thriving village, situated on the end of that narrow tongue of land called Manhattan Island. There were little cow-paths and foot-worn highways, where State Street and Whitehall Street now run. There was no especial Broadway, and the days when fashionable society clustered round Rector Street and Trinity Church were yet in the azure of the infinite future. Far up in the wilds along the Sound lay the "Bowerie" farm. Wiehaken and Spuyten Duyvil were unreclaimed wildernesses. When the stolid burghers took a walk in the cool of the evening, they sauntered along the edge of the water on that stretch of shore which later on became the Battery, where, day after day, Aaron Burr paced back and forth, his eyes sweeping the bay, waiting for the ship that carried his daughter Theodosia and his grandchild—a ship that was destined never to arrive.

In writing of these far-distant days, Mr. Harry B. Smith has allowed himself the privilege that De Mille and Belasco took in writing "The Charity Ball"—that of using many of the best-known New York names. As there were Crugers and Van Burens in the play, there are Schemerhorns, and Rhinelanders, and Van Corlears in the opera. The illustrious ornaments of the Four Hundred and the shining lights of the Knickerbocker Club will receive a shock to their tenderest feelings when they see their proud forebears represented as defiling their hands with trade. The stout and sturdy artisans who founded the great fortunes and families of Gotham are represented in their habits as they lived, but when "The Knickerbockers" is given in New York, and Schemerhorns and Van Brunts are represented as shoemakers and tailors, there is blood on the face of the moon. Even the sacred name of the Patrons is dragged in. Killian Van Rensselaer is depicted as following some honest, but plebeian trade. This is enough to make Stephen Van Rensselaer, the last Patron, turn in his patrician grave.

If Mr. Harry B. Smith had been as successful in making a good libretto as he was in hunting up the names of the early Knickerbockers, he would have written something that was bright and witty. As it is, his libretto cheers, but not inebriates. It is dull—more than that, it is intricate. Of course the story in comic opera is not of much consequence. There are two things that all self-respecting and successful comic operas dispense with: one is a reasonable and sensible story, and the other is any voice in any of the singers. Therefore the extreme stupidity of the libretto of "The Knickerbockers" is quite according to custom and very much in the fashion. But we poor dwellers in this Vale of Tears can not quell our natural yearnings to listen to a libretto which is sometimes a little bright—not too bright to be conventional or customary, just bright enough to keep one from forgetting how a real joke sounds.

There were jokes in "The Knickerbockers." Miss d'Arville, being the prima donna and a very handsome lady, had one of the best. "You must take a husband, Katrina," said her father. "Very well, father," said Katrina; "whose husband shall I take?" There are some antiquarians who say that this joke was propounded to Noah by Shem shortly before entering the ark. This is quite possible, as Noah must have wished to have all his sons married before the flood, knowing that after it there would be no females, eligible or ineligible, for them to espouse. After descending downward through the ages and undergoing various vicissitudes, the joke came to be the property of old Commodore Vanderbilt, who, it is said, used it to his father with fine effect. Since then, it has lain *perdu* for many years, till recently resuscitated for Miss d'Arville. As its

powers of endurance are so remarkable, it is probable that it will go on ringing down the echoing grooves of time, and Macaulay's New Zealander will be found murmuring it as he meditates on the ruins of Saint Paul's.

But to leave Mr. Smith's researches in the antiquarian lore of the primitive races and to turn to Mr. de Koven's part of the opera: "The Knickerbockers"—speaking from a single hearing—will never be as popular as "Robin Hood." The airs are not so taking, nor so pretty. Mr. de Koven shows a desire, a determination, to be original, and this robs many of the melodies of simple charm of spontaneity. Several of them sound labored. The struggle to compose something that will be different, unusual, striking, is apparent, and yet, with all this endeavor, "The Knickerbockers" has no claim to any unusual distinction in any direction. There is no surer sign of a lack of originality in a composer, an artist, or a writer, than a labored endeavor to be original. Originality, like the literary instinct, must be inborn. The person possessed of real originality is he who is most unconscious of it.

The Bostonians themselves are not original; but they make no effort to be so. Nevertheless, they are a very unusual type of company, resembling a troupe of clever and well-trained amateurs. What there is about them to give them this air of amateurishness it is hard to say. It may be because a good many of them sing so well; it may also be because a good many of them have the air of being ladies or gentlemen. There is something distinctly non-professional—a refreshing and candid naturalness—about several members of the company that is as rare on the comic-opera stage as ease and self-reliance are on the amateur stage.

One of those who are most remarkable for this air of being clever and *insouciant* amateurs is Mrs. Bartlett Davis. This lady's own personality is always in the ascendant over the part she is portraying, and, as it is one of the most attractive of personalities, this is not to be regretted. Mrs. Davis never adopts the character she is playing. She makes it herself, and she makes it therefore charming—*cela va sans dire*. She is a Puritan maid in "The Knickerbockers," and sings a song that tells of her extreme shyness—how even when they mention the "hymn" in church she is wont to blush. Then she casts a glance of tender love at her sweetheart, which, while it is the most demure glance that ever came from a pair of frank, gray eyes, has yet in it some of that coquetry that was not as foreign to the heart of the Puritan maid as historians would have us believe. Witness what Longfellow wrote of the maiden Priscilla, who, when John Alden came to court her for Miles Standish, "with eyes running over with laughter, said in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

Even in the uniform of a British dragoon, Mrs. Davis preserves her air of refinement, and manages to look as pretty as ever in a costume which is both ugly and trying. Miss d'Arville, in the dress of a Dutch girl of high station, was exceedingly handsome. The tight white cap, with its lace wings and golden ornaments on the temples, the wide-setting skirt and looped-up overdress, were as picturesque as if they had been designed by George Boughton, who paints the pretty Puritans and the solemn-eyed and fresh-cheeked Dutch dancels who were once the belles of New Amsterdam.

Katrina had a fine entrance in the first act, and a jolly, dashing song, though the burden of it bore a close resemblance to the catch—"which is the proper day to drink, Saturday, Sunday, Monday?" Though Miss d'Arville in her style is decidedly music-hallish—reminding one a little of such English singers as Florence St. John—she has a remarkably fine presence and a manner of taking the stage that amounts to veritable talent. The moment she gets down near the footlights, she holds the attention of the audience till she leaves the stage. If, with this advantage, coupled to that of a fair voice, she would be less common and swaggering in her style, she would be quite a star in the comic-opera firmament.

It is unfortunate that Reginald de Koven does not have better luck with his librettos. If he could get as good a libretto as that of "His Majesty," as that of "Erminie," as that of "Wang," he might write an operetta that could go up with the great ones of Offenbach. The story does not matter much, but the dialogue matters a great deal. To advertise a comic opera and then have people set to talk dreary platitudes to each other, is to strain the quality of mercy, as possessed by an average audience, to the point of severance.

Gilbert and Sullivan have spoiled us for dull librettos. Gilbert taught us to expect a dialogue like that of "The Mikado," and songs like those of "Patience." There is not a verse in either of these operas that is flat or commonplace. The French writers would not condescend to decorate a stupid story with the witticisms of their dialogue or the brilliancy of their music. The story and conversation of "The Mascotte" are almost as clever as those of "The Pirates of Penzance." The libretto of "Olivette" is full of fun and wit; there is not a single song in "The Knickerbockers" that can compare for gayety and humor with the verses of "The Torpedo and the Whale," "Oh, my Father!" and "Balmy Garlic."

The later operettas of the Casino era were not as clever as these, but they were not so arid of wit as such modern performances as "The Knicker-

bockers" or "La Cigale." There was fun, or at least a certain amount of humor, in the story and dialogue of "Fatinitza," of "The Beggar Student," and of the ever-charming "Erminie." The plot of the latter might have been transformed into a very amusing and clever play, and there were portions of the dialogue that were sufficiently interesting to hold the attention of the auditor apart from the charm of the captivating music.

All of which ends in the suggestion that when next Reginald de Koven feels impelled to wake to ecstasy the living lyre, he would do well to procure a libretto that has other recommendations than that of being a sure cure for insomnia.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How did he get into such a swell club?" "He plays a poor game of poker."—*Truth*.

"Patrick, you haven't given fresh water to the goldfish." "No, miss; they ain't drunk wot they had already."—*Bazar*.

Bixby—"Is Farquhar a representative American painter?" *Morton*—"I guess he is; he couldn't get a canvas into the Chicago Fair art-gallery."—*Puck*.

Teacher—"I'm glad to see you working so diligently at your writing lesson." *Little boy*—"Yes'm; I want to get so I can write my own excuses."—*Good News*.

Jack—"I may kiss you, then?" *Perdita* (blushingly)—"Some time in the future, Jack." *Jack* (eagerly)—"When?" *Perdita*—"Day before tomorrow."—*Ex*.

Guest—"Hi, there, waiter; come back here! What's this you've brought me that smells so?" *Waiter*—"That, sir, is *fromage de brie*." *Guest*—"Well, remove the *débris*."—*Truth*.

Daughter (looking up from her novel)—"Papa, in time of trial what do you suppose brings the most comfort to a man?" *Papa* (who is district judge)—"An acquittal, I should think."—*Ex*.

Culchaw: *The Hon. Bertie*—"Aw, tell me, Miss Elliot, I've—aw—long been intending to ask you—aw—are you related to the Sir George Elliot who—aw—writes novels, don't-ye-know?"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Manager—"Mr. Skylight, I see you're late again this morning. Have you moved out of town?" *Skylight*—"Yes, sir." *Manager*—"How far?" *Skylight*—"The twenty-first story, sir."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"Young Waitley seems low-spirited. I wonder what troubles him?" "His uncle is dead." "But his uncle has been dead several days, and he has seemed cheerful enough until now." "Yes, but the will was read last night."—*Ex*.

Host (nervous about the effect of his guest's wooden leg upon the polished floor)—"Hadn't you better come on the rug, major? You might slip out there, my boy." *The major*—"Oh, don't be afraid, my boy. There is no danger; I have a nail in the end of it."—*New York Ledger*.

Customer—"This straw hat will do. You can charge it to me." *Hat man* (stiffly)—"Our business is run on a strictly cash basis, sir. We couldn't afford to trust a man who buys a straw hat in the middle of winter because he can get it cheap." *Customer* (haughtily)—"You are evidently not aware, sir, that I am the proprietor of the hot-house across the way."—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing
March 27th: The Bostonians in "The Ogalallas";
the Tivoli Company in "Yorktown"; "Nancy &
Co."; Primrose & West's Minstrels; and "The Brink
of Society."

Young Sothern is now in Omaha, and will be here
with his "Captain Letterblair" in the second week
of April.

Minna K. Gale will bid farewell to the stage next
Saturday night, April 1st, at the Tremont Theatre in
Boston, and will thenceforth be known only as Mrs.
Haynes.

Sadie Martindale is playing Dora in "Diplomacy"
in Rose and Charles Coghlan's production of that
play in New York. Charles Coghlan's daughter is
to make her debut with the company, but there is no
role to suit her in "Diplomacy."

Frohman's Lyceum company will leave New York
in another week to commence their annual summer
tour. They go to Chicago, and then come to San
Francisco. "Americans Abroad," which has had a
long run in the metropolis, is their *piece de resistance*.

Sardou's new play, which has just been put in
rehearsal at the Grand Theatre—better known as the
Eden—in Paris, is entitled "Mademoiselle Saos
Gene." Little else is known of it, except that the
action commences in 1792 and concludes in Paris
nineteen years later.

Here is the list of plays given by Augustin Daly's
company this season, which commenced October 3d:
"Little Miss Millions," 12 times; "Dollars and Sense,"
29 times; "A Test Case," 22 times; "The Hunchback,"
25 times; "As You Like It," 16 times; "Belle's Strat-
agem" and "The Knave," 17 times; "School for Scandal,"
8 times; "The Foresters," 17 times; "Taming the
Shrew," 16 times; "Twelfth Night," now being acted.

There seems to be some talk of Joseph Jefferson's
being given some foreign mission by President Cleve-
land, but on what it is founded, beyond the well-
known friendship that exists between them, does not
appear. The idea does not suit the Richmond, Va.,
State, which says:

"It could not give him any eminence or add to his de-
served and well-earned fame. As the matter now stands, he
is at the head of his profession in America. He has given
strength and dignity to that profession. He represents
the best type of actor, and as such has a prominence that a
mere position in the diplomatic service would impair in a
measure, as it would take him 'out of harness.'"

The English theatrical papers, ever grudging in
their praise of Ada Rehan, are reaping with gusto
the following in the New York Herald apropos of a
recent performance of "The School for Scandal" in
New York:

"Miss Rehan has played the country hoyden so long
and played it so well that the temptation to play it always
is almost irresistible; and she can make the audience laugh
by pranks and antics that would have shocked an actress of
the old school as coming from Lady Teazle. So when Sir
Peter in mild petulance upbraids Lady Teazle with her
extravagance and her flirtations, she plays tricks with the
spinnet and goes through some acrobatic contortions on the
sofa that make some people laugh."

"After this pantomimic and gymnastic huffoery,"
says one London paper, "there will probably be less
said in the future concerning Miss Ada Rehan's re-
markable love of Art, with a big A, and her remark-
able talents as a serious actress. Any one can play
the clown."

The biographical annalist announces that Camille
d'Arville was born "in the provinces of Holland in
1863," which is vague as to place and seemingly un-
gallantly explicit as to date. But mathematical
analysis of his later statements acquits him of the
charge of lack of gallantry. Miss d'Arville, he says,
was only eleven years of age when she "took an
active part in private theatricals"; but she had
no need to go on the stage, as her parents
were "well-to-do people." At fifteen, Miss
d'Arville devoted herself to concert-singing, and
presently entered the Academy of Music in
Amsterdam, where she "studied hard for several
years under the best managers." Her professional
career began when she was about twenty-two years
of age, as a "light-opera artist in London." For
six years she continued in England, singing in such
operas as "Rip Van Winkle," "Falka," and
"Boccaccio." At the end of that period, Miss
d'Arville being then twenty-five years of age, she
appeared in J. C. Duff's company at the Broadway
in New York, singing Anita in "The Queen's
Mate," the Inez being Lilliao Russell. After the
close of the season, Miss d'Arville returned to Eng-
land, under the management of Carl Rosa, and re-
mained with him till his death, when she returned
to America. Her second appearance in the United
States was at the Casino, in 1890, as Mlle. Lange in
"La Fille de Madame Angot." She remained at the
Casino for one year, and then joined the Bostonians,
with whom she has since been.

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A law establishing a standard time over the whole
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erroneous impressions regarding the cost of the late
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The contempt with which Mr. Cleveland treats the great mass of the men in his party who apply to him for office may not come from him with appropriateness, yet unquestionably it reflects the feeling held for this class by most well-to-do Americans—fortunate persons, who, themselves having no need for the income and doubtful honor attaching to the public service, can afford to view with bland scorn such of their fellow-citizens who are mastered by a fever of desire for both. Certainly it is not a dignified position that of waiting in antechambers to be admitted as a beggar for favors to the presence of the great man who can grant them, and pestering one's friends for recommendations setting

forth the petitioner's political and personal merits; but men who seek employment in the business world are often forced by their necessities to undergo like humiliations. The virtuous Mugwumps are forever preaching the desirability of "applying business principles" to the task of selecting the office-holders. Yet let any Mugwump journey to a strange city where he has no relative in trade or powerful friend, and bearing with him the best of certificates from afar as to his efficiency and character, and he will swiftly find how much better it is to be somebody's nephew or the protégé of a local rich man than to be the most accomplished of clerks.

These observations are not intended as an exculpation, a defense of the average office-seeker, but merely to demonstrate that that unpleasant creation is human and not a monstrosity. The Colonels and Majors and Judges who compose the rank and file of the horde now infesting Washington and investing the White House, care nothing for the respect or contempt of any living being, the President included, so long as they get what they are after. Most of the Colonels and Majors and Judges are professional politicians of the baser sort whom inclination, circumstance, or congenital talent, or all three welded, have made what they are. Had nature given them better brains and less insistent bodies, they would have been self-supporting, self-respecting lawyers, doctors, merchants, clergymen, or journalists. They possess to the full that best of gifts, a loathing of manual toil as a means of earning bread and butter. No man with an ounce of brains under his skull will be a beast of burden if he can help it. No human being is fond of pushing a wheelbarrow or carrying a hod. The workingmen themselves, persuaded by the desire of their vanity to belief in the "dignity of labor," emancipate from labor's curse the most capable among them by electing them walking-delegates, presidents of trades unions, legislators, and what not. They respect the Colonels and Majors and Judges, and, after signing their petitions for office, respect them for being out of their own laborious caste.

But there is another class among the office-seekers who are really to be commiserated—the men who have no need of office for support—men who have shown their capacity for the professions, for business, but who, nevertheless, are avid of the petty conspicuousness of place in the communities where they have made fortunes or conquered esteem by their abilities and sterling qualities. They are not peculiar to our time or to the republic. They had their best development in the feudal period, when first the local lord and subsequently the king's officers, with their robbing exactions, bred defiance. Then it was a man's work to head the privileged town's fight against titled and enthroned rapacity. The lord was a dull fool, and the monarch no better endowed with the purely modern sense of fair play—which is but a belated recognition of the inalienable title of man, as man, to a standing at the bar of the court of equity. It took common mankind a long time to convince itself that the few had not a God-given commission to rule and loot the minority. The village rebelled against the castle. Out of the villagers came burghers and aldermen, who resisted the exactions of the castle. But while the castle has disappeared, the village survives. Why latter-day Americans of property and spirit should not detect in themselves the burgher of the middle ages, whose renown lasted at the most a whole decade, is one of the puzzles that confound the modern mind. Eminent burghers have lived, swaggered in the pomp of petty greatness, and died. Their robes and golden chains are lost in the past as utterly as still-born children. History notices them in the mass only—the little great of the passing hour. But burghers there will be as long as there are cities and successful men of mediocre parts. These last are at Washington, mosquitoing the President, personally or by deputy, with proofs of their superior fitness for official functions. They are to be pitied, as has been said, for they are men whose reason for being, whose conception of what is noble in a civic sense, survives the necessity. They are the small deer of the forest of large endeavor—the parasites that cling destructively to the piles sunk by usefulness. Mr. Cleveland, with his passionate

admiration for himself, is the chief of the species. He has the smugness, the fat, the egotism of success—he is the king of office-seekers of the better kind. In him is the faith in himself to abolish his kind, but he remains of his kind, nevertheless. Having acquired the prize of office, he has it in him to object strenuously to others imitating him. There is no hypocrisy in this, but only the objection of the Colonel and Major and Judge who has attained office to anybody else who is bent on getting it. The coyote who is feeding has teeth especially for the coyote who is not. Cleveland, the representative of the Mugwump contention that the President should be relieved, in the public interest, of bothering about offices, is the worst of "practical politicians," for the reason that since he was returned to the Presidency he has ignored with a completeness that compels applause any other attribute of his exalted place than the one of distributing spoils. If he were anywhere near the Abstract Goodness that his Mugwump devotees pretend he is, he would have outlined some policy as to the tariff, on which issue principally his chaotic party won its triumph. But no. He sits in corpulent dullness in the White House and gives his giant brain to the resolution of such problems as collectorships and revenue-gatheringships and the Democratic Colonels and Majors and Judges who shall fill them. The horde of office-seekers at Washington are small men, yet, considering his opportunities for action, Grover Cleveland is daily proving himself not only one of them, but the smallest of them all.

We now realize the meaning of those mysterious sentences in Governor Markham's message to the legislature wherein he implied that our penal methods required reforming. It seems that the governor is of the opinion that the confinement of men for long periods of time under the sentence of courts works mischief, both to the culprits and to society. Years of imprisonment tend to harden instead of reforming them, and they come out of jail worse than they went in. Apparently through his inspiration, the legislature passed, and he has now signed, a bill empowering the prison commissioners to "parole" prisoners who have served one year of their sentence, who have behaved well in prison, and who are undergoing their first term of imprisonment. The prison commissioners may grant or withhold this privilege at their pleasure; the present incumbents of the post declare that they will be guided by the advice of the warden. Before a prisoner can obtain a ticket of leave, some one must agree to hire him. When set at liberty, he must inhabit a certain specified locality only, and must at regular intervals report to a sheriff or other officer of the law.

This change in the penal system is borrowed from the systems in force in England and in France; its idea is that by keeping a prisoner five, eight, ten, or fifteen years in jail, the chances of his reformation are minimized, and he is sure to be a danger to the community when he is set at liberty; whereas, by setting him partially free after a taste of jail life and putting him on his honor, there may be a chance of his repentance and reclamation.

It is difficult to say how a change in the law will work until it is tried. But, on the face of it, the experiment appears to be dangerous. Under the new law, six hundred and twenty-one convicts, now serving terms of imprisonment ranging from two to twenty-five years at San Quentin for burglary, robbery, assault in its various forms, manslaughter, and other crimes, and about half as many more at Folsom—or, in round numbers, over one thousand felons—may be let loose among us in absolute freedom to follow the impulses of their nature. The prison commissioners say that they will not act upon the letter of the law, but will issue tickets of leave only to prisoners who have served a substantial portion of their terms. That announcement cuts no figure in the consideration of the law. What the commissioners may do, in their discretion, or may forbear from doing, is a matter personal to themselves. The question which concerns the public is what the law permits them to do. It is simply whether the public safety and convenience will or will not be promoted by a jail delivery of

one thousand men of such criminal instincts that, only a few months ago, it was found necessary to incarcerate them to protect society.

Governor Markham's friends say that these men would never reform while serving their terms in jail, whereas they might reform if they are restored to freedom. That is, perhaps, true; but it is not the whole question. Our penal system is conducted not in the interest of criminals, but in that of the public at large. The question is not what is best for the house-breaker and the robber, but what is best for society. Humanity requires the punishment of crime to be made as merciful as is consistent with the due security of life and property; but it does not apportion the penalty of crime so much in view of the reclamation of the criminal as to insure the safety of the non-criminal class. We do not send a burglar to San Quentin in the hope of mending his morals and softening his heart, but to prevent his committing more burglaries, and to warn others by his punishment that the way of the transgressor is hard.

In his last biennial message, the governor stated that there were two thousand seven hundred and forty inmates of State prisons in this State—a larger proportion of the population than is found in any other State. It is not easy to discover all the causes of the excessive criminality which California presents. Some portion of the prevailing crime is doubtless a legacy from the times when the gold-fields attracted the off-scouring of the earth; the offspring of Botany Bay convicts, of Chilean desperadoes, of jail-birds from the East and Europe, are not likely to be found exemplars of the Christian virtues. Again, crime has been favored by the looseness and corruption which have marked the administration of criminal law in this State; where crime enjoys immunity, it generally flourishes. California, moreover, is a sort of jumping-off place; the criminal migration from the East, driven westward by police and constables, butts up against the ocean here, and can go no further. Something, also, must be allowed for the unsound system of philosophy which has been established by mining-stock gamblers, labor unions, and unprincipled politicians.

Whatever the causes are, the effect is unquestionable—we have more convicted criminals in California, in proportion to population, than any other State. That they are outnumbered by the criminals who have escaped conviction, can hardly be doubted. With this great mass of criminality in the State, the legislature and the governor now propose to make the penalty of crime less severe than it was, and to reduce all sentences for proved offenses to a nominal term. That policy appears to subordinate the interest of the great mass of the people to the indulgence of a theoretical fad.

As a rule, after a criminal grows to manhood, he is irremediable. The burglar again becomes a midnight marauder on his liberation from jail; the thief will steal the day after he has been pardoned out. The fact is deplorable, but it is a fact. Not long ago, a convict whom Governor Markham had pardoned out was found at midnight by a San Francisco police officer lying in wait for passers-by with a cobble-stone done up in a handkerchief, two days after he had left the prison walls. Men do not change their instincts because for a time they have been deprived of their liberty. They look at life through a distorted medium which paralyzes their mental vision. They do not admit the justice of the sentence they undergo. They regard the judge, the jury, the district attorney, and the witnesses as their personal enemies, with whom they have had a tussle and have come out second best. When these victims of delusion regain their freedom, they simply reason that justice has been done at last, and as before they found it more congenial to earn their living by robbery and murder than by honest work, they revert quite naturally to their old practices.

The prison commissioners and wardens will assume an unenviable responsibility if they avail themselves of the new act to let loose any considerable number of convicts to prey on society.

But we hope and believe that the new law is unconstitutional. Article VII., Sec. 1, of the Constitution says: "The governor shall have the power to grant reprieves, pardons, and commutations of sentence . . . as he may think proper." Letting a felon who has been sentenced for ten years go free after one year is certainly a commutation of sentence. This function is constitutionally vested in the executive, and can not be transferred by the legislature. We hope the first felon released under this parole law will be at once arrested by the authorities as an escaped prisoner. Then the constitutionality of the law can be tested. If it is found unconstitutional, as we believe it will be, Governor Markham will have to assume the responsibility himself of pardoning one thousand felons. He will probably pause before doing so.

Governor Markham evidently is a kind-hearted man, and is moved to pity by the condition of felons behind the bars.

But before letting loose a thousand jail-birds upon the community, he ought to extend his pity to honest men too.

Professor Wilcox's recent article on marriage and divorce in the *Political Science Quarterly* is naturally attracting attention. The professor is a clear-headed man; he has taken pains to collect a vast mass of statistics; he seems to have no hobby to serve. When he comes to the conclusion that marriage is steadily falling off, especially in the cities, his evidence and his reasoning deserve careful consideration; for, after all, if our system of life-long monogamy is going to be abandoned, it is rather important to know what is going to take its place.

The only States which furnish trustworthy statistics of marriage and divorce are Rhode Island, Ohio, Illinois, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. A very little exertion on the part of the Secretary of State would add California to the list; half an hour's work once a year by each of the fifty-seven county clerks would supply all the figures required; but thus far the work and the exertion have been too much for the officials. Passing this State over, we find that in the six States named, there was a diminution of marriages between 1867 and 1886 which ranged from 2.2 per cent. in Vermont to 7.4 per cent. in Ohio. For twenty years there has been a general though irregular downward tendency in the matrimonial business. The tendency has varied with the years. In 1850, in Massachusetts, the marriage rate was 21 per 1,000; four years afterward, it rose as high as 25 per 1,000; then it zigzagged till 1890, when it was 18 per 1,000. It may be observed that in San Francisco, according to the municipal records, the rate is only 12 in the 1,000. A survey of Professor Wilcox's figures shows how much marriage is affected by the condition of business and the price of food; it rises regularly as business becomes profitable, and falls when commercial failures increase. In New England it fluctuates pretty evenly with the price of potatoes. But it is observed that the deterrent effects of hard times on matrimony are felt only by bachelors; widowers marry just as often when business is bad as when it is good. It seems that when a man has once tasted the joys of matrimony he can not dispense with them.

In the six States of which statistics are given, divorces increase as marriages fall off. Between 1867 and 1886, the divorce rate rose in this country from 60 to 88; this figure is given for the whole United States, and it is not clear how it is obtained. In some parts of the East, as, for instance, in New York and Brooklyn, the divorce rate has diminished since 1870; but this may arise because New Yorkers get their divorces in States whose laws are more accommodating than those of New York. In all the Western States under review (the professor includes Ohio and Illinois among Western States), the divorce rate has been steadily increasing for twenty years; and what is more remarkable, there is a well marked increase in the number of divorces obtained by colored people in the Southern States.

It is figures of this kind, and the conclusions which can not but be drawn from them, which are making advanced thinkers, like Mr. Carl Pearson, say that "no unprejudiced person can suppose legalized life-long monogamy a final form," while daring reformers, like Mona Caird, propose a system of five-year marriages.

The trouble with all these theories is that they propose to pull down without building up again. Polygamy would condemn a considerable portion of the male population to celibacy, and would thus involve quite as large a loss as the monogamic system. Temporary marriages would merely place the wife on the level of the concubine, who is cherished during good behavior. All these systems lead to the same goal—the liberation of the relations of the sexes from all restraint. In France, at the time of the revolution, marriage was abolished simultaneously with religion and the almanac. A few years ago, it was difficult to find a Frenchman who would admit that his parents had been born between 1789 and 1794; simply because at that time there was no wedlock in France, and, according to our notions, no legitimate births. The result was most disastrous on the morals of the women. As they could not be wives, they became anything they chose, and their taste required a flood of vile literature which, until it was suppressed by the first Napoleon, actually superseded all other forms of letters.

However specious and plausible the arguments of those who seek matrimonial reform in order to get rid of the admitted evils of marriage may seem, it must be steadily kept in mind that the moment the matrimonial prop is knocked down, some other support must be put in its place, to avert a social collapse. Men and women will obey the law of nature. And no other system which has ever been suggested has been consistent with due regard for the safety of the female. Mrs. Mona Caird's plan of temporary marriage would fill the world with derelict females who were once blooming, but who, when their charms faded, were discarded

by husbands who wanted younger and fairer companions. What place would these Ariadnes fill in the social sphere?

The foundations of our civilization rest upon the family, the family upon marriage. It can not be changed. But that matrimony is falling off, there can be no question. It is declining in the States of the West, and even in this, one of the youngest and most vigorous of the sisterhood of the States. Legislators can do nothing for it. Nothing can be done by men. The remedy rests with the women of America, and with them alone. If they are amiable, fair to look upon, womanly, sensible, and companionable, men will be irresistibly attracted to them, and marriages will increase in number. If they are not, then marriages will decline.

Marriages appear to be declining.

During the campaign of last year, one of the favorite slogans of the West was the cry for "more money," for "more money per capita." The unerring statistics of the government, compiled since 1860, show that never before was the per capita money so large as in 1892. In 1860, the last year of the Democratic administration of President Buchanan, the circulation, per capita, 1860, was only \$14.98; in 1870, it rose to \$17.50; in 1880, to \$19.41. During the Republican administration of President Arthur, it reached \$22.65 in 1884. The last year of the Democratic administration of President Cleveland, 1888, it advanced to \$22.88. It had fallen, 1886, to \$21.81. Under the Republican administration of President Harrison, and with protection, it increased to \$23.41 in 1891 and to \$24.47 in 1892—the highest circulation, per capita, ever known in the United States; \$9.19 above the per capita of 1860, under Democratic administration, with the low ad valorem tariff which proved inadequate to provide for necessary expenses of the economically administered government, which was charged with a public debt of less than \$15,000,000 and a pension list below one and a quarter millions. Yet the millions of voters, among them multitudes of naturalized aliens, changed the popular verdict to tariff reform and free trade. Many of these alien voters are enjoying higher wages and seeing more money "per capita" than they ever did in their European homes. If the Democratic administration gives them free trade, they will have a taste of their former European conditions.

The florid Gothic in which our New York correspondent this week describes the opening of the Waldorf Hotel at New York naturally revives comparisons between home life and hotel life. Our correspondent intimates that a New Yorker can live even in such a splendid palace as the Waldorf for less money than it would cost him to live in a bouse of his own, though, in the former, he would enjoy luxuries which no private house can offer. Under such circumstances, why not gregarize and flock under one roof? If the rich can add to their comforts by clubbing together in a mansion which compares with the Escorial, men of modest incomes can surely accomplish the same end by combining their forces under a less pretentious shelter; and if both can thus best secure the joys of domestic life, the city of the future will count its roof-trees not by the thousand but by the dozen.

There is no denying the proposition that the larger the scale on which human wants are purveyed, the better and the more cheaply will the work be done. Twelve men, dining together, can get a better dinner than each of the twelve could, dining separately, for the same money; the roof which will shelter one will shelter four; the light, heat, water, and enjoyment for the eye which one man of the day requires would suffice for half a dozen. Therefore, up to a certain point, the cost of living will diminish in proportion to the number who have to be provided for; and out of the saving thus effected, luxuries and decorations may be supplied which are beyond the reach of an individual purse. It is on this theory that clubs are established. A man expects to get at his club a *cuisine*, a reading-room, a billiard-room, and luxuries in the way of fine furniture, pictures, and attendance, which he could not think of providing in his own house unless he were a millionaire. The question which is now attracting public attention is how far can the practice be carried? Can the coöperative system, which is said to have revolutionized the retail trade of England, and of which a remarkable example is exhibited at Salt Lake City, be extended as far as Bellamy extends it in "Looking Backward"?

The problem is not wholly speculative. It has practical aspects. If people—as a rule—are going to live in hotels in the future, we are building too many private houses and too few caravansaries. The unions in the building trades are able to maintain exorbitant rates of wages, because certain capitalists devote their means to erecting block after block of two-story residences, or of larger houses, which are divided into flats. If aggregations of people are going to live under one roof, these buildings will not be worth anything like

what they cost. Agaio, the first step which a man takes when he makes a little money is to buy him a home for five thousand dollars, or eight thousand dollars, or ten thousand dollars, according to his means. If, a few years hence, his friends all decide to remove their household gods to a thousand-room house on the avenue, replete with every modern comfort and luxury, to whom is he going to sell his home?

It will be said that people, as a rule, will not exchange the comforts of a home for the turmoil of hotel life. It is not certain how a plebiscite on that question would result. Some who have lived for many years at hotels do not find any turmoil there. They are as much alone in their hotel room when they have turned the key as if they occupied a house in the centre of a forty-acre lot. Bachelors have been heard to declare that they like hotel life because of the privacy it affords. It certainly offers a free choice between association with one's kind in the corridors and public rooms and perfect isolation in the chambers for which the guest pays. The occupant of a house can not escape some companionship with his neighbors; but the occupant of a hotel room need not know or speak to any one else in the house.

This is a question which men must not decide from the standpoint of their own inclinations. Women and children must be considered. A well-bred man has no home; he boards and lodges in a house for which he pays, but which his wife owns and controls. What do the ladies think of the prospect of gregarianism? It commends itself to their approval by relieving them from the task of housekeeping; but it takes away from them the empire which they sway over a bousehold. A lady who lives at a hotel has her own time at command, but she is not by any means so important a personage as the mistress of a well-kept house who can dispense a large and generous hospitality. A hotel guest is, after all, nothing but a waif and estray.

Again, the children must be thought of, and on this head the arguments are all one way. A child in a hotel is a bull in a china shop. It is uncomfortable, and makes every one else uncomfortable. It must always be well dressed, and children bate their best clothes. It must always be clean, and children love dirt. The joy of a spirited child is to break things; in a hotel, things must not be broken. Many children cry, not always from bad temper, but from low spirits and bodily discomforts which they can not explain; crying is against the law in well-kept hotels. Country hotels where children are expected are provided with grounds where they can play in the fresh air; city hotels have no such convenience, and the racing, and leaping, and playing, and tumbling which are essential to the development of a child's body and mind are impossible. If the controversy between home life and hotel life were submitted to a plebiscite at which children could vote, nothing but a return to life of the good King Herod would enable the partisans of hotels to win the day.

There is certainly a glaring inconsistency in the attitude of President Cleveland, if, as is announced, he is or contemplates being an aspirant for a third term of the Presidency. His announcement, also, that he will not appoint persons who held office under him before to positions during his present administration, is diametrically antagonistic to the principles embodied in the civil-service law. The core of that law contemplates that the incumbent of an office, who has proved himself competent and has performed his duties faithfully, shall not be disturbed for political reasons. It would seem to follow as a natural corollary that the fact of one having filled an official position with faithfulness and efficiency should not constitute a bar to his reappointment, but, on the contrary, it should prove a recommendation. Evidently the people were of this opinion when they reelected Mr. Cleveland himself to his present term. And it is just possible that, if his followers had been aware that he entertained and intended to carry out these sentiments, he would not have been given the opportunity of doing so. But Mr. Cleveland presumably believes that the principle governing the subordinate offices of the government does not apply to him. If he is honest in the belief that there is anything inherently wrong in a person seeking and obtaining a position under the government who has before been an incumbent of office, or that a former incumbency of office renders him unfit for reinstatement, he should, to be consistent, himself set the example by declining to hold office, unless he desires to publish to the world that he alone is the immaculate one of his party, standing alone on the pinnacle of super-excellence, in which case he would doubtless also enjoy the solitary grandeur of being alone in the possession of these opinions. The writer would not be understood as specially advocating the civil-service law. The success of all political parties is supposed to be founded upon the policies, foreign and domestic, that they set forth and promulgate in their platforms. The people, in conferring power upon a party by their suffrages, evidently desire that it shall fulfill the pledges made

in their declaration of principles; but if the rank and file of the subordinate office-holders, entertaining opposite political opinions, are to be retained in office simply because they are honest and capable, it is doubtful if they would not constitute a serious obstacle in inaugurating and carrying out such policies. Surely no man in private life would retain a person in his employ whose feelings and opinions were opposed to his methods of doing business. The attributes of honesty and competency are as applicable to one party as to another. Many citizens still hold to the belief that the political tenet proclaimed by General Jackson is the true one after all: "To the victors belong the spoils." It is the rank and file who win the victories and who are the main factors in the administration of this government of ours. Many of the most important offices are held by men who contribute but little service on the day of battle. And many of them are too dignified even to go to the polls on the day of election, but most of them are prompt in claiming front seats at the table of the banquet that follows the victory.

A new interest in the gold-mines of California has been awakened through the heavy fall in silver, the recent enormous shipments of gold to Europe, and the consequent hoarding of the precious metal by those who hope to profit by a sudden rise in the gold market. There is no doubt that our production of gold is not half what it should be. Where we produced ten millions of dollars in gold in 1892, the output should have been at least twenty-five millions of dollars. The wealth product of our State has been reduced ten millions of dollars a year for ten years past through the shutting down of the hydraulic mines. The hydraulic miners will probably be enabled to resume operations, without opposition from the farmers, under the Caminetti bill, but only after waiting two years and the expenditure of large sums in the construction of dams and other costly pieces of engineering. In the meantime, there are other rich mining properties not coming under the injunction imposed by the Federal courts on the hydraulic miners; these should be developed and made to yield their treasures of gold to the profit of their owners and the benefit of the community. Throughout the high Sierras, in Plumas, Sierra, Butte, Yuba, Nevada, Placer, El Dorado, Amador, Calaveras, and Tuolumne Counties, in the lava-capped beds of prehistoric rivers, there are untold millions of gold stored away. These ancient channels have yielded to the drift-miners from one hundred to one thousand dollars in gold per linear foot of channel worked, and it is estimated that there are hundreds of miles of such paying gravel still virgin, waiting only the touch of man to yield their treasures of millions and millions of dollars. The mines now in operation are paying handsomely, the annual output of gold from Placer County alone having amounted to one million dollars for several years past. It is a splendid field for investment, and one that will not long remain open.

A discussion has recently broken out in the trade journals as to the respective values of dailies and weeklies as advertising mediums. It has been caused by the rapid decline of the weekly editions of dailies. A number of the leading dailies in the East have discontinued their weekly editions, and one St. Louis paper has changed its weekly to a semi-weekly, and now gives the subscribers one hundred and four copies of this more or less valuable journal for fifty cents a year. There can be no doubt that the doom of these weekly editions is sealed. People do not care to read collections of stale news pitchforked out of the daily editions, and jumbled up with some "agricultural notes" about how to kill the phylloxera on rutabagas. They have ceased to read these weekly editions. Only the advertisers, attracted by the enormous circulation claimed, have remained faithful. Even they are beginning to find "no results," and are dropping out. Discussing these facts, a writer in the *National Advertiser* says:

"But there is a large class of weekly publications, however, to which this condition does not apply. I allude to such publications as represent and appeal to a particular class of people. These publications certainly have not suffered any decline, but manifest great vigor, and show a generally healthy enterprise in pushing their circulation and maintaining their lead. I believe that advertising space in this class of publication is more valuable to-day than ever before in the history of the country, and that better returns will be realized from money invested in them as a whole than in any other mediums for general advertisers. I believe that profitable advertising is done in the main by mediums which reach thinking families who take these papers on account of the confidence they have in them, and who do not buy them simply to glance over the news and throw them away. Obviously, an advertisement which is not read does no good, and a large proportion of daily papers are only partially read before they make way for their successors. The paper that is read from end to end is the sheet anchor of profitable advertising."

These remarks are eminently sound. A good weekly paper is the best medium for advertising. Every man knows that he skims over a daily, at breakfast or on a street-car. He never reads it through. But his favorite weekly is

mentally laid aside for an hour of leisure, and then he reads it, and reads it through.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor, late of New York, but now of London, is filling the public eye. When Mr. Astor went to London, he succeeded in securing as a residence the house formerly occupied by a noble lord, and Mr. Astor's soul was filled with joy. The next move that this expatriated American made was to purchase a daily newspaper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and turn it into a Tory organ. This sudden flop from Liberalism was so distasteful to the staff that they resigned in a body. It is rather curious that an American should be more loyal to church and crown in England than the Britons themselves. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is now a faithful sycophant, and daily is suffused with patriotic enthusiasm for the throne. The former staff of writers on the *Pall Mall Gazette* are now conducting a daily called the *Westminster Gazette*, in which the views of English Liberals are set forth.

But Mr. Astor (of London) is not content with being the owner of a loyal British newspaper. He yearns for higher things. He is about to publish a monthly periodical, to be called the *Pall Mall Magazine*. This is to be excessively swell, and is designed to supersede the American magazines now circulating in Great Britain. *Harper's* and the *Century*, which have large circulations on the other side, will have to take a back seat when the *Pall Mall Magazine* makes its appearance. This may seem doubtful to the American reader; but incredulity must be dismissed when Mr. Astor's plan is examined. It is simple—as are the plans of all great men. Mr. Astor's idea is that the American magazines are distinctly plebeian. No member of the peerage or baronetage ever contributes to them. With the *Pall Mall Magazine*, it will be different. Mr. Astor expects to draw all of his literary matter from the loftiest sources. Even royalty, it is whispered, may figure in the pages of the American millionaire's magazine. No person below the rank of baronet will be allowed to appear in its pages. City knights—worthy haberdashers and dry-salters who have won title through the lord mayor's office—will be tabooed. Peers' daughters who have married commoners (if wealthy), may be admitted. The commoner's name, however, will be bracketed, thus: "Heart Sighs. By Lady Gwendolen (Jones)."

We think the plan an admirable one. We beg to tender to Mr. Astor (of London) the following suggestions, which are in line with his original plan. There are three peeresses in Great Britain whose names are on all men's lips, and whose lips have been on a great many men's. Perhaps they will be better known by their "maiden" names, if we may use that term—Miss Dollie Tester, Miss Belle Bilton, and Miss Connie Gilchrist. These three ladies—now the Marchioness of Aylesbury, the Countess of Clancarty, and the Countess of Orkney, respectively—might contribute a most interesting symposium to be entitled "Be'ind the Scenes at a Music 'All."

Another peeress—the Dowager Duchess of Montrose—is the venerable lady who runs race-horses under the name of "Mr. Manton." This noble lady always goes clad in scarlet, from bonnet to boots. She married, not long ago, a young and deserving book-maker. Aside from an abnormal thirst for gin-and-water, she is said to be a most worthy person. "Recollections of the Race-Track," by the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, would be a great card for Mr. Astor's magazine.

What might be made a most striking feature, however, would be the autobiographical divorce papers. Lord and Lady Howard de Walden have just had a little set-to in the English courts, and the noble lord accuses his lady of infidelity, mentioning the names of three co-respondents. "Why we got our Divorce," by Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, would be timely and interesting, while the secret causes of the divorce between Lord and Lady Colin Campbell, set forth by Lady Colin, who is a brilliant writer, would be widely read.

But it is useless to go on. Many names will occur to Mr. Astor. Mrs. Blair, now the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, who traveled through the United States as the *chère amie* of the Duke of Sutherland while the duchess was alive, might contribute an article, to be called "Impressions of a Brevet Duchess." Miss Bessie Bellwood, late of the Alhambra Music Hall, supported in idleness for several years the gentleman familiarly known as "Kim," later Lord Mandeville, now the Duke of Manchester. A little sketch from her, called "What it Costs to Keep a Peer," would excite much interest.

But the crowning feat, from an editorial point of view, would be to obtain from a certain exalted Personage the facts in the affair at Tranby-Croft. If the *Pall Mall Magazine* can only secure for its first number an article to be called "What I Know about that Baccarat Snap," by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, its success is assured, and we extend in advance our warmest congratulations to Mr. Astor (of London).

THE CAVE OF THE ECHOES.

From the Posthumous Papers of the late Mme. Blavatsky.

In one of the distant governments of the Russian Empire, in a small town on the borders of Siberia, a mysterious tragedy occurred more than thirty years ago. About six versts from the little town of P—, famous for the wild beauty of its scenery and for the wealth of its inhabitants—generally proprietors of mines and of iron-foundries—stood an aristocratic mansion. Its household consisted of the master—a rich old bachelor—and his brother, who was a widower and the father of two sons and three daughters.

It was known that the proprietor, Mr. Izvertzoff, had adopted his brother's children, and, having formed an especial attachment for his eldest nephew, Nicolas, he had made him the sole heir of his numerous estates.

Time rolled on. The uncle was getting old, the nephew was coming of age. Days and years had passed in monotonous serenity, when, on the hitherto clear horizon of the quiet family appeared a cloud. On an unlucky day one of the nieces took it into her head to study the zither. The instrument being of purely Teutonic origin, and no teacher of it residing in the neighborhood, the indulgent uncle sent to St. Petersburg for both. After diligent search, only one professor could be found willing to trust himself in such close proximity to Siberia. It was an old German artist, who, sharing his affections equally between his instrument and a pretty blonde daughter, would part with neither. And thus it came to pass that, one fine morning, the old professor arrived at the mansion, with his music-box under one arm and his fair München leaning on the other.

From that day the little cloud began growing rapidly: for every vibration of the melodious instrument found a responsive echo in the old bachelor's heart. Music awakens love, they say, and the work begun by the zither was completed by München's blue eyes. At the expiration of six months, the niece had become an expert zither-player, and the uncle was desperately in love.

One morning, gathering his adopted family around him, he embraced them all very tenderly, promised to remember them in his will, and wound up by declaring his unalterable resolution to marry the blue-eyed München. After this, he fell upon their necks, and wept in silent rapture. The family, understanding that they were cheated out of the inheritance, also wept; but it was for another cause. Having thus wept, they consoled themselves and tried to rejoice, for the old gentleman was sincerely beloved by all. Not all of them rejoiced, though. Nicolas, who had himself been desperately smitten by the pretty German, and who found himself defrauded at once of his belle and of his uncle's money, neither rejoiced nor consoled himself, but disappeared for a whole day.

Meanwhile, Mr. Izvertzoff had given orders to prepare his traveling carriage on the following day, and it was whispered that he was going to the chief town of the district, at some distance from his home, with the intention of altering his will. Though very wealthy, he had no superintendent on his estate, but kept his books himself. The same evening after supper, he was beard in his room, angrily scolding his servant, who had been in his service for over thirty years. This man, Ivan, was a native of Northern Asia, from Kamschatka; he had been brought up by the family in the Christian religion, and was thought to be very much attached to his master. A few days later, when the first tragic circumstance I am about to relate had brought all the police force to the spot, it was remembered that on that night Ivan was drunk; that his master, who had a horror of this vice, had paternally thrashed him, and turned him out of his room, and that Ivan had been seen reeling out of the door, and had been heard to mutter threats.

On the vast domain of Mr. Izvertzoff there was a curious cavern, which excited the curiosity of all who visited it. It exists to this day, and is well known to every inhabitant of P—. A pine forest, commencing a few feet from the garden-gate, climbs in steep terraces up a long range of rocky hills, which it covers with a broad belt of impenetrable vegetation. The grotto leading into the cavern, which is known as the "Cave of the Echoes," is situated about half a mile from the site of the mansion, from which it appears as a small excavation in the hill-side, almost bidden by luxuriant plants, but not so completely as to prevent any person entering it from being readily seen from the terrace in front of the house. Entering the grotto, the explorer finds at the rear a narrow cleft; having passed through which he emerges into a lofty cavern, feebly lighted through fissures in the vaulted roof, fifty feet from the ground. The cavern itself is immense, and would easily hold between two and three thousand people. A part of it, in the days of Mr. Izvertzoff, was paved with flagstones, and was often used in the summer as a ball-room by picnic parties. Of an irregular oval, it gradually narrows into a broad corridor, which runs for several miles underground, opening here and there into other chambers, as large and lofty as the ball-room, but, unlike this, impassable otherwise than in a boat, as they are always full of water. These natural basins have the reputation of being unfathomable.

On the margin of the first of these is a small platform, with several mossy rustic seats arranged on it, and it is from this spot that the phenomenal echoes, which give the cavern its name, are heard in all their weirdness. A word pronounced in a whisper, or even a sigh, is caught up by endless mocking voices, and instead of diminishing in volume, as honest echoes do, the sound grows louder and louder at every successive repetition, until at last it bursts forth like the reverberation of a pistol shot, and recedes in a plaintive wail down the corridor.

On the day in question, Mr. Izvertzoff had mentioned his intention of having a dancing-party in this cave on his wedding day, which he had fixed for an early date. On the following morning, while preparing for his drive, he was seen by his family entering the grotto, accompanied only by his

Siberian servant. Half an hour later, Ivan returned to the mansion for a snuff-box, which his master had forgotten in his room, and went back with it to the cave. An hour later the whole house was startled by his loud cries. Pale and dripping with water, Ivan rushed in like a madman, and declared that Mr. Izvertzoff was nowhere to be found in the cave. Thinking he had fallen into the lake, he had dived into the first basin in search of him and was nearly drowned himself.

The day passed in vain attempts to find the body. The police filled the house, and louder than the rest in his despair was Nicolas, the nephew, who had returned home only to meet the sad tidings.

A dark suspicion fell upon Ivan, the Siberian. He had been struck by his master the night before, and had been heard to swear revenge. He had accompanied him alone to the cave, and when his room was searched, a box full of rich family jewelry, known to have been carefully kept in Mr. Izvertzoff's apartment, was found under Ivan's bedding. Vainly did the serf call God to witness that the box had been given to him in charge by his master himself, just before they proceeded to the cave; that it was the latter's purpose to have the jewelry reset, as he intended it for a wedding present to his bride; and that he, Ivan, would willingly give his own life to recall that of his master's, if he knew him to be dead. No heed was paid to him, however, and he was arrested and thrown into prison upon a charge of murder. There he was left, for under the Russian law a criminal can not—at any rate, he could not in those days—be sentenced for a crime, however conclusive the circumstantial evidence, unless he confessed his guilt.

After a week had passed in useless search, the family arrayed themselves in deep mourning; and, as the will as originally drawn remained without a codicil, the whole of the property passed into the hands of the nephew. The old teacher and his daughter bore this sudden reverse of fortune with true Germanic phlegm, and prepared to depart. Taking again his zither under one arm, the old man was about to lead away his München by the other, when the nephew stopped him by offering himself as the fair damsel's husband in the place of his departed uncle. The change was found to be an agreeable one, and, without much ado, the young people were married.

* * * * *

Ten years rolled away, and we meet the happy family once more at the beginning of 1859. The fair München had grown fat and vulgar. From the day of the old man's disappearance, Nicolas had become morose and retired in his habits, and many wondered at the change in him, for now he was never seen to smile. It seemed as if his only aim in life were to find out his uncle's murderer, or, rather, to bring Ivan to confess his guilt. But the man still persisted that he was innocent.

An only son had been born to the young couple, and a strange child it was. Small, delicate, and ever ailing, his frail life seemed to hang by a thread. When his features were in repose, his resemblance to his uncle was so striking that the members of the family often shrank from him in terror. It was the pale, shriveled face of a man of sixty upon the shoulders of a child nine years old. He was never seen either to laugh or to play, but, perched in his high-chair, would gravely sit there, folding his arms in a way peculiar to the late Mr. Izvertzoff, and thus he would remain for hours, drowsy and motionless. His nurses were often seen furtively crossing themselves at night upon approaching him, and not one of them would consent to sleep alone with him in the nursery. His father's behavior toward him was still more strange. He seemed to love him passionately, and, at the same time, to hate him bitterly. He seldom embraced or caressed the child, but, with livid cheek and staring eye, he would pass long hours watching him, as the child sat quietly in his corner, in his goblin-like, old-fashioned way.

The child had never left the estate, and few outside the family knew of his existence.

About the middle of July, a tall Hungarian traveler, preceded by a great reputation for eccentricity, wealth, and mysterious powers, arrived at the town of P— from the north, where, it was said, he had resided for many years. He settled in the little town, in company with a Shaman, or South Siberian magician, on whom he was said to make mesmeric experiments. He gave dinners and parties, and invariably exhibited his Shaman, of whom he felt very proud, for the amusement of his guests. One day the notables of P— made an unexpected invasion of the domains of Nicolas Izvertzoff, and requested the loan of his cave for an evening entertainment. Nicolas consented with great reluctance, and only after still greater hesitancy was prevailed upon to join the party.

The first cavern and the platform beside the bottomless lake glittered with lights. Hundreds of flickering candles and torches, stuck in the clefts of the rocks, illuminated the place and drove the shadows from the mossy nooks and corners, where they had crouched undisturbed for many years. The stalactites on the walls sparkled brightly, and the sleeping echoes were suddenly awakened by a joyous confusion of laughter and conversation. The Shaman, who was never lost sight of by his friend and patron, sat in a corner, entranced as usual. Crouched on a projecting rock, about midway between the entrance and the water, with his lemon-yellow, wrinkled face, flat nose, and thin beard, he looked more like an ugly stone idol than a human being. Many of the company pressed around him and received correct answers to their questions, the Hungarian cheerfully submitting his mesmerized "subject" to cross-examination.

Suddenly one of the party, a lady, remarked that it was in that very cave that old Mr. Izvertzoff had so unaccountably disappeared ten years before. The foreigner appeared interested, and desired to learn more of the circumstances, so Nicolas was sought amid the crowd and led before the eager group. He was the host, and he found it impossible to refuse the demanded narrative. He repeated the sad tale in a trembling voice, with a pallid cheek, and tears were

seen glittering in his feverish eyes. The company were greatly affected, and encomiums upon the behavior of the loving nephew in honoring the memory of his uncle and benefactor were freely circulating in whispers, when suddenly the voice of Nicolas became choked, his eyes started from their sockets, and, with a suppressed groan, he staggered back. Every eye in the crowd followed with curiosity his haggard look, as it fell and remained riveted upon a weakened little face that peeped from behind the back of the Hungarian.

"Where do you come from? Who brought you here, child?" gasped out Nicolas, as pale as death.

"I was in bed, papa; this man came to me, and brought me here in his arms," answered the boy simply, pointing to the Shaman, beside whom he stood upon the rock, and who, with eyes closed, kept swaying himself to and fro like a living pendulum.

"That is very strange," remarked one of the guests, "for the man has never moved from his place."

"Good God! what an extraordinary resemblance!" muttered an old resident of the town, a friend of the lost man.

"You lie, child!" fiercely exclaimed the father; "go to bed; this is no place for you."

"Come, come," interposed the Hungarian, with a strange expression on his face, and encircling with his arms the slender, childish figure; "the little fellow has seen the astral form, or double, of my Shaman, which roams sometimes far away from his body, and has mistaken the phantom for the man himself. Let him remain with us for a while."

At these strange words the guests stared at each other in mute surprise, while some piously made the sign of the cross, spitting aside, presumably at the devil and all his works.

"By the bye," continued the Hungarian, with a peculiar firmness of accent, and addressing the company rather than any one in particular, "why should we not try, with the help of my Shaman, to unravel the mystery hanging over the tragedy? Is the suspected party still lying in prison? What! he has not confessed up to now? This is surely very strange. But now we will learn the truth in a few minutes. Let all keep silent!"

He then approached the Tehuktchene, and immediately began his performance without so much as asking the consent of the master of the place. The latter stood rooted to the spot, as if petrified with horror, and unable to articulate a word. The suggestion met with general approbation, save from him; and the police inspector, Colonel Salnoff, especially approved of the idea.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the mesmerizer in soft tones, "allow me for this once to proceed otherwise than in my general fashion. I will employ the method of native magic. It is more appropriate to this wild place, and far more effective, as you will find, than our European method of mesmerization."

Without waiting for an answer, he drew from a bag that never left his person, first a small drum, and then two little phials—one full of fluid, the other empty. With the contents of the former he sprinkled the Shaman, who fell to trembling and nodding more violently than ever. The air was filled with the perfume of spicy odors, and the atmosphere itself seemed to become clearer. Then, to the horror of those present, he approached the Tibetan, and, taking a miniature stiletto from his pocket, he plunged the sharp steel into the man's forearm and drew blood from it, which he caught in the empty phial. When it was half filled, he pressed the orifice of the wound with his thumb, and stopped the flow of blood as easily as if he had corked a bottle, after which he sprinkled the blood over the little boy's head. He then suspended the drum from his neck, and, with two ivory drum-sticks, which were covered with magic signs and letters, he began beating a sort of reveille, to drum up the spirits, as he said.

The by-standers, half-shocked and half-terrified by these extraordinary proceedings, eagerly crowded round him, and for a few moments a dead silence reigned throughout the lofty cavern. Nicolas, with his face livid and corpse-like, stood speechless as before. The mesmerizer had placed himself between the Shaman and the platform when he began slowly drumming. The first notes were muffled, and vibrated so softly in the air that they awakened no echo, but the Shaman quickened his pendulum-like motion and the child became restless. The drummer then began a slow chant, low, impressive, and solemn.

As the unknown words issued from his lips, the flames of the candles and torches wavered and flickered, until they began dancing in rhythm with the chant. A cold wind came moaning from the dark corridors beyond the water, leaving a plaintive echo in its trail. Then a sort of nebulous vapor, seeming to ooze from the rocky ground and walls, gathered about the Shaman and the boy. Around the latter, the aura was silvery and transparent, but the cloud which enveloped the former was red and sinister. Approaching nearer to the platform, the magician beat a louder roll upon the drum, and this time the echo caught it up with terrific effect. It reverberated near and far in incessant peals; one wail followed another, louder and louder, until the thundering roar seemed the chorus of a thousand demon voices rising from the fathomless depths of the lake. The water itself, whose surface, illuminated by many lights, had previously been smooth as a sheet of glass, became suddenly agitated, as if a powerful gust of wind had swept over its unruffled face.

Another chant, and a roll of the drum, and the mountain trembled to its foundation with the cannon-like peals which rolled through the dark and distant corridors. The Shaman's body rose two yards in the air, and nodding and swaying, sat, self-suspended like an apparition. But the transformation which now occurred in the boy chilled every one, as they speechlessly watched the scene. The silvery cloud about the boy now seemed to lift him, too, into the air; but, unlike the Shaman, his feet never left the ground. The child began to grow, as though the work of years was mirac-

ulously accomplished in a few seconds. He became tall and large, and his senile features grew older with the ageing of his body. A few more seconds and the youthful form had entirely disappeared. It was totally absorbed in another individuality, and, to the horror of those present who had been familiar with his appearance, this individuality was that of old Mr. Izvertzoff, and on his temple was a large gaping wound, from which trickled great drops of blood.

This phantom moved toward Nicolas till it stood directly in front of him, while he, with hair erect, gazed with the look of a madman at his own son, transformed into his uncle. The sepulchral silence was broken by the Hungarian, who, addressing the child phantom, asked him, in solemn voice:

"In the name of the great Master, of Him who has all power, answer the truth, and nothing but the truth. Restless spirit, has thou been lost by accident or foully murdered?"

The spectre's lips moved; but it was the echo which answered for them in lugubrious shouts: "Murdered! murdered! murdered!"

"Where? How? By whom?" asked the conjurer.

The apparition pointed a finger at Nicolas, and, without removing its gaze or lowering its arm, retreated backward slowly toward the lake. At every step it took, the younger Izvertzoff, as if compelled by some irresistible fascination, advanced a step toward it, until the phantom reached the lake, and the next moment was seen gliding on its surface. was a ghostly scene.

When he had come within two steps of the brink of the watery abyss, a violent convulsion ran through the frame of the guilty man. Flinging himself upon his knees, he clung to one of the rustic seats with a desperate clutch, and, staring wildly, uttered a long, piercing cry of agony. The phantom now remained motionless on the water, and, hending its extended finger, slowly beckoned him to come. Crouched in abject terror, the wretched man shrieked until the cavern rang again and again: "I did not— No, I did not murder you!"

Then came a splash, and now it was the hoy who was in the dark water, struggling for his life in the middle of the lake, with the same motionless, stern apparition brooding over him.

"Papa! papa! Save me! I am drowning!" cried a piteous little voice amid the uproar of the mocking echoes.

"My hoy!" shrieked Nicolas, in the accents of a maniac, springing to his feet. "My hoy! Save him! Oh, save him! Yes, I confess. I am the murderer. It is I who killed him!"

Another splash and the phantom disappeared. With a cry of horror the company rushed toward the platform; but their feet were suddenly rooted to the ground, as they saw amid the swirling eddies a pallid, shapeless mass holding the murderer and the hoy in tight embrace and slowly sinking into the bottomless lake.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.

A PALATIAL HOSTELRY.

"Flaneur" describes the Hotel built by William Waldorf Astor.

The largest post-Lenten gathering of the Four Hundred was at the opening of the new Waldorf Hotel. Whether the hotel was built near her residence to spite Mrs. William Astor, as gossip said at the time the foundation was laid, or whether it was merely a freak of a millionaire bent on showing what Americans could do in the way of hotel architecture, it is certainly not only the grandest hotel in the world, but there is no royal palace which can compare with it, unless it be the Escorial. It stands on the Astor block, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Third Street, and covers about one-third of the block. The main building is ten stories high, and in a mansard extension skyward, room has been found for three stories more.

The glories of the interior are such as kings and queens have longed for and have never realized. Every room seems to have been the special study of a master of the art of decoration, and the eye wears of splendors as one passes from reception-rooms and dining-rooms, frescoed and decorated by the leading artists of the day, to rooms of tapestries and paintings and wood carvings, objects of marble, onyx, and mosaic, of quaint and rich pieces of furniture, and of priceless bibelots. The visitor at the opening passed from a Louis Quinze room to a Venetian room, from the latter to a Moorish room, each accurate even in the minutest detail, and in each, palms and ferns, roses and violets were piled loosely on tables and mantels.

The suite of apartments designed for distinguished guests is such as no living monarch ever saw. They are sombre, with heavy tapestries on the walls. The furniture is of dark wood, with heavy, rich hangings. The bed, which stands on a dais, is heavy, dark, and canopied, and near it is a *prie-dieu* so inviting that it might tempt the most hardened agnostic to offer his orisons.

Near this is a smoking-room, where the victim of the weed lounges on Moorish divans, set against Moorish tapestries, and contemplates between the whiffs of his cigar the Moorish armor which hangs on the walls. To make the illusion complete, the room opens into a garden-court, in the centre of which a fountain plays; the water falls into a marble basin whose floor has been carved into stony semblances of sea-spiders and other uncouth marine monsters.

The hall-room is frescoed in the manner of Bouguereau, and, by the light which is sifted through the stained-glass windows, the girls of the period may compare their charms with those of the ideal nymphs of art.

The wine-room is of rich, dark old oak, with windows of strips of white glass, among which jewels are strewn. Out of the walls at intervals jut gargoyles—queer old German peasants, who seem to be trying to creep in to get a drink.

On a deep frieze are seen regiments of mediæval German soldiers, in slashed doublet and hose, long, pointed shoes, and wide hats, with long, curled feathers. Some of them are drinking beer out of mugs, others are girding their loins for parade. The chandeliers are all decorative; one of them represents a pretty Mädchen offering the visitor a glass of beer.

A ladies' drawing-room is the Marie Antoinette room, all in pink, and blue, and white, and gold. It is lit by electricity, but the jets are so managed that they resemble wax-candles. The grand piano is gilt all over, and on the legs are little Cupids, singing with all their might from gilt manuscript.

The main dining-room is serious in tone, as becomes a chamber wherein a serious function is to be performed. The hangings are dark green and pale yellow, the pillars green marble, and the walls mahogany. But this room is for the public at large; for the Astor family and the rest of the aristocracy, a separate dining-hall has been provided. The floor appears to be of one piece of wood, on which a russet-red rug has been laid. The walls are hidden by paintings of game-birds and deer in flight. On the table, a priceless dinner service, with Bohemian wine-cups, all marked with the letter W., struggled into sight through masses of orchids and feathery greens, while a massive chandelier shed a soft radiance over all.

To inspect these splendors, New Yorkers paid five dollars a ticket on the opening night. Besides the show, the ticket-holders listened to an exquisite concert by Damrosch's band, and enjoyed a sumptuous supper, which was furnished by Mr. Boldt, who is to manage the new house. It is understood that fifteen hundred tickets were sold. The money goes to the aid of the St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children. Everybody came away dazzled—those who had spent their evening in inspecting the one thousand and thirty-two guest-chambers, as well as they who had concentrated their attention on the palatial splendors of the rooms of state. It is understood that many of the rooms have been taken at prices which will insure their monopoly by the kin of Cæsar and Plutus.

Of course it matters little to the owner whether the hotel is a success or not. William Waldorf Astor can throw away two or three millions on a fancy without curtailing his expenses. But it will be interesting to observe whether this country contains enough rich people to occupy a hotel which must be twice as expensive to live in as any other house of public entertainment in the country. It is about half a century since Mr. Astor's ancestor built the Astor House on a scale as far in advance of the taverns of that day as the Waldorf is of the Fifth Avenue. He was told that he was ahead of the times. "I don't know," the old man would say, in his slow, ponderous way; "I think there are a good many rich men in Ameriky; depend on it, there are more men who can afford to spend two dollars and a half a day for board and lodging than you suspect." The event proved that he was right. He never made much money out of the Astor House. When the drift of population set northward, it passed through seasons when the family had to draw checks to keep it afloat. But it has always been a respectable, well-kept house, where a traveler could get a good room, a clean bed, and a wholesome meal. When old Mr. Stetson had charge, it was the stamping-ground for some of the best men in the country—men like Daniel Webster, General Scott, and Thurlow Weed. Mr. Lincoln stayed there when he passed through New York on his way to the inauguration. It is still full of queer old rich bachelors, who hung their hats up in its hall forty years ago and have never moved. Old Mr. Marsh, of the Erie Railroad, who died worth two or three millions, and never had wife, chick, nor child, never would sleep under any other roof.

The prospect of the Waldorf will depend on its attracting a similar class of wealthy regular boarders. A wise old millionaire, who, being homeless, lives at a hotel, said that he did so for the sake of privacy. It is certain that a man with money can be more alone at a hotel than anywhere else. He can take his meals in his room if he chooses, or if it is understood by the head-waiter that he objects to society at his dinner, he can consume his food in the public dining-room without ever being spoken to. He can deny himself to visitors, and when the waiters understand that such is his fancy, they will protect him from intrusion, even by forgetting to deliver him cards. His life can be made very comfortable. The hotel proprietor will furnish his room and his table to suit him, and by ringing a bell, he can get almost anything in reason which he wants. Most men in hotels get along with two rooms; suppose the Waldorf Hotel charges him twelve or fifteen dollars a day for this accommodation, he is only paying one-third or one-fourth of what it would cost him to keep house. People are paying three or four hundred dollars a month for flats which are not paradises in any respect. A man died the other day who had lived thirty-odd years at the New York Hotel. Nobody knew anything about him except that his name was Jones, that he paid his bills regularly, and had no visitors. When he passed in his checks, the hotel clerks were astonished at the sudden apparition of a swarm of bank clerks and lawyers who asked breathlessly: "Is Mr. Jones dead?" On an indifferent affirmative reply, the retort came: "You seem to take it very coolly—do you know that he was worth ten millions?"

NEW YORK, March 25, 1893.

FLANEUR.

The fact that the Roman Senate officially congratulated Verdi on the successful production of "Falstaff" brings out the information that the composer is a member of that solemn and illustrious body. He has never attended a meeting, however, since he presented himself to take the oath of office many years ago.

The fourth centenary of the discovery of the New World was celebrated by the French Geographical Society on March 4th, that being the fourth centenary of the date the news of the discovery reached Europe.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lieutenant Diaz, son of the Mexican President, who is spending a few months in Washington, is studying not only the English language but the customs of society and government at the American capital.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is trying by a most methodical mode of life to see how much he can prolong his ripening years. Among other things he never rises in the morning until the temperature of his room is at just the right heat.

Professor E. E. Barnard, the discoverer of Jupiter's fifth satellite, has received the degree of Doctor of Sciences from Vanderbilt University. He was a student in that institution before going to the Lick Observatory, but did not complete his course.

It will be a grief to Cardinal Vaughan that he must forsake his beloved omnibus and descend to the dignity of a private hrougham. Yet such is the inexorable decree of the Vatican. No cardinal may go afoot; his rightful chariot is drawn by two horses in the Eternal City.

General Schuyler Hamilton, grandson of the first Secretary of the Treasury, is seventy-three years old. He lives at the Hotel Savoy, New York. He served through three wars, was shot several times, had his lungs pierced with a Mexican lance, and yet he is mentally alert and physically active.

Mascagni, the famous Italian composer, was the lion of Berlin during his recent visit to that capital. German papers say he signed his name for autograph-hunters more than one thousand times. He was invited to the greatest houses in the city, and was presented to the emperor and empress. His majesty conferred the decoration of the Order of the Crown, third class, upon him.

Paul B. du Chaillu has gone to the Arkansas Hot Springs in search of rest and recuperation. Between trains at St. Louis he told a reporter that he was weary of civilization, and that although it was very nice (the word is his own) to enjoy the luxuries of a large city, he was more contented in the wilds of Africa. The attraction lies, in his particular case, in the four thousand wives offered to him.

"I understand," said the cashier of a large New York stock exchange house, "that President Cleveland has made not less than half a million since he went out of office in stock alone. His most intimate friend, Mr. E. C. Benedict, is known to have made two or three millions of dollars out of the Chicago gas trust, and while Mr. Cleveland has not been a speculator, he has profited by inside information."

Mme. Patti is said to choose her servants for Craig-y-nos with an eye to their vocal powers rather than to their domestic attainments. The castle is always full of company, and as operatic performances in the theatre of the castle are of constant occurrence, Mme. Patti must recruit her troupe from the servants' hall. She pays them very large wages, and treats them as companions. The little opera-house costs her about fifty thousand dollars a year.

Since the production of "Falstaff," Verdi has received more than thirteen thousand letters and telegrams of congratulation. Of the first edition of the vocal score of the opera, fully fifteen thousand copies have been sold at a price of four dollars each, and as the composer is to get forty per cent. of the gross receipts, besides an equally large royalty for every performance of the opera, his bank account is likely to have a mushroom growth. The veteran composer passes his summers in farming. In the winter, he turns to musical composition.

There is a great deal of money in lecturing. Bill Nye gets one hundred dollars a night, and his lecture receipts amount to more than twenty thousand dollars a year. James Whitcomb Riley talks to such purpose that the words which fall from his lips are worth as much as the pearls which dropped from the mouth of the good little girl in the old fairy tale. Eugene Field has doubled his income since he has taken to reading his poems, and George Kennan has made in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars out of his talks about Siberia.

The *Illustrated London News* says: "A young American artist, Arthur J. Goodman, who has a studio in St. John's Wood, has attracted some attention by his works at various galleries. He was originally a lithographer in Cincinnati, which may account for his really remarkable cleverness as a pencil draughtsman. Poor Mat Morgan, who always had a knack of picking out talented youngsters, was his sponsor. Later he painted at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris, under Gérôme. He seems to be on the direct road to success in London. His wife, too, in her way, is an artist. She is a Californian, and a writer of ability, with a fine feeling for the picturesque." Mrs. Goodman was formerly Minnie Buchanan, of Marysville.

One of the most picturesque characters of Paris is an old gentleman of the name of Pomerol, who enjoys an almost national reputation for his treatment of sprains and muscular sickness, from which professional dancers are liable to suffer. There is not a ballerina, from Rosita Mauri to the most humble ballet *figurante*, who does not swear by him, and he has had among his patients men of note, such as the ex-minister of finance, M. Rouvier, and Paderewski, the pianist. He is, however, not qualified to practice as a doctor, and, accordingly, the Medical Association of Paris has resolved to prosecute him as a quack. Pomerol has made a fortune, and lives in great style in a house in the Champs-Élysées. He is in the same position as Pasteur, who, not being a qualified medical practitioner, can not legally operate, or even inoculate human creatures, although he is free to work his will upon dogs. Pomerol began his career by driving a hack. He subsequently became known as a horse-doctor, and he is now closing his career quietly and lucratively by drawing his sensitive hands—those of the consummate *masseur*—legs and arms of choreographic divinities.

"SUFFERIN' NATE."

Nate Preslo was, as he himself was wont to declare, "th' most patient an' long-sufferin' man on airth." It was Nate's way to be patient and long-suffering, just as it is some men's way to "fly off the hooks" and lose their tempers on the slightest provocation. Perhaps the latter way is more convenient, as saving one a vast amount of lacerated feelings and loss of pride, but Nate's way had the advantage of costing its owner fewer *post-mortem* regrets and fewer friends. True it is that Nate's friends were wont to impose on him much as other people did, but he didn't mind that—at least, they thought he didn't. And it was this supposition that led some of them into subsequent difficulty.

Nate was one of the principal characters and most important features of Manganese, where he lived. To be a principal character necessitates the possession of much spare time, and Nate had this essential qualification nearly every day in the week. When he didn't have it, he was at work, but this did not happen often. Nate was like Rip Van Winkle—always ready to take a drink, or to lend a hand for the benefit of some one else, but prone to shirk labor which might benefit himself and his family. So Mrs. Preslo sewed dresses and things, which was quite convenient for Nate, as it gave him more time to indulge his fancy for loafing.

Nate's loafing-places were the Exchange and Red Front saloons. These places were most convenient, being provided with plenty of chairs, and being the places most affected by citizens likely to set 'em up. Here Nate did most of his suffering, of whatever kind. It came mostly in the form of jokes, practical and of mouth, leveled at him by his fellow-citizens, and in these he took a sort of mournful pleasure, as being an indication of his popularity. It is a well-established fact that an unpopular man is seldom troubled by jokers.

Like most of his kind, Nate had a dog (not a yellow one, however, but a spaniel) to assist him in loafing, and it was Curly whose misfortunes led to Nate's final reformation.

One afternoon, as Nate was lazily holding forth to some of his cronies from his seat in the Exchange, there was a slight commotion on the street outside, and they went to the door to ascertain the cause. It was Curly. He had 'stopped in at the Red Front to look for Nate, and some of the crowd down there had proceeded to have fun with him by tying a tin-can to his tail. He was now coming up the street somewhat more rapidly than usual, and heading for the Exchange, as a possible place of refuge. Nate picked him up and carried him inside, where he removed the can. Then he sat quite still for a few moments, petting Curly, and quite unconscious of the laughing mob in the saloon, cracking fool-jokes at his and Curly's expense.

Suddenly he arose, and, without a glance at any one, strode out of the door. The crowd followed, wondering what he intended doing. Nate stopped a minute in front of the barber-shop to speak to Jim Calkins.

"Got a gun, Jim?"

"Yes."

"Gimme it, fr a few minutes."

"What ye goin' t' do, Nate?"

"Jim," answered Nate, slowly, but working his nails in and out of his palms very fast, "I'm goin' down t' lick th' brute th' put that can on th' pup—an' I want t' be fixed t' shoot back ef he makes a gun-play."

Jim handed him the desired six-shooter, and he went on down the street to the Red Front.

The jokers had gone inside, and were laughing as they waited at the bar for drinks.

"Hullo, Nate!" called Nosey Price, who was "buying." "Bring th' dog, an' come an' have a drink. Dooz he drink, too? I see 'im rushin' th' can jes' now."

Of course all the men laughed uproariously, but they stopped short at sight of Nate's uplifted band and blazing eyes.

"Hol' on, Nosey," said Nate, quietly; "I want t' know, first place, who tied that there can on th' pup's tail?"

The knot of drinkers at the bar looked at each other half-amusedly for a second or two, and then one asked, laughingly:

"Why, Nate?"

"Be-cause," answered Nate, "I jes' come down yere t' mark th' t' most patient an' long-sufferin' myself, but—"

Another laugh interrupted him, and then he went on:

"But I don't perpose no brute is goin' t' tease that dog o' mine, none whatever. Th' man th' done it is a dirty, sneakin' coward, an' I c'n lick 'im!"

They saw he was in earnest, and did not laugh. Bill Kiley, a big, raw-boned, ham-fisted "bad" man from High Pines, who stood at the further end of the bar, stepped forward.

"Wh-whad did ye say? he asked, surprisedly. "W'y, you half-grown sniveler—"

They were not quite sure how it happened; none of them had ever seen Nate lift his hand against a fellow-man, and they were totally unprepared for what happened. In scarce fifteen seconds, Nate, bleeding but triumphant, sat astride his antagonist, enthusiastically thumping him on the head with the butt of the prostrate Kiley's own revolver—which the latter had dropped somehow early in the argument—when the crowd interfered and dragged them apart.

After taking a couple of drinks and washing his face, Nate walked home, preceded by Curly, who seemed to feel that he had been thoroughly avenged, and acted like a callow pup in his satisfaction. Nate did not go down town again that day. He went into the house and surprised his wife by kissing her, after which he went out and split a most amazing amount of stove-wood, and in the evening he played with the children and "tinkered 'round."

Mrs. Preslo could not understand him. At first she feared he was going to be ill; but he looked quite healthy, barring a black eye and a bruised cheek. His wife inquired, after the children had gone to bed, if he had been hurt. Nate rose from his seat by the table and came over to where she sat.

"Letty," he said, straightening himself up and looking straight at her, "I'm th' most patient an' long-sufferin' man on airth, an' you're th' most patient an' long-sufferin' woman on airth—but, see yere, Letty Preslo, we hain't, n'r our kids hain't, n'r Curly hain't a-goin' t' do any more o' this fool-sufferin'. I've got sick an' tired of it, an' I jes' c'ncluded t' show folks I hain't a-goin' t' stan' no more of it." And he told her about the trouble that afternoon, and how he had made up his mind to stop "sufferin'" and do something more profitable and respectable.

* * * * *

Next morning, Nate did not go down-town until nine o'clock. Then he walked briskly down and called on 'Squire Field, who was a leading lawyer and politician. The 'squire was just looking over his letters when Nate came in, but something in the latter's face arrested his attention, and he stopped his work to learn what Nate wanted.

"'Squire," said Nate, earnestly, "th' city convention's two weeks I'm t' day, hain't it?"

"M-m, yes; so it is."

"Wall, 'squire, I want th' nomination fr city marshal."

The 'squire was amazed. "You, Nate? Why—"

"Hol' on, 'squire. I want t' tell ye, first off, th't I hain't 'Sufferin' Nate' no more. That's all over. I'm Nate Preslo, an' don't perpose t' do no more sufferin'. 'Squire, hain't I always be'n a good party man? an' worked hard ev'ry election? an' never asked fr nothin' mor'n a seat in conventions?"

"Yes, you have, Nate; but—see here, you know that we've got to have a strong candidate for marshal. The other fellows have beaten our nominee three times with Buckley—he's a strong candidate and a good officer."

"All right, 'squire; but I reckon I c'n make as strong a run as anybody in our crowd. Who've ye got th't c'n do better?"

The 'squire pondered. "Well, Ben Conant wants it—"

"Ben Conant's got one good job, 'squire. An' has he got more frien's 'n I have?"

"Well, you see, Nate, to be frank, there are a good many people who don't exactly approve of you. Now, there's something that the good folks would look dubious about—been fighting, Nate? I never knew you to."

Nate grinned. "That's th' b'ginnin' o' th' end o' my 'sufferin', 'squire." And he told him about it.

The 'squire tapped his teeth with his pencil for a few moments. "Nate," he said, at last, "keep mum, and come up this afternoon, about five o'clock."

That afternoon, the four or five gentlemen who guided the destinies of the party in Manganese held a star-chamber session in 'Squire Field's office. The 'squire informed them of Nate's morning visit and the conversation that had taken place; and, after some deliberation, it was decided that inasmuch as Nate had quit "sufferin'" and had resolved to "brace up," he should have the nomination he desired. They did not believe he could beat Charley Buckley, but they wanted to show their good-will by "slating" him, anyway.

* * * * *

To say that most people were surprised when Nate's nomination was announced, would be putting it mildly. But the astute politicians, who had had a couple of weeks to consider the matter, nodded their heads wisely, and were fully convinced that a much worse selection might have been made. Nate paid small attention to what people thought or said. He kept steadily at work at his temporary job in the brick-yards, and did his electioneering out of working hours.

Of course the "boys" had fun with him, and he took it all in good part; they did not go too far with him, however.

If people were surprised at Nate's nomination, they were dazed at his election. He carried the little city by a majority of over a hundred votes, much to the consternation of Mr. Buckley and his party.

There was, as is customary, an informal celebration at the Exchange and other resorts that night. Amid the congratulations and flow of spirits (of various kinds), Nate found and availed himself of an opportunity to outline his future policy.

"Boys," he said, "I'm mighty thankful an' glad ye've put me in; an' now I want t' say, an' ye may've seen, th't it'll be a right good scheme t' r'member th't I hain't 'Sufferin' Nate' no more—an' that'll save any an' all mis-understandin's. Hain't I right, Charlie?"

"You just bet!" responded the defeated Mr. Buckley, fervently, and his response was approved by nearly all present.

But many people are forgetful, and some are neglectful and skeptical, and no sooner had Nate been installed in office and donned his star (the mayor presented him with a new one at the next council meeting, when the officers-elect were sworn in) and strapped on his six-shooter, than trouble began.

Buckley had celebrated his retirement from office by getting too drunk to kick the clothes off the bed in which he was placed at an early hour, and Nate was called on to perform duty at once. A gang of six "bad" men from Georgetown, hearing of Nate's election and his induction into office, had come down to "do up" the town and make it uncomfortable for the new marshal, to whom they sent word that they would kill him if he interfered. They had a wholesome fear of Buckley, but "Sufferin' Nate"—

Nate left the council-room and walked over to the Double Eagle Saloon, where the six "bads" were. They were leaning against the bar and talking of "eating" the new marshal. Nate stepped inside and up to the end of the bar, very pale, but firm, and "covering" the whole line with his revolver.

"Boys," he remarked, as (with hands uplifted, of course) they stared at him, hardly willing to believe their eyes, "I heerd ye talkin' about eatin' a chap named 'Sufferin' Nate.' They hain't no sech person; but here's Nate Preslo, city marshal, an' he wants ye. If they's any killin' goin' on, I c'n git two 'r three t' your one; don't frigit that. Wilt," he said to the bartender, "take the'r guns."

The bartender obeyed, and Nate marched bis half-dozen "bad" men to the lock-up, whence they emerged next day to pay their fines and shake hands cordially with Nate, who drank with them in a friendly way.

This was not quite the end of Nate's "sufferin's"; for not a few of his friends essayed to take advantage of him, now and then, and impose on his good nature; but it was not long before they found out that Nate was no respecter of persons when his duty was involved, and that he would not "suffer" any more than the pride of a man would permit; so that when the next city election came on, Nate was re-elected by a rousing majority.

Last summer I was talking with him (he is now serving his third term) about the peculiar nomenclature of the West, and especially the singular appellations carried by some of its citizens.

His eyes twinkled as we talked. "Yes," he said, "they use t' call me 'Sufferin' Nate,' but they don't no more. Ye see—"

But just then he was called away, and I might never have heard the story of how Nate's "sufferin's" ended if 'Squire Field had not dropped in, in one of his reminiscent moods, and related it to me.

R. L. KETCHUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1893.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

An April Birthday at Sea.

On this wild waste, where never blossom came,
Save the white wind-flower in the billow's cap,
Or those pale disks of momentary flame,
Loose petals dropped from Dian's careless lap,
What far-fetched influence all my fancy fills
With singing birds and dancing daffodils?

Why, 'tis her day whom jocund April brought,
And who brings April with her in her eyes;
It is her vision lights my lonely thought,
Even as a rose that opes its hushed surprise
In sick men's chambers, with its glowing breath
Plants Summer at the glacier edge of Death.

Gray sky, sea-gray as mossy stones on graves;—
Anon comes April in her jollity;
And dancing down the bleak vales 'tween the waves,
Makes them green glades for all her flowers and me.
The gulls turn thrushes, charmed are sea and sky
By magic of my thought, and know not why.

Ah, but I know, for never April's shine,
Nor passion gust of rain, nor all her flowers
Scattered in haste, were seen so sudden fine
As she in various mood on whom the powers
Of happiest stars in fair conjunction smiled,
To bless the earth of April's darling child.
—James Russell Lowell in April Harper's.

Sohni—A Story from Indus.

Dub mûi—"Dead of drowning" is the legend on the stone,
Standing gray, beneath the thorn-tree, by the river's brim, alone;
With a woman's name carved—SOHNI—and, below, cut round and well,

Just a common water-chatty. Know you what it means, Patel?*

Yes! he knows—the village knows it! all those rags a-flutter see
On the branches, and those votive heaps piled round the jungle-tree;
None passes Sohni's death-place, but, des, for pious fear,
Strips from his cloth or girdle, or casts a pebble there.

For lovelier—so he tells us—all Indus' bank beside
Than Sohni, the fat-maiden, no maiden might be spied;
The cypress not so slim and straight, the musk-deer not so light
As Sohni with the milk-pots bringing home the goats at night.

He says—this village ancient—that for love and joy to see
Her dark eyes shining jewel-like, and footsteps passing free,
And to hear the bangles tattling pleasant music round her feet,
They changed her name of Sohni, and called her "Honey-Sweet."

But, ever, by the river, growing up so fair and fine—
Daughter, besides, of Damodar, who owned a score of kine—
The great ones did desire her; and Sohni's youth and grace
Were sought by Govind soucar† of evil soul and face.

And, all because that soucar held half the village bound
With debts at heavy usury, men trembled if he frowned;
So Sohni must be Govind's wife, the next new moon but three,
Yet Sohni—milkling, singing—wist not that this would be.

Her mind was with her Indian boy, beyond the yellow stream,
Who played the bansuli‡ so sweet he might God Krishna seem,
So had he piped her heart away, and when the stars waxed dim
Sohni would swim the Indus, to find her heart and him—

To sit, before 'twas sunrise, under the peepal-tree,
And listen to his songs of love upon the bansuli,
And make him better music yet, with sighs and whispered words,
'Till time came they must sunder, and drive a-field their herds.

Then Sohni, with a last embrace, bound underneath her breasts
The round black chatty, stopped with grass, whereon the fisher rests
What time he spreads his river-nets; and, so, stemming the tide,
Came safe upon the chatty back once more to her own side.

Then to the cover of the reeds the friendly jar she drew,
And lightly tripped a-milking till love's hour gleamed anew;
Full many a glad and secret time, when Luximan did blow,
Sohni swam over the Indus, to meet her lover so.

But once it fell that Govind—too early gone abroad—
Saw Sohni with her chatty, breasting the water road—
A lotus-blossom drifting! Ah! Govind's angry eyes
Marked, and his evil spirit an ill-deed did devise.

From out its place of keeping fair Sohni's jar he drags,
And hides another like it, amidst the reeds and flags,
Oh, trick of cruel cunning! 'Tis a-pot of unbaked clay
Will soften in the water and swiftly melt away.

And, when again the month grew dark, Luximan's bansuli
Sounds—'—and fond Sohni hears it, and hastens to her tree;
And clasps the traitorous chatty, and plunges from the brink,
But—half across—feels faintly the false clay field and sink.

A little while, for love and life, her brown hands beat the wave;
But broad and strong runs Indus, and none is near to save,
Down in the dark swift river, her slender limbs are drawn—
The soucar and the jackals hear her dying cry! At dawn

Yonder—upon the sandy spit—lies Sohni, stiff and cold.
The water-grasses tangled round the breast that was so bold;
Dub mûi—"drowned"; and thus we set her death-stone by her
tree,
Cursing the soucar Govind, who wrought such villainy.

* Head of the village. † Soucar: a native money-lender. ‡ Bansuli:
Hindoo flute.

—Sir Edwin Arnold in April Cosmopolitan.

MEISSONIER, MAN AND ARTIST.

"Parisina" chats of the Man and his Work at a New Exhibition.

Skeptics will tell you that the persons who paid twenty dollars this week for the privilege of being present at the inauguration of the Meissonier exhibition, did so principally to satisfy their own vanity. This is probably correct. It was announced that on the opening day of this exhibition no one who was not prepared to place a hundred-franc note on the counter as he passed through the *tourniquet* should enjoy the privilege of being one of the elect, and the result was that the gathering in Georges Petit's gallery was *élite*, judged strictly from a monetary point of view.

No French artist enjoys greater favor in America than Meissonier, and with reason, for he is the glory of the modern school of art. It may be allowed that he lacked imagination, that he paid too much attention to technique; but his pictures will live, and connoisseurs will go on disputing the possession thereof long after many a bubble reputation has burst and many a name now in evidence has fallen into oblivion. You have only to glance round the walls of the gallery on which hangs a portion—very far from the whole—of his works to be assured of this. Do you particularly affect restful pictures? See this man in the white doublet standing by the open lattice, or that one—a gay cavalier watching from the casement in idle contemplation of a sunny landscape. You prefer the subdued light of an interior; let us watch the black-coated *dessinateur* in a bagwig, or the painter hushing away at his canvas while two connoisseurs eagerly watch every touch he gives. Or perhaps you like a picture over which you can exercise your imagination; if so, here is "La Confidence"—two friends have eaten and drunk together, and the confidential moment has arrived when one, having pulled forth a letter, is occupied in imparting its contents to his companion; and there is the "Vin du Curé," the priest in his black cassock has been entertaining a burly, farmer-like-looking fellow (perhaps he wants a new wing built to his church), and in his fat, sympathetic way he leans over to his guest, whom he has treated to his best—some choice wine, as the bottles on the table attest. You are a member of the "open-air" school of art? Well, what should you wish better than the two pictures, each bearing the title of "Les Joueurs de Boules"? Yet how dissimilar! In one, an avenue of trees in some park—Versailles, perchance—the dresses of the players are mostly sombre in tone, some have poor, weak shanks, typical of the shopkeeping class, to which they doubtless belong; the afternoon is far spent, and the soft light is gently diffused. In the other picture we are transported to Antibes, and the men have organized their game in the shade of the bastion overlooking the shore, and the sun burns down on the fortifications and the sea is lapis-hued. How thoroughly we forget the minute proportions of these pictures—not a figure measures so much as two inches, yet breadth and ease is the effect left on our minds. But the triumph of this microscopic painting is in "Au Tournebride," a big subject in such a little frame. In the foreground is the hostelry, and before it are two men on horseback, whom mine host and the barmaid are serving with drink; a dog scampers in front, beyond is a sweep of sunlit road leading to a wooded hill, and half-way between the hostelry and the hill is the *diligence* in a cloud of dust, really no bigger than a lady's thimble.

If there is one thing more than another in which Meissonier excelled, it was in his knowledge of horse flesh, but he did not make his debut in this line. The son of a small shopkeeper, who refused to follow in the parental footsteps and preferred to starve on three dollars a month rather than serve behind a counter, he could hardly be expected to know much about horses. This came to him when he had made a name and when connoisseurs began to appreciate his little "bonshommes," as some of Meissonier's detractors insist on calling the figures he painted with such conscientious care.

Between the time of his taking up art as a profession, to the horror and anger of his worthy father, and that when his pictures found a marketable value, he underwent much hardship. A young fellow can barely keep body and soul together on ten cents a day, though fortunately he found a friend who was ready to share his room with him, and sometimes a dealer—a little above the ordinary in perspicuity—would give him a few francs for a drawing, which meant something beyond bread for dinner. Meissonier was entirely the architect of his own fortunes, and his untiring industry and life-long pursuit of one object fully deserved the reward they obtained. And he achieved fortune when he was still young enough to enjoy it and able to afford himself every luxury and be granted every opportunity of prosecuting his studies—for he was a student to the very last. In his famous "Battle of Solferino" he has portrayed himself in the uniform of a staff-officer among the brilliant *etat-major* in attendance on Napoleon the Third; it was in this capacity he followed the emperor to Italy in 1859. Meissonier kept a stud at his place at Paissey worthy of a nobleman who was also a millionaire. He loved his animals dearly, and the exhibition now open includes sketches of each, with their names attached, from the white charger he was wont to take for a model when he painted the great Napoleon, to the sorry gray steed that stood for the principal figure in that pearl of price "The Farrier," and which was killed and eaten in its old age by the hungry troops belonging to the army of the Loire. Many of the military pictures are there, too; that most emotional of all his works, "1814"—Napoleon marching at the head of his army after his escape from Elba, with the shadow of Waterloo already on his brow; "Friedland," the last picture he ever exhibited; and "The Guide," a peasant walking at the head of a troop of horse. Not, of course, the famous "Charge," which occupied him many years and which was purchased by Mr. Stewart, of New York, after having been ordered and long waited for by Sir Richard Wallace who, as the picture neared completion, expressed himself dissatisfied with it—a piece of presumption for which the artist bore him a lasting grudge. We are told that it

was on account of this little disagreement that Meissonier did not carry out his intention of introducing the worthy baronet into his emblematic picture of the "Two Sieges of Paris"—a work which I see in this collection for the first time.

Meissonier had a short temper and a bearish way with him sometimes. He did not make many friends. Few of his contemporaries cared much for him personally, and most thought him discourteous, ostentatious, and vain. Alexandre Dumas, in the preface to the catalogue of the exhibition, is at some pains to destroy what he terms "this legend," with respect to Meissonier. Certainly Dumas had means of studying his character denied to others: they were old and intimate friends; it may be added that each was so successful, and in such different ways, that there could be no question of superiority or envy between them. We are told that the artist was a self-absorbed and an absent-minded man, too much engrossed with his own thoughts to be courteous and civil-spoken, but, when he found he had offended, always ready to make the *amende honorable*; moreover, that he fully appreciated talent in others. He is reported to have one day declared to the author of "L'Affaire Clemenceau," which suggested one of Fortuny's wonderful water-colors: "I would cut off my little finger to be able to draw as well as that man." On another occasion, he pleaded guilty to having rejoiced that Jacquemard was dead, "otherwise he would certainly have out-mastered every one of us," adding that he was thoroughly ashamed of such a thought. Meissonier's greatest admiration was for Michel Angelo. Some one once said before him: "I have seen Meissonier press his lips on Michel Angelo's slippers!" To which another retorted: "That is a fine trait; all the more so that they are spurious relics!" "Oh! I am quite aware of that. Devotion is above proofs," struck in the artist, not looking up from his work. "Why, what would you have done if they had actually been the slippers of your idol?" queried a third. "I should have stolen them!"

But M. Dumas may say what he likes; there was a good deal of vanity in Meissonier's composition. He loved to load himself with ribbons and orders, and he has painted his own portrait a score of times, and was certainly not averse to his own figure on horseback—I counted five or six mounted Meissoniers in the Rue de Sèze. The one in which he wends his way leisurely along a sunlit road is a masterpiece. There was also a crimson dressing-gown made after the pattern of a Doge's robe, in which he must have thought he looked every inch a Venetian grandee. Visitors to the Exposition will remember to have seen the portrait of the artist so attired, his gray beard streaming over his bosom in patriarchal fashion, hanging in a place of honor in the galleries of the Champ de Mars. Not this, but several other similar ones, are now on show in the Rue de Sèze. There is, too, a speaking likeness of Dumas, a present from the artist to his friend.

It has been said of Meissonier that he never succeeded in painting a woman. And I have no doubt that Mrs. Mackay, for one, is of that opinion. Certainly he never managed to paint a pretty female face—the volatile essence of beauty escaped him, and also the freshness of youth. The portraits of his daughter and granddaughters are angular, uninteresting. There is something in all their faces he failed to put there. True, Meissonier never frequented woman's society much; he was not at any time a carpet knight, but fitter for camps and studios, and so had few opportunities for studying the soft play of the feminine countenance; while authority as he was in the matter of men's attire—his mind being stored with every detail of costume or uniform worn within the last two centuries and a half—he knew absolutely nothing about feminine fallals. It is amusing to note the fanciful, uncouth garb in which he depicted some ladies in a picture entitled "The Concert."

Nevertheless, Meissonier was very far from being a misogynist, and his life long he was more or less under the influence of a woman. It was at his mother's knee that he imbibed his first ideas of art. She used to copy paintings in miniature and paint miniature portraits, and she gave him his first drawing-lessons. When he quitted the parental roof and went away to study the profession which was to bring him such world-wide fame, he carried with him in his mind's eye the picture of his mother bending over her work at a table placed near a window—an effect of light and shade he has painted over and over again. During the hand-to-hand battle with poverty that ensued, there was no time or opportunity for those *amours faciles* with which so many students beguile their leisure hours; but romance had its place all the same in his existence. The friend who, we said, shared his modest room with the homeless youth, had a widowed mother and sister, and the two young men would frequently spend the evening at Mme. Steinheil's. While the elder lady sewed and the men drew, Mlle. Steinheil would play to them or read aloud. And so, gradually, a link was forged between the maiden and young Meissonier, and, in course of time, the penniless artist took to wife the dowdier girl. It would be pleasant to be able to add that they lived happily ever afterward; but contemporary history is not quite so sure about this fact. It is not many years since the first Mme. Meissonier shuffled off a somewhat colorless existence, shortly after which event the artist—then nearly threescore-and-ten—married a second wife, a lady whom he had long known and sincerely appreciated. The widow and the artist's son and daughter are not the best of friends, and have already had recourse to the law to settle more than one difference concerning the strict division of the property and other matters. As each party seems actuated by a similar desire to honor the memory of the departed, it is a pity they could not agree about the manner of it. Still the fact remains that the present exhibition has been organized without Mme. Meissonier's consent or approval. She had other views and projects, and would have had the mansion in the Place Malesherbes converted into a museum and banded over eventually to the state—a piece of generosity in which M. Charles Meissonier, with a growing family of his own, could hardly be expected to concur. PARISINA.

PARIS, March 10, 1893.

THE CHAPPIES' LATEST FAD.

"Cockaigne" says that all Masculine London is Smooth-Shaven.

The last "correct thing" for English young men of fashion is to be clean-shaven. Every second youthful masher you meet has the face of a new-born babe, so far as the total absence of hirsute decoration is concerned. I can not imagine who started the craze. It can not have come from the royal family, for the male portion of it, from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge down to the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York, are bearded, mustached, and whiskered, as nature intended them to be. And it is a trying thing, this innovation, for the long-lipped and lantern-jawed and chinless are very prevalent among the aristocracy of Britain.

I doubt if the fashion will spread to a general custom or have a long life, whether it becomes popular or not. The trouble of shaving will be a sad deterrent, once the novelty of the thing begins to fade. And then female admiration must be sacrificed. What woman—young woman, of course, I mean—does not admire a mustache? "A love of a mustache" has been incorporated into our household words, as the feminine ideal of "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Vulgar the expression may be and the sentiment by which it is nourished mawkish and silly, yet the popularity of both the expression and the sentiment can not be denied.

Seeking the cause for this sudden disregard of female admiration on the part of the youths who have lately taken to shaving their upper lips bare, I was talking to a lady the other day and discussing the new fad with her. Although not strictly young herself, she *has* been, not so very long ago, and she is the mother of two daughters, one of whom is out, and one is not. I was so bold as to express myself to her in manner and form as recorded above. You should just have seen her! If her face could be taken as an index of her immediate intentions, I made sure that she was on the point of ringing the bell for the footman to show me out. I tenderly smoothed my hat in preparation for a hurried exit into the street. I should have been frightened if I had not been amused, for I remembered her when a girl, and her preference for army officers (with mustaches) as her partners at balls, and that she subsequently married a Life Guardsman, with a ferocious tuft with waxed ends on his upper lip. It is gray now (the mustache, I mean), but that does not matter.

Instead of ordering my instant ejection, she bottled down her wrath and gasped: "I am surprised! I beg that you will never repeat such a remark before Ethel or Muriel. It is the sort of thing one would say of maids and shopwomen. Fancy either of my girls noticing whether a man had a mustache or not!"

"*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*," I quoted. "I don't in the least know what you mean by that," she replied, stiffly. "Girls didn't learn Latin in my day."

"Or notice men's mustaches?" I hazarded. "Those of army officers for example?" I began to smooth my hat again. But her eyes only flashed, and the sharp reply on her lips stayed where it was. She thought better to smile.

"Pray don't let us quarrel," she said. "I daresay you are right, only one doesn't like to be reminded of one's failings—er—I don't mean that—but women hate to have—oh, you know what I mean."

"I quite understand. Then you admit I'm right?"

"Oh, yes. Have it so, if you like."

"Well then," said I, "can you tell me why these young men are willing, for no apparent reason, to sacrifice one of their greatest attractions in the eyes of the opposite sex?"

"Oh, I can answer that readily enough. There are two reasons. In the first place, the young men of to-day don't care for a girl's admiration of their looks; and in the second, the girls of the day don't admire men's mustaches—stay, hear me out. I'm not talking of girls like Ethel and Muriel. I'm talking of Mrs. Lynn-Linton's 'Wild Women.' Those are the people who are at the bottom of it."

"How so? I confess I'm at a loss to see in what way."

"Why, don't you see? They don't admire beards and mustaches on men, because they envy them. They are jealous of them, and angry that they haven't got them themselves. They have been trying for years to imitate men, in dress and habits, in language and everything. They shoot, hunt, play cricket and golf, row, steer yachts, drive four-in-hands, smoke, wear men's hats, shirts, neckties, caps, and trousers—yes, trousers. They carry walking-sticks, and cut their hair short. There is but one thing that has always stood relentlessly in the way of the copy being a success. The men had beards and mustaches—they hadn't. That impediment they have now cleared away. There is now no difference between the face of a man and the faces of these creatures. I won't call them women, though I daresay they'd rather be called men. The beards and mustaches gone, these wild females are happy. They look like men more than ever. Their faces are rough and weather-beaten enough to make the similarity complete."

It was a bit of neat satire, if nothing more. On the other hand, the cause of this new fad may be an attempt at self-rescue from a bearded brotherhood with the cads and 'Arries who have (figuratively, of course) run mustaches into the ground. The mustache craze was naturally the consequence of a harmless desire on the part of shopmen and small middle-class gentry to be taken for army officers, and be called "captain" by street-crossing sweepers and railway porters, with an eye to the resultant copper. The upshot has been that guardsmen and young noblemen do not like being mistaken for counter-jumpers. The absence of the mustache may remedy the evil, but it will not cure it. Pretty soon the shopmen and retail clerks will catch on, and then such a shaving as there will be! In the meantime, the bare face is the biggest "swaggaw" of the moment. Two of the first movers in this revolution are Lord Charles Beresford and Lord Rosebery. Indeed, they might be called the pioneers.

LONDON, March 10, 1893.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

F. Marioo Crawford, who sailed a fortnight ago for his home to Sorrento, Italy, will return to this country in the fall for a series of lectures. His last visit has been so successful, and it has given him so much material for work and so much personal satisfaction, that he has planned to come here every year in future. To the New York Tribune, he is reported to have made the following surprising statements:

"The lack of tradition in America affects even the arts. Every other country has long-established tradition by which its whole artistic life is regulated; but America has as yet to develop its schools of literature, painting, sculpture, and music. We have not thus far produced one great writer. Ah, yes, Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, and the little group of New England writers of twenty-five years ago did admirable work; but judged by the standards of Sophocles, Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, and Schiller, they must be rated as second-class men. Hawthorne was the greatest writer that we have ever produced; but he was only on the fringe of the first class. Every country—that is, every ancient country—has had its great artistic era. As a rule, it comes only once, though in the case of Rome, through the mingling of foreign blood, there was a renaissance; but this was only a conspicuous exception. Our era is yet to come, possibly the next century is to produce it. At present, America is remarkable chiefly for her great number of second-class writers. We are doing work of magnificent mediocrity."

It is the opinion of Mr. Chatto, the London publisher, that of amateur novel-writers only about three in every hundred find their way into print. During the last year his firm accepted forty-four manuscripts out of six hundred and sixty-three sent in.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor has revised her husband's "History of Germany," and the new edition will soon be published by Appleton.

A new work by Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of "With Fire and Sword" and "The Deluge," is entitled "Without Dogma," and is said to be a psychological novel of great power of modern thought to Poland. It has been translated by Iza Young.

"The Elplogi Angels" is the title of a new poem by William Watson.

"Loogues et Brèves" is the title of a collection of short stories by François Coppée, wherein the poet's love of Paris and the old-fashioned philosophy, with which he habitually counterbalances poverty with happiness and wealth, are charmingly expressed.

At the Elmira Reformatory, the books most in demand from the library are Hugo's "Les Misérables," Dickens's "Oliver Twist," George Eliot's "Adam Bede," and Bellamy's "Looking Backward." Each was called for one hundred and four times. Next came "The Scarlet Letter," which had a circulation of one hundred and three, and then came "Ivanhoe," "Tom Brown," "Robert Elsmere," and "The Arabian Nights."

Zola's new book, "Modern Marriage," will be published soon. Four typical marriages are considered—one from the nobility, one from the bourgeoisie, one from the small tradesman, and one from the working-classes. The origin, motive, and results of each are set forth.

W. Clark Russell's forthcoming novel is entitled "The Tragedy of Ida Noble."

Maupassant's mind is quite gone, but his body remains strong and vigorous. His appetite is good and he spends his days in working hard in the garden of the *maison de santé* in which he lives.

On the spring announcement list of D. Appleton & Co. appear:

Rudyard Kipling's new book, "Many Intensions," which will contain stories never published before; "The Simple Adventures of a Memship," by Sara Jeannette Duncan, author of "A Social Departure"; "The Story of My Life," by Dr. Georg Ebers; "The Gilded Man and Other Pictures of the Spanish Occupancy of America," by A. F. Bandler; "General Greene," by Colonel F. V. Greene; and "General Johnston," by R. M. Hughes, in the Great Commander Series; "The Art of Taking a Wife," an original work, by the Italian scientist Mantegazza; "The United States," by Elise Reclus, the third volume on North America in Reclus's work; "The Earth and its Inhabitants"; "Appleton's Annual Cyclopaedia for 1892," which will be issued immediately; and "The Principles of Ethics," Vol. II., by Herbert Spencer.

"Many Intensions," Mr. Kipling's new book, now on the Appleton press, will contain various stories which have already appeared in periodicals; but it will also contain divers entirely new ones never before published.

Five hundred unpublished letters of Voltaire were discovered some three weeks ago, according to the Paris *Figaro*, in the house of a descendant of Voltaire's physician, Théodore Trochin, at Bessiges, near Geneva. The publication of the letters is promised, and, provided they are genuine, it is expected they may throw new and interesting light on eighteenth-century history.

"The Last Sentence," by Maxwell Gray, the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," will be published soon.

Only one hundred and fifty copies of the large-paper edition of W. H. Mallock's "Verses" will be published. Some of the number will be sent over here. The price per copy in London is twenty-one shillings.

Frank R. Stockton has completed a new short story entitled "The Watchmaker's Daughter."

Wilkie Collins's method of composition, as recently described by his publisher, was this: First he drafted

a synopsis of a novel; then he filled it out; then he finally wrote over the manuscript to make alterations and additions. These were many, so Mr. Collins had the copy type-written for the printers. He had much trouble in finding titles for his stories.

"The Art of Taking a Wife," by the Italian scientist, Signor Mantegazza, will soon be published by Appleton.

The following authors have consented to act on a committee to arrange the proposed "World's Co-ventioo of Authors," to be held during the Chicago exposition next summer. It is proposed to arrange some fifteen sessions bearing on different subjects:

Dr. O. W. Holmes, chairman, and T. E. Aldrich, Boston; Professor C. E. Norton and T. W. Higginson, Cambridge; G. W. Cable, Northampton; Charles D. Warner, Hartford, Conn.; E. C. Stedman, W. D. Howells, R. W. Gilder, Professor H. H. Boyesen, Professor F. D. Sherman, and Professor G. B. Woodberry, New York city; H. H. Furness, Philadelphia; Maurice Thompson, Indiana; T. N. Page, Richmond, Va.

The new English edition of "Pepys's Diary" will contain one-fifth more matter than the Myrns Bright edition, which thus far has been the most complete in existence. The first volume of this edition is nearly ready. The editor, Mr. Wheatley, has added some notes of his own to those of Lord Braybrooke.

Illustrated editions of Fraunce Elliot's "Old Court Life in France" and Julia Kavanagh's "Woman in France During the Eighteenth Century" will soon be issued.

Mr. John Fiske's "Discovery of America" has gone into its eleventh thousand. His "Destiny of Mao Viewed in the Light of His Origin" is in its seventeenth edition, and his "Excursions of an Evolutionist" is in its fourteenth edition.

M. M. Ballou, the traveler and author, has in the press a volume on Malta.

A new two-act comedy by Guy de Maupassant, called "La Paix du Menage," has just been successfully put upon the stage of the Théâtre Français. It is the first attempt of its author at play-writing, and is likely to be his last, now that he is insane.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's next story is to be called "The Justice Clerk." It will be ready in December.

A new edition of Bayard Taylor's "History of Germany," which has been revised and brought down to date by Mrs. Taylor, will be issued soon by D. Appleton & Co.

The latest French book about the United States is Barbier's "Voyage au Pays des Dollars." The author complains that the military is mixed with the judiciary in practice, if not in theory, in our country, and gives as an evidence of this the name of "General Sessions." This sounds like a joke from M. Barbier (and it is), but he did not intend it that way.

New Publications.

"The Children of the King," F. Marion Crawford's latest story, and "A Roman Singer" have been issued in the Dollar Edition of his novels published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00 each; for sale by William Doxey.

"How to Manage the Dynamo: A Handbook for Ship-Engineers, Electric Light Engineers, and Electro-Platers," by S. R. Bottone, has been published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 60 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Beautiful Wretch," "Sunrise," and "White Wings: A Yachting Romance" are the latest issues in the new edition of William Black's novels, which have been revised and corrected by the author. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 90 cents each.

"Students' Expenses" is the title of a pamphlet containing a collection of letters from undergraduates, graduates, and professional-school students, describing in detail their necessary expenses at Harvard University; with an introduction by Frank Bolles, secretary of the university. Published by Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

"Katherine North" is the title of Maria Louise Pool's new novel. Of course it is about New England people, and, equally of course, it sketches them cleverly and amusingly, as those who read "Roweny to Boston" will imagine; its distinguishing characteristic is that its *motif* is the divorce problem. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Edith M. Thomas, one of the most widely admired of the minor poets, has just put forth her fourth book of poems. It is called "Fair Shadow Land," and contains chiefly short poems in which a hopeful philosophy is expressed in musical diction, with here and there a dramatic poem of real fire and strength. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

The scene of Amélie Rives's play, "Athelwold," is laid in England in the tenth century. Her hero, who gives his name to the drama, is a thane of King Edward and is sent by his king to woo the beautiful daughter of a neighboring earl. But Athelwold woos her for himself, and marries her, and the king, discovering his treachery through her coquettish vanity, engages Athelwold in a combat in which the latter is killed. Published by Harper & Brothers,

New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Rob Roy," illustrated by Lockhart Bogle, is the fourth volume of the new and handsome Dryburgh edition of Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels, and the fifth volume contains "The Black Dwarf," illustrated by Walter Paget, and "A Legend of Montrose," with illustrations by Lockhart Bogle. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25 per volume; for sale by William Doxey.

"Catherine," by Frances M. Peard, is a conventional love-story in which a young woman vacillates between two lovers, one of whom goes to the wars to fight under Wellington and is struck in the shoulder by a "round shot," but, *mirabile dictu*, survives to marry Catherine, who has herself been disfigured by a fall from her horse. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Phillips Brooks's Addresses" is the title of a little book containing half a dozen of the beautiful and noble sermons that made Bishop Brooks one of the most popular preachers of the age. Their topics are "The Beauty of a Life of Service," "Thought and Action," "The Duty of the Christian Business Man," "True Liberty," "The Christ in whom Christians Believe," and "Abraham Lincoln." The sermons are preceded by a brief introduction by Rev. Julius H. Ward, and the frontispiece is a portrait etched by W. H. W. Bicknell. Published by Charles E. Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Palimpsest," translated from the French of Gilbert Augustin Thierry, is the latest issue in the Unknown Library. The story—which was printed in abridged translation in the *Argonaut* four or five years ago—is intensely dramatic, telling how the crime is revealed by which a young man killed the husband of his mistress and then married her. Mysticism, fanaticism, and the more modern science of alienism, with a little philology and bibliographic lore, are the unusual ingredients added to love, jealousy, and the more common elements. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by C. Reach.

"Oo Sledge and Horseback to the Outcast Siberian Lepers" is the title of the book in which Miss Kate Marsden has recorded the incidents of her recent mission to the leper hospitals and settlements of the Russian Empire, her impressions of their condition, and her recommendations for their amelioration. She enjoyed unusual facilities for thorough investigation, through imperial and official favor, and her book is one of unusual interest to the general reader as well as a valuable contribution to the specialist's library. The illustrations are, many of them, drawn from photographs. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$2.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

Imbert de Saint-Amand's series of historical books on the Famous Women of the French Court is brought to an end by the third volume on the Duchess of Berry, "The Duchess of Berry and the Revolution of July, 1830," which has just been issued in translation by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. The Duchess of Berry cuts but a small figure, albeit a most romantic one, in the book, the extraordinary performances of Charles the Tenth being the real subject-matter. M. de Saint-Amand is always interesting in his presentation of history, and he is out at his worst in painting this foolish king trying to impose his medieval ideas on Parisians of the present century. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

Harper's Black and White Series is one of the most attractive little sets of volumes that are now being published. Their dainty exterior and convenient size win one's confidence at first sight, and it is not misplaced, for time is not lost in reading the various volumes. They are generally made up of reprints from the Harper publications, and so do a public service in rescuing from the oblivion of journalism much that is worthy a place in literature. The latest issues are "Whittier: Notes of his Life and of his Friendships," by Mrs. James T. Fields, a pleasant little volume of personal reminiscences; "Giles Corey, Yeoman," by Mary E. Wilkins, a play founded on the historical incident in which Giles Corey and his wife Martha were made the victims of the fear of witchcraft in the early history of Salem; "Coffee and Repartee," by John Kendrick Bangs, a series of scenes in a New York boarding-house, in which a chipper young man called "the Idiot" does wordy battle with the other personages in that temporary home; and "The Japanese Bride," by Naoni Tamura, a picture of the position of women in Japan, sketched by a Japanese who is familiar with home life in the Mikado's land as no foreigner could be and at the same time is not restrained from truth-telling by the national reticence of the Japanese. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by William Doxey.

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VANITY FAIR.

The near approach of the opening of the World's Fair at Chicago emphasizes the need for some system of reciprocity in club life (says the *Club*.) Hundreds and thousands of clubmen from all over the United States will visit Chicago during the coming spring and summer. Those of them who can secure cards to the Chicago clubs will, of course, do so, and the more popular clubs of the Western metropolis will have their hands full. Every man who enters a club-house costs the club something—no matter how inappreciable the amount may be—in wear and tear of its furniture and other appointments. Then, again, the more visitors the more servants necessary. So, in one way and another, these unconsidered trifles in time count up an appreciable total. In the case of members the dues are supposed to, and do, cover this expense, as well as the cost of house rent, etc. In the case of non-members temporarily introduced, the loss generally falls on the club. Some clubs charge a nominal fee for thirty-day cards, and thus protect themselves. Perhaps the majority make no charge. Even in the case of the clubs which thus protect themselves, only those who happen to have the good fortune to know members of the clubs in question can gain admittance. Just as acceptable men who may wish to avail themselves temporarily of the privileges of these clubs can not do so because they do not have the necessary acquaintance, no matter how many first-class clubs they may happen to have on their lists. If, now, membership in a New York or San Francisco club, for instance, entitled a man to admission in a Chicago club of like character for, say, thirty days, on payment of proportionate dues, the twofold problem would be solved. The Chicago club would be subjected to no loss; the fact of the visitor's membership in the New York or San Francisco club, duly attested by a card from the secretary, would guarantee his social acceptability and financial responsibility, and the convenience of the visitor, who, very likely, did not happen to know any member of the Chicago club, would be promoted. Something of the sort has already been tried by some of the London clubs, which make provision for the issuance of visitors' cards to members of certain American clubs, which they have officially declared to be co-genial organizations. Sooner or later a reciprocity treaty of the kind is bound to be ratified by the leading clubs of the United States.

The French Chamber has just passed a measure laying a tax on all liveries. That is to say, any gentleman or lady who claps what we call "livery" upon a servant shall pay a tax of twenty francs a year for each livery worn. The opponents of the bill in France are endeavoring to bring it into ridicule by insisting that the *chef* in his cap and the nurse in her white apron shall also come under its provisions; but this will not win. The spirit of the bill is all right (the *Commercial Advertiser* declares). It is putting a tax on flunkeyism, and this has become so conspicuous of late years in what we call American society that the subject recommends itself to the attention of our law-givers. A carriage rolling along Fifth Avenue is likely to contain from one to two persons in plain attire, and not less than three men in livery bedight. Even Grover Cleveland, elected as a Democratic President, permitted himself to be dragged through the streets of Washington with four horses attached to his carriage and each horse attended by a footman in full livery.

"I have noticed a marked change in the physical appearance of the people here," said Marion Crawford in a recent interview. "The women seem to have developed, and are now healthier and finer looking than they were when I last came, ten years ago. I have observed that the men carry themselves better, walk from the waist, so to speak. I attribute their improvement to the increase in games and physical exercise in general in this country. I presume that this increase is due in part to the fact that American men are now beginning to have a little leisure in which they can devote themselves to other pursuits than those of business. There is much to be hoped from the increase of leisure in this country. I have no doubt that, before many years, America will have a leisure class just as each of the old European countries has. Indeed, I have already seen signs of its formation. There are at the present time plenty of rich men in New York who have no business and who spend most of their time at their clubs and in sports, which are practically the only resources of the average man of leisure here. And speaking of clubs reminds me of one fact that has interested me very much—that is, the decline of drinking here. I remember when I was here before that it was impossible to go into a club after midnight without finding three or four men half-dead over. Now it is a rare thing to find even one man in this condition. There is very much less drinking, too, at dinners. I think it is due simply to the moderation of excitement in American life, and this in turn is due to the fact that, with the growth of a leisure class and the attainment of wealth, the passion for mooning-grabbing becomes less strong, and the pressure of business ceases to some degree. Of course, even now the business man is always talking about the terrible rush of his work; but it is really not so terrible as he would have us believe. The business pressure in London is, in my opinion, far greater

than in New York; and as for the social whirl, New York doesn't compare with Rome. Roman society during the four months of the season gets practically no sleep at all. In New York, society is far more moderate.

"The complete absence of tradition here has struck me superficially and yet most forcibly and amusingly in American social customs. For example, I can't tell you what a strange sensation I have had when I have dined at luxurious American houses where all the appointments have been of the most magnificent description, and where at table I have been confronted with the spectacle of a butler wearing a mustache. No one who has not been brought up abroad amid the ironclad rules of society which prevail in European countries can understand the utter incongruity of that butler's appearance. That Americans are refining is shown by one fact that struck me as soon as I landed here, early in the winter; they speak far better English now than they did ten years ago. With the increase of leisure, society will bring together men and women more than heretofore." In this country the sexes are curiously divided—men have very little of the companionship of women. The result is that their understanding of their own sex is developed, but the finer side of their nature suffers. American women pretend that they can get along very well without the society of men by giving themselves up to clubs and charitable work; but it is natural for men and women to seek one another's companionship, and I am convinced that, during the next few years, many of the conventional barriers between the sexes will be broken down. In Europe, women would scorn the occupations of the women in this country as altogether too dull to be endured—they like the companionship of men, and they have it. The result is beneficial to both themselves and to the men."

The young men of Vienna, it seems, are not, after all, the good young men of the newspaper paragraphists. They have not, as we were led to believe, founded a Bachelors' Club, in order to coax poor young women to marry by endowing them with marriage portions. They are quite of another way of thinking as regards marriage. The club was founded that its members might escape matrimony. Its premises were (till lately) a safe retreat, where bachelorhood might rejoice in the condition and prospect of celibacy and rail at ease against the institution of marriage. A condition of membership was a vow never to marry or contemplate marriage, and, for a time, the club prospered. Now the face of things at Vienna is altered. As long as the Austrian ladies denounced them from outside the club walls, the members cared nothing; but when one young lady "of prepossessing appearance, and accompanied by a venerable friend, aunt, or grandmother," entered the precincts of the club and solemnly denounced the chairman himself in his chair of state, telling the assembled members that he was, and long had been, affianced and betrothed to her, then the club broke up in confusion, and has never ventured to meet again. Many of the members were, sad to relate, found to be in the same unclubbable predicament as their chairman.

A few weeks ago, the proprietor of a hotel in Scranton, Pa., decided to dress his nine or ten dining-room girls all alike. So he called the girls together and told them he would select the material for the dresses, and pay for it, and the girls would have to get the dresses made at their own expense. They would be required to wear white aprons and white ruffles at the neck and wrists, and they must wear their hair braided low behind the head, so that it would almost touch the ruffles. If a girl left the landlord's employ without cause, or if she was discharged, she would be obliged to leave her dining-room dresses at the hotel. He was going to get two dresses of different colors for each waitress, and they were to wear one set one week and the other the next. The girls listened attentively, and when the landlord had finished, there was some gentle kicking against the new rules. What colored goods did the landlord think of getting for the dresses? Oh, he didn't know, but it would be becoming to them and all right. Leave that to him. Couldn't the girls go and pick out what suited them? Oh, no! That would lead to lack of harmony and bickerings, and it would take a month to make the change, the landlord declared. Wouldn't he be so kind as to let them choose for themselves? Not by a jugful! Well, then, he must be sure and pick out something real nice. Oh, yes. He would get the neatest goods in the store. Would they have to drill like soldiers? No; but they would have to get up and get and put on more style. Very well, they would do the best they knew how.

When the landlord brought the goods in the next day, there was some vigorous kicking on the part of the blonde dining-room girls. The landlord had selected some light-blue and light-pink gingham for the two sets of dresses, and at once the blondes lifted up their voices and strenuously asserted that they wouldn't look a bit nice in garments of that kind. But the brunettes were pleased with the goods, and, as they outnumbered the blondes, they thought the latter ought to be satisfied. The blondes, however, wouldn't spend a cent

to have the dresses made, so, there! And they wouldn't wear the light-blue and light-pink things, even if the boss were to pay for the making of them. But the landlord quickly took the recalcitrant blondes in hand, and when he got through with them they promised to make up the dresses. As soon as the uniforms were finished, there was more trouble for the landlord. One of the blondes said she wouldn't wear the dresses for any man, and she threw up her situation right away, saying that she would sooner go to work in a kitchen at half the wages than to look like a fright. Another blonde wore her pink dress for a day, and then left the house. The third tried her best to get used to the colors. She had several good crying spells, and, on the second day, she packed up her duds and went away. A day or two afterward, the fourth blonde beauty threw up her job and took a walk, and all the girls that were left in the dining-room were brunettes. For a week, the exasperated landlord was short-handed. Then he advertised for help, ending his advertisement with these words: "As the undersigned has had all the experience with blonde girls that he wants, none but brunettes need apply."

The laws of Louisiana, as they affect the property rights of women, would seem, in some respects, to have stood still since the admission of the State into the Union. This was illustrated in the trial of a case in the criminal district court of New Orleans the other day. The defendant was a negro who had robbed a house on Rampart Street of female wearing apparel. There was no doubt of his guilt, but the indictment charged that the articles stolen were the property of a woman. It was a fatal defect, for it was shown that the woman had a husband living, and that she had not been emancipated by decree of court so as to be able to hold property. The court thereupon ordered the jury to acquit. The New Orleans *Picayune* indignantly comments: "Doubtless this is the law of Louisiana, but what sort of law is this? It belongs to an age when women were slaves, and is a relic of the times when people were burned for witchcraft. Truly, it seems that the laws might be relaxed a little, so that a woman may be able to hold the clothes on her back against any thief in the city without bursting up the foundations of the State's jurisprudence and utterly destroying the majesty of the law. When this same law operates to strip a woman of her garments and hands them over to a thief, the robes of his majesty are decidedly threadbare."

A modiste writes: "You must wear only one skirt, and that most clinging, under an Empire dress. It may be a little daring to betray the lines of the form so entirely, but that is a matter of habit. To wear a skirt that is stiff with crinoline, or to wear a lot of skirts under such a dress, is merely to have no effect at all. If you consider the Empire and kindred styles inmodest, do not adopt them; but, for goodness sake, if you do adopt them, do not spoil them. The hip-line in its natural contour must show; the natural waist must exhibit itself through or under the clinging skirt, else there is neither form, motive, nor beauty to the style. We must have Empire night-gowns, Empire skirts, Empire chemises, and all that."

London has a new "society" paper called the *Divorce Gazette*. In a preliminary notice of the new publication the *Figaro* says: "The paper will be what its title denotes, an organ devoted to the current divorce cases, which will be specially reported, with none of the spicy details omitted. Articles will be published upon divorce laws, divorce cases, and, in short, every phase of immorality will be served up to various guises. The space usually devoted to 'births, marriages, and deaths' will be devoted to chronicling the divorces of the week, and stories of curulean blueness will be published regularly. I also hear that a species of insurance will be provided by which petitioners, respondents, and co-respondents will be insured against any cost they may incur in divorce proceedings."

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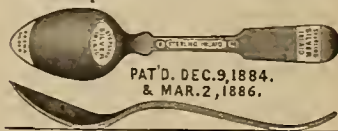
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Louise Payot and Dr. Henry L. Curtis will take place next Tuesday at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Henry Payot.

The wedding of Miss Jennie Stewart Denver and Mr. Howard Turner will take place next Wednesday in Grace Church. Miss Denver is the daughter of the late Governor Frank Denver, of Nevada, and niece of the late General Denver, of the time governor of Colorado.

The opening affair of Easter week will be Mr. Greenway's ball which will be given in Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening. All of the arrangements are complete and a delightful evening is anticipated.

The pleasant hops that were given at The Colonial during the winter will be resumed next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Samuel Theller and Miss Florence Theller will give a cotillion next Thursday evening at their residence, 2026 Pacific Avenue. It will be quite an elaborate affair.

Mrs. A. W. Scott will give a reception at her residence, next Thursday evening, in honor of Captain and Mrs. Moore, U. S. N., of the United States steamer *Patterson*.

The officers and ladies of the Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will give a hop at the Presidio next Friday evening. The cotillion will be one of the features of the evening.

Mrs. Horace Davis gave a pleasant matinee tea at her residence last Saturday, at which about one hundred young people were hospitably entertained.

On the afternoon and evening of Saturday, April 8th, the residence of Mrs. James Cunningham, 2518 Broadway, will be the scene of a novel entertainment for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage for Boys at San Mateo. It will be a Fancy Fair and Children's Fête, and will include an attractive programme for the children and their seniors as well. The event will be under the patronage of the following ladies: Mrs. Robert Balfour, Mrs. W. W. Davis, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mrs. W. F. Nichols, and Mrs. Whitelav Reid.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brandenstein and the Misses Brandenstein will give a reception next Saturday evening at their residence on California Street.

An enjoyable musicale was given by Mr. Winfield S. Jones last Saturday evening, at his residence, in honor of Mr. Hoff, of the Bostonians. Mrs. Walter McGavin and Mrs. Hall McAllister sang some choice selections charmingly, and Mr. Hoff delighted every one with several operatic numbers. A delicious supper was served during the evening.

Major Frank McLaughlin celebrated the anniversary of his birthday last Saturday evening by giving an elaborate dinner-party at Goldeo Gate Villa, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig have bought a tract of two acres of land at Larchmont, Long Island, for one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. It is their intention to erect there a handsome residence of about fifty rooms, where they will reside. Mrs. E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento, will also reside there.

The annual election of officers of the San Francisco Art Association was held last Tuesday, with the result that the following gentlemen were elected directors: Mr. William Keith, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Edward Bosqui, Mr. Clinton Day, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. E. E. Potter, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. Arthur Rodgers, and Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr.

Art in San Francisco.

The firm of S. & G. Gump is so well known to patrons of art in San Francisco that reference to them hardly seems necessary, but they have formed such an integral part in the history of art here that an allusion to them, at least, will not be inappropriate at this period. The Messrs. Gump have been importing fine paintings from Europe since 1871, and have done more to establish the standard of art than any firm in this city. They have made selections from the best salons, exhibitions, and galleries of the Old World, and these paintings have acted as instruments of instruction to many of our art-patrons.

The first valuable paintings the firm secured were purchased by Mr. S. Gump, in 1871, while he was in Munich. Later on, extensive purchases were made by Mr. Marple and Mr. Snow, who were sent to Europe especially by the firm. Finally, however, in 1887, Mr. Gump made another trip to Europe, and since then he has gone there every year, selecting the finest art treasures that can be purchased. His judgment in every case is perfect, and evidence of this is given in the fact that almost every artist he has patronized in the past is now world renowned. The paintings he purchased are now seen in our best private galleries. None of them have ever been resold.

When Mr. Gump was in Europe last fall, he purchased a magnificent collection of paintings, the best, in fact, that the firm has ever had, and now they have decided to sell them at public auction. They have secured the Real Estate Exchange, on Post Street, and will exhibit these gems of art from Monday evening, April 10th, to the following Thursday, when the sale will commence. This will be the great event of the year in art circles, and every one should be present.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-a-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

By F. Marion Crawford.

After an absence of ten years, F. Marion Crawford writes in the *Ladies' Home Journal*: "A woman is of the age she feels, a man of the age he looks; for men grow old from the inside and woman from the outside. There is no denying that, although a man of forty years may often be younger in appearance than a woman of the same age, he has, as a rule, fewer illusions, if he have any at all. Fortunately, society has fixed a limit beyond which no woman who respects herself ever lives, until she suddenly grows old all at once. But woman, as woman, is quite a different subject from woman as an individual mother, sister, wife, or sweetheart. The one grows ten years older; the other adds to her many graces by the development of ten years. To a wanderer who has been long absent, that graceful growth is made suddenly apparent on his return, as it can not be to him who has dwelt continuously in the same society. In ten years, it seems to me that the American woman has not grown older, but has grown up."

"The sphere of the American woman to-day is broader, and at the same time more clearly defined than it used to be. There was a time, not very long ago, when frantic housekeeping was spasmodically interrupted by frantic gaiety, when the young wife or the young daughter danced half the night and rose pale and hollow-eyed at seven in the morning to give the man of the house his breakfast. But even our American men have discovered that one can not do everything in the course of one human life. Men still make haste to be rich, but they are discovering that haste alone is not a source of wealth. Woman is one of the sensitive plants, and is affected immediately and directly by the atmosphere which others create around her. With a very little opportunity she creates an atmosphere of her own, infinitely more pleasing to men than the one they bring with them. And that is what the American woman of to-day has at last a chance of doing; she has begun to create her own atmosphere, is breathing it and flourishes accordingly."

"The growth and improvement in taste have been enormous, and I do not believe that good taste is to be attributed only to good education. It is the natural outcome of womanly nature which refines itself as soon as it has the opportunity. There used to be an extraordinary stiffness, if I may call it so, in American taste, which within the last ten years has grown more facile, pliant, and graceful. It is no longer a distinctive sign of social superiority to have a semi-classic marble statue in the hall and the stone effigy of an uncle or aunt in the dining-room. Moreover, the successors of those æsthetic monstrosities are fast disappearing, too—the expensive and bad imitations of Oriental stuffs, the profuse crops of useless knick-knacks which used to make tables unserviceable for ordinary purposes, and rooms almost uninhabitable for beings endowed with motion. An astonishing number of women now know the difference between a good etching and a bad one, between a picture and a daub, between a portrait-painter and an unscrupulous impressionist."

"In one respect the position of the American woman differs fundamentally from that of her European sisters, though it is probable that the difference will not outlast another generation. Man plays little or no part in her existence before dinner-time. There is not what may fairly be called a leisure class of men, though there is a very large leisure class of women. There are, of course, a considerable number of young men who have neither the inclination nor the necessity for increasing the wealth they have justly inherited or expect to inherit, but neither æsthetically nor ethically do they appear to have reached the stage of development attained by their women. They keep very much together; they follow all sorts of pursuits in which women have no share; they love the club and they abhor the drawing-room. As a body they despise, as foreigners, the men who spend most of their time in women's society, and in this respect, though with different pursuits, they closely resemble the English country gentleman of the last century. In all civilized societies where there is much leisure, the men ultimately gravitate toward the houses in which gifted women are ready to exchange their ideas with others, and to promote the exchange of their own among themselves."

"The salon, in this sense, exists in most cities of Europe, and will be the next distinct development of American society. To have what we agree to call a salon, a woman needs many and good qualities and gifts, all real and enduring, and hardly any of them depending upon chance. She must possess tact of the highest and most refined sort, for nothing is harder than to bring men of genius and high intelligence together, and to keep them from quarreling when they have met. The woman who has a salon must efface all small vanities, all pettiness and morbid sensibility, in order to be respected by those whom it is so hard to rule. She must know how to be boundlessly hospitable, even with the most limited means, how to make men think tea is nectar, and toast ambrosia. She must understand social distinctions thoroughly enough to make them disappear at the touch of her wand, herself a sort of impersonation of freedom, in whose presence all men find that equality which they seek in vain elsewhere. No very young woman can be all that."

"The married woman plays a much larger part in our society to-day than she did ten years ago, and the almighty girl has lost some of her supremacy. Daisy Miller was a very real and living person when Mr. Henry James immortalized her. It was thought at the time by many that she represented a tendency in the future. It seems to me, on the contrary, that she was even then becoming a relic of the past. The omnipotence of the pert maid is most complete in the village, where she necessarily has more leisure, a lighter heart, and less to think of, than the farmer's wife or the laboring-man's helpmate. The impression she produces comes from her vitality, not from her intelligence. Marriage in the life of the village is a much more serious affair than in that state of life to which society considers that it is called. It means hard work, a large family, mouths to feed, and clothes to wash. In other words, it means service, if not servitude, even with the assistance of the modern farming machinery. The village drama, if the village had one, was no doubt fundamentally like the drawing-room tragedy of our time, but the actors were not the same. They were generally considerably younger and brought more activity and less thought to the events in which they played a part; more sentimentality and less passion, more conventional stage husi-oess, and less original power. In the pastoral state none but the very young had time for much sentiment. But we have changed all that, and Daisy Miller no longer plays the 'leading lady' in the comedy."

"Woman's intellectual and artistic development, instead of being crushed, stunted, and chilled by marriage and the course of married life, proceeds, on the contrary, nowadays almost without interruption to its next stage, bringing with it, as a natural consequence, that increase of power over immediate surroundings which only intellectual development can bring. Daisy Miller was developed by the transition from the village to the city, from the country to the capital, and could never be a permanent personage in society. No doubt it has been a great disappointment to her to find this out, but it has been a great relief to other people. Man turns with a sense of rest and satisfaction from her noisy and thoughtless coöperation, and even from the contemplation of her 'pretty ways,' to associate with a being far better fitted to be his companion. Men, as a rule, take the best they can get where women are concerned, and are not always thankful, for, though easily pleased, because easily flattered, men are not easily satisfied in the long run, because they are not easily amused. I would not have it thought by this that I conceive woman's mission to be the amusement of man; but if she can not amuse him she will find it exceedingly hard to have any mission at all where he is concerned. The mutual relations of men and women are most likely to be pleasant, and will afford most charm to both parties when they know each other well—jo other words, when they have grown beyond the stage of the village boy and girl."

A New Fad.

Vases that are out of fashion or not otherwise serving a purpose, can be turned into good use by having them mounted as parlor lamps.

Nathan, Dohrmann & Co. make a specialty of doing this in an artistic manner at very moderate cost, either in wrought-iron, antique brass, or any other style finish.

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SOCIETY.

The Goad Dinner-Party.

Miss Ella Goad gave a delightful dinner-party recently at her home in honor of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs. The table was beautifully decorated with roses, and the menu was elaborate. Vocal and instrumental music was enjoyed in the drawing-room after dinner. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carlson, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Edith Findley, Miss Evelyn Carlson, Miss Beth Sperry, Mr. George B. Davidson, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Mr. C. Osgood Hooker.

A Musicale in Paris.

On Saturday, March 4th, a matinee musicale was given at the residence of Mme. Clarice Ziska, in Paris, under the auspices of the Ladies Art Association, in honor of the entry into the White House of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. Mrs. Cleveland is a member of the Ladies Art Association, and is to be the recipient of a souvenir of the occasion in the form of manuscript pages containing greetings from members of the Paris branch and the draft of action for the International Art Academy. The cover is of French silk, embroidered in gold *fleurs de lys*, and within it is decorated with pansies, Mrs. Cleveland's favorite flower. Mme. Ziska, the musical directress of the art association in Paris, arranged the musical programme, which was the chief feature of the occasion. Among the many guests present were:

Her Excellency the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and her two daughters, Lady Hermione and Lady Victoria Blackwood; the United States Minister, Mr. Coolidge, and Mrs. Sears; Lady Pine; the Baron and Baroness von Schelia, recently returned from a trip to California; Garohed Bey; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Guthe; Mrs. M. Rothschild; Mme. Maurice Strakosch, sister of Adeline Patti; and Mrs. and Miss Withrow, Mrs. William A. Wilson, and Mr. W. H. Keith, of San Francisco.

The Concordia Club.

The "County Fair," which was given in the Concordia Club last Saturday evening, was the most novel entertainment in the annals of the club. There were over four hundred ladies and gentlemen in the grand march, and they were in typical picnic attire. The ladies wore light-tinted dresses and Leghorn hats, and the gentlemen were in summer-suits that were burlesqued to quite a degree. After the march came the amateur circus, wherein a lion-tamer, snake-charmers, a tight-rope performer, an equestrienne, acrobats, and others appeared in a most amusing programme. Throughout various rooms were booths attractively arranged and rustic in character. "Gambinus Halle," a telegraph booth, a coaching-party, a hay-ride, a gypsy booth, a photograph booth, and other features were all displayed to great advantage, every feature being perfect. Dancing was enjoyed until early morning, and a sumptuous supper was served at midnight.

The Olympic Club Fair.

The interest in the Olympic Club Fair is constantly increasing, and the reports of tickets sold are most encouraging. There will be a special entertainment every afternoon, to be called the "Juvenile Hour," when amusements will be provided in the arena. Caesar will enter the arena every evening in a magnificent Roman chariot drawn by four white horses that will be led by slaves as black as ebony. His senators will follow immediately, and in the procession will be athletes, gladiators, soldiers, vestal virgins, slaves, peasants, etc., comprising in all about three hundred persons. A band of forty pieces will play every afternoon and evening. Luncheons, dinners, and suppers will be provided by Ludwig at reasonable rates. There will be fancy booths in the gallery under the care of prominent society ladies. Special accommodations will be provided at one side of the arena for spectators, who will be charged an additional fee. Several clubs are contemplating the purchase of space for the special use of members. Mrs. A. D. Sharon is president of the Patronesses' Booth, and the names of the committees and the days upon which they meet are as follows:

Monday and Friday—Mrs. A. H. Yall, Mrs. L. D. McKisick, Mrs. John P. Jackson, Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, and Miss Rose F. Rich.

Tuesday and Thursday—Mrs. R. Melrose, Mrs. W. K. Yanderslice, Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, Mrs. H. W. Yemans, and Mrs. D. J. Staples.

Wednesday and Saturday—Mrs. W. H. Barnes, Mrs. J. L. Martel, Mrs. F. C. Zimmerman, Mrs. David Bider, Mrs. A. C. Forsyth, and Miss May Sharon.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will soon leave to visit Mrs. J. E. Haggin in New York city.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson have gone East, and will be away about two months.

Misses Alice and Ella Hobart will leave this month on a six months' trip to the East and Europe.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann will leave for Alaska next week, and will return in time to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Sector and Mrs. Leland Stanford will visit Mexico while en route home from Washington, D. C.

Mr. J. William Byrne has returned from a three months' visit to New York, Washington, and other Eastern cities.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Handing went to San José last Thursday to enjoy a week's outing.

Mr. William Cerdle left for Alaska last Thursday on the steamer *Bertha*, and will return next October.

Miss Fanny Crocker has returned from Egypt, and is at the Grand Hotel in Paris.

Mr. George Vernon Gray is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mrs. Belle Adams, of the *Household Realm* of Cleveland, O., and Miss Eliza D. Keith, of this city, have returned from a trip through Southern California.

Mrs. George T. Folsom is convalescent after her recent severe illness, and will soon leave on a visit to Salt Lake City.

Mrs. George L. Bradley and Miss Grace Brown are now at Pasadena, but will soon go to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook have returned from a prolonged visit to Southern California.

Mr. J. L. Martel and Miss Adèle Martel have returned from an extended visit to relatives in New Orleans.

Mr. Harry L. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman have gone to Southern California on a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd will leave on Monday on a trip to Southern California.

Misses Alice and Carrie Griffith have returned from a prolonged Eastern visit.

Miss Alice Decker has returned from a pleasant visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Green will leave next week to occupy their cottage in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre are occupying their villa in Menlo Park, where they will remain through the season.

Misses Eleanor and Mae Dimond returned from Monterey last Monday.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas will leave next week to occupy their country home in Mountain View.

Mrs. A. H. Wilcox, Mrs. C. Tyler Longstreet, and Miss Fanny Wilcox will leave next week on a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carlson will leave for Chicago on April 22d.

Mrs. L. L. Baker is paying a prolonged visit to Monterey.

Mrs. James F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Miss Bessie Shreve have returned from a three months' visit to Pasadena and other southern resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs will leave about April 10th, on a visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague will leave for Japan next Tuesday on a three months' trip.

Mrs. Elle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace are expected here on Monday.

Misses Kate and Marie Voorhies have returned from a prolonged visit to the East and Europe.

Mrs. J. B. Sherwood and Miss Jennie Sherwood will return to the East in a few weeks, after a year's visit here.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey are visiting Coronado Beach.

Dr. George J. Bucknall has recovered from his recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and the Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan, who have been passing the winter here, will go to Menlo Park to-day to occupy their villa during the summer.

Mr. William H. Avery, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, who has been seriously ill at his residence in Alameda for a couple of weeks, is convalescing, and will be out next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin have returned from Southern California, and have gone to Ross Valley to occupy the Barber villa, which they have leased for the season.

Miss Upson, of Sacramento, is here on a visit to Miss Nellie Hillier.

Mrs. William M. Lent and her daughter, Mrs. Alexander, went to San José last Wednesday on a visit.

Miss Esting has returned to Sacramento after a pleasant visit to friends here.

Mrs. George H. Durham, Mrs. A. L. Durham, and Miss Durham, of Portland, Or., are staying at The Colonial.

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace and Miss Romie Wallace are enjoying a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Bull, Jr., have been enjoying a visit to San José for a few days.

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels will leave for New York next week to join her husband, who went East a month ago.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin and Miss Helen Perrin will go East late in April, and will be away about four months.

Major J. L. Rathbone has returned from Washington, D. C.

Mr. John W. Mackay Jr., reached New York city, from London, last Wednesday and is en route here to see his father. Mrs. Mackay is expected to arrive in New York on the steamer *Paris* to-day.

Mr. W. A. Harper, of Harper & Brothers, New York, Mr. Frederic Remington, the artist, and Mr. J. G. Follansbee, of the city, will be just come up from a visit to Mr. Follansbee's ranch in Mexico.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral John Irwin, U. S. N., will leave on May 13th to take command of the Asiatic squadron. He will be accompanied by Lieutenant C. A. Adams, who will act as flag lieutenant.

Lieutenant F. E. Greene, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Washington navy yard, and ordered to the *Montezuma*.

Lieutenant Frank O. Ferris, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, owing to illness.

Lieutenant E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. M. C., is passing his leave of absence in Washington, D. C., and New York city.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Lieutenant John J. Bradley, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., now at Vancouver Barracks, Wash., to Miss Caroline Louise Sladen, only daughter of Captain J. A. Sladen, U. S. A. (retired), of Portland, Or.

Some of the unsalable World's Fair coins have been bought by a New York jeweler and made up into various articles. A few have been made to serve as lids to little purses of silver mesh. The coin is highly polished and turned obverse up. Purses thus fashioned cost from ten to fifteen dollars, and are used by extravagant young women for carrying gold and silver coins. It is often difficult to get much more than the value of the purse inside of it.

Miss Ernestine Goldmann will give three piano recitals in Kohler & Chase's Hall on the following Fridays: April 14th and 28th and May 19th. These recitals will illustrate the history of piano-forte music from its earliest days to the present time.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Bendix Piano Recital.

Mr. Otto Bendix gave his first piano recital of the present series last Monday afternoon in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. A large audience was well entertained with the following programme:

Bach's organ fantasia; Beethoven's sonata appassionata, op. 57, in three movements; Schubert's fantasia, op. 17, in three movements; Brahms' rhapsodie No. 2; Mendelssohn's scherzo and capriccio; Brassin's arrangement of Wagner's "Magic Fire" from "Die Walkure"; Liszt's "Recordanza" and "La Campanella."

The next concert will be given on April 24th and May 29th.

The Alexander Concert.

A testimonial concert was given to Miss Stella Dolores Alexander last Thursday evening, prior to her departure for Europe. An appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme:

"Cello solo, "Sarabande and Gavotte," Popper, Mr. Louis Heine; song, Mr. J. C. Hughes; song, "The Better Land," Frederic H. Cowen, Miss Stella Dolores Alexander; harp solo, "Last Rose of Summer," with variations, Charles Thibault, Miss Maria Louisa Kimball; hallad, "Tell Me Mary How to Woo Thee," C. A. Hudson, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; song, "Sunset," Dudley Buck, Miss Stella Dolores Alexander; cello solo, "Adagio," Coltermann, Mr. Louis Heine; duet, "The Fisherman" ("El Pescador"), Millard Gahussi, Miss Stella Dolores Alexander and Mr. Alfred Wilkie; Signor S. Martinez, accompanist.

A prominent affair of the coming week will be the testimonial entertainment to be given to Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams, in Odd Fellows' Hall, on Wednesday evening. The affair will be a vaudeville entertainment, comprising banjo selections by Mr. Tennant, a skirt-dance by Mr. Harry Dimond, a burlesque German band, a duet from "His Majesty," numbers from "Bluff King Hal," and the drinking song from "Girofó-Girofia," which Mrs. Williams will sing by request. In this song she will be assisted by the six cousins, Mrs. C. L. Parent, Mrs. Gonzalez, Miss Gonzalez, Miss Tarrant, Miss von Wefelsburg, and Miss Bumeschin. In the general programme, which will be very interesting, she will have the assistance of Mrs. Louis Brechemin, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. C. J. Dickman, and Mr. Hugo Toland and Professor Tronchet, who will have a fencing contest. Mr. H. J. Stewart will direct the music. Seats may be secured next Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

Henry Heyman announces a grand concert to be given at Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, May 4th, on which occasion his pupil, Master Harry Samuels, will make his farewell appearance prior to his departure for Europe in order to continue his musical studies under some of the great masters of the old world. Master Samuels has already attained such a remarkable degree of proficiency on the violin that he bids fair to become an artist ranking among the very best virtuosi.

The Beasey children, who have given evidence of possessing unusual musical talent, have been tendered a benefit which is to take place on Monday evening. They will have the assistance of Mr. Hugo Mansfeld in the presentation of an interesting programme. They will soon make a tour of the State and then go to the World's Fair at Chicago.

An entertainment will be given in the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, April 3d, for the benefit of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society's Relief Fund. It will be a spectacular representation of biblical scenes from the Book of Judges, in which over one hundred and fifty people will participate.

Mr. Ernst Hartmann will give a piano recital in the First Unitarian Church on Saturday afternoon, April 8th, at three o'clock. On the Monday evening, following, the Misses Maud and Eleanor Morgan will give a harp recital in the same church.

Mme. Thea Sanderini will give a concert on Wednesday evening, April 12th, and will be assisted by Miss Annie Selkirk, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. Victor Carroll, Mr. Tuttle, and Signor S. Martinez.

Miss Adèle Aus der Ohe will give her farewell concert at three o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon in Metropolitan Hall. An excellent programme will be presented.

A Great Champagne House.

We understand that the house of Pommery & Greno, whose stock of fine champagne is believed to be the largest in the world, and commands the highest price in the market, has purchased the entire vintage of last year, which is of excellent quality in every way but proved small in quantity. The prices paid for this vintage being the highest ever known, the purchase has cost that great firm the large sum of over six hundred thousand pounds, a transaction of magnitude never equaled in the trade by any firm or company. Their cellars are visited by about three thousand people in the course of the year, two men being regularly employed in showing them around through them. There are some five hundred work-people in all there, and the establishment is fitted up with the electric light and with private telephone communicating with the houses and offices in town. The proprietors are very conscientious in turning out only such wine which is of the well-known standard quality, and as the demand for Pommery & Greno is still on the increase, the management is constantly kept very busy.—*London Illustrated News*.

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(See Bulletin 13, Chemical Division of U. S. Agricultural Dept.)

HALF-MOURNING.

[MRS. DUNMORE, *thirty-two, a widow.* DICK SEFTON, *twenty-nine, a bachelor.* As Mrs. Dunmore is getting into her brougham, Dick Sefton comes up.]

DICK SEFTON—Ha! going out?

MRS. DUNMORE—One or two things to do. Do you want me to send the carriage round again, and come in with you? [*Doubtfully.*]

DICK SEFTON—Of course not; but may I not come with you? A round of shopping, I suppose?

MRS. DUNMORE [*making room for him*].—That will be nice. I hate shopping alone. Well, look here, first I go to my dressmaker. Isn't this a pretty color? [*Showing a little scrap of gray-blue silk.*]

DICK SEFTON—Very pretty; but it's hardly mourning, is it?

MRS. DUNMORE—I've been in black a whole year. [*Pathetically.*] Don't you think I might begin to make a little difference? It's spring, and I feel so muffled up in black always. Mourning, especially when one's heart isn't in it, is such a woolly, stuffy misery. It may be wrong, but I feel quite cheerful.

DICK SEFTON—I wish I did.

MRS. DUNMORE—Ah! I suppose you have been sitting up too late, or— How can you help enjoying such a morning? Everything is green and fresh, and the trees are sprouting, and the flash of the nurse-maids' white aprons in the park is so gay and— Shake off your depression and be happy with me, won't you?

DICK SEFTON [*gloomily*].—Unfortunately, I ought to be happy with some one else.

MRS. DUNMORE—Dick!

DICK SEFTON—I came to tell you, Mary. I've been thinking—

MRS. DUNMORE [*gayly*].—Dangerous! Something dreadful always comes when a man has "been thinking!"

DICK SEFTON—It isn't exactly dreadful, but it's a great bother. There's a girl—

MRS. DUNMORE—A great many as far as you're concerned, Dick!

DICK SEFTON [*bluntly*].—A girl I ought to propose to.

MRS. DUNMORE [*sarcastically*].—Then why don't you?

DICK SEFTON—I must.

MRS. DUNMORE [*starting*].—Must! Oh, Dick! I thought you were joking. What—who? [*Puts the little scrap of silk back into her hand-bag.*] Tell me about her.

DICK SEFTON—I mean to. It's Miss—first let me tell you, Mary, I'm a dreadful flirt, as you know; but I'm regularly "landed" this time.

MRS. DUNMORE [*shortly*].—Has she money?

DICK SEFTON—Lots.

MRS. DUNMORE—Position?

DICK SEFTON—Yes.

MRS. DUNMORE—Pretty?

DICK SEFTON—Very.

MRS. DUNMORE—Then I should say it was you who had "landed" her. Wait a minute; I must go in here. [*The carriage stops and she gets out.*]

DICK SEFTON—Poor little woman, she doesn't half like it. Perhaps she thinks I ought to marry her? That was the idea once. I rather feel as if I ought, too—I said such things to her. Not that Mary Dunmore would ever hold a man to an engagement if he wanted to be off. I suppose I did flirt with her. She has such pretty ways. I wish she were a year or two younger.

MRS. DUNMORE [*reappearing; to servant*].—Stores. I ordered a black dress after all, Dick.

DICK SEFTON [*slowly*].—Mary, I've been thinking.

MRS. DUNMORE—What, again!

DICK SEFTON—Oh, don't chaff. Need this—make any difference?

MRS. DUNMORE—In what way?

DICK SEFTON—I mean—we have always been such friends.

MRS. DUNMORE—Friends—yes.

DICK SEFTON—You know what I mean—more than friends.

MRS. DUNMORE—Oh, no.

DICK SEFTON—Well, if you won't have it so, of course, I can't press it [*laughing a little*]. At any rate, you have always been very kind to me. As I was saying, we can still see a great deal of each other.

MRS. DUNMORE—Can we really?

DICK SEFTON—My being married needn't alter things much. She will be so busy—seeing after her house, and all that—

MRS. DUNMORE—I have a house, and yet I find time to—

DICK SEFTON—Ah, but you are so clever—it goes on wheels; but a young married woman, you know, is all at sixes and sevens at first.

MRS. DUNMORE—Well, but you will help her—go out, choose her frocks.

DICK SEFTON—I think I see myself—

MRS. DUNMORE—Neglecting her!

DICK SEFTON—Oh, I hope I shall never do that. But I shall, of course, stop to my friends.

MRS. DUNMORE—And flirtations?

DICK SEFTON—You are not a "flirtation."

MRS. DUNMORE—Not exactly. Where do you intend to live?

DICK SEFTON—Somewhere near you. And then, there's my country place.

MRS. DUNMORE—But I should not have thought you could have stood the country.

DICK SEFTON—Oh, I should be up in town a good deal—keep on my old rooms, you know—and give my little dinners—and so on—

MRS. DUNMORE—Oh, should you? Independently of the family gatherings, I suppose?

DICK SEFTON—I rather dread them. A young housekeeper. You will give May a few hints, won't you? Your dinners are charming.

MRS. DUNMORE—Yes, I am an excellent housekeeper. [*The carriage stops at the Stores.*] Let me see. Currants—raisins! [*Gets out.*] Of course I'll help her.

DICK SEFTON—Poor, dear little woman! She is so sweet and forgiving. [*Ponders. Reënter Mrs. Dunmore.*]

MRS. DUNMORE [*to servant*].—Home, please.

DICK SEFTON—I haven't told you yet who she is.

MRS. DUNMORE—And you will observe that I have not asked you. You called her May. I know so many Mays.

DICK SEFTON—You know this one—May Polton.

MRS. DUNMORE [*suppressing a little scream*].—May Polton! Is it May Polton you want to propose to?

DICK SEFTON—Yes, May Polton. Why not?

MRS. DUNMORE [*deliberately*].—I am sorry, Dick, to inflict such a blow, but I happen to have personal and intimate knowledge of the fact that May Polton is devoted to my cousin, Frank Lawson, and is to marry him as soon as he gets his promotion. It's a long while coming—that's why she looks depressed at times.

DICK SEFTON—Do you really mean it?

MRS. DUNMORE—I do, indeed. And you thought you had broken her heart?

DICK SEFTON [*sulkily*].—Hearts are not so easily broken.

MRS. DUNMORE—Thank goodness, no! But you, Dick, are you dreadfully disappointed?

DICK SEFTON—Well, to tell the truth, not so very. She is a little unformed and high-shouldered! I prefer a thorough woman of the world, like you—clever, cynical—

MRS. DUNMORE—Thank you, Dick. Am I cynical? If I am, it is only since—

DICK SEFTON—Practical, witty, brilliant, charming—like you, Mary [*softly*].

MRS. DUNMORE—Oh, Dick, Dick, what a flirt you are!

DICK SEFTON—I may be, but it is only on the surface. Deep down—

MRS. DUNMORE—Oh! I know what you are going to say. Don't begin to dredge in the depths of your inner consciousness; you might find some strange things there. Leave well—or ill—alone.

DICK SEFTON—I don't quite understand—

MRS. DUNMORE—You are no match for a woman of the world. Try the school-girl. Here we are at my bouse. Good-bye, Dick [*sadly*].

DICK SEFTON—Won't you give me some lunch?

MRS. DUNMORE—I shan't have any myself—I shall be lying down.

DICK SEFTON—Ah, I see—the heat—

MRS. DUNMORE—Don't be hypocritical, Dick.

You know you don't for one moment believe that's the reason.

DICK SEFTON—Then may I come in and have tea with you?

MRS. DUNMORE—No, I think not, Dick.

DICK SEFTON—To dinner, then—dear?

MRS. DUNMORE—No. I don't think I want you to come and dine.

DICK SEFTON—When shall you want me, then?

MRS. DUNMORE [*fitting her latch-key into the door*].—Never, I think, Dick, again.—*Black and White.*

Dummy's Joke.

Jones was sauntering about at the Academy of Design and chanced to meet a friend, a deaf-mute, who was conversing with a companion in sign-language. Greeting Jones cordially, the deaf-mute drew out a note-book and pencil, and, after a brief pencil-and-paper conversation, introduced his companion by the same means, and shortly after withdrew.

Jones and the stranger discussed the pictures pleasantly for twenty minutes or more, meanwhile covering the backs of sundry envelopes and scraps of paper with their pencillings, when a fourth character in this little drama came upon the scene—a friend of Jones's new-made acquaintance.

"Hello, George!" said the dumb man to the newcomer, familiarly; "how do you like the pictures this year?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jones, in surprise; "can you talk?"

"Well, I should smile," said the gentleman, equally surprised, as he hastily put away pencil and paper. "Aren't you deaf and dumb?"

"Not by a darned sight," Jones replied, thrusting into his pocket an envelope nearly covered with pencil marks; "but I'll kill Dummy next time I see him!"—*Ernest P. Neville in Life.*

Daudet has never been present at any of the "first nights" of his dramas, and it is only from the demeanor of his *concierge* next morning that he knows whether his play has been a success or not.

EASTER RHYMES.

His Calendar.

Nor bud nor leaf need I to know
When Spring arrives in town;
I find it safe enough to go
By Phyllis and her gown.

When I behold this dainty lass
Come forth all fresh and fair,
I know that then the spears of grass
Are showing on the square.

And when in Phyllis' bonnet's plume
I spy a spray of pink,
I'm sure the crocus is in bloom
Around the fountain's brink.

So bring no prosy almanac
My Easter dreams to mar;
With Phyllis near, I nothing lack:
She is my calendar!—*Basar.*

To a Fair Saint.

For forty tedious days drawn out,
Thou most perverse of misses
(Your sacrifice you say it was),
You've kept from me your kisses.

And now you come with lips held up
To mine—your penance over—
You'd have me leave the arid sands
And dwell once more in clover.

But has it been an arid sand
For me while you've been fasting?
Dear me, so far as I'm concerned,
Your penance can be lasting.

Sahara was too much for me,
It had too dry a basis,
And while you fasted, dear, I found
A dimpled, sweet oasis.

—*Tom Masson in Life.*

Easter Morn.

(A VASSAR SCENE.)

Soft rustling like a crowd of flowers
Astir in April air;
Daisies freshened by the showers,
Pale crocus-blossoms fair,
Daisies and violets, all things sweet—
In chapel hall the maidens meet.

Bright Easter sunlight dreaming lies
On silken curl and braid;
With eager smile and greeting eyes
Maid clasps her sister maid,
And warm congratulations pour
As for some joy fate doth restore.

Why are these maidens glad amain?
Why in their eyes is blent
Delight with longing? I am fain
To ask. Because in Lent
They each had given up cawing gum
And now sweet Easter-tide hath come.

—*Madeline S. Bridges in Judge.*

A Ballade of Easter.

Whether it come with the bells a-ringing
Muffled and dull through the falling snows,
Or with the first faint zephyrs bringing
Their spring-time hints of the lily and rose;
Whether it bringeth a change of clo'es
Or a biting blizzard our bones to search,
One thing certainly each man knows—
Easter bringeth us all to Church.

The gray-bearded sinner his psalm is singing,
(As much of the psalm as the old rogue knows),
By his annual act of devotion clinging
To his pleasant fib that to church he goes.
And even the light club-window beaux
Come down for a day from their plate-glassed perch,
To stand at the portal in ogling rows—
Easter bringeth us all to Church.

What is this miracle, sudden springing
Up in our life of pomps and shows?
Is it a conscience sudden stinging,
That coraleth the heedless at Lent's gay close?
Why should the wicked just now disclose
A tardy fear to be left in the lurch?
For it's sure as it's just what you wouldn't suppose—
Easter bringeth us all to Church.

ENVOY AND ANSWER.

Son, the maid has a face like a rose—
For a fairer the world you shall vainly search—
And an Easter bonnet from Madame Chose—
Easter bringeth us all to Church.—*Puck.*

Signs of Health.

You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action.

Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600F.

QUINA-

LAROCHE'S INVIGORATING TONIC, CONTAINING



Peruvian Bark, and Pure Catalan Wine.
Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, as the Best Remedy for
LOSS OF APPETITE, FEVER AND AGUE, MALARIA, NEURALGIA and INDIGESTION.

An experience of 25 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroché to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark (a result not before attained), and to concentrate them in an elixir, which possesses in the highest degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of other remedies.

22 rue Drouot, Paris.
E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., 30 North William street, N. Y.

LAROCHE

Don't Blame The Baby

who will not know enough to ask for

HIGHLAND

Evaporated Cream

UNSWEETENED

Meanwhile its lungs and stomach are protesting 'gainst the "infant-food" that don't feed—nourish. Highland Evaporated Cream is the completest, safest and most readily assimilated food. Send your name and address for our Infant Food Circular—it's free.

HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO., Highland, Ill.

A BEAUTIFUL CRAZY square inches can be made with our package of 60 splendid Silk and Satin pieces, assorted bright colors, 25¢; 5 packs, \$1.00. Silk Plush and Velvet, 40 large pieces, assorted colors, 50¢. Emb. Silk, 40¢, per oz. Lemarie's Silk Mill, Little Ferry, N. J.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.
\$12 Buys a \$65.00 Improved Oxford Glass Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, easily adjusted, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments. FREE. Each machine is guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealer and service profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. Mention paper. OXFORD MFG. CO., Dept. N-37, CHICAGO, ILL.

IMPROVED HALL TYPEWRITER.
The best and most simple machine made. Interchangeable type into all languages. Durable, easiest running, rapid as any. Endorsed by the Clergy and literary people. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Agents wanted. Address N. Typewriter Co., 611 North St., Boston, Mass.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—
Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO'S
Breakfast Cocoa



which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the trial of a breach-of-promise case in New York city, a police-constable was the defendant. During the impaneling of the jury, defendant's counsel examined each of the jurymen to ascertain if he had any prejudice against policemen as such. He pressed his examination closely, and brought forth a protest and objection from the plaintiff's counsel. "Many people look upon policemen as Ishmaelites," explained the defendant's counsel. "Have you not made a mistake in the tribe?" quickly interposed the plaintiff's counsel; "you probably mean Hittites."

An English paper tells a story of a well-known bishop who suffers from impaired vision. He recently held a levee. At length a guest approached and said: "How do you do, my lord! My mother wishes to be kindly remembered to you." "Ah," said the bishop, "that is very good of her. And how is the dear old soul? Nothing like a good old mother! Be sure to take care of your old mother." The bishop did not in the least know who his visitor was, and said to his footman: "Who was that?" The servant replied: "The last gentleman who left your lordship's reception is the Duke of Connaught."

A certain Desaugiers, at the time of a popular uprising in Paris, when the people took possession of the Tuileries, hastened to the palace at midnight to see what was going on. At the gate he was stopped by two revolutionists of ominous appearance. "Why do you not wear a cockade, citizen? Where is your cockade?" they asked. A mob gathered about him and demanded, fiercely: "Citizen, where is your cockade?" Desaugiers took off his hat, turned it around and around, looked at it on all sides, and then said, in a tone of mild surprise: "Citizens, it is strange, very strange! I must have left it on my nightcap."

Most people are aware (says *Life*) that it is the custom of turf gentlemen to settle their accounts every Monday at Tattersall's. It was on one of these occasions that a backer, by an oversight, paid his bookmaker a betting debt which he had settled already. This put the "bookie" in a mental fix as to what would be the best course for him to take. "Shall I rob my wife and family," he argued with himself, "and return the money; or shall I keep it and go about with a seared conscience?" Unable to decide the point himself, he sought the advice of a brother professional of greater experience. "Paid you twice over, did he?" said the latter. "Ask him for it again!"

Threescore years ago (says the *Boston Gazette*), when the elder Quincy represented Massachusetts in the lower House at Washington, he was noted as one of the leaders of the Hartford convention wing of the Federal party, in sympathy with Harrison Gray Otis, John Quincy Adams, Timothy Bigelow, and others. He was a fearless partisan, and on more than one occasion gave mortal offense to both political sides of the House. He particularly drew the fire of John Randolph, of Roanoke. At the close of one of Quincy's caustic speeches, Randolph arose, and, pointing his index finger (a favorite gesture) toward Quincy, said: "The speaker, the gentleman from Massachusetts, soils the very carpet on which he stands."

What Miss Guiney, in her life of Henri de la Rochejaquelein, calls a "side-show of the great revolution"—the Vendean War—was distinguished by one touching feature. The ranks of the insurgents were full of young patriots, scarcely more than boys, and indeed, in some cases, lads not out of their teens. The most taking story of all is told of the Chevalier of Mondony, a pretty lad of fourteen, and a truant from his school. At the Battle of Chantannay, the little fellow was placed next to a tall lieutenant, who, under the pretext of a wound, wished to withdraw. "I do not see that you are hurt, sir," said the child; "and as your departure would discourage the men, I will shoot you through the head if you stir." The tall lieutenant stayed.

A lady who was fond of riddles dreamed that she met another lady, a stranger to her. "I shall not tell you my name," said the strange lady, "but I'll put it like this: If I had a tame hare which escaped and you caught it, and asked me if you might chain it up—that's my name." "Letitia Harrop," answered the dreamer at once; "let I tie a hare up." There was no pause for reflection in the dream, any more than in another case. The dreamer, walking with a friend, met an acquaintance of ovine appearance, who saluted with a curious duck. "What a queer bow!" said the companion in the dream. "Sheep-dip," answered the dreamer; a kind of pun which, perhaps, nobody would have made when awake, any more than he would have solved the idiotic riddle of Letitia Harrop.

One of the Chicago insurance companies (says the *Inter-Ocean*), doing a tornado business, some time ago received notice of a loss of a horse, for which the assured demanded immediate payment. While going through the customary formula regarding the

death of the animal, and wondering that a wind-storm did no damage but kill one horse, the company inquired in what manner the killing occurred. The assured at once wrote back that his horse had died of wind-colic, and that he wanted his pay at once to buy another. This peculiar state of affairs leads to a suggestion to companies doing a tornado and wind-storm business that it might be well to insert a clause similar to those applied to electric plants (in such cases referring to electricity, of course), reading as follows: "It is hereby understood that this company is not liable for wind generated in the property insured."

A rather vulgar personage, who had been created a marquis a few months previous to this story, managed to get himself invited to a court hall in Italy. The new-fledged marquis could not contain himself for joy, and exhaled proud satisfaction at every pore. Casting an Olympian glance around the room, he chanced to spy among the ladies the tall, angular figure of an elderly matron, with compressed lips, as though afraid of wasting her breath, and as lean as a lath. She was leaning on the arm of a young gentleman. "Who is that nanny-goat?" said the noble lord to a gentleman who was standing beside him. And the latter replied with a knowing smile: "That nanny-goat is the Embassadress of S—, the mother of the kid who is giving her his arm, and the wife of the old huck who has the honor of speaking with your excellency."

George Butler, Canon of Winchester Cathedral, was the son of Doctor Butler, head-master of Harrow. The boy grew up to be a dignified and serious man, a power in philanthropy and the church, but that he had a demure sense of humor is shown by one anecdote of his earliest years. Doctor Butler wore a fine suit of black, with knee-breeches and cloth gaiters, and with his powdered hair was a figure calculated to move any school-boy to admiration and awe. One morning, little George watched him, as he set out for school, and observed that his father wore only one gaiter. When Doctor Butler returned, he said to the lad: "You were here, George, when I went away this morning. Didn't you see that I had only one gaiter?" "Yes, papa." "Then why didn't you tell me?" "Because," answered George, innocently, "I thought it would amuse the boys!"

At a clerical meeting the subject of the separate mode of administering the communion, came up. One of those present said that when there were a large number present at the celebration, he often preferred to give the exhortation to several persons together, as it made the feast more of a communion than when each was isolated from his fellow-worshippers by the separate mode of administration. Bishop Wilberforce, with sarcastic mien and tone, replied: "I understand you, Mr. Eardley, to prefer administration by wholesale?" Mr. Eardley rejoined: "My lord bishop, when the divine founder of the feast, addressing the twelve apostles, said: 'Drink ye all of the cup,' I do not think that even Judas Iscariot would have dared to sneer at him as a 'wholesale administrator.'" The bishop's usual readiness deserted him, and he had nothing to say.

March 15th was the semi-monthly pay-day in the Post-Office Department in Washington, and, as usual, the long line of clerks and other employees stretched down the corridor from the office of the disbursing clerk. An eager office-seeker, who rushed up from the railway-station, bag in hand, in his haste to see Postmaster-General Bissell, seeing the long line of people standing in the corridor, fell in at the end of it. An impatient exclamation from him drew the attention of the clerk standing just in front of him, who, seeing that he was a stranger, asked: "Do you want to see the disbursing clerk?" "No," said the office-seeker, "I want to see the Postmaster-General." "Well," said the clerk, "we are all waiting to get our money from the disbursing clerk. We are clerks in the department." "Heavens!" said the stranger, "I thought you were all office-seekers," and he promptly made a break for the Postmaster-General's room.

Imitators and Impostors.

The unequal success of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS as an external remedy has induced unscrupulous parties to offer imitations, which they endeavor to sell on the reputation of ALLCOCK'S. It is an absurdity to speak of them in the same category as the genuine porous plaster. Their pretensions are unfounded, their vaunted merit unsupported by facts, their alleged superiority to or equality with ALLCOCK'S a false pretense.

The ablest medical practitioners and chemists and thousands of grateful patients unite in declaring ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS the best external remedy ever produced. Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

THREE POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1, 2, 3. THREE White, 11 1/2 lb. Brunette, 1 1/2 lb. All Druggists and Fancy Stores. TINTS

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.: 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:15, 10:40 A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Week Days	Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations.	12:15 P. M. "except Monday
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week Days		10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Saturdays		6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tomales and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00. Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—April 5th, SS. San Juan; April 15th, SS. City of New York; April 25th, SS. Colima.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco at noon on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—April 3d, SS. San Jose; April 18th, SS. City of Panama.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

City of Peking.....Thursday, April 13, at 3 P. M. China.....Tuesday, April 25, at 3 P. M. Peru.....Saturday, May 13, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro.....Tuesday, June 1, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1893. Gaelic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, April 4 Belgic.....(via Honolulu).....Thursday, May 4 Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, May 23 Gaelic.....Tuesday, June 13

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.

Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Germanic.....April 12th Germanic.....May 10th Majestic.....April 19th Majestic.....May 17th Britannic.....April 26th Britannic.....May 24th Teutonic.....May 3d Teutonic.....May 31st

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent, 29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 8, 1893.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento,...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose...	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San Jose...	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga...	6:15 P.
* 7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa...	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis...	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East...	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville...	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East...	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton...	* 8:45 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore...	* 7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers...	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez...	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno...	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento...	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville...	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville...	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore...	* 8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East...	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Eureka, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles...	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East...	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose...	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo...	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East...	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Centerville, San Jose...	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Wrights...	6:20 P.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos...	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San Jose, New Almaden, and Way Stations...	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations...	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations...	3:10 P.
12:05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations...	5:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove...	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San Jose, and principal Way Stations...	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations...	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San Jose and Way Stations...	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations...	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations...	7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows: From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:20, 3:50, 5, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Sundays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Sundays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	San Rosa	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	San Jose	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Ukiah	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen	6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bardonia Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Searsville, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Williams, Cabot, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usl, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$1.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager. PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Jan. 27, Feb. and March 10, 24, April 15, 30.

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A comic opera without some royal or titled personages in the bill, a comic opera which does not have its story laid at somebody or other's court, a comic opera where the "funny business" is of no account and is evidently dragged in by the ears as a tribute to custom, is a decided rarity, and such a rarity is "The Ogalallas."

In fact, "The Ogalallas" is not a comic opera at all. There is nothing comic in it. It is a romantic opera, written in an ambitious strain, verging at times on the seriousness of grand opera. Its writer and composer evidently intended to produce a work that would fit in somewhere between "The Mascot" and "Olivette" styles and the style of "Carmen" and "Aida." It aims to be taken more seriously than "Robin Hood" or "The Knickerbockers." It is a distinct American attempt to produce a light, romantic opera founded upon a national theme and resplendent with local color.

Having been so far original, Messrs. Allison and Waller ought to have carried their originality far enough to banish all low comedy from their work. The incongruity of that stupid old love-affair between the professor and the old maid—a type of love-affair that has furnished jokes to generations of funny papers and been Hoyt's stand-by in several farces—could be felt by the most indifferent spectator. It is entirely off the key of the rest of the opera, and could hardly be more out of place if it were put into the libretto of "The Barber of Seville" or "La Sonnambula."

The romantic story of "The Ogalallas" is being continually arrested and set aside for the purpose of interpolating these "bits" of comedy. The elderly professor and the mature maiden lady—arrayed with an absurdity that would not be out of place in a farce-comedy—are always stopping the progress of the opera to introduce scenes of low comedy. When they are caught by the Indians they are forced to don absurd costumes of the sort that, if the opera was a farce by Hoyt or a burlesque of Dixey's, would be *de rigueur*. Then the professor, the tails torn off his coat, his wig gone, two eagle's feathers stuck behind his ears, is tied to a tree preparatory to being tortured to death. The music takes on a wild and unearthly tone, and a solemn march of the braves, followed by the squaws and the captives, begins. Finally the chief, War-Cloud, in full panoply of crest of white-eagle plumes and cloak trimmed in beads, comes with majesty to the place of execution. It is a scene of decided pretension. There is not a suggestion of comic opera about it. Chorus, setting, the solemnity with which the music accentuates the drama of the situation, all show that the piece is meant to be highly serious, both in libretto and score. And in the midst of this stormy tumult of music, above which the wail of the squaws rises weirdly, that ridiculous figure, with the two quills behind his ears, is as out of place as it would be in the garden scene in "Faust."

Messrs. Allison and Waller should eliminate all the low-comedy business from "The Ogalallas" and let it take its stand as a romantic American opera. Romantic it is, both in story and treatment. The beautiful pale-face maid, with whom all men fall in love at the first glance, stolen away to the Irtian camp, there to be continually in anguish over the threatened death of her lover, is a purely romantic figure. So is the Indian maiden, brown-skinned, straight as a young pine, soft-footed in her beaded moccasins, loving and hating fiercely, picturesque and brilliant in her eagle quills, her headed leather wrappings, and her gayly striped blankets.

Don Cardenas, the Mexican bandit, must have stepped off the lid of a cigar-box or out of a novel by Bret Harte. He is the sort of person that a traveling Englishman supposes a *vagabundo* to be. He wears a *serape* and a *sombrero*, a silk handkerchief tied over his head, blue velvet trousers widening at the ankles, where white and silver embroidery are inserted, a belt full of silver-mounted pistols and daggers. When this glorious being—a compound of a *matador* and a buccaneer—fights, he rolls his *serape* round his arm and stabs with his dagger as one who knows. The moment he looks upon the fair pale-face maid he loves her madly, and tells her so, as becomes a bandit and a Spaniard. In the third act he is shown in his camp—a tropical spot, where great prickly-leaved, spiked plants grow luxuriantly. Here Don Cardenas smoked cigarettes, and, reclining on a mossy bank, watches a black-eyed Spaniard, in light-floating yellow skirts, dance fantastically in the dim light. The clicking of castanets and thrumming of guitars accompany the gyrations of the dancer, who has a good sense of time and rhythm, but wants elasticity in her movements. In

the tropical jungle beyond, fire-flies sparkle and glow. And all this is very romantic, without the least suggestion of humor.

But the most romantic figure of all, and, indeed, the central figure of the piece, putting even Miss d'Arville, with all her good looks, quite in the shade, is Mr. MacDonald as War-Cloud, the Indian chief. War-Cloud is the noble red man as Cooper wrote about him—the noble red man before government fire-water turned him from the straight and narrow path of his forefathers, or government fire-arms seduced him from the aboriginal art of throwing the tomahawk and shooting the poisoned arrow. War-Cloud quite refutes the theory that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. He has the grandeur, the dignity, the sculptured immobility of the aborigine of the prairie.

War-Cloud is a magnificent creature, with a repose of manner that is superb. It is true that the young Uncas must have looked—the young Uncas, the hero of how many children who have pored over his adventures and sorrows with tense interest only to be told that no Indian ever was born who resembled young Uncas in the remotest degree. Young Uncas must have had this lofty stature, this kingly dignity, this magnificent manner of condemning and pardoning foes and friends. There is nothing in the least ridiculous about War-Cloud. He is the veritable ruler of his tribe, hawk-featured, calm as though cut in sculptured stone, the Indian of fiction, not the Indian of fact, with a beaver hat tied on with a shoelace and an ignoble capacity for drinking fire-water—not even the Indian of comedy such as the redoubtable Muck-a-Muck of Bret Harte's story, who appeared before his sweetheart with his manly breast decorated with a large sheet of two-cent postage-stamps that he had stolen from the passing express.

Mr. MacDonald as War-Cloud is very imposing. It is a fine part, and suits him admirably. He dominates the stage whenever he appears, the single eagle quill fastened in his black hair standing far up above the heads that surround him. He has a good entrance in the first act, when, between the dropped spears of the Ogalalla band, he appears and stands silent, surveying the frightened company of school-boys and the solitary officer. Immediately following this comes his first and best song, a very vigorous and spirited one, with a tempestuous and wild chorus from the Indians. The orchestral accompaniment of this has the same stormy tumultuousness that one notices in the barbaric refrain, and is a decidedly ambitious attempt. It is unfortunate that the bars introducing it, and some that occur in the opening of the overture, should bear such a startling resemblance to the wild and rushing *motif* of the "Ride of the Valkyries."

Of the libretto of "The Ogalallas," it may be said that the story is better than the dialogue. Young E. Allison has a romantic turn of mind rather than a comic. If he would pare down all the comedy business and put in a little more straightforward, interesting conversation, he would materially benefit the work. It may be said in praise of him that he had too good a sense of the picturesque to allow his pale-face heroine to wear the usual beautifully fitting French clothes while sojourning as a captive in the camp of the Ogalallas. Most authors would have represented Edith, in the second act, as wearing a charmingly dainty white-muslin dress, a large hat, trimmed with flowers, while in her delicately gloved hand she carried a white-lace parasol. This is the way Cooper's heroines usually dressed when they went for a walk in the primeval forests.

Miss d'Arville wore a wonderful Indian costume of chamois leather, with cut fringes and much beading about the neck. She looked handsome, but the seriousness of the character is not suitable to her extremely vivacious style. The music was also too heavy for her voice, which toward the end of the performance showed that it had been over-taxed. Her rendering of Maid Marian in "Robin Hood" is the best piece of work she has given during this engagement. It is picturesque and spirited. As prima donna of a light-opera company, Miss d'Arville ought to be as successful as any in the country. She has not the prestige of Lillian Russell, but the two attributes that gave Lillian Russell that prestige, a beautiful face and a beautiful voice, are both showing the cruel effects of the flight of time. Pauline Hall, who is also handsome, fat, and the possessor of a voice of which the quantity is large but the quality small, seems to have died out of the operatic firmament. Marie Jansen, with a voice and the charm of a piquant face and melancholy dark eyes, is the one comic-opera prima donna who gives promise of reaching real success in her art. If Miss d'Arville would rid her style of its music-hall swagger, there is no reason why she should not be as successful as the Javotte of the old Casino days has been.

Mr. Tom Karl made his first appearance in this season of the Bostonians as Captain Deadshot. Mr. Karl, like all old singers of grand opera, has all the traditions of the serious singing world, and all the cleverness of its members in making the most of a little voice. His tenor, once a pure and rich one, is now decidedly worn. Still his method is good, and his performance of Captain Deadshot conscientious and painstaking. Years ago, when Emma Abbott's was the only opera company that starred in the West, Mr. Karl was the leading tenor.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres, during the week commencing April 3d: The Bostonians in "Robin Hood"; the Tivoli Company in "Martha"; Neil Burgess in "The County Fair"; and Primrose and West's Minstrels.

Theatrical people say the true inwardness of Mrs. William J. Florence's marriage to young Howard Coventry is now apparent since they have started out on a tour with "The Almighty Dollar." Coventry is to play the rôle of the Hon. Bardwell Slote.

Marie Van Zandt fractured her ankle recently while going on board a steamer at Calais, and it has been found necessary to remove a portion of the fractured bone. She is on the high road to recovery, but will be detained at Calais for some weeks yet.

Flotow's romantic opera of "Martha" will be revived at the Tivoli this week, with the following cast of characters:

Lady Harriet, Tillie Salinger; Nancy, Lizzie Annandale; Lord Tristan, George Olmi; Plunkett, Edward N. Knight; Lionel, Ferdinand Schuetz; Sheriff, George Harris.

Sarah Bernhardt, who always has some odd fad to keep her in the public eye, has taken the habit of getting up at four o'clock in the morning, appareling herself at all points like a man, and prowling about for three or four hours in the slums of Paris. She says she is having lots of experiences—and one does not doubt it.

"Daly's Theatre, Leicester Square," is the formal appellation of the London theatre to which Augustin Daly is to take his company of players late in May or early in June. The "Leicester Square" is to distinguish it from "Daly's Theatre, New York." The opening play of the London season has not yet been announced, but it will probably be "As You Like It," with Ada Rehan as Rosalind. "The Foresters" will follow it.

The London papers say that Mr. and Mrs. Kendall have put in rehearsal, for production at their Avenue Theatre, "Prince Karatoff," the nihilist play by Harry Dam which they "tried on the dog" in Birmingham some months ago. By the way, the London papers also contained an announcement in their marriage columns, not long ago, which was headed "Dam-Dorr." The former Miss Dorr is Dorothy Dorr, who made her debut on the English stage in Dam's play, "Diamond Dene," which was only a *succès d'estime*.

Pinero has based his new play, "The Amazons," on a novel idea. The scene is laid at Overcote Park, described as "a two hours' journey from town," but as difficult of location as the forest of Arden, and in its sequestered quiet lives Lady Castlejordan, who, out of a misguided respect for her late husband, has brought up her three daughters as boys, attiring them in manly costume and familiarizing them with all manner of sports peculiar to men. They smoke, ride, hunt, and comport themselves like lords of creation until the advent of three young men, who speedily become their suitors. This gives opportunity for much fun in the first act, but the opinion of those who witnessed the first night is that the happiest efforts of the actors were necessary to keep the end from dragging.

"The Caligraph" on Top.

In the New York telegraphic news of March 28th will be found a dispatch announcing the fact that in the great telegraph-typewriter speed contest, the first prizes, "the Mackay gold medals," offered for the best work of receiving direct on the typewriter, were won by "Caligraph" operators, each of whom took ninety-seven separate messages in fifty-one minutes, the record of accuracy being over 96 per cent. This conclusively proves the claim heretofore made that "The Caligraph" is the best typewriter for telegraphic as well as for mercantile, legal, newspaper, and all other practical work. Operators and other interested parties should call on Chas. E. Naylor, No. 79 Montgomery Street, Lick House Block, general agent, for prices and terms of sale of "The Caligraph." Prize-winners always use "The Caligraph."

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Cassara's Famous Band of 40 pieces will perform Afternoon and Evening. Mr. H. J. Stewart, Musical Director.

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THE INNER MAN.

The Marquis and Marchioness de Béchamel were famous epicures in the days of the old monarchy in France. Béchamel achieved the distinction of having a sauce, which survives to this day, named after him. He married a young woman named Valentine de Rochemont, who is said to have attracted him merely because she was a wonderfully good cook, and had a remarkable appetite. Though this might seem to be an insufficient basis for a happy marriage, it proved quite enough in this case. The marquis and marchioness cooked and ate together for fifty years, in perfect accord and perfect health. They were said to have almost passed their lives at the table; and when they were not at the table together they were generally in the kitchen together. That their cookery was wholesome, their long life testified, and that was delicious, all the famous eaters of their epoch were absolutely agreed. They had a famous feast at their golden wedding. For many years the marquis had been saving for this occasion a bottle of priceless instance wine, from the Cape of Good Hope; and every guest was to have a drop or two of it. Just as the bottle was being brought out, the Marchioness de Béchamel sank to the floor. It was quickly ascertained that she was dead. She appeared to have reached the term of her existence; and her death at such a festival was regarded as a most beautiful and touching one. The title of Constance was put away unopened. The marquis was inconsolable. Before long, he fell apparently hopelessly ill. In this emergency, his physician having informed him that his end was surely near, the marquis called for the bottle of Constance wine. With a sinking, dying voice, the old man said: "When I meet my beloved Valentine on the other side, she will say: 'What is that perfume, my dear, which I detect upon thy lips?' And I will answer: 'It is the Constance wine, my beloved, that I had saved for our golden wedding!'" Béchamel sank of the wine, and his livid head fell back upon his pillow. All supposed that he was dead; but he was merely asleep. An hour afterward he called his nephew, and sent him, with a key, to open a drawer and bring from it a box. The nephew came all haste, supposing that the box might contain a will, or some other document which he wished to read or modify before his death. To his astonishment, it was found to contain a pie. It was a wonderful Périgord pie, dressed with truffles of Sarlat. The marquis ate freely of it, and again sank back on his pillow. "Hark!" said the doctor; "I hear the fatal rattle in his throat! It will soon be over!" But the "rattle" turned out to be a snore. The marquis was asleep. And though he was then seventy-five years old, he lived fifteen years longer, and invented several more famous dishes.

There is sadness among the epicures of Philadelphia over the decision that terrapin à la Maryland is the only dish worthy of the name. The dispute is settled, the other day, at John Wanamaker's shadowbrook Farm, when Philadelphia terrapin and Philadelphia cooks came in competition with Baltimore terrapin and Baltimore cooks. The judges are leading epicures of the two cities. Dish after dish of terrapin à la Maryland and terrapin à la Philadelphia were served, and, when each epicure had enjoyed them to the full, a vote was taken and Philadelphia lost—nine of the fourteen gentlemen preferring the Baltimore preparation. For years Philadelphia has contended that the only good terrapin was prepared after the Philadelphia recipe, which calls for a thick dressing of flour, rich cream, and Madeira. The Marylanders always insisted that this was not terrapin. They poked fun at the Philadelphians for mixing cream or flour with terrapin, or even dashes of Madeira. All the Baltimore cook wants is a good diamond-back terrapin, a pepper, a lump of butter, and a chafing-dish. He him these—he will do the rest.

The late Lord Dudley had no notion of a dinner without apple-pie. "God bless my soul! No apple-pie," he was heard to mutter at Prince Esterhazy's. Lord Dudley says that this noble amateur insisted on having his favorite viand a "pie," contending that "apple-pie" was applicable only to open pastry. Lord Dudley would have an apricot tart on his sideboard every year round, and with him it was always an apricot tart. But all tarts are pies, though all pies are not tarts. Pastry is a generic term for all culinary preparations that are served on layers, or in cases, lined or closed, of farinaceous paste; and "pie" is the contraction of this generic term. "Tart," though, is paste twisted—*torta*—into fancy shapes. If open or closed, may be called a tart when any portion of its paste has been twisted or fancifully rippled by the maker. So that pies may consist of flesh or fish and yet be tarts, and tarts may be fruit and yet be pies.

The Barricade Gives Way.

Without doubt, when the digestive organs are stormed with the cathartics, to overcome their constipation, but at a serious cost to the assaulting party. The intestinal organs are thereby much enfeebled and excessively irritated. Far more thoroughly, and less violently, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most benign aperients. Incomparable for malaria, nervousness, dyspepsia, kidney troubles.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jess—"George and Ethel have had a flare-up." Bess—"What was the trouble?" Jess—"He referred to her poodle as 'it.'"—*Truth*.

"I suppose that's another case of angel cake," remarked St. Peter as Johnny picked out his little halo and passed down the corridor.—*Truth*.

Hopeful spinster—"What, as a man of the world, do you consider the most desperate form of gambling?" The bachelor—"Marriage."—*Life*.

"What do you think will be the biggest thing you will see at the World's Fair?" said Mrs. Fucash. "My hotel-bill," replied her husband.—*Washington Star*.

His capital impaired: Thirsty tourist—"Isn't fifty cents wather steep for a lemonade?" Montana bartender—"Steep? Naw! W'y, you went an' et the lemon!"—*Puck*.

Edwin—"Wha's dat noise, Miss Anj'liner? Has't stahted hailin'?" Angelina—"Oh, no, Mistah Brokens; dat's jus' popper eatin' watermillion on der roof!"—*Truth*.

Wool—"How do you suppose Queen Liliuokalani got her strange name?" Van Pelt—"Her mother may have hit on it by accident while learning the type-writer."—*Life*.

"Didn't you find him just as I represented him?" Lady (indignantly)—"No, sir, you said he was a bird-dog, and he hasn't sung a note yet, and I've had him two weeks."—*Ex*.

Cholly—"Great Scott, old fellow, what are you trying to raise a goatee for?" Fueddy—"I've got tired of being chucked undab the chin by mothahly old ladies, bah Jove!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

"The coffee is very cold this morning, Mrs. Small," said the new boarder to the landlady. "Mr. Hunker," said the latter to the star boarder, "please hand the cayenne pepper to Mr. Ferris."—*Bazar*.

Algy—"Waginald, what did you say, you know, when you were presented to the Pwioice of Wales?" Reginald—"Why, deah boy, the first thing I did was to apologize for the American revolution."—*Life*.

Dusty Rhodes—"Say, dere's a story in de paper about a man what killed all his folks, because dey wanted him to go to work." Weary Raggles—"Dat was terrible!" Dusty Rhodes—"Ye-es; dey oughter have knowed better."—*Puck*.

Columbian: Party at window—"Say, gim' me two 'Landings' and a 'Discovery.'" Stamp clerk—"Come, talk sense! What do you want?" Party at window—"Ain't yez on? Gim' me two twos and a one. Say, you're dead slow!"—*Puck*.

A considerate man: Rural relative (as he scrapes around in hob-nailed boots on the highly polished floor)—"By gum! Them rugs is all-fired handsome, an' I ain't jay enough to go walkin' all over them with my hob-nailed boots—plain boards is good enough fer me."—*Puck*.

New York uncle (to Boston boy)—"Jimmy, can you tell me who George Washington was?" Jimmy (aged seven)—"Tut, tut, my dear sir! Is it possible that New York and its environments have become so Hibernicized that the illustrious general has been relegated to oblivio?"—*Truth*.

Botherby—"Have you seen Lord Noodleby's 'American Notes'?" Wipley—"No; anything in 'em?" Botherby—"Yes. He's got the statistics Waggle gave him at the club that night about the number of bottles of tooth-wash Philadelphians use on their marble door-steps every year."—*Bazar*.

"What a sense of exhilaration a man must feel when he walks into the White House for the first time after his inauguration and realizes that he is President of the United States. What do you suppose a man thinks about on his first night there?" said Hawley. "His second term," replied Hicks.—*Life*.

The parrot—"Now, stop, George! George, if you kiss me again, I'll call mamma. Oh, George!" (This may not appear funny to the reader, neither does it sound funny to John. John is engaged to Mary. He also knows that a "George" calls on Mary occasionally, "in a purely Platonic sort of way, you know.")—*Puck*.

Women as financiers: First attendant at church fair—"Here's a Turkish table-cover; the cost price on it is marked twenty-five dollars. What shall I mark it to be sold for?" Second attendant—"Oh, how perfectly lovely! I have been wanting such a one for a long time. Just mark it ten dollars, and I'll buy it myself."—*Puck*.

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DCLXXXVII.—Bill of Fare for Ten Persons, Easter Sunday, April 2, 1893.

Small Clams.
Clear Soup.
Fillet of Sole, Tartar Sauce, Parisienne Potatoes.
Pigeons with Green Peas.
Sweetbread Patties.
Fillet of Beef, Mushrooms and Truffles.
Asparagus, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
French Artichoke Salad.
Ice-cream, Orange Cake.
Coffee.
Wines.

PIGEONS WITH GREEN PEAS.—When the pigeons are cleaned and prepared, truss them and put them in a saucepan with about two ounces of butter for half a dozen; stir now and then, till turning rather brown all around, and take off; then put in the saucepan about two ounces of salt-pork, cut in dice; stir, and, when partly fried, take it off, also. The pan being still on the fire, put into it a good tablespoonful of flour, stir until it turns brown, when you add about a quart of broth, stir and mix; put pigeons and salt pork back into the pan, season with a bunch of seasonings, composed of half a dozen stalks of parsley, one of thyme, two bay-leaves, a clove, and one clove of garlic. Boil gently until the whole is done; remove the bunch of seasoning and the clove of garlic; dish the pigeons, turn the

peas into the same dish, but into the middle of the pigeons, which must be tastefully arranged around the dish; strain the sauce over the whole, and serve hot.

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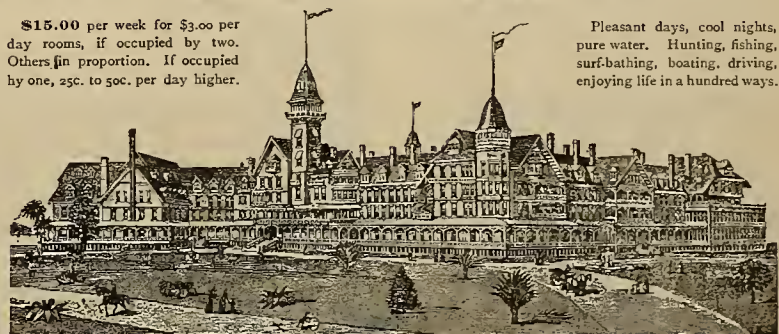
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Orders issued almost simultaneously by Judge Billings, of the United States Circuit Court at New Orleans, and by Judges Taft and Ricks, at Toledo, on the rights of labor organizations, mark a step in the progress of the conflict of law against mob-rule, of society against proletarianism. In the New Orleans case, the Workingmen's Amalgamated Council were brought into court for having ordered a strike in order to compel certain business enterprises to employ union workmen exclusively; the strike ended before the case was reached, but Judge Billings thought it well to seize the opportunity to state the law on the subject of the rights of labor organizations. He stated that the latter were lawful bodies engaged in an unlawful business. It was in restraint of trade, and therefore unlawful for any combination of men to engage in a conspiracy to paralyze the commerce of the city. The combined strikers not only refused to work themselves, but likewise by intimidation and violence prevented others from working, whereby the trade of New Orleans

came to a standstill; not a bale of goods could he moved, and stagnation overtook all the commerce which flows through New Orleans. This behavior, in the judge's opinion, constituted an offense at law which it was the duty of a judge to prevent by injunction.

In the Ann Arbor case, the engineers and firemen had a difference with the company and went out on strike. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers took up their case and ordered engineers on roads connecting with the Ann Arbor to refuse to handle its freight. The consequence was that the district which relies on the Ann Arbor Road as an outlet could not send its produce out, and the merchants in the same district could not get their goods in. A total paralysis fell upon the district. Parties who were injured applied to Judge Taft, of the United States Circuit Court, and to Judge Ricks, of the District Court, for relief. Judge Ricks promptly ordered Chief Arthur, of the Locomotive Engineers, to produce in court the order forbidding railroad hands from handling the freight of railroads whose employees were on strike. It was produced accordingly. It reads:

"It shall be recognized as a violation of obligation for a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, who may be employed on a railroad running in connection with or adjacent to other roads, to handle the property belonging to a railroad or system in any way that may benefit a company with which the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is at issue."

Judge Ricks held this rule and its enforcement to be in restraint of trade, and illegal as an arbitrary interference with general commerce, and he issued an injunction requiring the chief of the locomotive engineers to revoke the rule, and to notify members of the association that they would obey it at their peril. Eight engineers on the Michigan Southern, who had resigned their posts rather than handle Ann Arbor freight, were arrested, held on a charge of conspiracy against interstate commerce, and fined.

To the lay mind, the case lies in a nutshell. Railroad employees, like other people, have a perfect right to throw up their jobs, if they choose. But they have no right to throw them up in such numbers and by preconcerted arrangement so that their desertion of their posts will work ruin to other people. The very existence of modern communities depends upon uninterrupted railroad transportation. Each community depends upon some other community, either for a market for its own produce or for the produce which it consumes. If railroad hands may strike in a body, so that the roads are prevented from running, they inflict suffering and possibly ruin on people who have nothing to do with the causes of the strike. That involves an unfairness which the courts will redress.

The case is still stronger against those who strike, not for grievances of their own, but out of sympathy with other strikers who claim to have a grievance. The engineers of the Michigan Southern had no complaint to make of their own employers; they struck, in obedience to the rule above quoted, in order to assist the strikers on the Ann Arbor road, who could not induce their employers to advance their wages from one hundred and one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month to one hundred and fifty dollars. This was inflicting hardship on innocent people from a mistaken notion of the duties of brotherhood.

All these cases narrow themselves down to two issues: First, is the country to be governed by the regularly constituted authorities, or by organizations of workmen who are generally ignorant of everything but their own trade? And second, is it for the best interest of the country that the labor organizations should establish a monopoly in their several callings, to the exclusion of the free laboring class?

The first issue hardly seems to require argument. Under the constitution, all citizens of the United States, including laborers, who constitute a majority of the whole, elect the men who make the laws and the officials who execute them. The contention that the laws so made and the interpretation placed upon them by judges chosen by or from the people, shall be set aside by the fiat of secret societies, which meet in holes and corners, and whose members, however skillful at their several trades, have had no education in political

science, and have no interests at heart but those of the particular handicraft which they follow, seems too ludicrous to require consideration.

The other issue appears to deserve a few words of elucidation. It is estimated that about one-third of the workingmen in the United States are enrolled in labor organizations. This one-third insists on establishing a monopoly of the right of labor. They deny to the other two-thirds the right to live. They threaten employers with strikes and boycotts if they dare to employ a man who is not enrolled in their organizations; they intimidate the free laborer from applying for work, and, as we saw in the molders' strike in this city and, more lately, in the coast seamen's strike, whoever the hack of the police is turned, they resort to violence and even murder. The question arises how far such pretensions are reconcilable with a just sense of the public interest, and with the rights of the free laboring man. If the organizations carry their point, every laboring man must join them or starve. He is not free to do as he pleases. He can not make a bargain for his own wages or his hours of labor. He can not exhibit his superior ability as a craftsman, for his union specifies how much work he shall do in a day. No molder was allowed to turn out more than so many patterns for a day's work. He is the slave of a secret despotism which lays down cast-iron rules for his government.

It goes without saying that a vast body of workingmen are too independent and too manly to accept such a condition of slavery. They will not join the unions. What then becomes of them? The mechanic becomes a day laborer, the laborer becomes a pauper. The direct drift of unionism is to create a pauper class, which, in a nation that will number seventy millions at the end of the century, is a serious prospect to contemplate.

The decisions of the United States courts at New Orleans and Toledo, which are so conformable to common sense that no one has undertaken to controvert the reasoning on which they rest, illustrate the measure of intelligence which marks the action of labor organizations. The unions of New Orleans struck in a body because the draymen would not agree with the merchants what they should be paid for hauling cotton along the levee, and the railroad engineers of Ohio undertook to tie up the commerce between the lakes and the seaboard because the Ann Arbor Company had fallen out with its employees. Would not this be an agreeable country to live in, if power fell into such hands?

Whether it is that this glorious climate of ours, apparently so halmy, so emollient, has concealed among its properties an essence which makes for the increase of hile, or whether the acerbity of spirit shown by our public men one toward the other is peculiar to them as a class, certain it is that Californian politicians do more quarreling at Washington than all other politicians, and as a result suffer the worst luck. The instant that signs of Presidential favor appear, and the man likely to get an office begins to sue himself in the White House smile, there is a cessation of all other business among our statesmen for the sake of combining against that about-to-be-fortunate person. Then when he has been howled over—when by documentary evidence and oral argument, to say nothing of a storm of hostile telegrams from home, the President has been convinced that the favored one is a characterless villain, the California statesmen disband and resume their regular occupation of cutting one another's throats promiscuously. We are known at the national capital not as the Golden, but the Cantankerous State. In the earning of this deserved distinction, both the political parties have been about equally industrious. Eight years ago, Cleveland found that in filling the offices California gave him more trouble than all the other States put together. So fiercely did the Colonels and Majors and Judges war among themselves that the President finally kicked them on one side and appointed a lot of men who had had next to nothing to do with politics. Four years later Harrison had his turn, and the Republican Colonels and Majors and Judges came back receiving identical punishment. Even where political parties are involved, California manifests a cheerful determination

upon and rend any favorite son who has the presumption to lift his ambitious head above the level of obscurity. It was the wish of the managers of the World's Fair, for example, to place the horticultural department in charge of a man from this sweet land of flowers and peace. It is not yet forgotten how one candidate after another, viewed with approval by the commissioners, was so hefouled by the dirt hurled at him by frenzied hands, from Siskiyou to San Diego and from the Sierras to the sea, that it became inexpedient to appoint him. California lost the place and honor, of course.

Experience, apparently, teaches nothing to California politicians. The Democrats are behaving in 1893 precisely as they did in 1885, and Cleveland is dosing them with the same treatment. There was no reason in the world why the congressional delegation should not have agreed on a suitable man for the Japanese mission. Custom has apportioned this post to California. In vain Cleveland asked for a single candidate; the nominee of one-half the delegation was declared by the other half to be either a fool or a scoundrel. Ohio stepped up and introduced Mr. Edwin Dun to the President's notice. There was no trouble about agreement; the Ohio delegation had but to know that an Ohioan stood a chance in order to become solid in his behalf. So Mr. Dun, of Ohio, succeeds a Californian as Minister to Japan. It is evident that Cleveland is very, very tired of the politicians of this State. A rumor that he means to appoint anybody acts upon them like a general fire alarm, and they rush to the White House to protest against the outrage. It is not wonderful, therefore, that he is putting his ample foot upon them and despitely using them.

It is high time that Californians should ask themselves seriously why this spectacle of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness is given the country at every opportunity. Our politicians are more or less representative, naturally, and we all see clearly enough that when away from home they are about as mean, virulent, and narrow-minded a pack of nobodies as could be scraped together. Yet Californians are not wont to regard themselves as petty; on the contrary, we take pretty good care to keep the Union informed of the fact that we are a large, amiable, generous people, reared in perennial sunshine and retaining in great degree the pioneer habit of slapping the agreeable stranger on the back and treating him with a free-handed hospitality unknown in the cold and decayed East. Can it be that we deceive ourselves? Is it possible that the village-like rancor of our politicians at Washington is acquired before they leave here, and that their fellow-citizens perceive how little and odious they are only when they are squared against politicians from other States which we are given to deeming our inferiors in all the characteristics that ennoble mankind? Shall we permit the suspicion to cross our frank, hearty, and expansive minds that isolation from the rest of the civilized world has been conducive to the development of certain unlovely traits which are more conspicuous in the life of the hamlet than of the metropolis? May we admit that constant attrition with the people of other communities, whose interests, feelings, and aspirations are diverse, has a tendency to enlarge the intellect, increase liberality, tolerance, and lessen the inclination which every savage feels to brain another? Is it thinkable, in short, that the average Californian is not the fine fellow he supposes himself to be?

The trouble which California causes Grover Cleveland can not but be excessively annoying to that great and good man, who for more than a month now has been giving all his thought and time to portioning out the spoils of victory among his followers. Even the Democratic press is beginning to complain of the absorption of the President in this occupation—Grover the Good, who, according to the adoring Mugwumps, has a soul that ever soars far above anything so sordid as spoils. In truth, Mr. Cleveland is showing—what nobody who has observed his career with unspectacled eyes needed to learn—that he is a very practical politician, who comprehends the use of pious pretenses when one is engaged in doing worldly deeds. His ingratitude has wounded the regular Democratic army to the soul, while his disingenuousness inspires in all straightforward persons both amusement and contempt. With the gospel of civil-service reform forever on his lips, he has announced a rule against the reappointment of officials which defies both the letter and spirit of that gospel. It is a rule that he would not have dared to proclaim before the election. He discreetly accepted the hopeful political service of all the old place-men, and then, when they were of no further use to him, discharged his debt by showing them to the door in a lump. Other purely political debts, however, he pays in more comfortable fashion. Hoke Smith, from the anti-Cleveland State of Georgia, threw the Georgia delegation to Cleveland at Chicago, and Hoke Smith is called to the Cabinet. Colonel James McKenzie, of Kentucky, was sufficiently influential to take a portion of the delegation of his State away from

Colonel Henry Watterson, and Colonel McKenzie goes to Peru as minister. Judge Gresham rattled from the Republicans at a convenient juncture in the campaign, and Judge Gresham is Secretary of State. As gratitude is not one of the virtues patronized by Mr. Cleveland, it is apparent that he is building up a "machine." To what end? Is this great and good man so persuaded of his merits and popularity that he believes the American people can be induced to suspend the rule that was enforced against Grant, the great leader of the armies of the Union, and give him a third term? Mr. Cleveland, be it remembered, was eloquent in his first letter of acceptance on the evils of second terms. Even Washington had only eight years of the Presidency; but then Mr. Cleveland finds Washington's chair too small for him. Before 1896 arrives, the people of this republic will know the modest gentleman now in the White House a great deal better than they do at present, and as for the Democratic party—well, it will have learned by that time to put away ambition and turn to heaven for consolation.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is turning his visit to this country to account by studying the changes he observes in society since he was last here, and by giving the world the benefit of his observations. In the last number of the *Argonaut*, some of his views were reproduced, and were doubtless read with interest. They record a progress in refining and maturing which is quite as rapid as could be expected.

We all have in our libraries a photograph of the American girl of fifty years ago by Dickens, which was more accurate than was thought at the time; the slim, undeveloped girl who had run to mind and metaphysics, who relegated her parents to an upper room while she received her company in the parlor, and who reigned supreme over society till she married, when she subsided into nothingness. Now, says Mr. Crawford, the almighty girl is losing her supremacy, and the American married woman is playing a larger part in society than she ever did before. This is in the line of logical social evolution, and it implies a closer mingling of the sexes than has heretofore prevailed—which is precisely what American society has lacked.

There never having been a leisure class of men in this country, man has played but little part in woman's existence before dinner time. That little has been made as irksome as possible to the man. The consequence has been that men's acquaintance with women and women's acquaintance with men has been superficial—to the detriment of both sexes. The course of the pending evolution is leading to the inquiry whether it would not be for the benefit of both sexes to promote closer associations of men and women under terms of more informality. A large number of cultured and refined men in this city hardly ever mix in ladies' society. If they could meet ladies of their own sphere of life in an informal way, as they meet men, they would willingly do so, and the sexes would understand each other better.

Why is it that a man of sense prefers the society of a bright and pretty married woman to that of a young girl, however lovely? It is because the former understands him better than the girl. Having a man of her own, she knows how men feel, and how passing events strike the masculine mind. She knows in what direction she must travel if she wants to meet her men visitors in their mental promenades. Whereas the girl, especially if she be pretty, is apt to do the pedestal act until the muscles of the man's neck grow strained from constant upgazing. Both float through space ignorant of the other; and if chance drives them into matrimony, they espouse each other as strangers, and only make each other's acquaintance under the drawbacks of the conjugal yoke. The unmarried man and the unmarried girl meet in disguise; each wears domino and mask; each plays a part; neither emerges from the stage of wondering bewildering over the other's inner consciousness.

Mr. Crawford says that with the increase of leisure, society will bring men and women more closely together than heretofore. That is a consummation to be desired. Men meet in court, camp, club, mart, and street, and see each other in their natural colors; hence they come to know each other well, and those who possess insight are not likely to be deceived about the character of their associates. Women meet men only on parade, when both sexes are trying to appear the thing they are not, hence their knowledge of each other is rarely more than skin deep. This is bad for both sexes. A man objects to be perpetually in a social straight-jacket, and he therefore prefers his club to a drawing-room; women are driven to four-o'clock teas and Dorcas societies, where the female mind gravitates toward gossip. Mr. Crawford says that the women of Europe share the pleasures of the men, and scorn the occupations to which women devote themselves in this country as too dull to be endured.

At summer resorts, the social freedom which prevails enables the sexes to mingle on the veranda, on the beach, in

boating and driving parties, with an informality which has its charm. Why should such a sensible system be restricted to summer resorts? Why should there not be in our cities *conversations-hausen*, as they have in Germany, where ladies and gentlemen could meet freely, where men could discuss the news of the day with women, and talk to them as if they were ordinary human beings like themselves, and not divinities to be approached on bended knee, and addressed in a style whose euphemisms do not redeem its insincerity?

The social season just closing in San Francisco has been productive of few matrimonial engagements. The eligible men, as a rule, are not dancing men; the dancing men, as a rule, are detrimental. This is known to every prudent mamma. The summer campaign is much more fruitful; often Gladys—who has hugg on the hooks for years—will be worked off during a summer season, giving a chance for Maud, who is nearing twenty-eight. These facts should cause reflection to come to every matrifamilias with a quiverful of daughters. If men and women could meet as informally in the winter as they do in the summer, there would be much more marrying and giving in marriage.

As the time approaches for the enforcement of the Geary registration law for the Chinese, the public are much exercised as to what will be the result. There are doubtless many who honestly think Chinese cheap labor an advantage and benefit, and there are some branches of industry in which, seemingly, it is so; but that is a mistaken and erroneous idea, and when we consider the evils and baneful effects to our own race that follow in its train, we are inclined to feel that the law should be rigidly enforced to its fullest extent. In the first place, the so-called Chinese cheap labor is not cheap. It is the dearest labor ever introduced into this country. An element of labor composed entirely of a race utterly devoid of every attribute of modern civilization, and imperious to its teachings; without family ties or domestic relations; with no offspring to rear, feed, clothe, and educate; unhurdened with house rent and grocery bills; with no physical want that to the most common white man is a necessity—such a race must degrade all labor of a higher class with which it comes in contact. It closes all the avenues of all the branches of unskilled industry, and is fast becoming a competing element to the skilled. It demoralizes and makes hoodlums of our youth of both sexes; and all this is a part of the price we are paying for Chinese cheap labor. The threat contained in the proclamations of the Chinese Six Companies, that they will retaliate by depriving the few Americans in China of their privileges in that country, should exercise no deterrent influence in the enforcement of the Geary law. In the first place, those privileges are not at all commensurate with the privileges accorded to the Chinese in this country. Nor do they, in any sense, compensate for the evils the presence of the Chinese inflict upon us. One of the evils of which we have seriously and continuously complained is that they have established tribunals for the avoidance of American law. They are an organized conspiracy within our government to set at defiance our laws. They are an organized criminal banditti, practicing murder and arson in the very heart of our city. They are useful citizens in many respects, are outwardly and seemingly cleanly in their habits, and, to a degree, honest in the positions they attempt to fill. They are more honest and law-abiding and less objectionable in their conduct than many of the European immigrants. Although the squalor and filth that surround the localities in which they live are no more distasteful than the surroundings of many of the foreign elements that come to us from Europe, this fact does not justify this barbaric invasion. To a question recently propounded to a distinguished Episcopal divine, who dined with the writer, whether he had ever known of the existence in California of one genuine Chinese convert to the Christian religion, the reply was that he had not.

If the Geary law applies to the mercantile and educated classes, it would seem to be highly appropriate that its enforcement should be commenced with them, as it is the leading classes—especially the Six Companies—who are so bitterly opposing it, and who are advising the commoner classes to resist it.

The Irish race, though proud and sensitive, has ever been distinguished for its modesty. The latest manifestation of this virtue occurred in Chicago last month, where the city council declared St. Patrick's Day a legal holiday, ordered the city hall to be closed, that all public business be suspended, and that the mayor join the council in reviewing the procession of Hibernia's chivalry in their cocked hats and green sashes. The mayor, recognizing that while in this republic all other men are equal, the Irish, by reason of superior intellect and moral worth, form a privileged class, an order of nobility, gave his signature to the council's ukase and duly stood bare-headed on Patrick's Day while the cart-

borses and their splendid riders filed through the bonored thoroughfares of the idle city. In all Chicago, of course, there was no Irish voice raised against this tribute to Irish desert. But what must have been the indignation of the race there when at the next meeting of the council an impudent German member arose and offered a resolution providing that March 22d, the birthday of Emperor William, also be made a legal holiday, with suspension of public business, review of the procession, and the rest of it—actually, in fact, that no mark of esteem given the Irish saint be withheld from the titular bead of Germany! Of course it was apparent to the dullest intelligence that a foul insult to the Irish was intended, but as the German vote is heavy in Chicago, the council adopted the resolution, an act of cowardice and base truckling to foreign interlopers for the sake of their ballots, which the outraged exiles from Erin will remember on election day. The mayor, it would appear, became conscious that he was the chief magistrate of an American city, possessing an American as well as an alien vote, for though, to be consistent, he signed the order, he practically nullified it by suspending "all except routine business at the city hall"—where none but routine business is transacted. In his letter of approval to the council, the mayor, still with his eye on the American vote, had the effrontery to say:

"I desire here to commend the spirit which dictated the setting apart of this day and the setting apart of March 17th by the city council as American holidays, and I trust that the council, in its wisdom, having recognized the cosmopolitan character of our population by granting holidays to the different nationalities whose blood here commingles in the production of the American citizen, will not deprive the city employees of other nationalities of opportunity to properly commemorate the birth of all dead saints and heroes, as well as the birth of all reigning monarchs. If the catalogue of dead and living saints and monarchs be not sufficient to exhaust the secular days of the year, I would suggest that the council, as a change, appropriate the few remaining days by closing the city hall in order that we may commemorate the birth of some American hero."

Insults of this character may be offered Irishmen in Chicago, but it is different in New York, the metropolis of the American republic. There, thank God, the divine right of the Irish to rule is seldom disputed. Did not Mayor A. Oakey Hall, of sainted memory, stand on the steps of the city hall, in a green claw-bammer coat, a green necktie, and with a shamrock in his button-hole, to review the Patrick's Day pageant? And was not Mayor Hewitt magnificently snowed under at the polls when he came up for reelection after having the brutal bigotry to refuse to hoist the Irish flag over the city hall on the ever-glorious seventeenth of March? It was in the same enlightened city, only four years ago, that an Englishman, so lost to all sense of decency as to bang the British flag from his window on the Fourth of July, was dragged from his house by noble Irish hands and nearly put to death in the street with boots and cobblers. Still more recently, did not Mayor Grant go down on his knees at a mass meeting in Cooper Union and kiss the hand of Archbishop Corrigan when that august prelate deigned to enter the hall? The wonder is that Irishmen, driven from their island home by cruel oppression, can be got to leave New York for Chicago, San Francisco, or anywhere else—even for heaven, where, it is understood, precedence is not assigned the resident angels according to the quantity of Irish ichor they may happen to have in their veins.

The death of young Harry Thornton is the saddest of the sad events of the day. He was a genial, kindly, good-hearted young fellow, whose friends were legion. With his connections he had every prospect of doing well in life. He possessed the qualities which were calculated to insure his success in the calling he liked; he was brave, manly, and energetic. In the ordinary course of events he would have become a large cattle-owner in one of the southern Territories, and might have died a millionaire, with a happy family round him. But as he was riding over a lonely trail in Arizona, a coward band aimed a rifle at him from behind; he fell dead from his horse, with a bullet through his brain. His assassin robbed the body and fled.

Thus another life has been lost in the country which has herited the title of the dark and bloody ground. The soil of Arizona and New Mexico is strewn with the bones of Americans. Lives past counting have paid the penalty of invading the home of the Comanche and the Apache. In the old days of the Southern trail, the shooting of an immigrant was a matter of such common occurrence that the newspapers hardly thought it worth while to chronicle the circumstances. Such accidents were normal risks of the business. When the stage left the Texas border, every occupant knew that he was carrying his life in his hand, and an *arroyo* was approached till it had been carefully reconnoitered for a hidden foe. Powerful field-glasses scoured the horizon in quest of puffs of dust which might mean a lurking Apache. That was the country in which the adage here are no good Indians but dead Indians," was accepted a sober statement of fact. And the noble red man recip-

rocated the sentiment. To him a white man was a target.

One of the magazines lately published a series of reminiscences of the early days of staging in the south; they shed a lurid light on an era which has gone by. The Texan who crossed New Mexico and Arizona placed himself on the footing of the hunter who goes out for man-eaters in India. As no hunter challenges the tiger, and no tiger gives warning of his approach, but, on the contrary, each tries to take the other by surprise and at a disadvantage, so the Texan and the Apache each tried to get the drop on the other before he was detected. Persons who believe that the Indian is reclaimable have argued that if the whites had set the Apaches a better example, they might have become less bloodthirsty. But in the meridian of our southern Territories that belief has found few adherents, and the conviction has been pretty general that the only thing to do with a genuine Chiricahua is to kill him.

Not many years ago, George Daly, one of the well-known Daly Brothers, miners, after one of whom the famous Daly Mine was named, was managing a mine in a southern county in New Mexico. A troop of cavalry passed that way on the trail of an Indian band which had committed ravages and had taken refuge in the mountains. Daly was young, spirited, and eager for adventure. He mounted his horse, strapped on his Winchester, and joined the cavalry. Presently, as the party wound their way through a defile, the crack of a rifle was heard from an adjacent cliff, and Daly fell dead from his horse. The Indians were afterward taken, and were asked why they had picked out Daly, when they might have shot the commander of the detachment. The answer was: "We did not shoot you, because you were only doing your duty in chasing us; but Mr. Daly—what call had he to meddle? We hadn't raided his mine."

But young Harry Thornton was engaged in a peaceful avocation. He had done no wrong to the Indians. Yet it is believed that his murderer was an Indian. The wanton murders committed by Indians almost surpass belief. It is not many years since Paul Rieger, a San Franciscan, was killed in Marin County while fishing on a trout stream. His murderer was an Indian, who confessed that he had shot him in order to secure a portion of the angler's outfit which he coveted. The murder of Leon Baldwin, in Sonora, is fresh in the public mind. And now comes the dreadful assassination of young Harry Thornton. Death is always terrible. But to meet death in this manner—to be shot from behind by a cowardly assassin—the dead man's bones to lie for months on a lonely trail, bleaching under a pitiless sky—this seems one of the most terrible of deaths.

Our Roman Catholic friends are given to insisting that there is nothing in the doctrines or spirit of their church which unfits members of it for American citizenship. Many of the laity are doubtless sincere in this belief; the priesthood knows better, as, indeed, does everybody else who has any acquaintance with history or knowledge of contemporary conditions elsewhere than in this essentially Protestant country. To understand the true spirit of the Roman Catholic Church, it must be observed where it is in control. There it is seen of how much worth are those maxims of toleration in which American prelates and priests deal so freely when they are manœuvring to get their hands into the public-school fund, or protesting against popular anti-Catholic sentiment. Spain, with the exception of dear old Ireland, is still the most Roman Catholic of countries. The church retains there the mediæval hold on men's minds, of which progress has deprived it in France and Italy. And as the church flourishes in untempered power and majesty in Spain, it is proper to judge Roman Catholicism by the fruits it yields in that holy land. It may be remembered that a few months ago the cable brought news of the excitement occasioned by the proposal of the Protestants of Madrid to erect a church there. Bishops, nobles, fine ladies, all the aristocracy, petitioned the king not to allow this flaunting of heresy in Spain's capital. Should the sacrilege be permitted, it was expected the common people would rise in their might and—for the glory of God and the one true faith—smash things. Through the civil governor the prohibition was uttered. Afterward, it seems, when the excitement had subsided, the prohibition was withdrawn, for there are some modern people in Spain who object to an unrelieved Roman Catholic despotism. So the church was finished, and the opening was to take place on a recent Sunday. Then the excitement broke out again, and the civil governor sent a written order late on the preceding Friday evening countermanding his permit. He also, we are told by the dispatches, "sent a delegate and detectives, with police in uniform, on Sunday, to see that the order was executed. Fortunately, several Protestant clergymen went among the Protestants as they came up, and advised them to disperse quietly, which they did. The cross and inscription were removed from the church, as ordered by the authori-

ties." How would Archbishop Riordan and his many serenely grazing flocks like to undergo an experience such as that at the hands of the Protestants of San Francisco? And would the Roman Catholic Church enjoy such treatment in Protestant America as the Protestant Church receives throughout Roman Catholic Spain? What that treatment is, the Madrid correspondent of the London *Daily News* describes:

"The Protestant churches are made to take down exterior signs of their faith, permission to open new churches is indefinitely postponed, and permission to open the Bible Society's depots in the colonies is refused. Spanish-Protestants are maltreated and threatened with expulsion, and writers in Spain who dare criticise the Catholic Church dogmas are sent to penal servitude. This is simply because Liberal as much as Conservative cabinets dare not brave the powerful clerical influences that rule supreme at court and in society, and that intimidate even the press and politicians in the Monarchical and Republican camps."

The condition of things in Spain, however disagreeable it may be for Protestants there, is not to be altogether regretted, since it serves to keep the world in mind of the pregnant truth that at heart the Roman Catholic Church is always and everywhere the same. External circumstances, as in the United States and England, force it to put on a modern garb and use the speech of the nineteenth century; but in desire, in thought, it is still the old persecutor and bully, the enslaver of men's minds, the church of the rack and the stake.

Bourke Cockran is the foremost orator of Tammany and a conspicuous member of Congress, one of the shining lights of the Democratic party, and among the brilliant men of the country, without distinction of party. In a speech, recently delivered, he said: "The electoral college alone remains a dead limb on the tree where the limbs are vigorous with the vigor of a healthy life." This sentiment is expressed by Americans of every political affiliation, and entertained by Americans of every degree. The method of election of the President and Vice-President is in kind indirect and in degree complicated, and therefore it should be made direct and simplified. For many years the sentiment has been for the abandonment of the cumbersome indirect method of electing the President, with its contingency upon Congress, and replacing it with the simple and satisfactory method of the popular vote. The sentiment has grown into majority proportion with the people of the States. The call is for a direct vote for President and Vice-President, at the general polls, in place of voting for the stated number of electors pledged and bound to cast the vote in obedience to the command of the party they serve, and without the possible contingency of the States in Congress to finally make the choice of President, or the Senate the Vice-President. The sentiment is more popular than even that on the cognate matter of electing United States Senators by popular vote at the polls in place of the method which prevails—by the legislatures of the States, with the contingency of appointment by the State executive.

The war correspondents whom our enterprising San Francisco dailies sent to the Honolulu front are having a hard time. Being carefully instructed as to what they should write before they wrote it—being sedulously coached as to what their news should be before God made the news—they are in a difficult position. They have been sending columns of stuff to prove that the islanders are in favor of annexation, while between the lines it is perfectly patent that all such statements are ridiculous lies. Their able editors at the home offices, warned by the marked change in public sentiment in the United States, have been trying to blow cold instead of hot. But it is impossible for them to edit their correspondents' copy into diametrically opposite conclusions from the writers' premises, and the result is a jumble which must amuse even the distracted editors. It does not seem to have occurred to any of them to print the truth. Yet that is the most simple thing to do, the easiest, and certainly the most honest. It seems also to be the last.

A chance remark dropped by School Director Clinton has brought a hornet's nest about the ears of some ex-school directors. The present board seem to have their skirts clean, but former boards do not appear to be above suspicion. The grand jury is pushing a very active investigation, and it begins to look as though some of the culprits may be discovered and punished. It will be a good thing for the city and for the schools. But there is one thing to be said—if cases of bribery are exposed, the ones to feel the heavy hand of the law should be the position-brokers and the corrupt school directors. The needy women who were struggling to obtain a livelihood may be blameworthy, but a dismissal from the department will be sufficient punishment for them. Even if the grand jury indicts them, no petit jury will convict. But the men who made money out of the needs of these women—the public officials who accepted bribes from brokers, and perjured themselves—for these men, there should be no mercy. They should receive the severest punishment inflicted by the law.

A MAN'S HONOR.

Wyndam leaned back in his chair, regarding the saltant flames of the grate-fire with hostile eyes. He believed himself to be particularly calm—his heart was beating at its normal, placid pace, his mind was clear. He was unaware that his fingers were nervously tapping the arms of his chair, and that his view of the fire was gradually growing blurred and indistinct.

The library-table was thickly strewn with papers, and Wyndam's brother leaned heavily against it, gnawing his discolored lips.

At length Wyndam broke the strained silence. He arose from his seat and placed his arm upon his brother's shoulder, saying: "Do you see the biting jest fortune played us in removing our father before he could destroy these pleasing documents? For I have no doubt he fully intended to destroy them."

The younger man impatiently chafed under his brother's words. He threw back his head as if to shake himself free from the thoughts which pursued him.

"I am not sorry he had not time to destroy them," he returned, laboriously; "he tried to teach us to the full the meaning of honor—perhaps with the idea that we would be able to do what he was not strong enough to accomplish. It only remains with us to make restitution."

Wyndam looked at him in astonishment and cold admiration of his manner of receiving the blow.

"That is all that is left for us," he agreed, slowly; "and we can accomplish it only by our death; otherwise the world would know of our dishonor. Fortunately, Howard is the next in succession, and will come into his own without need of disclosing to him our shame."

The younger man was unable to restrain the faint look of protest which momentarily flashed into his heavy eyes. Then the blank hopelessness again enveloped his features, as he echoed: "Only our death can right the wrong."

He recognized that the case required that drastic measure—he wished no repeal from it, for every breath he now drew was poisoned; but the thought of death, which only an hour ago had seemed so far distant, came upon him with something of a shock.

"It will be well for us to make our exit as speedily as possible," Wyndam pursued; "there will be the usual wonderment at our hasty deed; but, at least, there will be no suspicion of the truth."

He commenced to separate the papers with his usual customary methodical precision, quickly bringing order out of the confusion which had reigned. He was bolder rather than helped by his brother's assistance. He deposited in the fire the confession which had laid bare before them unguessed infamy, and the two stood watching until the flames had mercifully devoured the last bit of paper which could have avowed their dishonor.

Then Wyndam said: "I am now going to my own apartments. It will probably take me an hour to arrange my own affairs. At the expiration of that time, I shall end my life."

"I shall do likewise," declared the younger man, who had now regained the mastery of himself. His voice rang steady, but his face was like a death-mask in its stiffened, unnatural repose.

There had never been any strong liking between them, but as Wyndam shook his hand upon separating from him at the turn of the corridor, he was stirred by a momentary thrill of pity. He knew his brother well enough to realize that life could now hold no possible charm for him, but it seemed sad that he should be forced to leave it while he was still possessed of the exaltations peculiar to youth.

Wyndam closed the door of his own den, and set about the completion of his task. There was not one letter over which he lingered before committing it to the flames, yet many of them were from the one woman he had ever loved, and to whom his marriage was imminent. He had always been able to keep his mind from the disagreeable, and he was determined that in this last act he would still maintain his admirable composure and not try himself needlessly.

He refused absolutely to allow his thoughts to dwell upon what was to happen within the hour, and he noticed, with a subdued throbbing of self-satisfaction, his unflinching nerve.

He debated with himself for some moments over the advisability of leaving a few last words to the woman who was to have been his wife, but ultimately dismissed the thought as savoring of the dramatic. In fact, he felt he could derive no consolation from writing to her, as he could frame no possible excuse for his impending action.

He walked composedly to the drawer which contained his revolver, but paused before the mirror to push back from his brow the hair which had become displaced. He also noticed that his cravat was somewhat awry, and rearranged it.

He was unconsciously taking mental note of his condition. He had more than once before proved himself to be possessed of more than ordinary courage, and had felt assured he would meet death, when it came, unflinchingly. Yet as he unhesitatingly leveled the weapon at his heart, he congratulated himself upon his coolness.

As he was about to pull the trigger, he heard, indistinctly, the muffled report of the pistol which had been fired in a room further down the corridor. The sound hastened him, and he at once pulled the trigger.

He fell into the chair beside him, his hand pressed to his heart, hoping that death would not be long delayed, for the pain he was suffering was intense. He could feel the warm blood trickling over his hand, dyeing the hosom of his shirt a vivid red.

His eyes fell upon his trembling hand which still clutched the pistol. It was not smoking, and suddenly there echoed in Wyndam's ear the dull fall of the hammer. He realized that he was not shot, that the pistol had been unloaded.

The mirror, which he faced, unmercifully reflected him. The color had fled from his face, his eyes were fixed and distended, his lips were twitching. He gave some con-

temptuous commiseration to the abject figure, failing to realize immediately that it was himself.

The weapon dropped from his nerveless fingers, and he buried his face in his hands. He continued to sit in his huddled position for some time, then, after several fruitless attempts, got to his feet. He groped his way blindly to the cartridges, and when he at last had the box in his hand, slowly retraced his steps to the pistol, which lay upon the floor. He lowered his hand for it, but he could not pick it up; he had lost control of his fingers. He drew himself erect, and wiped away the cold perspiration which had broken out on his brow.

"Great God," he whispered, sharply, "what a coward I am!" He carefully smoothed the anguish from his face, and once again bent for the revolver. This time he was able to convey it to the table. He endeavored to reload it, but could not.

"I shall rest for a time," he meditated, dragging himself to a chair. "It is true I told him I should end it all within the hour, but there is no pressing hurry, and my worst enemy would not wish to shorten these extra moments."

His eyes wandered aimlessly about the room, but finally rested upon a long envelope which lay upon his desk. It was directed to him in an unfamiliar hand. In one corner was the name and address of a prominent firm of lawyers. He had noticed it previously, but had not opened it. Now, wishing to divert his mind, he incuriously broke the seal.

It was a lengthy communication; but from his brief glance he gleaned that, through the death of his mother's only brother, he and his brother were joint heirs to an enormous fortune. He restored the letter to its envelope; the intelligence seemed an unnecessarily cruel taunt of fate. His riches or his poverty could not now concern him.

"And to think of it all reverting to Howard," he muttered.

"He will not know how to use it; he will be more uncomfortable than pleased. He becomes heir to ten times what should originally have been his through one man's perfidy, and because I am that man's son, and because it is a just law that the sins of the father shall be visited on the children, I must suffer. There is but one consolation, no one knows, or ever can know, the depth of our father's baseness, but ourselves."

It suddenly flashed upon him that the knowledge had now narrowed down to himself. He turned the envelope over caressingly, repeating softly, "No one on earth knows but myself."

He seemed to derive a certain satisfaction from the words.

"Were we right in so summarily deciding that only through our death could restitution be made?" he demanded. "Howard would be far more content if left with his hooks and a modest competency. The control of vast wealth would be nothing but a burden to him. Of course he could not be given what is rightfully his without creating suspicion, and that must be avoided, but we can—"

He went no further, for he was again confronted by his brother's death. He once more extended his hand to the revolver, and all his lately acquired repose vanished. His face hardened, a look of subtle cunning crept about his lips.

"Perhaps it is as well," he urged. "He would never have been at peace, for he had an exaggerated idea of honor. If I determine to live," he pursued, "I shall resolutely thrust from me the remembrance of what we discovered. There will be nobody, nothing to remind me of it, and even to myself I shall appear as much a man of honor as before we happened upon those papers."

With dogged firmness he replaced the cartridges and revolver in their compartment. No sign of the conflict which had raged remained.

It had grown late, and he carefully dressed for dinner. Once or twice his thoughts hovered over the motionless form lying in his brother's room. It would be necessary for him to feign surprise when the servants found the body; but he impressed upon himself the fact that he must be cautious not to overact his rôle.

He had dressed without his valet's help; but, as he was about to leave the room, he heard him in the corridor. He advanced toward the door, smiling a little, as if pleased at having got along without the man's assistance.

He opened the door, then retreated a step, as did also the man on the threshold.

The two brothers, both carefully dressed, stood face to face. SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1893. ALICE S. WOLF.

Colonel Fred Burnaby, whose ride to Khiva made him famous, was ambitious when a boy to become the strongest man in the world. Appointed a cornet in the Royal Horse Guards at seventeen, he threw himself into the pursuit of muscle. When a precise examination demonstrated that his arm measured round the biceps seventeen inches, his cup of joy was full. It ran over when, at Aldershot, he lifted straight out with one hand a dumb-bell weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, and no other man in the camp could perform the same feat. He once undertook to hop a quarter of a mile, run a quarter of a mile, ride a quarter of a mile, and walk a quarter of a mile in a quarter of an hour. He covered the distance in ten minutes and twenty seconds. A horse-dealer, arriving at Windsor with a pair of beautiful ponies that he had been commanded to show the queen, took them first to the quarters of the officers of the Horse Guards. Some of these, by the way of a surprise, led the ponies upstairs into Burnaby's rooms. When the time came for them to go, the ponies would not walk down-stairs. The horse-dealer was in a quandary, but young Burnaby came to his help by taking a pony under each arm and walking down the stairway. He was barely out of his teens when he was acknowledged to be the strongest man in Great Britain, but he paid the penalty of success in wasted tissues and failing health. His stomach refused all nourishment save that afforded by ice-cream, and the doctor advised him to travel. Absence from duty for a long time, the abandonment of dumb-bells, and the laying aside of his ambition to become the greatest of athletes restored him to comparative health.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Death and a Life.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her widow and her shoes.

May is passing;
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped.
Silent, lonesome,
Haonah's at the window, binding shoes.

* * * * *

Sailing away!

Losing the breath of the shores in May,
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope vast and gray!
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind,
For a vision comes on the rising wind
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog-bank dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into night

He watches the gleam of the lessening light
Fixed on the dangerous island height
That hars the harbor he loves from sight.
And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the tale
Of how they weathered the south-west gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale
With a wakeful night among spectres grim—
Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-yo!

Here's the Bank where the fishermen go.
Over the schooner's side they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below.
And Skipper Ben to the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple-trees,
And two soft eyes that beoath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,

And the rain through the sails tear and pour!
Steady I'll scud by the Cape and shore.
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!
And each man worked with the will of ten;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling oo him.

Into his brain

Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple, and eyes that strain,
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain—
Never again shall he walk at ease
Under the blossoming apple-trees
That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,
While soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,
Gazing with him.

How they went down

Never was known in the still old town.
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night—
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the beacon-light
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells

Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
His was the anguish a moment tells—
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells.
But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.

* * * * *

Poor lone Hannah,

Sitlog at the window hindling shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitlog, stitchlog, in a mournful muse,
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor

Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper:
"Is there from the fishers any oews?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, biologi shoes.

'Tis November.

Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose.
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters

Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea.
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

—Lucy Larcom.

Volapük appears to have definitely subsided in France. The French Society of Volapükists have decreed the dissolution of their organization, and the late most energetic apostle of the fad is now filling an important post as professor of German in a provincial French college.

A new Missouri statute makes it a penitentiary offense for a husband to desert his wife until they have lived together for at least ten years.

SIBYL SANDERSON AT NICE.

Her Invitation to the Club—All about the Battle of Flowers.

A story has been going the rounds of some American papers to the effect that when Miss Sibyl Sanderson was at Nice, she was refused an invitation to the *matinées dansantes* given at the Cercle de la Méditerranée. This assertion is absolutely false. I have asked, concerning the fact, several members of the *cercle*, who have all declared that Miss Sanderson *did* receive an invitation, and that the courtesy was extended to her mother as well. The invitation was asked for the charming American prima donna by three of the committee, and there was never a question of not granting it. A week or two before, a member had asked for an invitation for Miss Tracy, who had been singing at the Opéra here; but the committee declined to give it on the grounds that the rule of the club forbade the entrance into its portals of actresses; but, as with all rules exceptions are made, Miss Sanderson proved an exception, and the invitation was accorded at once.

The Riviera attracts annually an increasing number of visitors; on every side new hotels spring up like mushrooms; furnished apartments, villas, and gorgeous restaurants invite the invalid or the idle man to enjoy the warm sunshine on the beach, under the shade of palm-trees and eucalyptus.

Nice claims preëminence in this world of pleasure, together with her consort Monte Carlo; the first named, formerly a modest assemblage of streets, circling around the Marseoia Square, with palatial residences on the seashore, has gradually risen toward the railway-station, with lateral boulevards of considerable extent, all lined with orange-groves and the inevitable palms. Every year the municipality expends large sums for local improvements, and the wealth which flows in the wake of fashion permits innkeepers, as well as traders of every description, to reap large dividends for their outlay.

Such is the competition between them, that an ever increasing display of luxury can alone satisfy the traveler and keep him from wandering from palace to palace in the race for comfort. Two clubs of vast extent admit not only gentlemen within their precincts for the sake of social gathering, as well as substantial fare and card-playing, but there are ball-rooms attached to each of them, opened at stated times for *matinées dansantes* or evening entertainments.

Le Cercle de la Méditerranée seems to be more *recherché*, considering the rapidity with which money is lost and won at haccarat round its green tables; fabulous sums are said to pass from pocket to pocket in the height of the season. As much as a thousand francs a night are paid by inveterate gamblers to bold the bank. They are taxed by the bours; the later the hour, the higher the tax, and the club derives a revenue said to amount to twenty thousand pounds sterling a year from cards alone. A luxurious dinner is offered to the members for eight francs, which elsewhere would cost twice as much.

The building itself is a very handsome structure. On the ground floor are the dining-rooms, one large one reserved for members, and four smaller ones for invited guests, and where members may also give dinner-parties and breakfasts to ladies, but not to one lady alone. From these proceeds a long room situated under the open terrace, or *loggia*, where members and their friends may also dine. Behind these rooms is the vast and beautiful ball-room and theatre, superbly decorated, its high ceiling ornamented with frescoes. On each side is a row of four large boxes, and a much larger one, facing the stage, which occupies the whole width of the handsome room. The balls, concerts, and theatrical representations given here are more sought after than any of the innumerable pleasures Nice affords.

On the first story are the reading, hilliard, smoking, and card-rooms, together with the salons, all furnished in the most luxurious fashion and in excellent taste. Above these are eleven bedrooms for the use of the permanent members.

From its broad *loggia* a noble view of the Mediterranean is unrolled; the fashionable Promenade des Anglais divides it from the sea. The fortunate member of this aristocratic club, reclining on his rocking-chair, surveys the luxurious equipages of noble ladies, the basket or pony-chaise of less pretentious but as attractive juveniles, the perambulator of gouty old gentlemen, and a mixed multitude speaking every language, all enjoying life and sunshine to the utmost extent, some adventurous people going so far as to risk "a bader" in the blue waves.

This broad terrace is as good as a quarter-deck for walking without fear of mud or dust. We have had but two rainy days in as many months.

This club admits a stranger for three days free of charge, on the recommendation of a member, after which time he is required to pay sixty francs a month as a temporary visitor. For a lengthened sojourn he must undergo the ordeal of ballot, according to the general custom. But, although its list of members comprises the names of all the winter resident and traveling aristocracy, the grand dukes, dukes, princes, counts, and lesser titles of all nations, together with those of the most notable Americans, admission is not by any means as difficult as at the swell Parisian clubs, or as it is supposed to be.

As proof of this, a scandal which has just occurred at this supposed Jockey Club of the Riviera. A few nights ago, a gentleman was introduced to this club through a member, whose past gave rise to the suspicion that the new member might not be immaculate. But as he deposited a considerable sum of money with the cashier, confidence was somewhat restored. The new-comer having inscribed himself as the Marquis de Lescure and given the address of his hotel in Paris, the president of the club telegraphed to that city and received information which confirmed his suspicions that the so-styled marquis was a fraud.

The night after, while the marquis was dealing, some irregularity was remarked by certain gentlemen who had been requested to watch him. Whereupon he was asked to

retire to an adjoining room. He at first indignantly refused to do so, but was forcibly led away.

"Come," he said to one of the well-known members who stood opposite to him, "you know me very well."

"Indeed I do," was the answer; "I know you to be a thief who robbed me of two hundred thousand francs at the card-table."

The self-styled Marquis de Lescure turns out to be none other than the famous Ardisson, whose exploits caused much talk, some two years ago, at the Paris club known as the "Epatant"—the fashionable club in the Rue Boissy d'Anglas. The only solace to the Cercle de la Méditerranée is that the fraudulent marquis has left forty thousand francs for its benefit.

The other club, the Masséna, seems to unite the upper ten with a more popular element. Most of the Méditerranée belong to it, and at the early part of the season it is more frequented; some lively games are played every evening, at which round sums change hands, and the dinner is well attended; but at the afternoon dances ladies invade the dining-hall, and champagne is served free of cost.

Some of the *précieuses* turn up their profiles at this mixture of society; but they do not fail to attend, although they criticise. The fee is thirty francs a month for strangers for one month, and one hundred and twenty for one year. Less ample and sumptuous than its rival establishment, situated at the angle of the Place Masséna and the avenue which leads to the station, it has no sea-view; but at the time of the Corso, in carnival season, its balconies are still more crowded and still more central; the visitor should belong to both clubs, as he will find numerous attractions and friends in each.

The last *bataille des fleurs* on Mi-Carême was a colossal success, as, indeed, was all the last carnival, due in part to the great influx of strangers and to the ideal sunbiny weather. The balconies, windows, and terraces of the palatial hotels and villas that line the Promenade des Anglais, beside the sea, were draped in every variety of color and filled with animated and beautifully dressed spectators. The whole length of the Corso was lined with a double row of carriages of every description—landaus, hrakes, victorias, cabs, carts—which were occupied by persons dressed in every degree of elegance, taste, and fantastic ludicrousness. On each side of this double stream of carriages was massed a compact crowd of sightseers, who were restricted to the foot-path and pavement by a hedge of red-trousered soldiers.

The *bataille des fleurs* is principally carried on between the occupants of the carriages, who pelt each other as they pass with such missiles as violets, narcissus, roses, beliotropes, hyacinths, etc., done up into bouquets of various sizes. Some of these bouquets are of microscopic dimensions, while others are of such handsome proportions that they can not, and are not intended to be thrown, but are, after a preliminary skirmish with smaller ones, sent by a footman and presented to your whilom fair foe as a mark of your courtesy and amiability.

It is customary before beginning an assault to bow to those whom you have chosen as your opponents, and hold up your flowers as if you were to throw them; this is the provocation. If they happen to be acquaintances or friends, a perfect rain of bouquets is showered about your face and ears, and before you have time to recover from this torrential shower of roses and violets, and attack in your turn, the enemy is carried off by the perpetually moving stream of carriages, and is beyond the reach of reprisals, while opposite you is a fresh hatch of lovely, ardent, and eager assailants, and you are again engaged in a merry combat of offense and defense, the charm of which is enhanced by the saucy laughter and smiling howls they bestow on you as they are gliding out of sight.

Among the curious and interesting features of this fête must figure the gamins, who follow in the wake of the carriages, darting and diving under horses' feet and wheels, at the imminent risk of life and limb, to pick up fallen bouquets—not to give them to those for whom they were originally intended, but to resell to those ill-supplied or reckless persons whose stock of flowers has run out, and who, warned by the strife and eager to continue it, must have more flowers at any price.

In the early stage of the battle, the urchins will not part with their spoils for less than six, seven, and eight francs the basket, but as time goes on, the prices are lowered with astonishing rapidity; about five o'clock you can half-fill your carriage with flowers for two francs. Half an hour later, the gamins will cluster and clamor round you, making frantic appeals for hids, and for the modest sum of ten, six, or even four sous, a pile of mutilated, limp, and dust-covered bouquets are laid at your feet, and with these worn-out and soiled veterans you "fight your battles over again."

You no longer invite the enemy to cover you with violets and hyacinths, but pelt and shelter yourself from attack as well as you can. This is the veritable battle and the finale. The short twilight of the south is rapidly disappearing before the darker shades of night; balconies, terraces, and windows are almost deserted; the crowd is dispersing in all directions, and the few remaining carriages are whirling off with their occupants to their respective hotels and villas. Shortly afterward the Promenade des Anglais is dark and silent.

NICE, March 14, 1893.

In all probability the first tenant of the gorgeous suite of apartments at the new Waldorf Hotel designed for the entertainment of royalty will be the Spanish Princess Eulalie, who will "room" there when she reaches New York on her way to the World's Fair.

General Beauregard built the first cable railway in this country. The road was constructed just after the war, and extended from the city of New Orleans to the suburb of Carrollton.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mark Twain's eldest daughter, Miss Clara Clemens, not yet twenty, has written a play of an allegorical character, which is said to be entertaining and clever.

Henry George has been rejected as a juror in New York, because he informed the court that he would interpret the law for himself and would decline to allow the court to do it for him. The court thought Henry too dreadful smart, and his services were dispensed with.

Theodore Runyon, who has been named as Minister to Germany, was born at Somerville, N. J., in 1822, and was graduated at Yale College in 1842. He was admitted to the bar in 1846, and has practiced at Newark continuously, with the exception of the years during which he served in the army.

John E. Risley, the new Minister to Denmark, is a lawyer, whose business has been that of a promoter of railroad interests in the West. He has accumulated a fortune. He is a brother-in-law of Senator Voorhees, having married Miss Voorhees. He is sent to Denmark at the request of his brother-in-law, and to gratify his own desire for an agreeable and not too laborious post. He is a native of Indiana, and is fifty years old.

Ex-Senator James B. Eustis, whom Mr. Cleveland has just appointed to the French mission, has lived many years in Paris, and speaks the French tongue as well as his own. He is rich, agreeable, cultivated, and popular. Mr. Eustis was born in New Orleans fifty-nine years ago. He was graduated at Harvard College Law School in 1854. During the War of the Rebellion, he served on General Magruder's and on General Johnston's staffs.

Scandal has been very busy with the name of the ex-King of Servia again, in consequence of which it is understood that Queen Natalie has refused to join him in Belgrade, as previously arranged. It was announced in all the papers that Mlle. Soubra, a very pretty dancer at the Opéra, was bringing an action against his majesty, before the civil tribunal of the Seine, to recover the sum of ten thousand pounds, or, failing this, to have made over to her various properties owned by the king in France. The king is bringing an action for defamation of character against the *Frankfort Gazette*, which published the above alleged libel, concerning the relations between Mlle. Soubra and himself.

Joseph W. Reinbart, who has succeeded Allen Manvel in the presidency of the Atchison, Topeka, and Sante Fé Railroad, is now only forty-one years old. The system over which he has been chosen to preside is in mileage and capitalization the largest in the United States. It includes among its properties, owned or controlled, seventy-three separate companies, the finances of which must all be managed in common. Their combined capitalization is four hundred and sixty millions of dollars, and they employ thirty-five thousand men. Mr. Reinbart was born at Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1851. His railroad service was begun at the age of seventeen, and covers a period of twenty-four years, five of which have been spent in the service of the Atchison. He was made the Atchison's fourth vice-president in 1889, and first vice-president in 1891, still retaining his office as general auditor, the recent death of President Manvel opening the way to the first office of the company. The young railroad president is a brother of the well-known artist, Mr. Charles S. Reinhart.

Squire Ahingdon's father was a plain, bard-headed, hard-fisted mercant. He owned iron-mills in Scotland and Birmingham, and coal-mines in Wales and in England. When he died—that was when the squire was at Oxford—he had nearly 7,000 men in his employ, and his income was said to be \$7,500 a day. The squire, early in his career, decided never to carry money if he could avoid it. But the squire seemed to have a mania for writing checks. In one day, in London, it is said that he drew checks for \$685,000. If he took a fancy for any woman, he should be duchess or serving-maid, he never ceased paying her attention until he won her. To a common sweep-woman in Brighton, who struck his fancy, he gave a diamond necklace worth \$3,000. With jockeys and prize-fighters he was equally liberal. When he outrode Tom Cannon in a desperate finish in a race on Eton Downs, he sent him an order for a gold watch and chain, together with a check for £200. He was small and insignificant looking, and, except with persons who enjoyed intimate relations with him, he was close-mouthed and uncommunicative. He never allowed a man he had a friendly regard for to want for anything. He was the greatest "spender" the world has ever known. Some one asked the squire one day who was the finest gentleman he had ever known. "Monk, my valet," was his reply. It was Monk's custom to put a bird and a cold bottle at the squire's bedside every night for fear the latter would get thirsty during the night. Monk would follow the same course in respect to any guests the squire might have at that particular time. Though Monk was only a valet, he had a valet of his own. Persons who saw the Ahingdon party for the first time always picked out Monk as the king-pin. The squire was generally thought to be an underling. The squire thought he was a great fighter. He would take "a fall" out of Monk every morning as a bracer. Monk could have knocked him out with a punch, but he knew his business too well. The squire had a sort of boisterous chivalry of his own in his dealings with women. He came near getting into jail once for striking the late Duke of Manchester—then Lord Mandeville—for criticising his attentions to Bessie Bellwood. In this case the squire felt able to do the hitting himself, but as a general thing he hired Carney or Mitchell to do it for him. Mitchell has more than once been fined in the London courts for blows struck in defending the squire. Only a year or two ago he barely escaped prison for cutting a man's head open in Ahingdon's house.

THE CORNUCOPIA.

A Parisian Sketch Showing that Circumstances Alter Cases.

It was two o'clock. The month, April—between two showers—April, smiling with sun, under an azure sky, with fleecy cloud-drifts like hits of thistle-down; the carriages rolled noisily, the idle strollers joyously dawdled through the crowded streets so recently washed by a tepid rain.

Whirling with the rest, the dark-green brougham of the Baronne de Rozier turned the corner of the Place de la Trinité, passed swiftly the stormy cross-roads of the Boulevard Haussmann, rolled briskly down the Chaussée d'Antin—to suddenly pull up, with a jerk that hounded the haronne like a hall upon the mellow myrtle-green, gold-buttoned cushions of her luxuriously appointed equipage.

With the shock came a cry, yells, curses, hoots, hadinage. She hastily pulled down the glass, to find herself the central figure of a jostling throng—talking, ordering, gesticulating, swearing, with that furious sympathy and exasperation peculiar to excited mobs. A ragged gamin, with hands in his pockets, leaped to the carriage-step to thrust his tongue at her; a street-fakir spied and reviled her with a volley of slang; the coachman's whip plied right and left, like an angry blacksnake; and the haronne, mad with terror, was out of the carriage and pushing her way to the pavement with the energy of despair.

Once there, she threw herself into the first open door—a cake and cream establishment, passed like a bomb into the *crème salée* hack of it, to fall upon a chair, pale, breathless, swooning.

She came to herself slowly. Happily the luncheon hour was over, the pastry-room empty; the shop-girls, with nothing to occupy them, were free to crowd about her pityingly, with all the zeal of tender hearts and the remedies learned from romantic novels. They loosened her veil, removed her hat, unbuttoned her coat and bodice, and even contemplated an attack upon her corsets.

And the haronne, hearing everything, the stir and commotion, but unable to move or speak, remained inert and strengthless upon her chair.

"Come, come, be quiet, girls; she's all right now, I think," said a sonorous, deep-toned voice—a man's voice, in short—rising authoritatively above the shriller chattering of the excited damsels.

The haronne, opening her eyes, saw a tall form bending over her; also, that it was snugly buttoned into a well-fitting overcoat; that the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor peeped from under the left lapel; and that the figure was crowned, as her gaze languidly traveled higher and higher, with a face that made her sit bolt upright with a little cry; "You, Richard!"

It was his turn now to start, gaze at her blankly, drop her wrist as if it burned him, and repeat the cry: "You, Armande!"

Suddenly resuscitated, the haronne sprang to her feet, re-hooked her corsage, smoothed down her skirts and her hair with a sweep of the hand, readjusted her loosened jacket, and once more turned full upon the astonished gentleman the dazzling beauty of her five-and-thirty years. Then, content with herself, sweet as honey, serenely calm, she advanced upon him with outstretched hand.

"Monsieur, need you stand there as if planted?" said she.

He bowed profoundly.

"And to think, too, Richard"—she paused on the name doubtfully and a little reproachfully—"that you did not know me; that you still refuse to speak to me!"

This was too much; the gentleman called "Richard" ungent in spite of himself.

"I really did not," said he; "as for speaking, you gave me no time. Moreover, *ma bonne amie*, one does not seek, as a rule, to crush old acquaintances precisely in this way. Divorce, even, does not warrant it—"

"What is it, you say—crush old acquaintances?" raising her hand with an appealing gesture.

Meanwhile the little waitresses, seeing the lady herself again, had scattered to their usual stations; one only returned with the haronne's *chapeau*—apparently a tuft of primroses in a lace rosette—assisted her to pin it on her heavy braids, and then she also discreetly departed. The girl out of hearing, the haronne repeated her question.

"What do you mean?" said she; "what old acquaintance did I crush, and how?"

"Me, Richard Plantier, surgeon of the Paris hospitals, your own ex-husband and most obedient servant, madame."

"You?"

From head to foot she scanned this gentleman of these masterful manners—tall, stately, robust, so much at ease in his plain medical garb, and seeming always to hide a smile in the depths of the dark beard, rayed here and there with a thread of gray that covered the firm chin. One by one, with the tip of her slender finger, she pointed to the silvery hairs.

"Chagrin!" said he, calmly.

She raised her shoulders, smiling lightly.

"But, seriously, Richard, explain; why, I repeat, do you say that I 'crushed' you?"

He pushed the chair in which she sat toward one of the little tables.

"You will take something, of course; a had habit, yes; but a plate of cream pistache? You were always so fond of pistache, I remember."

"Always. Still—take one with me, and have sandwiches instead brought for two."

Brief as the time had been, the *salle* had begun to fill again. They were no longer alone; curious glances were beginning to turn toward the corner where this handsome couple sat so unconcernedly.

"Well, the fact is, Armande," said the doctor at last, responding to her question, "I said it because it is true; you did crush me, upset me, stamped and trampled me—your

horses did, at least." And he gingerly passed his hand up and down his left elbow.

"You are hurt—you are suffering, then?" with anxious contrition.

"Nothing serious; contused, abraded, as I say, by your horses' hoofs. Luckily for me, your coachman was more adroit than he looked. Your footman, too. To restore me to life he conscientiously sought to drown me. I gave him a hundred sous—enough, I suppose?"

She regarded him with amusement.

"The same mania always, I see," said she; "thrusting absurd questions into a serious conversation."

"A habit of trade. I pass my life questioning, catechising, drawing people out—"

"I know," said she, seriously; "and, apropos of trade, doctor, what a success you have made of it! I never pick up a paper, nowadays, but it's Plantier, Plantier, here, there, yonder; hospitals, clinics, memorials, treatises. Your doors besieged by all the world—*grandes dames* and charwomen! Richard Plantier, celebrated surgeon, doctor *à la mode*!"

"At your service, madame. You are become the same—the woman *à la mode*; for no sooner do I pick up a paper, nowadays, than I see your name here, there, and yonder—the beautiful Baronne de Rozier!—some mention, some compliment, some racy *bon-mot*! Ah, by the way, all the world, as you say, does come to consult me; then why not you, Armande?"

"I, Richard? I do not need a consultation. I am in perfect health."

"Precisely; too perfect! Pretty soon, *ma belle*, you are going to be fat, I warn you—and it won't improve you, either!"

"You think so?" demanded she, uneasily; "what must I do?"

"You would have me tell you here? A public consultation?"

He rose as he spoke to salute a lady who entered—slender, blonde, frail, willowy. She stopped at the counter to nibble an *éclair* and more comfortably scan the haronne.

"Who is she?"

"A case of mine—anæmia. My duty is to her to make her fat."

"And to me, to make me thin. You will come to my house to treat me, then, Richard?"

"Your—house?" repeated he, indecisively. But—*he*, how would he receive me there?"

"Hum-m!" she smiled, raised her brows, sighed a little.

"He is—jealous," she said.

"Ah, I see," said the doctor, "and comprehend it, too," he added, gallantly.

Mme. de Rozier regarded him uneasily. His handsome face remained impassive. Seized with the desire for confidence, however, the haronne resumed.

"Very jealous, you know, but—with discretion."

"It was for this—discretion—you took him, then?"

"For that and—something else."

"What else, Armande?"

"He was—not like you."

"But I—it was the fault you found with me, you said—I, also, was jealous."

"In your way, my poor Richard. You raged like a tiger, and—let things go. He is wiser than you. He says nothing, but—he is always there."

"When you go out?"

"There—just the same."

"He follows you?"

"No, he encounters me."

"But you are not the woman to be trailed thus, Armande. Formerly you were adroit enough."

"My faith, yes, and should he still—for something that I truly desired."

"Well, there's no help for it, then; you must come to me. I guarantee to reduce your weight fully a dozen pounds."

She hesitated.

"All the world is there, in your office," said she.

"But why my office? With the key of the little side-door—you remember it?"

"With the double doors—yes, go on."

"You would be able to find your way directly to your own little *houdoir*—at present my study; but what could I do?—the patients filled all the salons and left me nothing. You shall see for yourself, though, Armande, when you come, if it interests you."

"Certainly it interests me," she smiled, brilliantly; "but your fee, doctor, for a consultation?"

"A simple thanks from your beautiful lips."

"How generous! Then—you are no longer a miser, Richard?"

"How provident! And you—no longer a spendthrift, Armande?"

They broke into laughter, light-hearted, merry; truly the thing was very droll, ex-husband and wife face to face for the first time in four long years, and recalling, as if it were yesterday, the hickering of other days.

Suddenly the doctor struck his hand to his brow.

"What am I thinking of?" said he. "Your plate is empty. Some cake, wine, some more cream, Armande?"

"Thanks, no more; my appetite is gone."

"Some honbons, then. You doted upon them once, I know. Wait one moment; I'll have them done up in a package for you."

And guiding the waitress, cornucopia in hand, he went from case to case, from nougat to chocolates, from mocha to pistache, and then, while the girl delayed at the counter to tie up the heap with a silver cord, he returned triumphantly to the haronne's side.

"The key, Armande," said he, very paternally, "is down in the bottom of the cornucopia."

She had no time to answer; a gentleman was coming toward her—slender, elegant, dressed from top to toe in a suit of light spring serge, and daintily swinging a cane in his hand.

"I was passing—fancy it—saw your *coupé* at the door, and came to place myself at your orders, dearest."

"Thanks," murmured the haronne, nonchalantly, her eyes upon the two men erect before her: the haron negligently playing with his stick, the doctor motionless, his big white hand planted firmly upon the table between them, and each regarding the other with visible interest.

The haronne rose, too, and waved her hand graciously. "Doctor, allow me—my husband, Baron de Rozier; Edmonde, Dr. Richard Plantier!"

They bowed gravely, exchanged a compliment or two, and the haronne resumed the reins of discourse and relaxed the situation.

"And to think, Edmonde, how fortunate it was—the doctor was saved from my horses' hoofs just in time to rescue me from a faint!"

Five minutes later the Baron and Baronne de Rozier, with more polite bows and courteous phrases, passed to their carriage for a "spin" in the Bois. "After so many emotions," the haron declared, "madame must need the air."

On the sill of the shop the haronne stopped, turned, and held out her hand.

"Ah, doctor! My honbons, please! A little purchase of mine," she explained, as the carriage drove off, "to repay the hospitality of these people. Try one, Edmonde!"

The *coupé* hounded springily over the wooden pavement; the light April air entered freely through the opened windows; the haron accepted and carefully untied the silver ribbon, drew out a meringue, and delicately crunched it.

"*Tiens!* I had no idea I was hungry," said he.

At the corner of the Rue Royale and the avenue a fresher current of air from the Seine struck their faces—crisp, pungent, laden with the breath of the advancing spring.

"You make me hungry, too," cried the haronne, attacking in her turn the cornucopia.

The *coupé* rolled less rapidly now along the Champs-Élysées, crowded as on a fête day. Roses and lilacs, intoxicated with sun, heavy with perfume, nodded languidly at one another from the mossy verdure, and the birds poured out their lives in symphonies of musical song. Lying back on their cushions, the haron and haronne drank in the atmosphere exhilarating as wine, devoured macaroons, marronglacés, and sugared plums, and permitted the delicate savor of the *soufflés à la crème* to melt upon their tongues.

At the Rond-point, three-quarters of the cornucopia were gone, and the haronne all at once hethought herself of the little key so cozily sleeping down at the bottom under the sweetmeats.

"My dear," said she, sweetly, closing the horn, nevertheless with a decided hand, "one should not be greedy; I'll keep the rest."

"Which explains," said Chamharaud, leisurely unfolding the journal lying beside him on the dinner-table, "why all Paris arrived to-day at the doors of Dr. Richard Plantier, celebrated surgeon and physician *à la mode*, to find those doors closed. The beautiful Baronne de Rozier—stay, read for yourself!" and Chamharaud, smiling quizzically, pointed to a big display line at the top of the column:

"SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE—SOCIETY AGOG—BARONNE DE ROZIER ELOPES WITH HER EX-HUSBAND."

"Divorce had but served to reunite them."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Mayé by E. C. Waggener.

A policeman and a supposed criminal whom he had arrested were walking beside the Danube at Kelheim, Bavaria, recently, when the prisoner suddenly jumped into the river. The water was full of great blocks of ice, stretching quite across the stream, and the man jumped safely from block to block and reached the opposite bank. The policeman followed, but being less agile fell between the blocks into the river. His late prisoner had a very nice question in casuistry to decide, and he settled it by plunging into the river, at imminent risk of his life, to save the life of the policeman. He succeeded in getting the officer to land, and then the policeman was in a quandary. He offered to state the case to the authorities and try to get a life-saving medal for his rescuer. But the latter thought he would rather have his liberty, and the policeman promptly set him free, and gave him a couple of marks to help him on his way. The fugitive has not since been recaptured.

The Mexican papers tell of a miser named Monecke, who recently died. His relatives were unwilling that his body should be interred, as he had tattooed his will over his chest with some red pigment instead of using pen and ink. The court decreed that the remarkable "human document" should be copied, and the representation duly attested in the presence of witnesses. This was done, and the court has pronounced the queer will genuine.

Prince Henry of Reuss has achieved a triumph as a musical composer. A symphony of his composition was performed at the famous Gewandhaus concerts, at Leipsic, where the young man's royalty would have been powerless to obtain a hearing for any work lacking intrinsic merit.

One of the latest contrivances that the kodak fiend has invented is the photographic gun, which, it is claimed, will secure pictures of any object aimed at, at the rate of a dozen a second, no matter what its position or how rapid its motion.

At Monte Carlo, nervous ladies will be pleased to hear, there is a gang of over twenty notorious pickpockets, the head one of whom, "Flash Fred," was the principal performer in the robbery of Lady Meux's jewels.

It is a fact of curious interest that irreligious France sent the Pope more "Peter's pence"—four hundred and fifty thousand dollars—than any other nation.

BRITISH WORKING-WOMEN.

A Distressing Picture of Ignorance, Squalor, and Moral Blindness.

A very striking series of papers on the material and moral condition of the agricultural laborers of England has recently been published, under the title of "The Toilers of the Field." The author, Richard Jefferies, devoted many years to careful and well-directed study of the subject, and the results of his observations, as recorded in these papers, may be accepted as in nowise exaggerated. The American who knows anything of home life in the agricultural communities of his own country can not but be struck in reading this book by the great improvement the farm laborers of the United States enjoy in all the circumstances of their life, as compared with those still remaining in the mother country. We reproduce here some extracts from Mr. Jefferies's chapter on "Field-Faring Women":

"If a thoughtful English peasant-woman rejoiced that in her house a son was born, it would be, not because 'she had gotten a man from the Lord,' but a thanksgiving that it was not a girl.

"In the soft, warm summer-time, when the midsummer hum of the myriads of insects in the air sheds a drowsy harmony over the treeps, the field-faring woman goes out to hay-making and leaves her baby in the shade by the hedge-side. A wooden sheep-cage, turned upside down and filled with new-made hay, forms not at all a despicable cradle; and here the little thing lies on its back and inhales the fresh pure air, and feels the warmth of the genial sun, cheered from time to time by visits from its busy mother. Perhaps this is the only true poetry of the hay-field, so much talked of and praised. The mother works with her rake, or with a shorter, smaller prong; and if it is a large farm the women are kept as much as possible together, for their strength and skill will not allow them to work at the same pace as the men, and if they work in company, the one hinders the other. A man can do the work of two women, and do it better in every way, besides being capable of the heavier tasks of pitching, cock-making, etc., which the women can not manage. Before the hay-making machines and horse-rakes came into vogue, it was not uncommon to see as many as twenty women following each other in *echelon*, turning a 'wallow' or shaking up the green swathes left by the mowers. Farmers were obliged to employ them, but were never satisfied with their work, which was the dearest they paid for. Somehow, there was no finish to it. Large numbers of women still work in the hay-field, but they are not used in gangs so much as formerly, but distributed about to do light jobs for which a man can not be spared, and in these they are useful. The pay used to be tenpence a day; now it is one shilling and a pint of beer per day, and in some places fifteenpence.

"The Arcadian innocence of the hay-field, sung by the poets, is the most barefaced fiction; for those times are the rural saturnalia, and the broadest and coarsest of jokes and insinuations are freely circulated; nor does it always stop at language only, provided the master be out of sight. Matrons and young girls alike come in for an equal share of this rude treatment, and are quite a match for the men in the force of compliment. The women leave work an hour or so before the men, except when there is a press and the farmer is anxious to get in the hay before the storm comes. It is not that the hay-field itself originates this coarseness, but this is almost the only time of the year when the laboring classes work together in large numbers. A great deal of farm-work is comparatively solitary; in harvest, droves of people are collected together, and the inherent vulgarity comes out more strongly. At the wheat-harvest, the women go reaping, and exceedingly hard they work at it. There is no harder work done under the sun than reaping, if it is well followed up. From earliest dawn to latest night they swing the sickles, staying with their husbands, and brothers, and friends, till the moon silvers the yellow corn. The reason is because reaping is piece-work, and not paid by the day, so that the longer and the harder they work the more money is earned. In this a man's whole family can assist. His wife, his grown-up sons and daughters cut the corn, the younger ones can carry it and aid in various ways.

"It is wonderful how the men stand the excessive and continuous labor; it is still more wonderful how the women endure it, trying as it is to the back. It is the hottest season of the year—the early autumn; the sun burns and scorches, and the warm wind gives no relief; even the evenings are close and sultry. The heated earth reflects the rays, and the straw is dry and warm to the touch. The standing corn, nearly as high as the reaper, keeps off the breeze, if there is any, from her brow. Grasping the straw continuously cuts and wounds the hands, and even gloves will hardly give perfect protection. The woman's bare neck is turned to the color of tan; her thin, muscular arms bronze right up to the shoulder. Short time is allowed for refreshment; right through the hottest part of the day they labor. It is remarkable that none, or very few, cases of sunstroke occur. Cases of vertigo and nausea are frequent, but pass off in a few hours. Large quantities of liquor are taken to sustain the frame weakened by perspiration.

"When night does arrive, even then the task is not over, for they have to carry home on their heads the bundle of wheat gleaned by the smaller children, and, perhaps, walk two miles to the cottage. This is, indeed, work for a woman still suckling her child.

"Harvest-homes are going out of fashion. After one of these feasts there was often much that was objectionable; and, wherever possible, farmers have abolished them, giving a small sum of money instead; but in places the laborers grumble greatly at the change, preferring the bacon and the beer, and the unrestrained license."

Their food is of the rudest and scantiest description, according to Mr. Jefferies:

"It consists chiefly of weak tea, without milk, sweetened with moist sugar, and hunches of dry bread, sometimes with a little lard, or, for a treat, with treacle. Butter is scarcely ever used in the agricultural laborer's cottage. It is too dear by far, and if he does buy fats, he believes in the fats expressed from meats, and prefers lard or dripping. Children are frequently fed with bread and cheap sugar spread on it. This is much cheaper than butter. Sometimes they get a bit of cheese or ba-on, but not often, and a good deal of strong cabbage, soddened with pot liquor. The elder boys get a little beer; the young girls none, save, perhaps, a sip from their mother's pint, in summer. This is what they have to build up a frame on capable of sustaining heat and cold, exposure, and a life of endless labor. The boys it seems to suit, for they are generally tolerably plump, though always very short for their age.

"The girls do not appear to thrive so well upon this dietary. They are as tall as the boys—taller if anything, considering the ages—but thin and skinny, angular and bony. At seven or eight years old the girl's labor begins. Before that she has been set to mind the baby, or watch the pot, and to scour about the hedges for sticks for the fire. Now she has not only to mind the baby, but to nurse it; she carries it about with her in her arms; and really the infant looks almost as large as herself, and its weight compels her to lean backward. She is left at home all day in charge of the baby, the younger children, and the cottage. Perhaps a little bread is left for them to eat; but they get nothing more till the mother returns, about half-past four, when we be to the girl if the fire is not lit and the kettle on. The girl has to fetch the water—often a hard and tedious task, for many villages have a most imperfect supply, and you may see the ditches by the roadside dammed up to yield a little dirty water."

The joys of childhood are indeed unknown to the future working-woman of rural England. Our author says:

"At ten, or eleven, or twelve, still more skinny and bony now as a rule, she follows her mother to the fields, and learns to pick up stones from the young mowing grass, and place them in heaps to be carted away to mend drinking-places for cattle. She learns to beat clots and spread them with a small prong; she works in the hay-field and gleans at the corn-harvest. Gleaning—poetical gleaning—is the most unpleasant and uncomfortable of labor, tedious, slow, back-aching work; picking up, ear by ear, the dropped wheat, searching among the prickly

stubble. She has no toys—not one in twenty such girls ever have a doll; or, if they do, it is but some stick dressed in a rag. Poor things! they need no artificial dolls; so soon as ever they can lift it, they are trusted with the real baby.

"The slow years roll by, and the girl, now fifteen, has to go regularly to work in the fields. In arable districts the women do much work, picking couch grass—a tedious operation—and hoeing."

The life in the homes of these people leads to a brutish lack of morals, says Mr. Jefferies:

"The overcrowding in cottages leads to what may be called an indifference to decency. It is not that in families decency is wantonly and of a set purpose disregarded, but stern necessity leads to a coarseness and indelicacy which hardens the mind and deadens the natural modesty even of the best girls. Then the low scandals of the village talked over from cottage to cottage, the rude jokes of the hay-field, the general looseness and indifference which prevail as to morality, all prepare the girl for the too common fall. If she remains at home and works in the fields after the age of fifteen, unless uncommonly strong-minded, it is an open question whether she will or will not succumb. If she goes into a farm house as servant, the chances are in favor of her escaping temptation. But in farm-houses she may also sometimes run into the very jaws of danger. It is not uncommon in some districts for young laborers to sleep in the house, one or two who milk and have to be on the spot early. These take their supper in the kitchen or the brew-house, and, despite the strictest precautions on the part of the mistress, enjoy plenty of opportunities for flirting with the girl. Young, full of animal spirits, giddy, and ignorant, she thinks no harm of a romp, and finally falls, and has to leave her service. The number of poor girls, from fifteen to five-and-twenty, in agricultural parishes who have illegitimate offspring is extremely large, and is illustrated by the fact that, out of the marriages that take place, and the agricultural poor are a marrying class—scarcely any occur until the condition of the girl is too manifest to be any longer concealed. Instances could be mentioned where the clergyman's wife, with a view to check the immorality around her, has offered a reward of a piece of furniture to the first married woman who does not bear a child till nine months after marriage; the custom being within three months.

"The frequency of the appeals to the courts by young unmarried girls in rural districts for orders of contribution also illustrates the prevalent immorality. Of late, the magistrates have taken the line of ordering contributions on a higher scale, on the grounds that the laborer earns larger wages and that the cost of living has risen, and also as a check upon the men. This well-intentioned step has had the precisely opposite effect to what was wished. The laborer with higher wages feels the demand upon his pocket but very little more. The cost of living in rural outlying districts has risen only to a very trifling degree—barely perceptibly, in fact. Bread is cheap—that is the staple—rents are the same, and there are more allotments than ever, making vegetables more easy to obtain. The result, therefore, is, that the girl feels she can sin with comparative impunity. She is almost sure to get her order (very few such appeals are refused); let this be supplemented with some aid from the parish, and she is none the worse off than before, for there is no prejudice against employing her in the fields. Should her fall take place with some young farmer's son, from whom she may get a larger contribution in private, or by order of the magistrates, she is really and truly, in a pecuniary sense, better off than she was before. The girl who has had an illegitimate child is thought very little the worse of by her friends and her own class, especially if her seducer is a man who can afford to pay for it—that is the grand point. If she is fool enough to yield to a man who is badly off, she may be jeered at as a fool, but rarely reprimanded as a sinner, not even by her own mother. Such things are not looked upon by the rural poor as sins, but as accidents of their condition."

Among these English girls, as everywhere, matrimony is sought as a means of escape from greater evils; but it is not an unmixed blessing. The young *ménage* is thus described by Mr. Jefferies:

"If the girl at eighteen or twenty—in most agricultural marriages the girls are very young—is fortunate enough to have placed her faith in a man who redeems his word, then comes the difficulty of the cottage and the furniture to fill it. Cottages are often difficult to find, especially anywhere near a man's work, which is the great object. The furniture required is not much, but there must be some. The laborer does not deal much with the town furniture-dealer. A great deal of the furniture in cottages has been picked up at the sales of farmers on quitting their tenancies. Such are the old chairs, the formal sideboards, and eight-day clocks standing in tall, square oak cases by the staircase in the cottage. Such, too, are the great wooden bedsteads of oak or maple upstairs; and from the same source come the really good feather-beds and blankets. The women—especially the elder women—go to great trouble, and pinch themselves, to find a way of purchasing a good bed, and set no small pride upon it. These old oak bedsteads and sideboards and chairs have perhaps been in the farm-house for three or four generations, and are at last sold, because the final representative of the family is imbued with modern ideas, and quits farming for trade. The old people accumulate these things, and, when sons or daughters marry, can generally spare a few chairs, a bedstead and bed, and, with a little crockery from other relatives and a few utensils bought in the adjacent town, the cottage is furnished sufficiently well for a couple whose habits are necessarily simple.

"After marriage the hard work of the woman's life really begins—work compared with which her early experience at home is nothing; and many, if they have left situations in farm-houses, regret the change. In addition to her household work, she has to labor in the fields, or to wash—perhaps worse than the former alternative; and after a while her husband, too commonly wearying of his home, in which he finds nothing but a tired woman and troublesome children, leaves her for the public-house, and consumes two-thirds of their slender income in beer. The attachment of the woman for her husband lasts longer than that of the man for the woman. Even when he has become a confirmed drunkard, and her life with incessant labor has become a burden to her, she will struggle on, striving to get bread for the children and the rent for the landlord. She knows that as evening comes on, instead of sitting down to rest, her duty will be to go down to the public-house and wait till it pleases her lord and master to try to stagger home, and then to guide his clumsy steps to the threshold. Of course there are wives who become as bad as their husbands, who drink, or do worse, and neglect their homes, but they are the exception. As a rule, the woman, once married, does her best to keep her home together."

"Few escape an occasional blow from their husbands. Most of them get a moderate amount of thrashing in the course of their lives, and take it much as they take the hardships and poverty of their condition—as a necessity not to be escaped. The laborer is not down-right brutal to his wife, but he certainly thinks he has a right to chastise her when she displeases him."

Naturally, such physical hardship and mental poverty leaves its mark upon the outer woman. The appearance of these people is thus described by our author:

"It can not be said that agricultural women are handsome. In childhood they are too often thin and stunted; later they shoot up and grow taller, but remain thin and bony till from eighteen to twenty, when they get plumper, and then in their period of prettiness, if at all. Bright eyes, clear complexions, and glossy hair form their attractions, for their features are scarcely ever good. The brief beauty of the prime of youth speedily fades, and at five-and-twenty the agricultural woman, especially if married, is pale or else burned by the sun to a brown, with flat chest and rounded shoulders. It is rare indeed to see a woman with any pretensions to what is called a figure."

"Growing plainer and plainer as years go by, the elder women are wrinkled and worn-looking, and have contracted a perpetual stoop. Many live to a great age. In small parishes it is common to find a large number of women of seventy and eighty, and there are few cottages which do not contain an old woman. In their latter days these women resemble the pollard oaks, which linger on year after year, and finally fall from sheer decay."

This picture of agricultural life in Great Britain, the great free-trade country of the world, ought to make interesting and instructive reading to Democratic farming folk in the United States.

THE CHICAGO HEGIRA.

"Flaneur" tells how the New Yorkers will Live at the Fair.

At last the winter of our discontent melts into glorious summer at the approach of May, and we are all getting ready for Chicago. We have ignored the fair and the cheap city by the lake long enough; now we accept both as facts, to be dealt with as cold realities. Even the editor of the *Sun*, who has affected to doubt whether there is any city on the bank of Lake Michigan, is preparing to take his family to the show in becoming state. When we of the Four Hundred do descend to do a thing, we do it well.

The Astors propose to live in hotels. Mrs. John Jacob has hired a flat in the Auditorium, and proposes to entertain profusely. Mrs. William Astor and her brother, Mr. Schermerhorn, will also go to a hotel—it is not yet decided which. Their stay will probably be brief, as they are due at Newport before the summer grows old. The English branch of the Astors—the William Waldorf clan—are expected in May with a swarm of lords and ladies in their train; it is understood that they also will put up at a tavern, occupying a whole flat, but not at the Auditorium.

The Vanderbilts do not propose to mingle with the common herd at caravansaries. What Cornelius will do, no one knows, except that what he does will be done modestly and unobtrusively. But William K. has taken a mansion on Michigan Avenue, with a roomy stable, and a number of cottages in the vicinity for guests, retainers, and servants. He will occupy the house for a few weeks, and will then vacate it to the Twomblys, who will surrender it to the Webbs when they return from their transcontinental trip. The servants will remain till the end of the season. There is talk of grand entertainments during the Vanderbilt visit.

Another family which has secured a fine house, and promises to exercise a royal hospitality, is the Bradley Martins. Another is the Pierpont Morgans, and there are a score of others whose names are less generally known. No matter how high a rent is paid, it is felt that it will be worth any money to be out of the clutches of the Chicago innkeepers. It is quite generally realized that the butchers, bakers, and grocers will be in league with the hotelkeepers to make the price of housekeeping as high as the traffic will bear. But the fair grounds will swarm with restaurants—American, French, English, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian, and even Chinese and Japanese; in case of acute famine, it will be possible to fall back on these. Food supplies may be smuggled into the city from the river towns; travelers say that there are no better places in the country to market at than Davenport, or Muscatine, Iowa. A starving New Yorker may even assuage the pangs of hunger with a chop brought from Wisconsin, where the lamb melts in the mouth, and the wild duck dies happily with the thought of a stuffing of celery.

The foreign contingent at the fair will be large. Besides William Waldorf Astor's party, Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, of Washington, will take up a commanding position in the fashionable quarter, and their house will be a rallying point for the Bonaparte clan. Prince Roland will be there, with the spoils of the Monte Carlo gambling-tables in his pocket, and some of the Savoy Bonapartes, with more swagger and less coin, will rally to the family flag. It will also be fair to expect Achille Murat, with a faint flavor of the Second Empire about him, and in his suite some of the other fossil remains of that rather disjointed period. Mme. de Castiglione will not be there, because she could not pay for a ticket.

A delegation from the real *beau monde* of Paris will be headed by the Princess of Sagan and Mme. de Seillière, and with them will come a number of titled fortune-hunters from the Quarter St. Germain. They will find on the ground Prince Poniatowski, who can give them points. England promises to be represented by a swarm of young and old nobility, headed by Wentworth Deane Paul, who has already sent over thirty horses and six coaches so as not to be dependent upon the cable-cars.

For these various delegations a number of different plans of life at Chicago have been devised. Ollie Teal has organized a Proprietors' Club, to consist wholly of persons who are in society. The club hires a big building and runs it like a boarding-house, the members baving, of course, the exclusive right to hire rooms. He calculates on securing two thousand members for his club, and on thus being able to lodge and feed them at a moderate expense. The club building at Chicago will be connected by wire with an agency in New York, and when a New Yorker wants to go to the fair, he can, by joining the club, make all his arrangements for accommodations without leaving his office. Other combinations have been made which have involved the hiring and furnishing of a house by, say, a dozen gentlemen on joint account. Each occupies the house for a week or ten days in turn, then vacates to another member.

The Rittenhouse Club, of Philadelphia, has provided for its members in a most methodical manner. It has hired a roomy house in a good situation, and garrisoned it with a force of trained servants from the club in Philadelphia, under the command of the assistant manager. The house secured, a statement of the accommodation it offered was laid before the club, and members were invited to state how much room they wanted and for how long. Each was supplied *pro rata*, until provision was made for the occupation of every room for the whole six months. The members of the governing committee take turns to superintend the branch club for one month.

The Burdens, who propose to take in Chicago on their way to Alaska, will live while visiting the fair in their own car in the railroad yard. A railroad yard is not a paradise; it is generally a muddy, dirty, smoky spot, where the incessant screech of locomotive whistles makes life hideous day and night. But, at any rate, Mr. Burden will be lord of all he surveys, and will have no occasion to swear at the Chicago Boniface.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1893.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The title of Robert Louis Stevenson's new novel is "The Justice Clerk." This, or rather "The Lord Justice Clerk," is the title of a chief Scottish judicial functionary. The hero is Lord Broxfield, of famous, or infamous, memory, who cut short a prisoner's defense by saying: "You're a clever chit, my mon, but I think you would be nane the waur o' a hanging." The experiment was tried.

Mr. Kipling is said to be contemplating a new volume of verse on the lines of "Barrack-Room Ballads," the success of which has delighted him.

St. Nicholas is to be congratulated upon having secured a poet to write the leading article of its April number—a description by Mr. Stedman of the city of New York, with illustrations of its principal streets and buildings.

The Chicago correspondent of the *Critic* says of Henry Blake Fuller, author of "The Châtelaine of La Trinité" and "The Chevalier of Penser Veri":

"He has written in six weeks a realistic novel of Chicago life. One chapter consists exclusively of a dialogue between a bank-clerk and a lunch-counter girl. Love-making, however, is designedly avoided; the characters being 'married off' in the beginning and allowed to have their misery afterwards. Much of the action takes place in a tall building in the heart of the city, and it is even dragged into the divorce court."

Another Haggard has plunged into literature—namely, the Baroness d'Anethan, who has written a novel entitled "A Diplomat's Daughter." The baroness was formerly Miss Mary E. Haggard, and is a sister of the author of "She."

It is said that a week seldom passes when the *Century* does not accept fiction by some writer who before was entirely unknown to the editors.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was in New York recently, talking over his forthcoming volume, "Many Intentions," with his new publishers, D. Appleton & Co. Some of the stories in this book have appeared in print before; others have not.

Here are some interesting facts about Paul Bourget:

Paul Bourget is an avowed anglophile. He buys his clothes in Saville Street and his boots in the Strand, and he is a devotee of the "tub," which is decidedly an English rather than a French household god. M. Bourget's father, who is a professor, wished his son to follow in his footsteps, but his inclinations did not run that way. He declined a college course, and at twenty found himself adrift in Paris. He tried writing for the press, and, while it did not pay him very well, it pleased him. When he began writing novels, he wrote of wealth and luxury only to revile them; but he finally became enamored of the luxurious world of his creation, turned his back upon the Latin Quarter, and went in for the elegances of life with an enthusiasm that has made him conspicuous among his fellows. It is considered not at all unlikely, by the way, that he will succeed M. Taine as a member of the Academy.

The new magazine in connection with the *Pall Mall Gazette* will be called the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It is to be edited by Sir Douglas Straight and Sir F. Hamilton. Sir Douglas Straight is known as a novelist under the pseudonym of "Sydney Daryl."

Mr. Thomas Wright, who is writing a life of Daniel Defoe, believes that he has discovered the key to "Robinson Crusoe."

Some essays by the late Cardinal Manning on Honor, Consistency, Vanity, Popularity, Gossip, Critics, and other themes will soon be issued in London in volume-form.

The table of contents of the *Century* for April is as follows:

"The Chicago Anarchists of 1886," by the judge who presided at the trial, Joseph E. Gary; "The Cash Capital of Sunset City," by Hayden Carruth; "The Heart of the Tree," by H. C. Bunner; "The Angel of Death Staying the Hand of the Sculptor," modeled by Daniel Chester French; "An Embassy to Provence," by M. O. W. Oliphant; "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "A Tree Museum," by M. C. Robbins; "Idy," by Margaret Collier Graham; "Letters of Two Brothers: Passages from the Correspondence of General and Senator Sherman," William Tecumseh Sherman, John Sherman; "The Princess Anne," by M. O. W. Oliphant; "Margaret Fuller," by Josephine Lazarus; "Benefits Forgiven," by Wolcott Balestier; "Writ in Water," by Frank Dempster Sherman; and the verses and departments.

Julien Gordon will soon have a new book ready from the press. "His Letters" is the title of the story, which consists of a series of letters written by a man to a woman before he had ever met her, and continued after their meeting.

A specially interesting chapter in the life of the late Lord Tennyson, upon which the Hon. Hallam Tennyson is now engaged, will consist chiefly of personal reminiscences, contributed by Mr. Frederick Locker-

Lampson, the author of "London Lyrics" and editor of "Lyra Elegantiarum." Says the *Critic*:

"Mr. Locker's daughter, now Mrs. Augustin Birrell, was formerly the wife of Hon. Lionel Tennyson. It is not generally known that Mr. Locker published, in 1865, a tiny volume, now rare and long since out of print, entitled 'A Selection from the Works of Frederick Locker.' It was illustrated by nineteen engravings by Richard Doyle, Mr. Conan Doyle's uncle, with a frontispiece by Sir John Millais, and consisted of several poems from 'London Lyrics,' a few of which were restored to the reading of the first edition, and of poems which have not been included in any subsequent edition of 'London Lyrics.' The booklet, the cover of which was specially designed by Mr. John Leighton, F. S. A., was published by Edward Moxon & Co., and the 'C. C. L.' to whom it was dedicated was Mr. Locker-Lampson's first wife, Lady Charlotte Locker."

Two novels with queer titles are coming from the press. One is "The Great Chin Episode," by Paul Cushing; the other is "The Odd Women," by George Gissing.

A novel written by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher over a quarter of a century ago, and kept a secret even from Mr. Beecher, is to be published soon. It is entitled "Light Out of Darkness," and is a story of the Civil War.

A new edition of five thousand copies of the February *Century* is now printing. The publishers were for a time entirely out of the January number, and the February has been for some time out of print. The April number will contain an article on the trial of the Chicago anarchists by the judge who presided.

Sir Edwin Arnold has bought the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and begins its publication with the next number.

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, has prepared for the *Century* a series of four historical papers on the time of Queen Anne. The first article, on "The Princess Anne," appears in the April number.

The American edition of Rudyard Kipling's "Many Intentions" will be published by the Appletons.

The Century Company has ready a second edition of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson's book of verse entitled "The Winter Hour."

Henry James, who for many years enjoyed the friendship of Mrs. Kemble, will give a sketch of her in the April number of *Temple Bar*. Maarten Maartens's new novel will be begun in the same number.

New Publications.

"Katherine North," a novel of New England life by Maria Louise Pool, has been published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The First Millennial Faith," by the author of "Not on Calvary"—to which it is in a measure a sequel, rehearsing the history of the Christian church in its first ten centuries—has been published by Saalfield & Fitch, New York.

"Loaded Dice," by Edgar Fawcett, is a novel dealing with the social lapses of a woman of the world. It is a dramatic story, skillfully told. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Tragedy of the Ages; or, Calvary and Gehenna," by Professor William D. T. Travis, is a metrical version of the story of the crucifixion of Christ, illustrated by the author. Published by the Thompson Publishing Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

"The Plutocrat," by Otto Frederick Schupphaus, is a blank-verse drama in five acts, in which virtue and socialistic aphorisms triumph over business sense and the characteristics that the socialist deems vices in a capitalist. Published by A. Lovell & Co., New York.

Mrs. E. M. Hinckley, who enjoys much local fame as a teacher of the culinary art, has embodied many of her ideas in two small books, entitled "Progressive Cookery" and "Chafing-Dish Cookery." Published by the San Francisco Publishing Company, San Francisco.

"Under the Rose," by the author of "East Lynne"; "St. Leger," by Richard B. Kimball; "Time and Tide," by A. S. Roe; and "Volney Randolph," by James Robertson, have been issued in paper covers by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The World of the Unseen," by Arthur Willink, is "an essay on the relation of higher space to things eternal"—a topic that is not for the reader who does not care for speculations on fourth-dimen-

sional space. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

"But Men Must Work," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, is a story of a young governess in an English country-house where there is a mystery, which the governess solves by the time the end of the book is reached. Published in their Select Novels by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

"The Blue Pavilions," by "Q," an amusing story of life in an English seaport town, and "Out of the Jaws of Death," by Frank Barrett, a sensational story in which nihilism figures, have been issued in the Sunshine Series published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"A Mere Cypher," by Mary Angela Dickens, is a thoroughly conventional melodramatic novel. The "mere cypher" is the faded-out and neglected wife of a physician who manages a mad-house—more for profit than for the opportunities it affords for doing good. She falls in love with a young man, and eventually poisons her husband—actuated only by the purest motives—but dies with her ill-starred passion unconfessed. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

"Tools and the Man" is the title of a volume containing ten essays on property and industry under the Christian law, by Washington Gladden. Their topics are "The Christianization of Society," "Economics and Christian Ethics," "Property in Land," "Property in General," "The Labor Question," "The Collapse of Competition," "Coöperation the Logic of Christianity," "The Reorganization of Industry," "Scientific Socialism," and "Christian Socialism." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Art for Art's Sake" is the title of a volume containing seven university lectures by Professor John C. Van Dyke, on the technical beauties of painting. The subject is one that has often been treated obscurely, but Professor Van Dyke is singularly lucid in his explanations of the lectures, which are on the following topics: "Art for Art's Sake," "Color," "Tone and Light and Shade," "Linear and Aerial Perspective," "Values," "Drawing and Composition," and "Textures, Surfaces, and Brush-Work." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Second Book of Verse" is the very plain title of Eugene Field's new collection of his poems. In variety of styles this second bundle is like the first, including child-verse, Western dialect poems, recollections of travel, translations, etc. Some of the contents have already appeared in Mr. Field's Christmas book of child-verse, "With Trumpet and Drum," and many others—"Modjesky as Cameel," "Dibdin's Ghost," "The Bottle and the Bird," "Mr. Billings of Louisville," and "The Schnellste Zug" among them—are already popular with a wide circle of newspaper readers. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

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The April "CENTURY"

Other contents include: "The Princess Anne," the first of two profusely illustrated historical papers by Mrs. Oliphant; a visit to Mistral, by Thomas A. Janvier, with full-page portrait of the Provencal poet; "Margaret Fuller," a biographical sketch, with portrait; two complete illustrated stories by new writers; Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," and other serials; poems, departments, etc.

ARBOR DAY (April 22) is the subject of several important papers, including a description, with many illustrations, of the Arnold Arboretum, "the finest tree museum in the world."

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Tailors, perhaps, incur more risk of loss from bad debtors than any other class of tradesmen. They have tried various devices to protect themselves, but all have proved ineffectual. The plan of selling judgments at auction does not seem successful, though by it the names of delinquents appear in the newspapers. Judgments aggregating twelve thousand one hundred and ninety dollars brought only one hundred and eighty dollars in cash, though many of them were bid in by the unfortunate tradesmen. The result encourages the dude to hope that the worst is over.

A great deal of steel is wasted on lodge swords which would have been useful in picks and shovels. —*Atchison Globe.*

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VANITY FAIR.

Despite his enormous wealth, his influence, his countless orders, his palaces, his power, the late Herr von Bleichroeder, the Jewish banker of Berlin, was an unhappy man. He had the misfortune to live in a country where his religion and race debarred him from society. Emperor William and Bismarck tried to overcome the prejudice in his case, but in vain. Americans who were in the German capital at the time (writes the *Tribune's* Berlin correspondent) may remember the sensation produced by the treatment of Fraulein von Bleichroeder at one of the imperial balls. The baroness—who was, and is still, a handsome woman—waited in vain for several hours for the attentions of the cavaliers present. Not one even spoke to her, and, after suffering the deepest mortification, she left the ball, tears streaming down her face. His majesty even was criticised severely at the time for permitting one of his guests to be treated so shamefully. At another time, the baron—he had the right to bear the title of *freiherr*, or baron, as he was a Knight of the Order of the Iron Crown of Austria—sent an invitation to dinner to the "brother" officers of his son's regiment. They declined the invitation, but the emperor hearing of the affair, sent word to the martial gentlemen that they must not treat so disrespectfully a man to whom he himself and the monarchy were under deep obligations. Accordingly, an acceptance was arranged. On the eventful evening, the colonel and his aids drove up to the palace in the Behren Strasse. The baron, wishing to do them especial honor, appeared at the door to welcome them. "By order of His Majesty Emperor William the First," said the colonel, declining the proffered hand, "we appear here to dine." The meal was eaten in silence on the part of the officers, with total disregard of the host and his family. When the coffee, liqueurs, and cigars had been served, the regiment's leader sprang to his feet, turned to the host, and brutally remarked: "Having fulfilled the command of His Majesty Emperor William the First, we bid you good evening," and the "sons of Mars" left the house.

Young women, and especially summer girls, who deal lightly in hearts, will be interested to learn from Marion Crawford's latest book, "The Children of the King," of the momentous consequences that attend an engagement of marriage in Italy. "It is not easy," says Mr. Crawford, "to convey to the foreign mind generally the enormous importance which is attached in Italy to a distinct promise of marriage. It, indeed, almost amounts, morally speaking, to marriage itself, and the breaking of it is looked upon socially almost as an act of infidelity to the marriage bond. A young girl, who refuses to keep her engagement is called a *civetta*—an owl—probably because owlets are used as a decoy all over the country in snaring and shooting small birds. Be that as it may, the term is a bitter reproach. It sticks to her who has earned it, and often ruins her whole life."

"Minnie can afford to marry a poor man," said a friend of Minnie's mother, speaking to a writer in the New York *Tribune* of the daughter's evident liking for an impecunious young lawyer. "That is just where you are mistaken," answered Minnie's mamma. "She has six thousand dollars a year of her own, and she spends every penny of it upon her clothes. Her dresses last year cost about four thousand dollars; her hats and bonnets about five hundred dollars; her lingerie another five hundred dollars; and, besides, there are her jackets, gloves, and all the other accessories of the toilet. And she is no exception in her world; most of her friends spend quite as much, and many a great deal more. No wonder that young men can not afford to marry nowadays, and only rich girls are in demand, though—if men did but know it—it is more expensive to marry an heiress than a girl who has been accustomed to manage with very little."

The ante-Easter social campaign in London has been so lively that a very gay time is prophesied after the royalties and notabilities are gathered in from the South of Europe and the season fairly begins. "The queen's first drawing-room," says a private letter, "was distinguished by a marked absence of beauty, but by more than the usual display of jewels." Speaking of a youthful duchess, in whose coronet "the pearls were quite an inch long, and the diamonds as big as shillings," the writer adds: "No one present could compete with her, not even the queen's daughters, but Mrs. Astor, whose emeralds and diamonds were truly regal, ran her very close. The Astor emeralds are said to have once belonged to Marie Antoinette." The same writer speaks of an unusually large meet of the Quorn hounds, at which Mr. Keene and Count Zborowski were among the straightest riders, Mrs. Keene and a number of other ladies following in carriages. Lady Brooke and Mrs. Cornwallis West were among the bunts-women, Lady Brooke looking like a female Centaur, so absolutely did she seem to be a part of the beautiful Arabian that she rode.

The Rev. C. Madison Peters says: "There are in the United States alone more than three millions of

bachelors—that is, men past thirty years of age who have never been married. In olden times the duty to marry was imperative, and the penalty for not marrying so heavy that bachelors were very scarce during the early centuries. Marriage is not for all—there are men whose characters are so corrupt that their offer of marriage is an insult to a good woman. Some men whose vocations require them to be away from home most of the time ought not to marry. And men who spend their evenings at saloons and clubs had better have remained single. Most of the debauchery and crime can be traced to unmarried men. A good wife is a blessing to any man, and every honorable man ought to have one."

A foreign critic, writing in the New York *Tribune*, says: "One fault to be laid at the door of the fair American is a want of proper consideration for *les dessous*. It is impossible to give any translation of this denomination in English; but it designates every article of feminine apparel that is worn beneath the outermost garment. I do not mean, of course, that the American is careless about the cleanliness or even quality of her petticoats, stockings, and other underwear; but even the most elegant daughters of Uncle Sam do not, like their French sisters, consider the *dessous* as really of more importance than the gown, coat, or bonnet which they wear. It is by no means necessary to go in for lingerie elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbons; and, if the truth were known, real *grandes dames* repudiate these showy articles of apparel; but there ought to be harmony and extreme daintiness in every detail, and this can only be attained when a woman gives more care and attention to her *dessous* than she does to the clothes destined to be seen by everybody. In this lies the secret of perfect elegance so noticeable in the Parisienne belonging to the highest classes of society. The train ought to be beloved by the American woman, for, when carrying it in her hand, she is able to display her feet, which are, as a general rule, very near to perfection. If there is a thing more than any other upon which she is entitled to pride herself it is her foot. Long, slim, well-arched, and delicately ankled, it fully matches in shapeliness the celebrated feet of the French, the Spanish, and the Russian woman; and as there is nothing that fascinates man so completely as a pretty foot, this fact partly accounts for the *succes* of American girls wherever they go.

"The slight strain of Bohemianism with which the Parisienne has been tainted becomes frequently too pronounced when an American wishes to appear thoroughly 'in the swim.' Moreover, her aristocratic aspirations take often the form of arrogance toward inferiors, a fault never committed by women who have been accustomed from their tenderest age to consider impoliteness to servants in the light of a practical lowering of one's own social standing. 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' but so does arrogance, and I am sorry to say that, as a general rule, the New York women I have met do not understand the difficult art of sailing between these two extremes. On the other hand, American women are far more beautiful than Parisiennes. Tall, well-made, graceful, endowed with beautiful complexions, luxuriant tresses, and perfect teeth, they are very lovable to look at, and when they consent to remain natural and simple they are certainly most charming specimens of healthy and attractive womanhood.

"In Europe, the widespread belief about Americans is that they are arrant flirts. In my opinion, however, there is no more flirting done over here than anywhere else on the surface of the civilized globe. On the contrary, the freedom existing between the sexes in America engenders relations of genuine kindness, frank good nature, and genial comradeship, which are not to be found on the other side of the water; and I must say to the praise of American men that they never attempt to take advantage of a feminine friendship, as Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, or Russians would do if placed in the same situation. American women really are the best treated women in the world, for the American man shows, in his smallest action, a respect and consideration for his womankind which place the sexes on a footing of perfect equality. Here woman, it is true, is not treated as she is in France, in the light of an absolute superior, nor is she considered, as in England, just as if she were the natural drudge and subordinate of the lord of mankind; and she, therefore, is at liberty to become her husband's best friend and companion, and to feel with truth that she is his partner for life, whose interests are completely allied with her own."

The reform dress recommended by a committee of the National Council of Women consists of a gown or tunic reaching to the calf only, the leg below being covered with leggings. That is the governing principle in all the costumes suggested. It looks like a more comfortable dress than the present feminine costume (the *Sun* declares), and unquestionably it is better suited to the street, the shop, the factory, and all active physical exercises. The committee declare, also, that when it was worn at a meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance

Union at Denver last November, it was greatly admired by the beholders. If women thought only or chiefly of comfort and convenience in the fashioning of their garments, unquestionably this reformed dress would be welcome to them. It seems to be as easy as the masculine costume and to adapt itself as well to all the movements of the body. It is a very sensible dress. If women wore it, they would be no more incumbered with their clothes than are men with their unbecoming, but very sensible and comfortable costume. They would have no long petticoats to hold up in the muddy streets, and they could compete with men in jumping on moving horse-cars, and in various other feats, exercises, and employments, from which they are now debarred by long and clinging draperies. If they adopted this reform, moreover, the whole face of society would be changed, for the acceptance of such an innovation would indicate a radical transformation of the feminine character. Women would show that they had thrown off the restraints to which they have been subjected for thousands of years, and that their governing impulses had undergone a complete change. They would discard fashion devised with reference to beauty rather than mere utility, and put themselves under the domination of sensible judgment instead of their instinct of provoking admiration. In all times flowing draperies have been associated with womanhood, not because of their convenience—for they must be inconvenient—but because of their grace and artistic effect. They have indicated that women were apart from the rough-and-tumble work of the world, and needed the protection of men in the separation. They have suggested that the place for women was in the seclusion of the home rather than the competition of outside activities. In these modern days, say the dress reformers, the situation of women has changed so radically that this costume must be changed correspondingly to enable them to adjust themselves to their present necessities. The current dress, they argue, assumes the existence of social conditions which have passed away; for women are no longer confined to indoor activities in our modern civilization. They are working side by side with men in all the gainful occupations which do not demand mere rude physical strength and capacity to stand the severest exposure; and to be successful they must dress consistently with the requirements of the new competition, even if they subordinate beauty to utility. They must discard fashions which imply their unfitness for the contest.

"There's a vast difference in Northern and Southern girls," writes a Northern girl in the Chicago *Record*. "Southern girls are much more attractive to men. Every once in awhile some Louisville, or Memphis, or Virginia girl comes up here and fairly walks away with every eligible man she meets. She is usually prettier, but rarely as stylish as her Northern sister. The former cares more for prettiness than style, though, and wears more dainty little curls, and bows, and bangles, and gewgaws than a Northern girl would don in a life-time. It isn't exactly good form, we think; but she doesn't know that, and if she did, she wouldn't care, for 'the boys like it,' and then her voice is so soft and her Southern pronunciation is simply delicious. Her manners are charming, but rather gushing, never coldly conventional nor indifferent, as ours often are. And she does make such a fuss over the men. She exerts herself so to please them, and lays herself out to be charming to every man who comes along, be he old or young, rich or poor, married or unmarried. Her Southern blood gives her a spontaneous enjoyment of things, quick appreciation, and ready laughter that refreshes a man, because it's just what he loves to find in a woman."

An amusing utilization of the crinoline is made by a caricaturist in the *Sketch*, who pictures a couple of "Sandwich men" arrayed in enormous spreading skirts, the entire surface of which is plastered with advertising posters of soaps, millinery, and like articles.

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SOCIETY.

The Subscription Ball.

The subscription ball, which was given last Monday evening under the direction of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, was an unqualified success. There was nothing lacking that could have made it more enjoyable, and it certainly was exceedingly attractive. The hall has seldom been decorated in better style, as the effect throughout was exceedingly harmonious. There was a variety of light tints in the draperies that adorned the walls and gallery, and were pendant from the ceiling in graceful folds, and they combined to produce a general bright effect. Fancifully colored Japanese urns were hung in mid air, around a circle of inverted parasols, and from each long fern sprays extended. The stage was massed with flowering and tropical plants, behind which the Hungarian Orchestra played enlivening selections. The floor was white with its new cover of canvas, which was highly appreciated by the fair sex. The gowns were beautiful to look upon, and in almost every case were new. The Empire style seemed to predominate, and occasionally there was evidence that crinoline is in its embryo state here. The dancers arrived quite late, after ten o'clock, but the ball-room soon filled up, and then the scene was a brilliant one. There was no cotillion, it was simply a dancing-party, and the festivities were kept up until two o'clock in the morning. At midnight an elaborate supper was served under the direction of Ludwig. The subscribers were greatly pleased with the ball, and many compliments were paid to Mr. Greenway for his efficient management of the affair.

The Theller Cotillion.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Theller and their daughter, Miss Florence Theller, gave a delightful cotillion last Thursday evening at their home, 2026 Pacific Avenue. The arrangements of the affair were so perfect that no possible improvement could have been suggested. Every room in the residence had been decorated in extreme taste with trailing vines, roses, lilies, and other blossoms that accentuated its rich furnishings. Canvas covered the floors, and an excellent orchestra provided the latest music. It was essentially a favor cotillion, and these souvenirs were beautiful and thoroughly artistic. In the main salon oaken chairs were set around, and they were tied with ribbons and bow-knots of pink silk. Partners were consigned through the medium of souvenir panels of bird's-eye maple, tied with silk ribbon, upon which the name of each couple was etched.

From nine until ten o'clock general dancing was enjoyed, and then the cotillion commenced. It was led by Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, who introduced some very pretty figures and conducted them in a most efficient manner. The principal or favor figures were five in number, comprising "The Grand Right and Left," "Double Circles," "Star," "Double Columns forming an Arch," and "Single Columns forming a Circle." In addition to these, a few other figures were given without favors. The first set comprised: Mr. St. John, Miss Theller, Mr. Stone, Miss Weihe, Mr. Sperry, Miss Rambo, Mr. Freeman, Miss Alice Hyde, Mr. Godley, and Miss Magee.

The favors made exceedingly pretty souvenirs of the occasion, and the arrangement was such that every one obtained an equal number. There were large butterflies of papier-mâché gorgeously colored and true to nature. Then there were glass match safes for the gentlemen and bonbonnière cases for the ladies decorated with colored silk and gay ribbons. Other favors were miniature brownies, that Palmer Cox has immortalized, made in fantastic designs and attired as we have seen them in the illustrations. They were for the ladies, while the gentlemen received geese dolls dressed in Mother Hubbard and oddly featured. Pink bonbonnières were also given to the gentlemen and pink-silk flags to the ladies, having the letter T painted on in gold.

The figures progressed perfectly and pretty effects were produced with colored scarfs, large fans, and other accessories. The toilets of the young ladies were a noticeable feature of the evening, and a dozen of the girls were débutantes. The german ended about midnight, and then all marched to the billiard-room, where a sumptuous supper was served under Ludwig's direction. Tête-à-tête tables were set all around, and the large room was handsomely decorated with fern-sprays and glossy ivy that trailed over the walls. After supper regular dancing was enjoyed until two o'clock, when the pleasant affair came to an end. It was a most successful private cotillion.

Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Theller, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gardiner, Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Luty, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Smith, Mrs. Weihe, Mrs. Catton, Miss Florence Theller, Miss Florence Weihe, Miss Fanny Wardwell, Miss Madeline Rosseter, Misses Wheaton, Miss Alice Rambo, Miss Maude Magee, Miss Helen Andros, Miss May Colburn, Misses Hyde, Miss Helen M. Luty, Miss May Palmer, Miss Bessie Pringle, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr. E. Stone, Mr. Ayres, Mr. F. Van Ness, Mr. J. H. Palmer, Mr. Richard Rountree, Mr. A. Ellis, Mr. G. Gardiner, Mr. Jesse Godley, Mr. H. Sperry, Mr. G. Weaver, Mr. W. Catton, Mr. W. B. Cooke, Mr. J. E. Freeman, Mr. John Rosseter, Dr. Park, Dr. Le Tourneau, Mr. Arthur Shear, and Mr. Russell.

The Scott Dinner and Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott gave an elaborate dinner-party at their residence, 305 Buchanan Street, last Thursday evening in honor of Captain and Mrs. Moore, U. S. N., of the *Carlisle P. Patterson*. The

dining-room was beautifully decorated in tones of yellow and along the centre of the long table golden hued eschscholtzias were loosely strewn amid masses of verdant foliage. At each cover was an artistic name-card in the form of a folio of vellum, hand-painted with poppies. The names were in oddly formed letters and on the inside was a bit of verse suitable to the receiver. The menu was very elaborate and during its service concert selections were played by a string orchestra. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, Captain and Mrs. Moore, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. McCord, Judge and Mrs. Lousier, Colonel and Mrs. Blinn, Captain and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Unger, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Smith, Miss Dean, Miss Webster, Miss Heffron, Miss Nutting, Lieutenant Howard, U. S. N., Mr. Wellington, and Mr. Lewis.

About nine o'clock the guests who had been invited to the reception commenced to arrive, and soon the handsomely decorated parlors were well filled. Conversation and music were varied by occasional dances, and the evening was thus made pleasurable in the extreme. A delicious supper was provided about midnight, and the affair ended a couple of hours afterward.

The Santa Barbara Flower Fête.

The flower fête, which is to be given in Santa Barbara, will commence next Tuesday, and it is attracting many people from the East and various points in California. This is particularly true of San Francisco, as quite a number of people prominent in society here have made arrangements to be present. Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair, who made her début in society last Monday evening at the subscription dance, have engaged rooms and will go to Santa Barbara. Among others who will be there are Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, Miss Hager, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Bee Hooper, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, Mrs. C. M. Plum, Jr., Miss Lulu Plum, Mrs. A. H. Wilcox, Mrs. C. Tyler Longstreet, Miss Fanny Wilcox, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mrs. R. Y. Hayne, and several others.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair will go to Santa Barbara next Monday to witness the flower fête.

Mr. James Brett Stokes has left Coronado Beach and is now at Santa Barbara, where he will remain until after the flower fête.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Moody will pass the summer at the Corbett villa, near San Mateo.

Mrs. John F. Merrill has returned from a month's visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge will go East some time in May.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd left last Monday for Southern California, and will be away about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., is visiting relatives in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bender arrived here last Monday from Carson City, Nev., and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Samuel W. Saalburg left last Thursday on a three weeks' visit to British Columbia.

Mrs. John W. Mackay, Mr. John W. Mackay, Jr., and Mr. Clarence Mackay are en route hither from the East, and are expected here on Monday. Mr. Mackay is improving very rapidly, and is able to be up for a while every day.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills have returned from a brief visit to the Hotel Mateo.

Mr. Charles M. Plum, Jr., has returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. C. T. Ryland, Miss Ryland, and Miss Norma Ryland, of San José, are paying a visit to Monterey.

Mr. A. C. Bonnell and Mr. James Bonnell will pass the summer in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin will go to San Mateo in May to remain during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Lockwood have returned to the East after a prolonged visit to Mr. and Mrs. Meses Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillis are at the Hotel Victoria in New York city.

Colonel Isaac Trumbo has returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Mr. Horace L. Hill has returned from the East.

Misses Alice and Ella Hobart left New York last Saturday for Liverpool on the *City of Paris*. They will spend a fortnight in London, and then go to Paris returning here next September.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague left for Japan last Tuesday, and will be away about three months.

Colonel C. F. Crocker and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease have returned from their Eastern trip. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin gave an elaborate dinner-party last week at their residence in New York city in honor of Colonel Crocker.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford are expected here early in May, and will pass the summer at Palo Alto.

Mrs. George E. Raum arrived from New York last Monday and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace have returned from a prolonged visit to Europe and the Eastern States.

Mr. James V. Coleman and Lieutenant-Commander Leonard Chenery, U. S. N., arrived from the East last Saturday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John H. Dickinson and Master Reginald Dickinson will return to the city next week, after a month's visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott will leave for the East late in April on a prolonged visit.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre are occupying their residence in Menlo Park, where they will remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas will leave for their country home in Mountain View next Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Le Count and the Misses Ella and Susie Le Count will pass the summer in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Emeric and Miss Lorena Barbier left last Monday for the Emeric ranch at San Pablo, where they will remain for the next six months.

Mr. Joseph Austin has almost entirely recovered from the effects of the serious accident he met with a couple of months ago, and during the past week has been out driving whenever the weather would permit.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis are at the West End Hotel, at Long Branch.

Mrs. Belle K. Adams, of Cleveland, O., and Miss Eliza D. Keith, of this city, made the trip to Mount Hamilton last Saturday to see the Lick Observatory.

Mr. Irving M. Scott has returned from a prolonged visit to the East.

Mr. A. B. Wilberforce has been passing the week at Livermore.

Mrs. J. A. Folger and Mr. J. Athearn Folger are going East soon, and will be away three months. They will see

the Columbian Exposition and also intend visiting Mrs. Le Grand C. Tibbitts, in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hunt and Miss Anna Hunt are passing a month at Paso Robles.

Colonel William Macdonald and Miss Hilda Macdonald have arrived in London.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin have decided to remain East until late in May.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey have taken a cottage in Sausalito for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., have leased the Havens villa in Sonoma Valley for the summer months.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will go to the Columbian Exposition in the fall, and, after remaining East a couple of months, will return to this city.

Mr. Robert A. Irving returned last Saturday from a month's visit to Los Angeles and other Southern points.

Miss Thama Dickinson has entirely recovered from the effects of her recent severe illness.

Captain Robert Searle and Mr. W. H. Chambliss returned last Monday from a visit to friends in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Philip Smith passed several days during the week at the Palace Hotel. Miss Jessie Robson was recently their guest at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Volney Spalding has leased her cottage in Belvedere for eight months to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Donnell, and will pass the summer in the East and in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph A. Schedel, nee Carroll, are here from Sacramento on a visit to relatives.

Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne has gone to Santa Barbara on a visit to relatives.

Mr. Louis Hirsch, who has been traveling in Central America for the past six months, returned last Monday on the quarantined steamer *City of New York*, and will be obliged to remain in quarantine at Angel Island for another week before being allowed to land.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour will go to the East and Europe soon to remain away about four months.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey Jardine, nee Bucknall, was brightened last Wednesday by the advent of a daughter.

Mrs. B. B. Redding has returned from Sacramento, and is at present at Monterey.

Mrs. Robert Beck is at present at Wildwood, Napa County, visiting Mrs. W. Harron.

Mr. James M. Goewey, Jr., assistant-manager to the Educational Department at the World's Fair, left for Chicago last Saturday.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Chaplain and Mrs. Frank Thompson, U. S. N., nee Carleton, who have been visiting Old Point Comfort, Va., are now in Washington, D. C. Chaplain Thompson anticipates receiving a Pacific Coast appointment.

Lieutenant Calkins, U. S. N., recently executive officer of the *Albatross*, has been ordered to duty at Portland, Or.

Lieutenant L. C. Webster, U. S. M. C., has been ordered from Boston to duty at Mare Island.

Lieutenant Prime, U. S. N., of the New York navy yard, Lieutenant Bull, U. S. N., of the New London navy yard, and Lieutenant Winslow, U. S. N., of Washington, D. C., have been assigned to the *Alliance*.

An elective course in swimming has recently been opened to the juniors at Vassar. Miss Harriet I. Ballantine, director of the gymnasium, will be the instructor. The gymnasium swimming-tank, in which the lessons will be given, is forty-three feet long by twenty-four wide, is lined with marble, and supplied with water pumped in at a temperature of from seventy to eighty degrees from an artesian well one hundred and fifty feet deep.

Seventy-one New Orleans ladies have formed a league with the pledge, "We, the undersigned ladies of New Orleans, promise never to wear a hoop-skirt. If we break this pledge we will pay two dollars to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."

This forming leagues of themselves against themselves to protect themselves from themselves is the most amusing thing women have done in a decade.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-à-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at 55¢ a year and upwards.

SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS.

Crème Simon marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Stanislas Strozynski, corner Powell and Ellis Streets, 433-435, San Francisco, and druggists, perfumers, and fancy-goods stores.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

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See the Point?

You would not hire a servant with a "character" dated five years back. You would ask what she had been doing meantime.

When you read testimonials of baking powder see that they are dated.

Marion Harland writes:

Feb. 5, 1892.

"After a long and careful trial of others, I prefer Cleveland's Baking Powder. . . . It is in steady use in my kitchen."

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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.

Get a good article, advertise liberally, but judiciously; advertise the truth; set forth the announcement in a neat, simple, but pleasing way, and satisfactory results will follow.—Home Journal.

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Will Open March 30, 1893.

HOTEL MATEO

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A Summer and Winter Resort

M. CLARK, Proprietor,

SAN MATEO, - CALIFORNIA

An Illustrated Circular will be mailed to any address.

Rooms may now be secured.

SOCIETY.

The Curtis-Payot Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Louise Payot and Dr. Henry L. Curtis, of Philadelphia, took place last Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Henry Payot, 922 Ellis Street. About one hundred and fifty friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Edgar J. Lion, at half-past eight o'clock. The residence was ornate with a beautiful floral decoration, which made it unusually attractive. The bride, who wore a very becoming robe of white silk, with a court train and flowing veil of tulle, was given into the care of the groom by her father. Miss Nellie Fuller was the maid of honor, and appeared in a pretty gown of pink silk, made with a demi-train. Dr. H. Argenti acted as best man. After the ceremony and congratulations, the guests enjoyed dancing and a delicious supper, which prolonged the festivities until a late hour. The array of wedding presents was extremely beautiful and of much value. Dr. and Mrs. Curtis left on Wednesday to visit Monterey, and when they return will reside at 922 Ellis Street.

The Turner-Denver Wedding.

Miss Jennie Stewart Denver and Mr. Howard Turner were united in marriage last Wednesday evening in Grace Church in the presence of a large assemblage of their friends. The bride is the daughter of the late Hon. Frank Denver, at one time governor of Nevada, and niece of the late General Denver, after whom Colorado's capital city was named. The groom is a well-known commission merchant. The bride's robe was of blanc-ivoire faille Française, en train, trimmed with broderie Romienne and point lace. Her maid of honor was Miss Jessie Dayton, who appeared in pink silk trimmed with Irish lace, and the bridesmaid was Miss May Hickman, whose gown was of Nile green silk trimmed with chiffon. Mr. Leon Dennison was best man and Mr. Clark Porter, Mr. Edward Pond, Mr. Frank de Long, and Mr. A. Pond were the ushers. The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. R. C. Foute, after which an informal reception was held at the bride's residence, 1101 Pine Street. They were the recipients of many valuable presents.

The Belcher-Walthall Wedding.

Miss Stella Burfoot Walthall, daughter of the late Madison Walthall, of Stockton, was married last Monday to Colonel Edward A. Belcher, the well-known attorney-at-law, of this city. The wedding took place in Modesto, at the residence of Hon. W. H. Hatton, a relative of the bride. She belongs to a very old Southern family, and is the niece of General Edward Cary Walthall, senior senator of the United States from Mississippi. She is highly accomplished in both music and art, and passed much of last year in Paris perfecting her education. Colonel Belcher is the half brother of Judge Isaac S. Belcher, of the Supreme Court Commission, and of Hon. William C. Belcher.

The Olympic Club Fair.

The management of the Olympic Club Fair, which is to startle San Francisco at the Pavilion between the seventeenth and twenty-second instants, have decided to close the sale of season tickets to-day (Saturday). The reason is the unprecedented sale and demand, which, if complied with, would make it impossible to accommodate any single admission visitors on the night of opening.

The demand for tickets, always brisk, received an extraordinary stimulus on the close of Lent. After the quiet of that season, people seem to have been enabled to turn their attention to this unique enterprise for clearing away the indebtedness of the Olympic Club, and all are in sympathy with the object and its proposed means of attainment.

The Patrons' Booth, the Temple Fortuna, the Olympic Club Booth, the Gypsy Encampment, and Sybil's Cave, with many others, are being rapidly organized, and unless something unforeseen arises to prevent it, they will all present peculiar combinations of novelty and attractiveness on the opening night.

There will be a regular Coliseum arena. It is to

be two hundred and forty by forty-five feet, oval in form. The floor will be covered with a substantial plank foundation, and on this will be spread a thick layer of clay and sand which will be beaten down to an exact level and the right consistency by means of heavy horse-rollers. The "tawny sand" of the campus on the banks of the Arno will thus be reproduced with exact fidelity. Above the audience, as in the magnificent days of the Roman emperors, will stretch the delicately banded canopies which were used in that day to protect the people from the burning rays of a southern sun. In the modern case, they will prove an additional ornament, and will serve to soften the glare of the immense arc lights which will have place above.

The dances will be quite a feature. Fifty-two young ladies have already been enrolled, and are in constant training. The "Dance of the Seasons," the measures of "The Three Graces," all in appropriate costumes designed by Joulain, will be special attractions of the arenic entertainment.

Lieutenant J. E. Nolan, U. S. A., and Lieutenant W. G. Haan, U. S. A., will be the jebus in the chariot races. Six other Presidio officers will participate in the tilting jousts, which ought to show some horsemanship and plenty of lively fun. All the officers will be garbed in appropriate Roman costumes, the armor, weapons, chariots, etc., having been specially made for the occasion from designs furnished by Joulain.

President of the Olympic Club W. Greer Harrison has kindly consented to act as arenic majestor, or marshal of the arenic host.

The procession will be composed of all kinds of soldiers then forming part of the cosmopolitan Roman army. Some of the characters will be undertaken by picked trained soldiers from Fort Mason and the Presidio, who by the courtesy of General Graham, will attend each evening under command of a sergeant. They will all don the striking Roman panoply.

Reserved seats may be obtained on payment of a small extra fee until all are taken, the principle of precedence in this case being conceded the fairest for all concerned. So far as present indications go, the fair will be an overwhelming success, and the Olympic Club members deserve all the success they can get.

A limited number of reserved seats near the Coliseum will be sold at auction in the Olympic Club rooms next Wednesday evening. Mr. Walter S. Newhall has kindly consented to act as auctioneer.

Notes and Gossip.

St. Luke's Church will be the scene, on Wednesday evening, April 26th, of the wedding of Miss Jennie Watson and Mr. George R. Shreve. The maid of honor will be Miss Bessie Shreve, and the bridesmaids, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Bernice Bates, Miss Dutton, and Miss Ver Mehr. Mr. George F. Davidson will be best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Jerome W. Watson, Mr. H. B. Houghton, and Mr. E. L. Jacobs.

The wedding of Miss Helen Otis and Mr. Frederick Billings Lake, son of the late Judge Delos Lake, is announced to take place at one o'clock next Saturday afternoon at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Lucy Otis, 1900 Washington Street.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Jennie Griffith, daughter of Captain Millen Griffith, of this city, to a gentleman named Dickson, of Philadelphia.

The wedding of Miss Lulu Fargo, daughter of Mr. J. B. Fargo, and Mr. Robert Gray Bonestell, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Bonestell, will take place at nine o'clock next Monday evening at the home of the bride's father, 1301 O'Farrell Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Maude Isabel Badlam, and Mr. Frank Bradford, which will take place at their residence, 1024 Franklin Street, on Tuesday evening, April 18th.

The wedding of Dr. Tenison Deane and Miss Zilla Holmes will take place next Wednesday noon. Only a few relatives will be present. A driving trip, taking in a portion of Santa Clara, Monterey, and Santa Cruz Counties will constitute the wedding tour.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze will give a dancing-party next Monday evening, at her residence on Sutter Street, in honor of Miss Smith, a young lady from the East who is visiting her.

A large reception will be given by Mr. and Mrs. J. Brandenstein and the Misses Brandenstein this (Saturday) evening, at their residence on California Street.

The San Francisco Whist Club will hold a reception next Saturday evening in its rooms in the Mercantile Library building.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and Miss Laura McKinstry entertained a few friends at dinner last Monday evening at their residence, 1237 O'Farrell Street.

Mrs. C. P. Robinson and her daughter, Miss Edna Robinson, gave a pleasant matinée tea last Monday at their residence, 2010 Pacific Avenue, in honor of the Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies, who recently returned from Europe. Quite a number of their friends were present, and were most hospitably entertained.

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels gave a theatre-party last Saturday evening, followed by a supper at the Palace Hotel. Her guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Miss Jennie

Hooker, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Mr. J. William Byrne, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, and Mr. A. H. Small. Mrs. Spreckels left for New York on Wednesday.

The guests at The Colonial enjoyed a hop at the hotel last Tuesday evening that was replete with enjoyment. The large dining-hall was used for dancing, and the main hall for promenading. Excellent music was provided, light refreshments were served, and every provision was made for the enjoyment of the guests.

The residence of Mrs. James Cunningham, 2518 Broadway, will be the scene of a delightful entertainment this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. It will consist of a fancy fair and children's fête, with an attractive programme for old and young, for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage for Boys, at San Mateo.

A very pleasant musicale was given by Mrs. Homer S. King, at her home on Leavenworth Street, last Thursday. Several members of the Bostonians were present, and these, together with some local talent, made up quite an elaborate programme. The affair was very enjoyable.

The City Guard, Company B, N. G. C., gave its thirty-ninth anniversary ball last Monday evening in the armory, corner of Market and Tenth Streets. The large hall was handsomely decorated, and the attendance was in excess of six hundred. Captain Irving B. Cook led the grand march, and dancing was indulged in until one o'clock. It was a most successful affair in every way.

The annual election of directors of the Pacific Union Club was held last Tuesday, and the following gentlemen were elected: Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. A. Chesebrough, Mr. Edgar de Pue, Mr. Charles P. Eells, Mr. Charles S. Givens, Mr. W. Frank Goad, Mr. John McKee, and Mr. W. Mayo Newhall. The board will meet next Wednesday evening to elect its own officers.

The supreme court has decided that Dr. W. S. Whitwell was illegally restrained of his liberty by the sheriff of San Mateo County, who had arrested the physician under an ordinance of the supervisors of San Mateo making the establishment of an asylum for the insane within the county an illegal act. Some years ago, Dr. Whitwell established a private asylum near Redwood City, whereat his neighbors there waxed wrath and persuaded the supervisors of the county to enact the above-mentioned ordinance; but the recent decision of the supreme court indicates that their action was unconstitutional and that Dr. Whitwell's asylum will not be interfered with in the future.

A novel and interesting entertainment was given at the Grand Opera House last Monday evening for the benefit of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society Relief Fund. It was an "illustrated oratorio," a series of tableaux illustrative of those portions of the Book of Judges that tell the story of Jephtha's daughter and of the marriage of Ruth, the vocal parts of the oratorios being sung not by those in the tableaux, but by singers stationed in the orchestra. The affair was an artistic success, and reflects great credit on Miss Jessie Calhoun, who planned and arranged it, with the assistance of her sister, Miss Susan Calhoun.

The Gump Sale of Fine Paintings.

The all absorbing topic of conversation now in both society and art circles is the coming exhibition and sale of the beautiful Gump collection of modern European oil paintings. Everybody who appreciates fine art will attend, as the sale is attracting so much attention. The Messrs. Gump have done a great deal—more, in fact, than any one else here—to advance the interests of art by the introduction of the elegant paintings that they have imported from the principal art-centres of Europe. Their efforts, however, have not met with the response that they have deserved, and as a natural consequence, they have decided not to import any more paintings, at least not for several years to come. Hence this sale will be of great importance, and it should be encouraged to the fullest extent.

The Real Estate Exchange Hall, 16 Post Street, has been engaged for the sale, which will be conducted by Mr. B. Scott, Jr., of New York. Commencing next Tuesday morning, the public will be allowed to view the exhibit until next Thursday evening, when the sale will take place. It will continue each evening from eight until ten o'clock, and each afternoon from two until five o'clock, until all of the paintings are disposed of. Any one who desires to make the nucleus of a fine art collection should attend the exhibition, make proper selections, and then be on hand at the sale. This is indeed a rare opportunity and should not be neglected. When it is known that most of the finest paintings that grace our private galleries were purchased from the Messrs. Gump, it is evidence that the public has faith in their selections. Connoisseurs in art have pronounced the present collection of paintings the finest ever exhibited in San Francisco. Many of the paintings are Salon pictures, and they were all personally selected by Mr. S. Gump. They represent the best examples of many prominent and rising artists and some works of the best-known artists in the world, and form in their entirety a magnificent collection. A limited number of invitations have been issued for a private view of the paintings on Monday evening.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents, stamps or postal notes.

—LADIES OUTING SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER at Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street. All the latest fabrics.

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When their tender skins are literally on fire with itching and burning Eczema and other itching, scaly, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the



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Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fail in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

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BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



PAINS AND WEAKNESSES

Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cents.



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The purity—age and elegant bouquet of Clarke's Pure Rye has won for it the title—
The Finest Whiskey in the World
and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity. None genuine without trademark C. B. & Co., on label. Price per Bottle, \$1.50; per Doz. \$12; per Gal. \$1; per 2 gal. \$3.50, securely packed. We ask a trial order. For sale by all druggists or COLBURN, BIKES & CO., Sole Agents, 31 Ash St., Peoria, Ill.

Many advertisers whose wares are winter ones, will commence to advertise during the summer. Their unanimous verdict is that summer discontinuance of advertising is a mistake and that ads do better and more effective work during what is known as the vacation season. The reason of this is that people have more time to read papers and magazines leisurely, besides which there are fewer ads running in the various mediums at that season.—Printer's Ink.

ROCHESTER

Steel Frame

ORCHARD AND VINEYARD

GANG PLOW.



Steel Frame Outside of Wheel Prevents Injury During Close Cultivation. Lever Adjusts Depth while Plowing.

"I have now in use 5 of your Rochester Gang Plows and desire to say that they give excellent satisfaction, and I find them indispensable. The price is so much reduced from that formerly paid for a like implement that no orchardist should do without a Rochester." (Signed) N. P. CHIEF

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ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

DOING EDINBURGH CASTLE.

By F. Anstey, Author of "Vice Versa."

SCENE.—Entrance to the castle. A small PARTY OF SIGHTSEERS have just retained the services of an OFFICIAL GUIDE.

GUIDE [in a mellifluous tone and without any stops whatever, fixing his eyes on vacancy, having apparently committed his discourse to memory]—Before commencing our round of the castle lady and gentleman I will ask your attention to a few remarks upon the trench below the drawbridge where we now stand most parties are apt to run away with the erroneous impression of its being the ancient moat which a moment's reflection will show us how absurd this is being more than one 'undred feet above the base of the solid rock before us is the exercise ground formerly the scene of countless burnings 'angings and other revolting spectacles common to that barbarous age now 'apply forever past from us!

FIRST SIGHTSEER [desirous to gratify the GUIDE and display his military knowledge]—You could hold this place against any odds, eh? Practically impregnable, I suppose?

GUIDE [blandly]—Well, sir, as a fortress, it is quite obsolete, being commanded by Arthur's Seat.

A "STOOPID" SIGHTSEER—Who did you say commands the castle?

[Discovers that he is cut off from GUIDE by a body of soldiers marching down to drill. By time he comes up with him again, GUIDE is already explaining something else, and question allowed to drop.]

GUIDE—Above the same-eye Gothic arch under which we are now about to pass you will observe the Scots arms carved above with the motto *Nemo me impugnat* unless it no one provokes me with impunity.

THE "STOOPID" SIGHTSEER [in a whisper]—What did he say provoked him?

GUIDE [continuing]—In the chamber above the last and innermost gate making seven in all and lighted by a single grating it formed the place of confinement for the luckless Argyll previous to his execution there the original study was made by Ward for his picture the "Last Sleep of Argyll" now in the 'ouses of Parliament.

SIGHTSEERS [who have never seen the Westminster frescoes]—Really! painted there, was it? [They regard the grating with dawning interest.]

THE "STOOPID" SIGHTSEER—Singular thing to do—sending an artist to paint him asleep before they cut his head off; curious days, those, sir, curious days! [Moralizes on the past.]

GUIDE—The portion above is modern having been refected in recent times in the latest baronial style on your left as you go forward lady and gentlemen you will observe a flight of steps formerly at once the route for persons of royal and noble blood and the only means of access from the condemned cells to the place of execution a striking contrast thus we see afforded between the two sides misery and splendor the 'ighest and the lowest. [Halts in an impressive manner. SIGHTSEERS prepare, in limp attitudes, to receive information.] You follow the direction of my staff to the furthest corner of the ramparts where the turret projects it was there that a rather romantic—

AN OLD LADY [arriving hurriedly]—Are you the guide? Can you explain the castle?

GUIDE—Yes, ma'am, that is what I am here to do—[placidly]—it was there that a rather romantic but strictly—

THE OLD LADY—Wait a minute. I want my friend to hear this. I'll fetch her.

[Starts in search of friend, who is drifting aimlessly about among the cannon, and comes under protest.]

GUIDE [proceeding]—A rather romantic but strictly according to our historical records a curious coincident took place the manner in which the castle was taken by Randolph with only thirty picked men ascending the well-nigh precipitous rock the check-watch or as we now call it the patrol was at that moment being relieved and the sentinel in mere wantonness or pure folly seizing one of the stones with which in those days for purposes of defense the rampart was then incumbered and shouting "Away! I see ye well!" urled it over the rampart upon the 'elmets of the crouching escalade!

THE "STOOPID" SIGHTSEER—The crouching which?

GUIDE [repeating with relish]—The crouching escalade fortunately without injury to any of the scaling-party which waiting till the check-watch had gone by clutching the ivy in their garmented 'ands they reached the summit overpowering the sentinel and taking the castle by surprise the feat being counted as one of the most daring stratagems known to 'istory!

THE "STOOPID" SIGHTSEER [admiringly]—And were you there?

GUIDE—No, sir; it took place in thirteen 'undred and twelve, sir—[impassively]—before I was born, sir. [Continuing as before.] In vonder building now the army the ruthless Crichton entertained the Douglas at a banquet the cover being removed revealed the black bull's 'ed symptom of violent and immediate death struck with 'error at the sight they begged for their lives being brutally refused and slain on the spot the iron tank on your right as you ascend is comparatively modern and constructed to

'old water in the event of a siege to provide against the garrison being reduced by thirst the water is forced up into the tank each day by gravitation from the Pentland 'ills. I may here mention that the piece of ordnance we are now passing is the famous Mons Meg. Ladies and gentlemen it is unnecessary for me to explain the cannon the inscriptions on the carriage being its 'istry.

THE "STOOPID" SIGHTSEER—Is that the gun they fire every day by electricity?

GUIDE—It was last fired in 1682, sir, being burst by the discharge and consequently now obsolete, even for peaceful purposes.

[The party pass into the quadrangle and face the royal apartments.]

GUIDE—The wing on your right was set apart for the court and royal suite in front stands the ancient banquetting 'all here Argyll feasted and connived with Cromwell at the death of Charles the First that doorway leads you to Queen Mary's room the birthplace of James the Sixth afterwards James the First of England. Ladies and gentlemen—[mysteriously]—I am now going to explain something which you will find in none of the authorized guide-books or 'istorical records will you all remain kindly where you now are for a few minutes, and keep your eye fixed on me?

[Walks slowly to a doorway, and touches a stone above it with his stick, SIGHTSEERS look on, apparently in expectation of some startling conjuring trick.]

GUIDE [returning with subdued importance]—A curious discovery never yet cleared up was made some years ago in the exact spot which you saw me touch with my stick some workmen making alterations came upon a coffin of oak which being opened proved to contain the skeleton of an infant of great antiquity—

THE "STOOPID" SIGHTSEER—How old did you say the infant was?

GUIDE—Its exact age is unknown, but it was of a great antiquity and enveloped in a covering wrought with two initials, one of them an *I* being distinctly visible being reported to Major-General Thackeray then in command of the Royal Engineers he gave orders for the skeleton to be replaced and the aperture sealed up which accordingly was done though what or 'oo the infant was it is a mystery—[solemnly]—probably will ever remain a mystery but that is where the infant was found and where it now is.

THE "STOOPID" SIGHTSEER—Did you say that James the First was born in there?

GUIDE—Yes, sir, we have 'istorical record of that being so.

THE "STOOPID" SIGHTSEER—Very well [trumpantly]—your mystery's accounted for at once. [Looks round to discover effect, and perceives that his theory does not seem to be generally understood, and realizes for the first time that he does not understand it himself.]

GUIDE [declining to pursue the subject]—Here ladies and gentlemen my duties terminate you will now inspect at your leisure for there is no occasion to hurry taking your own time about it the Crown Room the Birthplace St. Margaret's Chapel Mons Meg and the view from the Castle ramparts the official charge I may here remind you is sixpence each person. Thank you, sir, I am much obliged to you.

[Scene closes on SIGHTSEERS, trooping up staircase in varying states of contented vagueness as to what they are going to see when they get up.]

Didn't Forget.

Mrs. Bridie had never been brought up to travel alone.

When she was a girl she had always been accompanied by some member of the family or by an experienced and intelligent maid.

But soon after her marriage she found herself obliged to undertake a short journey without escort, as she had given 'up her maid out of deference to Charlie's limited income.

However, Charlie carefully planned the trip for her, and gave her all the necessary instructions as to details.

He particularly impressed upon her mind that she was to change cars at Newark.

"Now don't forget, my dear," he said, as he kissed her good-bye before leaving the house that morning; "all you have to do is to get into the right train at Jersey City and then change at Newark."

Mrs. Bridie carefully repeated this injunction to herself, while going down-town in the Elevated, and when she reached the Pennsylvania depot, she felt that she had her lesson by heart.

She approached the ticket-seller, and, handing him a five-dollar bill, took up her ticket, the price of which was a dollar and five cents, and started for the boat.

She had scarcely gone ten feet before she heard a violent rapping on the glass behind her, and turned round.

"Change!" shouted the ticket-seller, loudly.

"Yes, thank you," replied Mrs. Bridie, with one of her most gracious smiles; "I know—at Newark!"—Life.

To regulate the stomach and bowels take one Ripans Tabule at meal time.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Mingled Feelings.
Spring is coming,
All are glad;
Hoop-skirts with it,
Men are mad.—Philadelphia Call.

Mary's Lamb.
Mary had a little lamb—
Its flesh was pink and white;
And with green peas—about this time—
The lamb was out of fat.
—New York Advertiser.

Widows, Grave and Gay.
The observer who heeds
What goes on the world over,
Will see widows in weeds,
And grass-widows in clover.—Puck.

She had her Reason.
She was the gayest of the gay
For full a dozen seasons,
And then she took to cats and tea
For confidential reasons.
—Detroit Tribune.

Robert's Song Revised.
"I will not smoke tobacco,"
Said Robert Reed; "you bet
I will not touch the filthy stuff—
I'll smoke a cigarette."
—Washington News.

An Epitaph.
Here rests a ballet-dancer fair,
Who squandered many a ducat;
For many years she kicked the air,
And then she kicked the bucket.—Judge.

A Literary Taste.
The merry cockroach swallowed up
The editor's next paste
And murmured: "It is nice to have
A literary taste."—Washington Star.

A Poet's Mistake.
I knew that Julia loved me well—
Her eyes the secret oft did tell;
Although she tried to seem demure,
Her heart was mine, I felt quite sure.
The months rolled on. A loving wife
At length, I thought, would bless my life;
And when my wish I did express,
She simply, frankly answered—"No."
—Kansas City Journal.

What He Took.
"Take back the heart thou gavest me,"
She said, as through the door
Her father thrust the juvenile
She'd vowed to love before.
He took the heart, and as he passed
A bar-rack in the hall,
He took beside an overcoat,
Two derbys and a shawl.
—Yonkers Gazette.

How Old was She, Anyhow?
She was a little laughing maid,
With dancing eyes of blue,
Who, when I asked her for a kiss,
Most kindly granted two.
The memory of that moment sweet
Abideth yet with me;
I was just five-and-twenty then,
While she was only three.
—Indianapolis Journal.

He was an Annexationist.
He'd been eating the stuff they call poi,
And it filled all his nature with joy,
When asked if he stuff
Was substantial enough.
He winked and said: "What do you say?"
—Minneapolis Journal.

The Reason.
They love each other well, this man and wife;
He says she is the treasure of his life;
She speaketh in a similar strain of him,
And so their cup of joy is filled up to the brim.
Concerning them there's nothing more to say—
Except that they were wedded yesterday.
—New York Press.

For Dyspepsia

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. J. J. McWILLIAMS, Denison, Ia., says: "I have used it largely in nervousness and dyspepsia, and I consider that it stands unrivaled as a remedy in cases of this kind. I have also used it in cases of sleeplessness, with very gratifying results."

The first tarpon ever landed from a naphtha-launch with rod and reel was caught the other day in Florida by Miss Eleanor Dean, of Boston. The fish weighed one hundred and twenty-six pounds.

A Ruddy Glow

on cheek
and brow
is evidence
that the
body is
getting proper nourishment.
When this glow of health is
absent assimilation is wrong,
and health is letting down.



Scott's Emulsion

taken immediately arrests
waste, regardless of the
cause. Consumption must
yield to treatment that stops
waste and builds flesh anew.
Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

QUINA-LAROCHE'S
FERRUGINOUS TONIC
CONTAINING
Peruvian Bark, Iron and
Pure Catalan Wine.
GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of
16,600 FRANCS.
Used with entire success in Hospi-
tals of Paris for the cure of
**ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DIS-
EASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE,**
and **POORNESS OF THE BLOOD.**
Prevents **INFLUENZA** and **La GRIFFE.**

This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle, in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Quina are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Quina affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

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**SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
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DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,**

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 2 1/2-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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WHY PAY DEALER'S PROFIT?
\$2.75 boys' \$9 White Reed Baby Carriage, freight prepaid, shipped on 10 days' trial. Latest design and style. Perfect, reliable and easily guided. Nothing but the best material used and warranted for 3 YEARS. We have been in the manufacturing business many years, and are reliable and responsible. Make and sell what we want, and we guarantee as represented, quote lowest factory prices. Write to-day for our large free catalogue, which is one of the most complete ever published.

OXFORD MFG. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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ARTIFICIAL STONE

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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For 21 Years

a father is responsible for his boy.

We guarantee our Monarch (14 karat) Gold Filled Watch Cases to wear 21 years.

We're the father and they're our boys. Fine looking fellows these, as handsome as solid gold and cost only a third as much.

Take no substitute.
Look out for our

trade mark **MONARCH**

Fahys

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The well-known toast of the accomplished Judge Story, at a dinner in honor of Everett's appointment as ambassador to the Court of St. James, is very graceful. "Genius—sure to be welcomed where Everett goes." The next response to this was: "Law, equity, and jurisprudence—no efforts can raise them above one Story."

The emioot entertainer and song-and-dance man had just got off his little joke about "taking a bath once every year whether he needed it or not," but no one laughed (says the Indianapolis Journal). The eminent entertainer felt hurt. "I guess," said he, "that I ought to have raised the limit in this town; suppose we make it once in five years. Now do you see the point?"

The late William Young Sellar, professor at the University of Edinburgh, was much beloved by his pupils, and had generally an exemplary patience with dullness and stupidity. We are told, however, that one day the perverse impenetrability of a blockhead was so intolerable that the professor at last cried out: "Sir, in translating that passage you have made more mistakes than there are words."

Nobody ever accused Squire Abingdon of knowing anything outside of turf history or the shady gossip of the day. He is said to have been guilty of one good joke. When he arrived here he met S. Miller Keot, known, favorably or otherwise, to most of the frequenters of the Riatio. Mr. Kent was introduced to the squire as an actor. "Glod to see yeh," said the squire; "yur an actor, are yeh? Who th' 'll did you ever lick?"

An ioexorable professor of logic from a Russian university, driven into exile with his fellow-Hebrews, found temporary employment in New York as the conductor of a street-car. Two women got on together one day, and, later, signaling the conductor, begged to be let off at different streets. Then the logician, pausing before his astonished passengers, said, with conviction: "No, you haf got on together, and consequently you vill get off together," and so they did.

To a small village in Maine there lives an old soldier who has for many years received a pension from the government, which with his small earnings by occasional jobs, makes him comfortable. One day, while at work in the house of a neighbor, he slipped at the top of a flight of stairs, and fell to the bottom. The lady of the house heard the noise, and hurried to learn the cause. "Why, Ambrose," she said, "is that you? Did you fall down stairs?" "Yes, marm, I did," answered the old man, "and for about a couple of minutes I thought I'd lost my pension."

The following is a true copy of an affidavit to obtain a warrant before a justice of the peace to a certain county in Western North Carolina. The names alone are changed. "John Smith being duly sworn deposes and says that at and in said county and in Township Tom Jones and Will Brown did feloniously and willfully gether my Sund Jack and toted him to the River and throdde him in and cursed him and told him dam him to waid contrary to law and against the peace and dignity of the State. Sworn to & subscribed before me, &c., G. W. H., J. P."

Two jokes are being told by Methodists on the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*. The other day the agent of the Methodist Book Depository of Boston received a letter reading, "Will you please send me the price of your cough medicine called 'J. M. Buckley's Hereditary Consumptive's Successful Battle for Life,' as I would like to try a bottle." And news comes from Denver that a volume of lectures to young men, entitled "Oats or Wild Oats," which Dr. Buckley published some years ago, is classified among "Cereals" in the public library of that city.

The Rev. Dr. Black, of the Barony Church, Glasgow, and another minister once spent a vacation in Cumberland, and on the Sabbath attended a little Scotch kirk, sitting in a remote corner, so that the minister should not notice them. But the eagle eye of the minister detected them, and in the intercessory prayer he so expressed himself as to make quite sure of some aid from them. The good man's words were these: "Lord, have mercy on thy ministering servants who have popped in upon us so unexpectedly; one of them will preach in the afternoon, and the other in the evening."

John Ryder was stage-managing a theatre. The weather was sultry, and the rehearsals of a play in which a thunder-storm was one of the great effects were in full swing. The cue was given, and the property-man trundled his cannon-ball across the stage. "Louder, louder!" cried John Ryder. Again the "harmless necessary" shot was rolled along. "Louder!" repeated Ryder. At this moment a peal of the genuine article shook the house. The property-man grinned, and stayed his hand. "Louder!" said the stage-manager, imperatively. "Why, that was real thunder, Mr. Ryder," said the

thunderer. "It may be good enough for God Almighty, but it won't do for John Ryder," was the reply; "louder!"

An English traveler had a quarrel with the mate of a Mississippi steamboat, and the case came into court. The counsel for the plaintiff, in his opening address to the jury, thus stated his cause of action: "The first officer of the *Bella Richards* addressed my client in most violent and peremptory terms, and threatened him that if he did not immediately remove his personal effects from the entrance-way of the steamer he would precipitate him into the raging flood below." The evidence of the by-standers as to the mate's words was as follows: "Look here, stranger, if you don't tote your plunder off that gang-plank right smart, I'll spill you in the drink!"

The French feel very sore over England's interference in Cairo and assumption of the post of protector over Egypt, a sentiment which leads a Parisian *chroniqueur* to tell this story: "A few days ago there were brought before the commissioner of police of one of the eccentric districts of Paris a young woman, all covered with blood, and a citizen named Adolphe who had been the author of her condition. 'What relation,' asked the official, 'does the defendant bear to you?' The woman blushed a moment, and then said: 'He protects me.' 'I do not understand,' said the commissioner; 'just what do you mean by that?' 'I mean,' said the young woman, 'qu'il tire un peu d'argent de moi.' "Every morning, as I look over the *Temps*," comments the Parisian journalist, "and read about England and Egypt, I am reminded of Adolphe."

In 1886, Verdi lived in Montecaleri. A friend one day expressed surprise at being received in a room which showed evidence of serving as a parlor, dining-room, and bedroom in one. "I have two more big rooms," said Verdi to his visitor, "but they are at present filled with a quantity of things that I have rented for the season." He opened two doors, and the friend of the *maestro* looked into two large rooms literally crammed with hand-organs. "When I came into this town," continued Verdi, "all the owners of these instruments gave me a serenade from morning till night. There was no let up to the thing. It was a continuous and frightful *cacophony* of airs from 'Rigoletto,' 'Trovatore,' and 'Traviata.' It was a fearful torment. How to get rid of it I did not know; but, after all, I hit upon a grand plan. I rented all the organs for the whole season. The affair has cost me exactly fifteen hundred francs; but now, at least, I have peace and I can work. The socialists may say of me what they will; but, so far as hand-organs are concerned, I must be set down as a grasping monopolist."

His Personal Experience.

Hon. James W. Husted, while serving his sixth term as Speaker of the Assembly of the State of New York, writes:

"STATE OF NEW YORK, ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, ALBANY, Jan. 16, 1890.
"I desire once more to bear my testimony to the value of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I have used them for twenty-five years past, and can conscientiously commend them as the best external remedy that I have known. Years ago, when thrown down by a carriage and seriously injured, I gave them a thorough trial. In a very short time the pain that I was suffering disappeared, and within a week I was entirely relieved. On another occasion, when suffering from a severe cough, which threatened pulmonary difficulties, which I was recommended to go to Florida to relieve, I determined to test the plasters again. I applied them to my chest and between the shoulder-blades, and in less than a fortnight was entirely cured. On still another occasion, when suffering from an attack of rheumatism in the shoulder to such an extent that I could scarcely raise my arm, I again resorted to the plasters, and within a very few days the rheumatism entirely disappeared. I have then constantly by me, whether at home or abroad. My family as well as myself have found them to be a sovereign remedy, both for external and internal troubles. I never had but one kidney difficulty in my life, and the application of the plasters cured me in a week. I desire, as I said before, to bear my testimony in a public way to their efficacy, and I know of no better way of doing it than by giving you my personal experience."

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

—THE ONLY LINE RUNNING—
SOLID TRAINS Equipped with Pullman Buffet Sleeping-Cars, Free Reclining-Chair Cars.

DENVER AND PUEBLO TO KANSAS CITY AND ST. LOUIS,

Connecting with Direct Routes to
CHICAGO, THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY
The Only Line Reaching the Celebrated
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COMPLEXION
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.
THREE White, 1/2, Brunette, 1/3
POZZONI'S
All Druggists and Fancy Stores. TINTS

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO FOR SAUSALITO, FOLSOM VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO FOR MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL FOR SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY FOR SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:55, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:35, 3:05 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M.
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO FOR SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 1:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Week Days 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor Toocalma, Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays { Wk Days 12:15 P. M. } except { 6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.
Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Toocalma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.
Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.
Steamers will sail at noon on the 15th, 25th, and 30th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—April 5th, SS. San Juan; April 15th, SS. City of New York; April 25th, SS. Colima.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.
Steamers leave San Francisco at noon on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—April 3d, SS. San Jose; April 18th, SS. City of Panama.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

City of Peking.....Thursday, April 13, at 3 P. M.
China.....Tuesday, April 25, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Thursday, May 13, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Thursday, June 1, at 3 P. M.
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 10 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1893.

Belgie.....(via Honolulu).....Thursday, May 4
Oceanic.....Tuesday, May 23
Gaelic.....Tuesday, June 13
Belgie.....Thursday, July 13
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Majestic.....April 19th
Britannic.....April 26th
Teutonic.....May 3d
Germanic.....May 10th
Majestic.....May 17th
Britannic.....May 24th
Teutonic.....May 31st
Germanic.....June 7th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steamer tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

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29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 8, 1893.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumney, Sacramento.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San Jose.....	1:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.....	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	7:15 P.
9:00 A.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.....	12:15 P.
1:30 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.....	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos..... \$ 8.05 P.
Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Wright..... 6.20 P.
Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos..... 9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	2.38 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6.16 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.10 P.
12.05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations.....	* 9.47 A.
* 4.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. † Sundays only.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. † Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.
Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.
Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:50, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. N.		7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.				6:10 P. M.
		Hopland and Ukiah.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.		Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.			6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. N.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
		Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
			6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, and Willits, Calico, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.50; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 9 New Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Jan. 27, Feb. and March 10, 24, April 15, 30. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all other ports, every 4th and 6th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 6th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

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The three new plays of Miss Rives, Miss Wilkins, and Henry Arthur Jones, recently published in book-form, are unusually interesting as examples of three distinctly different forms of drama, the work of three distinctly different types of mind.

They stretch in time from the days of Athelwold, thane of the Saxon Edgar, King of England, to the dark and greswome times when witches were burned in Salem town and Anne Hutchinson was banished from Massachusetts by a people who believed themselves sternly merciful and just. From this period there is a long leap to the date of Henry Arthur Jones's play of "The Crusaders," which is of the very moment, each character a type of the London century-end of the year in which the comedy was written, the central idea round which they revolve as absolutely contemporaneous as they are themselves.

The dramas of the two women are written without knowledge or attention to stage craft. They are literary plays—a style of composition just now enjoying popularity and the type of play that has led to the building of theatres of arts and letters. Both dramas are built up on good, vivid, dramatic stories, both rise with a steady crescendo to a powerful climax, and both are obviously written by authors whose ignorance of stage lore makes their work good to read and poor to act.

The story of "Athelwold" is not only brilliant and striking, but eminently dramatic. Treated by a clever playwright it could have been made into an effective and thrilling romantic drama. As it is, its author is a person of a glowing and poetic turn of mind, which is a valuable type of mentality for a poet or a story-writer, but not for a playwright. Her play is to be read, never to be acted. In the moments where the dialogue should move speedily, the give and take of conversation being only for the purpose of unraveling the opening of the story, the actors plunge into long and wordy rhapsodies on the beauties of the unseen Elfreda, on the beauties of Nature, on their own particular little grievances and fancies. They would drive an average audience mad by the circuitous labyrinths of talk they wander through before they come to the point.

Miss Wilkins in her play has a much sharper and clearer dialogue, but her people are not in the least dramatic. Probably the Puritans were not, but Hawthorne made them so, and Hawthorne was supposed to know. Giles Corey and Martha, his wife, and Olive, his daughter, were worthy people, ringing true every time, but they were extremely dull. Even when they were tried for witchcraft, a position in which the worst of dull people ought to be interesting, they were as dead as ever. Now Miss Rives's people were never in the least deadly. Indeed, you might say about them that they were a little bit too lively. Of course Saxon England, in the remote days of thanes, and carls, and kerns, was probably not a particularly cultured or refined spot. The Leofrics of Mercia and the Herewards of the Fens were not the ideal types of men, and as to the women, they probably considered themselves lucky when their husbands beat them only once a week on Sundays. The queen of the enlightened William of Normandy is said to have died from a kick received from her illustrious consort.

Miss Rives's characters are as buoyantly interesting as usual. Her heroine is one of the old reliable Rives brand, intensified to suit the wild, unruly age in which she lived. Elfreda is not a shy and timid damsel, by any means. Her character and that of the king, Edgar, are sketched in the usual broad, painty style of their author. There is a barbaric frankness about them that has a sort of rough power. Athelwold, who deceives the king and then is sorry, and in his fear attempts to deceive him again, is a poor stick. It takes a more piercing, subtler talent than that of Miss Rives to depict truthfully, and to interest audience or reader in the well-intentioned, feeble-willed man who can not quite make up his mind whether to be an angel or a devil, and has yet the bitter insight to see and realize that "the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings."

But Miss Rives's character-drawing has never amounted to anything. Where character is concerned, she is only a scene-painter, daubing in broad and brilliant effects with a large brush. Her vivid and sensational talent lies in the telling of her story, and the story of "Athelwold" concludes with an exciting and turbulent climax. Elfreda and Athelwold have "kissed away kingdoms" like another and more magnificent pair of lovers, when they hear that the king is on his way to visit their castle. Then Athelwold, terrified at the fear of detection, confesses to his wife the deception he has practiced upon his sovereign. Athelwold has wedded the radiant

Elfreda himself, while he was sent as ambassador to ask her hand for the king. When the king arrives and sees Elfreda, in all the glory of her gala array, he will surely slay Athelwold upon his own hearthstone. To avoid this catastrophe, it is decided that Elfreda must stain her skin brown, put on her duller robes, and make herself hideous.

When the king comes, Athelwold meets him, confesses that he has married Elfreda, who, in truth, is hideously ugly. Then he sends for her, and she appears—but lo! in her most magnificent array, superbly fair, glittering with jewels, a daughter of the gods in her unrivaled beauty. What mental processes took place in the brain of Elfreda to induce her thus to change her mind at the last moment, the author does not state. Elfreda is represented, however, as being a type of person not to be relied upon. At the crucial moment, vanity and ambition triumphed. It is a striking climax, and has the quality of a true dramatic climax, in that it is one of action, not of dialogue.

But as one swallow does not make a summer, so one good climax does not make a play. Miss Wilkins's play has a tremendous climax, but Miss Wilkins's neat, old-maidish, prim style is not suitable for broad dramatic effects. It is too precise, too cut and dried, too narrowly truthful—to gain dramatic effects, one must have a disdainful, impressionist, sweeping style. The climax of Miss Wilkins's play is the horrible death of Giles Corey, who, refusing to speak, was crushed to death by stone weights. The inflexible, unconquerable spirit of the New Englander is shown in this iron old man. Hawthorne would have painted the portrait with equal accuracy, but with more color. The whole of Miss Wilkins's play is carefully accurate, but coldly colorless. It is New England without its sombre romance, its austere picturesqueness.

In the last scene of all, Giles Corey's death is supposed to take place at a spot not to be seen from the stage. Here his daughter Olive, married that morning, has come creeping in her white wedding-dress, to try and hear how it goes with her father. Here, too, the judges have furtively gathered, being too awe-stricken to go to the place of execution, where their unconquered victim is dying by slow degrees. They see Olive's white dress fluttering through the trees, and listen, scared but defiant, to her despairing assurances that her father will never speak. The scene, reading it, sounds singularly cold and unimpassioned. Perhaps on the stage the direct and simple utterances of the actors would have more life, more naturalness, than the florid Gothic sentences in which Miss Rives's lively characters liberate their lurid, early English souls.

In direct contrast to both these dramas—the stuffy, cold play of the New Englander, the clumsy, high-colored play of the Southerner—is the comedy by Mr. Jones. This is the work of the practiced playwright, as one may see after reading two pages. This is written by a man who knows the tempers and tastes of audiences as well as he knows the exits and entrances of his characters. He is never going to get himself into the fix that Mr. Puff did, who, having made the Earl of Leicester and his myrmidons kneel to offer up a prayer to Mars, could think of no way of getting them off the stage but to go off kneeling.

Mr. Jones writes as a playwright whose business it is to make plays that audiences will like. In making up "The Crusaders," he deviated from his usual style of pit-pleasing melodramas, and wrote what he calls "an original comedy," which was evidently a whim of his own, but in which the results of the long practice of writing to attract average spectators shows itself in the crisp smartness of the dialogue and the unerring choice of characters that are all fresh, interesting, and modern with the modernness of the very minute.

The play is a sort of mildly satiric comedy, never bitter, never burlesquing the people whom it satirizes, never offering any solution of the problems that it so lightly and gayly touches upon, and suggesting that the author's tone is that of a good-humored and indifferent cynic, who made a little picture of all types of modern social reformers, drew them together into the same frame, and bringing the hypocrite, the exalted idealist, the narrow fault-finder, the vain humbug, and the indifferent citizens of the world face to face, said, with a shrug of careless good humor: "Well, here you all are—good and bad—and the work of each and all of you is equally ineffectual."

In looking over his puppets for his fantastic and bitterly merry comedy, Mr. Jones selected the very newest types. With the greatest care he picked out the latest styles of modern Crusaders, to give us a sample of one of each brand. It is wonderful how, through the cramped medium of dialogue, he has made each of these figures real and vital. Brought together for the unraveling of a very simple and ordinary story, they all loom up bright, distinct, and clean-cut. Mrs. Greenslade, with little scraps of dialogue to say, and hardly a word of description of her put in any one else's mouth, is a much more real figure than either Elfreda or Olive.

In the three acts of "The Crusaders" there are representatives of most of the different classes of London's social reformers. Philos and Una Dell are the real, exalted, whole-hearted reformers in whom self-love has died and a passion for the regeneration of humanity has taken its place. They are here with all their dreamy impracticability, their exalted enthusiasms, their impossible hopes for

human perfectibility. Rubbing elbows with them is Mrs. Campion-Blake, who uses charity as the easiest and simplest way of getting into good society; who regards herself as a perfectly truthful and creditable member of the society to which she aspires, and practices the small deceptions and innumerable falsehoods that women of her kind look upon as an important detail in the career of fashion.

Mr. Burg Jawle is the mock philosopher who has penetrated to the nothingness of things, brought all life down to zero, talks of suicide, regards all effort as useless, and loves his dinner passionately meanwhile. His companion, Figg, is the newest form of hero-worshiper. This is such a new type altogether that we have not got it here yet at all. When Mr. Figg finds a new poet living in a little street off the Harrow Road—a sterner pessimist than Jawle himself—his allegiance to that sad philosopher is shaken. Mrs. Greenslade herself—the pretty and coquettish heroine—is quite a deep character study for a light, three-act comedy. She is one of the weak, well-intentioned ones, over whom the strong nature, while it is near enough to be appealed to, has a powerful influence. Living among idealists, she becomes an idealist, among materialists a materialist, among Mrs. Campion-Blakes a Mrs. Campion-Blake. Lastly there are Lord Burnham and his son Dick, a good-humored, easy-going pair, who do not want to reform anything, who do not care how poor and wretched and degraded the poor of London may be if they—the rich of London—can manage to enjoy themselves and escape care.

This company move in a typically modern environment, and interest themselves in a typically modern scheme of reform and regeneration. Just as the characters are delineated with a clear, crisp firmness of stroke, so the dialogue is carried on with an alert, smart brevity as different from the long-winded wordiness of Miss Rives's play or the cold commonplaceness of Miss Wilkins's as the shoes of a practical cobbler must be from the shoes that Tolstoi makes in his leisure hours.

At the theatres during the week commencing April 10th: E. H. Sothern in "Captain Letterblair"; Henshaw and Tenbroeck in "The Nabobs"; Neil Burgess in "The County Fair"; the Tivoli Company in "The Gondoliers"; and R. E. Gram in "Larry the Lord."

Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers" will be given at the Tivoli this week, the cast of characters being as follows:

The Duke of Plaza Toro, Edward N. Knight; Luiz, Arthur Messner; Don Alhambra del Bolero, Ferris Hartman; Marco Palmieri, Philip Branson; Giuseppe Palmieri, George Olmi; Duchess of Plaza Toro, Grace Vernon; Casilda, Lizzie Annandale; Gianetta, Tillie Salinger; Tessa, Fanny Liddiard; Fiametta, Mame Haynes; Vittoria, Mamma Gray; Giulia, Julia Simmons; Irene, Irene Mull; Antonio, G. Napoleoni; Francesco, W. Strachan; Giorgio, George Harris; Annibale, H. A. Barkeley; Ottavio, Edward Torpi.

The opera will be preceded by a musical sketch, entitled "Katharine's Courtship," in which George K. Fortescue, the female impersonator of several burlesque shows, will make his first appearance at the Tivoli. "Falka" will be revived on Monday, April 17th.

A Sound Institution.

The Union Trust Company, a new financial institution, began business this week under the most favorable auspices. The capital stock is \$1,250,000, and the financial responsibility of the stockholders amounts to more than \$100,000,000. The financial management of the new concern will be in the hands of Mr. S. P. Young, well and favorably known as the manager of the California National Bank and manager of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. The new concern will occupy temporary quarters until its new building is erected on the site of the old Hibernia Bank.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Williams Testimonial.

Odd Fellows' Hall was crowded last Wednesday evening when the testimonial benefit to Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams took place. The rain deterred but a few from attending, and the assemblage was essentially fashionable. The popularity of the beneficiary was the motive for the large gathering; still there were many who came to ascertain what a vaudeville entertainment really was. Now they know. The programme was varied and of considerable length, and in many cases ecores were given in response to the general burst of applause. Mrs. Williams, as the central figure, attracted much attention and favorable comment, as usual. She appeared in the white costume, garlanded with vines, that she wore in "His Majesty," and sang sweetly and in a sympathetic manner. She was rewarded with much applause, and received some beautiful flowers. The "Cradle Song," by Mr. H. N. Chauncey, was a delicious bit of melody. The composer directed the orchestra, and was obliged to repeat the selection. The duet from "His Majesty" and the drinking-song, "Oh! how delightful," from "Girofé-Giroffia" were the numbers that Mrs. Williams sang in, and they were given in excellent style. Mr. Graham scored a success in his *café chantant* songs, and Mr. Dickman was capital in his illustrations of mesmerism. In fact, the programme all through was quite good, and the audience left at eleven o'clock after having been well entertained. The numbers were as follows:

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Orchestra; living statues, Mr. Elmer de Pae; plantation melodies, Mr. Charles St. Encken and Mr. G. W. Crosby; "Alpine Rose," A. Sicher, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman; hercense, "Cradle Song," H. N. Chauncey, String Quartet; duet from "His Majesty," Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams and Mr. Donald de V. Graham; recitation, "Shamus O'Brien," Mr. H. R. Jewett; overture, "Bluff King Hall," Orchestra; assault at arms, M. L. Tronchet and M. Emil Lastre; *café chantant* songs, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; serenade, Thome, Mrs. L. Brechemin; sketch, "Illustrations of Mesmerism," Mr. Charles J. Dickman, Mr. Thomas Tennant, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. C. H. E. Hardin, and others; selections from "Girofé-Giroffia," Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams, assisted by Miss Rowena M. Tarrant, Mrs. Gonzalez, Miss Buneschein, Mrs. Parent, Miss Gonzalez, and Miss von Wefelsburg.

The executive staff was as follows:

Mr. J. M. Hamilton, business manager; Mr. H. J. Stewart, musical director; Mr. Hugo Toland, stage director; Mr. Howard Morrissey, master of properties; Mr. R. Porter Ashe, Mr. Amadee Joulain, and Mr. Willie Williams, commanders of ushers; Mr. Philip Hastings, press agent.

The piano score of Edgar Stillman Kelley's comic opera, "Puritania; or, the Earl and the Maid of Salem," has recently been published by the John Church Company, of Cincinnati, and is for sale at the music stores. The libretto, by C. M. S. McLellan, has unusual merit, the verses being witty in a Gilbertian style and very cleverly turned. The story tells how Elizabeth, the maid of Salem, being accused of witchcraft, is about to be seized and "tested" by the Witch-Finder General to Charles the Second, when the Earl of Barrenland wins her love and carries her off to England. The second act is laid in the palace of Charles the Second. The first scene shows a band of conspirators preparing to blow up the palace; then the stage is darkened, and when the lights are turned on again, after an *intermezzo*, a grand reception-hall in the palace is discovered. Here the earl and Elizabeth are welcomed by the king, and are about to be married when the Witch-Finder General arrives and accuses Elizabeth of being a witch. She is made to attempt an incantation, and, apparently in response to it, an explosion takes place; but the conspirators of the first scene confess their crime, and Elizabeth is declared innocent. The music is of a higher order of merit than is usual in comic operas. The melodies and the arrangement are both thoroughly original, and account for the popularity "Puritania" has enjoyed in Boston, New York, and the other cities where it has been given by the Pauline Hall Opera Company.

Mr. Adolph Bauer gave his fourth symphony concert in the Tivoli Opera House on Friday afternoon. It was largely attended and highly appreciated. The programme was an entertaining one, comprising Grieg's concerto, Edgar S. Kelley's "Israfel," and Mozart's symphony in G minor.

The Misses Morgan will give a harp recital on Monday evening, April 10th, and Mr. Ernst Hartmann will give a piano recital on Saturday afternoon April 9th, at the First Unitarian Church, for the benefit of the Society for Christian Work. Interesting programmes will be presented on both occasions.

Mme. Thea Sanderini will give a concert next Wednesday evening with the assistance of Miss Annie Kirk, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. Victor Carroll, Mr. Tuttle, and Signor S. Martinez.

Miss Ernestine Goldmann will give three chronological piano recitals in Kohler & Chase's Hall on the following Fridays: April 14th and 28th, and May 19th.

Eliza D. Keith has resigned from the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Barber—"If you don't hold still I'll cut your throat." Customer—"Not with that razor."—Quips.

"Papa," said little Johnny Partigtoo, "who is the god of the winds?" "Borax," said Mr. Partigtoo.—Judge.

Fair visitor—"How can you tell an optimist from a pessimist?" The artist—"The one says 'That's good,' and the other 'That's not had.'"—Life.

"Speaking of ages, Miss Flypp, when do you suppose I was born?" said young Mr. Gilley. "Oo the first of April, I imagine, Mr. Gilley," replied the maiden.—Judge.

"Why, Jinx, you are getting cross-eyed." "Yes, I took my three children to the circus the other day, and I had to keep my eyes on all three rings at once or lose their respect."—Bazar.

"Sorry I've no better quarters to invite you all to, Mrs. Quiverful." "Ah, you should marry, Captain Sparks. If you'd get a better half you'd have better quarters, too."—London Punch.

Willis—"That young man who plays the cornet is sick." Wallace—"Do you think he will recover?" Willis—"I'm afraid not. The doctor who is attending him lives next door."—Life.

First poet—"Say, Sam, why is it yer allus has a new hat?" Second poet—"Easy enough; whenever I see a better hat than mine in a restaurant I allus git through first."—Harper's Weekly.

"I have got the best of this ould corporation for once in me life." "How is that, Pat?" "I have bought a round-trip ticket to New York and back, and [in a whisper] I ain't comin' back."—Youth's Companion.

"I heard an alarm of fire, I think," he said in the theatre, "and I must go out and see about it." Returning after fifteen minutes: "It wasn't a fire," he said, shortly. "Nor water," said she, still more briefly.—Yale Record.

Servant—"Step this way, Mr. Whizz." Caller—"Mr. what? My name is Jones." Servant—"Your pardon, sir. When I handed your card to Miss Mollie, she said: 'G. Whizz! Show him in.'"—Binghamton Leader.

"So you say Professor Guffins expressed a great deal of interest in me," said Miss Passeigh, with a little flutter; "he seems like a very distinguished man." "Yes," replied Miss Cuttios; "he is a celebrated antiquarian."—Washington Star.

"Freddie, when you said your prayers last night didn't you ask God to make you a good boy?" "Yes, mamma." "Well, you've been as bad as ever to-day." "But, mamma, you can't blame me if God doesn't do just what I ask Him."—Puck.

Teacher—"For what is Switzerland noted?" Pupil (after a pause)—"Switzer-kase." Teacher—"Yes; but for something much more grand, awe-inspiring, and majestic. Try again." Pupil (making another effort)—"Limburger."—The General Manager.

She—"Does the fact that I have money make any difference to you, dearest?" He—"Of course it does, my own. It is such a comfort to know that if I should die you would be provided for." She—"But suppose I should die?" He—"Then I would be provided for."—Life.

"I see," said Jarley, as he read his newspaper, "that Niagara is to be used by a stock company for its water-power." "I can very well understand that," said Carraway; "the inexhaustible supply of water there must appeal strongly to the promoters of a stock company."—Bazar.

Citizen (angrily)—"Why didn't you stop the car for me?" Conductor—"How was I ter know you wanted ter git on?" Citizen—"Didn't you see me swinging my arms, and jumping up and down, and waving my umbrella?" Conductor—"Of course. Couldn't any one help seein' ye. The hull street was lookin' at ye." Citizen—"Then why didn't you stop?" Conductor—"I thought you had th' jim-jams."—New York Weekly.

"I think I learned to love you dear," he said, "because you always dress so simply. It is comforting to think that my little girl has the right idea about expenditures." "I don't know, George," she said, dreamily; "this gown I have on cost nearly two hundred dollars." "Two hundred dollars!" he muttered, striving to keep back the tears—"two hundred dollars! Will you excuse me?" and the next sound heard was the slamming of the door as George Plankaway came swiftly forth into the cold air.—Life.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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President Cleveland continues to devote all the powers of his mind to the task of rewarding his followers and fulfilling his preëlection bargains. The tariff and the silver question, upon which he was wont to be so ponderously eloquent before November, are allowed to sleep, the only comfort given Democrats who were led to believe that the victory of their party would mean the triumph of their principles being a rather vague and altogether non-official intimation that an extra session of Congress may be called some time next autumn. In the meantime, Mr. Cleveland receives the homage of his Mugwump devotees, and puts in every moment of his time while awake on the grand work of distributing the spoils. Were David Bennett Hill installed in the White House, he could not be more completely absorbed

by the task of apportioning the offices. The more intelligent and independent Democratic newspapers of the country are finding the courage to complain of the President's indifference to everything save patronage. They are asking why the nation should be forced to live under a Republican tariff, Republican financial legislation, and Republican laws in general, when the Democracy is in possession of every branch of the Federal Government, except the Supreme Court. They are inquiring whether Mr. Cleveland desires the people to understand that his party was not in earnest in its campaign roarings against the McKinley Bill, the Sherman Silver Purchase Act, and the horrid spectacle of deputy-marshals at the polls. No answer is vouchsafed. The President, surrounded by office-seekers, seems to enjoy the clamor of their prayers and his own power to grant or refuse.

Few veteran Democrats, of course, hope for any share of the plunder. It is known that Mr. Cleveland has no gratitude, and party service, unless backed by a bargain dated prior to November, 1892, is a disadvantage. As for the ex-office-holders, who reasonably hoped that, if they had done well before, they might get their old places back again when Mr. Cleveland secured him—they, poor devils, have been calmly told that they have nothing to expect. This information was prudently withheld from them when their influence, their work, and their votes were needed. The stunned Judges and Colonels and Majors go about over the land asking pathetically to be told where they are at, and why the chief of their tribe should think his own good fortune ought to be an abounding reward for all their labors.

The dissatisfaction, if Washington rumor is to be accepted, has penetrated even to the Cabinet. Secretary Carlisle, himself one of the most reticent of men, is blessed with a wife who is given to confiding in reporters and all other sympathetic inquirers. This amiable lady is quoted as saying that "if John had to do it over again, he would stay in the Senate"—John being the Secretary of the Treasury—for the reason that he is "only a clerk to the President," and is permitted to have little or nothing to do with bestowing the offices connected with his department. Secretary of State Gresham, likewise, is reported to have become incensed at Mr. Cleveland's supervision of his appointments, down to the smallest consulates. In other matters, the members of the Cabinet may presume to have a little liberty of action, but where offices are in question, the President seemingly finds it intolerable that the least of them should be bestowed by any hand but his own. The belief that Mr. Cleveland dreams of the possibility of a third term strengthens with each day. His course, at all events, squares perfectly with the theory that he is intent upon building up a "machine" of office-holders upon whose personal devotion he can depend.

The citizens who are accredited by the United States Government to Great Britain, France, and Germany have been raised from the rank of minister plenipotentiary to that of "ambassador." There is no precedent for the step; but in the Fifty-Second Congress last month a bill passed giving it effect. Mr. Cleveland has nominated Messrs. Bayard, Eustis, and Runyon "ambassadors" instead of ministers plenipotentiary.

Why, at the beginning of the nation, the United States did not follow the example of other nations, and call their foreign envoys "ambassadors," appears from the records. There was an indisposition in this country to naturalize titles of any sort. Our first foreign envoy, Dr. Franklin, was originally called plain "commissioner" and was not accredited as minister plenipotentiary till afterward. So with John Adams, John Jay, and Jefferson. They were all appointed as "commissioners." After a time, Adams was promoted to be minister plenipotentiary, but England refusing to appoint a minister to this country, he was recalled. There was another reason why no ambassadors were appointed. Under the rules of diplomacy, an ambassador is a personal envoy from one sovereign to another, and enjoys the right of demanding an audience at any time from the sovereign to whom he is accredited; we have no king in this country

(unless Mr. Cleveland is crowned by a rejoicing Democracy), and a foreign ambassador, accredited to Washington, would have found no one upon whom he could have made a demand for an audience; reciprocity required that we should not ask more than we could give, and we appointed no higher diplomatic agents than ministers plenipotentiary and envoys extraordinary, who did business not with the sovereign but with the foreign department of the government to which they were sent. An ambassador is supposed to deal directly with the sovereign, as the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg dealt with the Emperor Nicholas before the Crimean War, and as M. Benedetti dealt with King William of Prussia before the Anglo-German War; but Mr. Fish and Mr. Frelinghuysen both laid down the unbending rule that communications to or from foreign countries could be transmitted only through the Department of Foreign Affairs either in those countries or at Washington.

So far as Europe is concerned, an attempt was made at the Congress of Vienna to place ministers plenipotentiary on the same footing as ambassadors. The former were empowered to deal directly with sovereigns, while *chargés d'affaires* were required to do business with the foreign minister. The rule does not seem to have commanded universal acquiescence. In the matter of social etiquette, however, Queen Victoria, who is high authority on court etiquette, drew no distinction between diplomatic envoys; when the Duke of Sutherland objected to go out at royal dinners after ministers plenipotentiary, he was told that the queen exercised her own pleasure in her own palace. So Prince Bismarck, when chancellor, laid down the rule that the British ambassador could not take the *pas* of the American minister, though, previous to that time, ambassadors had preceded every one except persons of royal rank. Mr. Buchanan, likewise, while Secretary of State, made no distinction between ministers plenipotentiary and ambassadors as to the right of asylum. He held distinctly that an American minister plenipotentiary in a foreign country was responsible only to his own government for any offenses he might commit. This was carrying the doctrine of irresponsibility and sanctuary as far as any one had ever carried it in the case of an ambassador.

Thus it seems that nothing has been added to the privileges or the dignity of our foreign representatives by calling them ambassadors instead of envoys plenipotentiary; for though Mr. Eugene Schuyler does argue that the present rule justifies the ambassador of Greece and Portugal in taking the *pas* of an American minister at a court ceremonial, it seems that the sovereigns of two of the great powers—Great Britain and Germany—are inclined to admit that wherever McGregor sits, there is the head of the table.

An opinion on the subject which possesses pertinency at the present time is that of Mr. Bayard, who was Secretary of State during Cleveland's first administration. In writing to Mr. Phelps, United States Minister to the Court of St. James, on July 2, 1885, Mr. Bayard said:

"The question of sending and receiving ambassadors under the existing authorization of the constitution and the statutes has on several occasions had more or less formal consideration, but I can not find that at any time the benefits attending a higher grade of ceremonial treatment have been deemed to outweigh the inconveniences which, in our simple social democracy, might attend the reception in this country of an extraordinarily foreign privileged class."

Mr. Bayard then referred to the rule above mentioned, which was adopted by Prince Bismarck in 1871, and which ran: "The chief of a mission who first arrives at the foreign office is first admitted, be he ambassador, minister, or *chargé*."

If nothing will be gained by making our envoys ambassadors, it is well to see if anything may be lost. There can hardly be a question but the station of an ambassador is a rank, like the station of prince, or duke, or baron, and that the American who accepts that rank, at least for the time, is raised above the level of his fellow-citizens. That the elevation is real, is not claimed; old Dr. Franklin, with the rank of commissioner and a salary of eight thousand dollars a year, was more influential even among the nobles of France than any minister we ever had at Paris.

even the most democratic American can live for four years on a plane of aristocratic superiority to his fellow-citizens without retaining the taint afterward.

The rank, too, can hardly help involving increased display and increased expenditure. *Noblesse oblige*. A king may not live in a cottage, nor a duke occupy a lodging on a non-noble floor. It would be setting a bad precedent to let our future foreign representatives pay their own expenses, for that would be reserving the diplomatic service as the exclusive appanage of the rich. So long as we have foreign envoys, we must support them in such state that they shall not bring disgrace upon the country. The dispatch from our Minister to Austria, who said he could not go to court because he was too poor to hire a carriage, brought a blush to the cheek of every traveling American. At the present time, we allow seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a year to the four leading foreign representatives; one of these, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who has just returned from Paris, calls this allowance "painfully inadequate." In fact, Mr. Reid is understood to have expended his whole salary for the rent of the embassy. The New York *Sun* thinks that the salaries of ambassadors should be doubled, and other newspapers agree.

If anything is to be gained by the retention of the diplomatic service at a time when all business between nation and nation is transacted direct between the respective foreign offices by telegraph, the increased expenditure may pass—the country can afford it, and can not afford to be shabby. But the uses of an ambassador at the present day are not conspicuously apparent to the naked eye.

We do not think this country needs or wants ambassadors to represent the United States abroad. This is a republic. It has no king. It never will have one. It needs no pseudo-royal envoy to represent it abroad. We are sorry that Congress passed the bill creating this semi-monarchical institution, and our only comfort is that it was a Democratic Congress and that the President who appointed these "ambassadors" is a Democratic President.

The Vaudeville Club, the newest unconscious proof of that want of brains and refinement which distinguishes the fashionable society of New York from good society there and elsewhere, has not been the transcendent success its founders fondly hoped. True, the season closed with a balance of two thousand dollars on the profit side of the ledger; but it was the bar that saved the club from ruin. Hard drinkers stayed guzzling all night, and preserved the charming institution to the Four Hundred. The Vaudeville was formed on an English model, of course. In London the desire of wild and rich young men to meet the ladies of the ballet and drama off the stage led to the creation of all-night clubs, where the decanter superseded decorum. Some of these pleasing resorts have faded into comparative respectability, and they are visited by fashionable Bohemian females whose characters are better than their judgment. New York's Four Hundred could not resist a fad that had received the British stamp of approval. Some months ago, therefore, the country was puzzled on learning through a bewildered press that a thousand of New York's swellest swells had joined hands and pockets for the purpose of opening a variety show, solely for the delectation of themselves and the equally swell ladies of their families and acquaintance. The proceedings were to begin at eleven o'clock at night and last till one o'clock in the morning. Anybody who so desired could drink, smoke, and be served with supper.

The first night of the Vaudeville was its most brilliant. Some twelve hundred persons were in the audience, all of the fashionable set, and ladies by the score, whose names are known wherever wealth is respected, filled the boxes. Some of them drank there, too, and drank freely. On the stage that evening, and all subsequent evenings, the attractions were girls from the music-halls who sang through their noses and punctuated the stanzas of their ditties with little jigs between; other girls, famed for the height and indecency of their kicking; funny Irish comedians, with jokes about saloons, poker-games, and policemen; contortionists, acrobats, and the like—just such a feast of mind-expanding pleasure as any San Francisco reader of the *Argonaut* can get by visiting the Bella Union or similar deadfalls which the police department winks at for the sake of the needs of the lower orders. The only difference between the Vaudeville and the hurdy-gurdy house of commerce seemingly was that the ladies present did not go around among the gentlemen to sit on their knees and urge them to buy liquor.

Though the season has closed with two thousand dollars in the till (of the bar), it is not certain that the Vaudeville will reopen. A party of revolt has arisen in society. The rebels, it is worth remarking, are mostly men. The New York editors prattle on the subject with their customary penetration. "Our women," they tell us, "are Puritans after all, and such exotics as this club, better suited to the volatile

and immoral French than to the severer Anglo-Saxon taste, can not be acclimated." The American tradition is Puritan certainly, but the eye that can detect anything Puritanical in the thought or life of the New York plutocracy would find no difficulty in perceiving that Catholic asceticism is the dominating influence at Trouville, and that the Stoic philosophy profoundly colors the society of Italy. A New York girl, reared in the atmosphere of fashion, fed on folly, inured to display and given free access to tropical fiction, may remain a Puritan, but even Ward McAllister does not think so. That American Beau Nash, he it recorded to his credit, has from the beginning condemned the Vaudeville Club. The *Argonaut's* New York correspondent in a recent letter attributed to McAllister this picture of a Puritan maiden of the Manhattan brand as she appeared at the Vaudeville's opening night:

"Young unmarried girls were there in large numbers. In many cases, one chaperon had as many as six charges, and she could not have looked after them all effectually. These young girls had dined well, and most of them had drunk as much as was good for them. They should soon after the time the entertainment began have been at home and in bed. Instead of that, they drank more, and that in the presence of men who were drinking and smoking. It is contaminating. Such things can only lead, in the end, to the degradation of society."

As we have said, the rebels against the Vaudeville are mostly men. Though a husband and father may believe his wife and daughters are Puritan at heart, it is not in him, even though he be a New York man of fashion, to enjoy seeing them reveling like pagans and drinking in public at a variety show, no matter how swell it may be. Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, in the current *North American*, dealing with the deadening effect of fashionable life upon the sensibilities and morals of women, says, with a significance which every woman of sense and every man of the world will comprehend, that "there has been no special race made for this era; what Adam, Jacob, Samson, and David were, what Eve, Sarah, Rachel, Jael, and Bathsheba were, the men and women of to-day are in all their essentials; circumstances only have made them to differ, and nature laughs at circumstances and goes back at any crisis to her first principles."

The application of this observation to the Puritan ladies of New York is that they can not enter the environment of the characterless and patronize the amusements of the abandoned with safety to themselves. Many good women are fools, and the New York *Times* has excellent reason for thinking that "it is a matter for congratulation that the Vaudeville Club promises to die quietly of inanition instead of coming to a violent end by means of a scandal." It need not be said that it is comprehensible that women of perfectly spotless character should flock to the boxes of the Vaudeville. When women are very young and inexperienced, it is not unusual for them to be under preposterous illusions as to the joys which men's greater freedom confer. It is not unnatural, therefore, that they should feel some curiosity to peep into that imagined lawless world where men—delightfully wicked men—are presumed to be diverting themselves in boundless hilarity. Older women of intelligence know that beyond the pale of good morals there are very few things to amuse men, and that indulgence in these things conduces not at all to happiness. But a glamour surrounds the hidden life of young men in the eyes of girls who are not serious. The difference between "the time a fellow is having at his club," for instance, and the sort of time the young ladies of his circle think he is having there, is usually just the difference between being in a state of deadly, lethargic boredom, and dancing on a table among broken wine-glasses, with all the world for the moment in a frenzied and ecstatic whirl.

The fundamental mistake of the Vaudeville Club, as a matter of policy, was the revelation it made to women of the true character of men's forbidden or doubtful pleasures. No bright girl, any more than a bright man, can be amused by a two-hour dose of the variety stage, and assuredly the girls in the boxes had reason to feel themselves more worthy to inspire admiration and passion than the painted dancers, kickers, and contortionists whom young men are supposed to pursue madly. After a night at the Vaudeville, a girl can not but suspect that a fast youth is an ass rather than the delightfully wicked creature which it charms him to be mistaken for. Hence it is not surprising that women should want more of the Vaudeville, or that men are tired of it. The women, doubtless, go in the hope of seeing something dreadful happen that will explain why the males of their set like low theatrical performances, which must seem intolerably stupid to ladies of any age who are not half-witted.

But whether this precious Vaudeville Club is dead or only sleepeth, the fact that it has existed at all, and achieved a measure of social as well as financial success, betokens the intellectual and moral grade of New York's opulent society. It is the richest in the country, and also the dullest and most vulgar. In no other American city could a thousand, or a hundred, men of means and social standing be found who would dream of providing such amusement for their women-

kind. The affront to feminine modesty, not to speak of ordinary propriety and taste, is thoroughly characteristic of New York. It has this field all to itself, and it is not likely that its monopoly will be interfered with.

The Ann Arbor decision is fitly supplemented by the ignominious collapse of the strike at the World's Fair building at Chicago. Both confirm the popular impression that labor where represented in labor unions is labor directed by its most ignorant and most unprincipled votaries. The union of locomotive engineers called out the engine-drivers on the Michigan Southern, in order to cripple interstate commerce and so to coerce the management of the Ann Arbor Company into paying its engineers one hundred and fifty dollars instead of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month; the five thousand workmen who struck on the World's Fair buildings had not even the shadow of a grievance, but struck on general principles, believing that the emergency was so pressing that the managers of the fair would have to make concessions in order to complete the buildings in time. When the strikers were asked to state their grievance, they vaguely accused the executive council of the fair of not living up to its agreement to submit disputes to arbitration, and to require no man to work over eight hours, without specifying any particular case of dereliction; when they settled, they did so on an agreement by the council that it would not discriminate against union labor, and that the wages paid should be the highest paid by any one in the trade. There never has been a moment when the council thought of discriminating against the unions, or proposed to cut wages, or objected to arbitration where it was necessary, or asked men to work over eight hours. The strike was begun without cause and was ended by a surrender without reason.

The plain story of the transaction is that five thousand workmen on the World's Fair buildings, perceiving that the latter would not be ready for occupation by May 1st, thought they could extort concessions from the managers by adding a strike to their other embarrassments. There was no excuse for the strike; employers and employees were agreed as to wages and hours of labor and upon the conditions under which it was to be conducted. But if work on the buildings could be stopped, some one would lose heavily, and that some one might be willing to bribe the workmen into acting honestly and not knavishly. The error in the calculation was an underestimate of unemployed free labor in Chicago. As fast as the members of the unions knocked off work, non-union men stepped forward to take their places, and it is estimated that one-third of the strikers have permanently lost their jobs.

When the strikers saw that the day was going against them, they pursued their usual tactics—sent walking delegates into the grounds to tamper with the workmen, and threatened non-union men with violence. But here they ran against a new power—the United States. Though the World's Fair is a private enterprise, the government has invested a great deal of money in it, and every American citizen, except members of labor unions, takes a patriotic interest in its success. When Chicago unions strove to prevent the completion of the fair buildings by riotous proceedings, the general of the army took a band, and the incipient rioters were notified that if they persevered in their course, it would not be the Chicago police they would have to deal with. Within a couple of hours they surrendered and sneaked away, with their tails between their legs.

This appears to be the normal destiny of strikes, and especially railroad strikes, hereafter. It is evident, from the language of such demagogues as Palmer, of Illinois, Voorhies, of Indiana, and Morgan, of Alabama, that State politicians are likely to take the side of mobs against society, and that it will be rash to count upon State action to keep labor unions within the law. This would be a gloomy outlook were it not that railroads and similar enterprises are rarely embraced within the limit of a single State, and that the moment they overstep State boundaries they become national in their character, and it is the duty of the national authority to see that they fulfill their purpose. If the transcontinental railroad by way of Ogden for instance, were to be blocked by the action of its engineers and conductors, it would be idle to call upon the State government of Nevada for interference, for it is under the control of the Miners' Union. But the United States could not permit a main artery of commerce to be tied by a parcel of ignorant workmen; it would charge the general of the army with the regulation of the matter, and he would settle it in short order, without reference to arbitration.

Politicians are such poltroons that not one in a dozen is willing to throw down the gauntlet to the labor unions, though if history teaches anything, it is that it is always safe to def such bodies and always fatal to toady to them. The reason is that unions represent a portion only of the workmen in the several trades, and that the bulk of the workers are secretly opposed to them and antipathetic to the lickspittle

who pander to them. There have been few brighter or stronger men in modern political life than Thurman, of Ohio. In an evil hour he thought he discerned that the high road to preferment lay in subservience to the labor unions and in proletarian hostility to capital. When he embraced this error, he signed his death-warrant. The workmen of his own State deserted him for men like Payne and Brice, and he was relegated to the rear rank of the army he had led. Principles do not vary. The manual worker is the same now as he was in the days of Jack Cade: expert, perhaps, at his craft, but ignorant of a science to which he has served no apprenticeship; yet shrewd enough at bottom to realize that for him the safest leadership was that, not of ignorant men like himself, but of men who had devoted their lives to the study of public affairs and to education in political science.

The detention by the Mexican authorities of the daughter of a wealthy merchant of the City of Mexico who was well on her way by train to the American boundary, her purpose being to enter a Roman Catholic convent in this country, has, according to the dispatches, raised some excitement in the neighboring republic, and certainly it has excited surprise in this. The incident doubtless apprises most Americans for the first time that the existence of convents is forbidden by Mexican law. Mexico is a Roman Catholic country and, *a priori*, it seems natural to assume that there Mother Church can depend upon more loving and deferential treatment than in this Protestant land. That is an error to which all are prone who have not acquainted themselves with the actual conditions existing in Roman Catholic countries which are inhabited by the Latin races. A near view of Mother Church does not tend to increase of veneration. Moreover, the church is an omnipresent power in Mexico and presses upon the individual life of the people as well as upon the government to a degree scarcely conceivable by Americans, who know the church only as a crafty schemer against odds, and a fawning heggar for favors. In the Spanish-American republics, the church's absorption of the lands and other wealth, its myriad refuges for superstition, sloth, and sensuality in the form of convents and monasteries, and its practical assumption of sovereignty over the bodies and pockets as well as the souls of the people, have frequently got it into trouble. The same regard for the public good which induced Mexico to expel the Jesuits doubtless prompted the prohibition of convents. Moral considerations aside, a convent or a monastery is a political and social evil. It withdraws healthy men and women from their share of the world's work and civic duties, and becomes a begging centre which sucks the blood from poverty for miles around. Every convent, every monastery, every church, every episcopal palace, is a fort of the army of occupation, and self-preservation compels the secular government to set a bound to the church's aggressions. There is no need, as yet, in the United States for such action. It would be abhorrent to those ideas of the freedom of the individual which obtain among us, and are considered applicable, under heaven's sanction and that of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, to all persons within our borders, except the Mormons. The readiness with which the secular arm has been stretched out to imprison the bodies and confiscate the property of the Latter-Day Saints, whose marriage arrangements do not meet with popular approval, indicates what is in store for the monkeries and nunneries in the United States should they wax in wealth and numbers and pride of strength. Utah is a reservation of vestals in point of sexual propriety compared to what convents and monkeries were in Europe when the church was supreme, and answered criticism with the boot, the rack, and the fagot. If the Mexican Government interrupted the pilgrimage of the pious Miss Lopez on the ground, as stated, that she was attempting to violate the laws of the country by leaving it, its position is as untenable as would be that of a Kansas official who should arrest a citizen on his declaration that he was bound for Missouri to get a drink. The statement that the girl's brothers caused her detention is much more likely to be true. And we venture to hope that Miss Lopez's relatives will bring her to reason and persuade her to stay at home, marry, and hear children, which is a better mission for any woman than going about in ghastly raiment, withering on the hough, and so deliberately defeating the divine plan. Moreover, the supply of nuns in the United States is fully equal to the demand. Indeed, thousands upon thousands of young ladies would willingly exchange their plain Bridget and Norah for such pretty names as Sister Ursula, Sister Veronica, or what not; but young ladies who do not possess money are usually dissuaded by their spiritual guides from embracing the religious life.

Facts are stubborn things. And that peculiar class of politicians whose chief occupation is the display of the children of their imagination garbed in the most gaudy of rhetoric, sometimes collide with facts with the most dis-

astrous effect. The scene at the meeting of the city fathers last Monday evening, when such a collision occurred, was one to fill the most callous spectator with sympathy. Those gentlemen who have for years maintained their position in public life by hurling invectives against the iniquity of vested interests, were on hand in full force to listen to the message of the mayor vetoing the order fixing water-rates. They hoped and expected that the veto message would increase their happiness in the same proportion that it would depress the value of the bonds and stock of the water company. To them it was immaterial that these interests were held by a large number of investors who are at present receiving less than six per cent. on their investments. The message arrived on schedule time, and its wording was all that had been expected. The joy of the demagogues was unalloyed. Then one of the supervisors stated a simple legal proposition, and all was changed. The exuberant enthusiasm that had been inspired in the noble army of demagogues was dissipated. The rhetorical edifices they had been mentally rearing to embellish their next impassioned utterances to the people were shattered and crumbling before their eyes. Their position was indeed pitiable. Supervisor Rogers was the man who caused the sensation. He stated that, in fixing the water rates, the board was not acting as a legislative body, but as a special board, or commission, created by the State constitution, and exercising powers vested in it by that instrument. The veto power exercised by the mayor attached to the legislative acts of the board acting under the powers vested in it by the Consolidation Act. The power to veto an order of the board fixing water-rates must be found in the provision of the constitution creating the power to fix water-rates. But the constitution does not mention the mayor, and makes him no part of the special board or commission. The proposition is a simple one, and one that can not be disputed by any lawyer who has studied the subject. If this position of Supervisor Rogers and his seven colleagues is sustained, a very large demagogic element will be eliminated from the political parties. In fact, it has been practically sustained in advance by the supreme court of the State, in declaring that the mayor was not a necessary party to the suit of the water company against the supervisors when the interpretation of this section of the constitution came before the court. The legal proposition is sound, but its effect upon the demagogic politicians is most depressing. Our sympathy goes out to these unfortunates; but the pain with which we view their sufferings is somewhat mitigated by the thought that that larger and more useful body of our fellow-citizens, who have invested their money in the stock and bonds of the water company, are not to be filched out of a reasonable return on their investment.

The recent sale of the New York Times for a lump sum of nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars to a syndicate, at the head of which are the present editor and manager, appears to be merely one of the redistributions which follow the deaths of newspaper proprietors. The late George Jones owned six-tenths of the Times, the other four-tenths being owned by the survivors of the Morgans, of Aurora, who helped to start the paper forty years ago. At Jones's death, his interest fell to his son and daughter, and though the former drew a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars for acting as publisher, it is known that he wished to retire from journalism and enjoy his money. Charles Miller, who has been editor for some years, went round among his rich friends, and succeeded in raising nearly a million dollars, with which the Joneses and the Morgans seem to have been satisfied, finding that they could get no more; though shares in the paper changed hands on the basis of a million twenty years ago, and according to the usual rule of appraisement, it should be worth two millions to-day.

The Times was started forty-two years ago by Henry J. Raymond, E. B. Wesley, and George Jones—all now dead. Of the three, the only one who had any capital was Wesley, and he soon found his investment as large as he cared to make it. About 1855 Fletcher Harper, of the house of Harper & Brothers, was induced to buy one-third of the paper. He placed his son Fletcher Harper, Jr., uncle of the present Harry Harper, in charge of the business department. One day young Harper and E. B. Wesley were hanting each other about the value of the paper; Harper offered his interest for fifty thousand dollars, Wesley took him up, and though a lawsuit followed, the transfer was effected. The elder Fletcher Harper always claimed that he had been swindled. After a time Wesley's interest passed into the hands of George Jones, Morgan, of New York, Morgan, of Aurora, and the Zabriskies, and Jones became sole master. He controlled during the Tweed fight, and was mainly instrumental in breaking up the Tweed ring. Jones was an Englishman, and a man of intrepid character. He could have had several millions for letting up on Tweed, but he stuck to his guns.

Under his management, the Times became one of the

best papers in the country—honest, intelligent, well written, high in tone, and generally right. It has retained these characteristics under Mr. Miller; but it has combined with them a lack of human sympathy which has injured its popularity and occasionally a dullness which has wearied its readers. To succeed, it is not enough for a daily newspaper to be honest and intelligent. It must handle the subjects which the public want to hear about, and it must handle them in so interesting a way that people will want to read what it has to say. There is no law of Congress or State statute which requires a person to read newspaper articles. Every one enjoys complete liberty on that question. Hence people will not read articles which are dull, however sound and judicious those articles may be. This truism has never been appreciated by Mr. Miller. He has made of the Times a paper which is honest and sensible, but is also heavy, and he has often committed the mistake of selecting for comment subjects which interested him and his circle, but were not in touch with the current thoughts of the average man.

The new purchasers of the paper appear to be rich men whose aim is rather to secure an investment than to establish an organ. Two or three of them are capitalists connected with the insurance business—John A. McCall and Henry C. Hyde; one is connected with the Vanderbilt family; at least two are members of the wealthy Democratic syndicate which helped to make Mr. Cleveland President. The only one who may fairly be suspected of having an axe to grind is Mr. Flint, who is ex-Mayor Grace's rival in the contest for the trade of Chile. It seems that the hulk of the money subscribed was put up by people who wanted to help Mr. Miller, and were willing to risk a little money to do so. It was different in the case of the *Evening Post* and the *Express*; Mr. Villard wanted an organ to hoom his railroad schemes, and Colonel Shepard wanted a vent for his pious vanity. But the high price which newspaper property commands in this country operates to deter the ambitious from treating themselves to the luxury of an organ. Though the price obtained for the Times was only one-half what it ought to have brought, it was four times as much as Mr. Astor paid for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and, perhaps, five times as much as the best-paying paper in Paris—except the *Petit Journal*—would command at auction. It is evident that people who want personal organs will have to be multi-millionaires.

There is much speculation in New York newspaper circles as to "what will be the fate of the Times." The "fate" of that journal will be to go along about as it is doing now. Established newspapers nowadays acquire a momentum which carries them on, regardless of death and changes. Years ago, Henry J. Raymond was editor of the Times when George Jones was publisher. Raymond died suddenly, under peculiar circumstances. The manner of his death was well known to masculine New York, but it was not printed in the daily papers. Raymond had so tinged the Times with his personality that people began to speculate as to "what would be the fate of the Times." Horace Greeley, then in the heyday of his power as editor of the *Tribune*, went to Jones and kindly offered to take the Times off his hands at a nominal price, as he (Jones) could not edit it. Jones looked at him, and said: "Mr. Greeley, the Times will never pass out of my hands until I am dead." It did not. Jones made it one of the most influential journals of New York. Raymond's death affected it not at all. It was stronger after his death than before. Yet Jones was not a writer, but a publisher. On the other hand, Greeley almost ruined his paper before his death. And when he died, the men who succeeded him built up a paper which was infinitely superior to the old *Tribune*, and which to-day is one of the most prosperous, influential, and vigorous journals in New York.

The moral of all which is, that no man is indispensable, unless it is Grover the Good.

Army officers are much disturbed at the paragraph in the Army Bill for this year which forbids a soldier to remain in the service more than ten years. The words of the bill are "that no private who has served ten years or more, or who is over thirty-five years of age, shall reenlist, except such as have already served as enlisted men for twenty years or upward." The reason for this is that the number of men who have served thirty years and been retired is already too large—nearly three hundred—and that the country will not like to see such an ex-army increasing. But, on the other hand, it is a distinct discouragement to a man. Officers say it takes five years for a man to become a good soldier, the next years he is a treasure to his officers, a help to new soldiers, and a person every way desirable. But if he feels that all this is to end in ten years, if he can not make a life business of being a soldier with some reward at the end of it, what is the use of enlisting at all? The army will therefore not only decrease in numbers, but in quality. A poor sort of man is the only kind that will wear the blue, and the officers will have hard work to make a passable soldier of him, and see their work as something to be done over again continually. Our little army is small enough now; why make it smaller, but of a poorer quality of men?

A GIRL'S REVOLT.

Not a leaf stirred to break the drowsy spell. The awnings drooped in the sun like lids heavy with sleep. The little breeze that had been rollicking about all the morning had hidden itself in sudden shame, like a solitary dancer left in a hall-room. Even on the wide, vine-hung piazzas of the great hotel only two people were to be seen, and they were drowsing over their books. Above, in a shaded, deep-leaved balcony, two young girls were lounging away the afternoon.

"Will he come?"

"Of course."

"Well, I'll helieve it when I see him. I thought he scorned all things fashionable, girls included."

The other touched the floor with a slipped foot and swung languidly in the hammock a moment before she answered.

"I'm fashionable when I want to be."

"I don't believe he'll look so handsome in evening-dress."

"Why?"

"Oh, besides the other men, you know."

Her friend's eyebrows were still raised.

"He may be out of his element," Mahel continued. "Some of the nicest dancers will be here. If he really does dance, what a shame that he's been wasted here all summer when we've been so short of men at the hops. Sometimes it's just been a ghastly farce, trying to have a hop."

"Do you suppose I'd trouble myself about a man who was just a 'nice dancer'?"

There was a flash of scorn in the words.

The other gave her a shrewd glance. "Then you do mean to trouble yourself about this Mr. Ashland?"

Florence Balfour did not reply for a moment.

"Yes, I do," she said shortly.

"Well, you can if you want to. With your money you can marry whom you please."

The girl addressed flushed angrily. It was not the first time that she had been made to feel uncomfortable by such a statement. She knew what lay at the root of it; still the inference was not a pleasant one.

"Is my money to be forever an injury to me?" she questioned, sharply. "If it is, I had better give it away to some one who cares more for it than for love and truth."

"There! I didn't mean to say anything to vex you. It was just my nonsense. Now do be amiable, Flo, and let me get out the things you're going to wear to-night. Just to think—you haven't even opened that dress-box yet!"

She was a trifle more effusive than usual. She was wishing, a little vindictively, that Florence might once know what it meant to be without money, that she might not be so merciless toward those who appreciated the value of it.

Florence nodded indifferently in answer to her request, and she stepped through the long window into the room. Presently scraps of rapture floated outward. Once she appeared on the balcony, joy in each hand. "What stunning little slippers!" She stroked them caressingly, as if they had been live kittens. The girl in the hammock paid little attention. She lay with her hair pushed upward from her neck for greater coolness. Her head rested on her hands, and her eyes stared straight before her through the green curtain of vines at the glimpses of pure blue sky that showed between.

There were long shadows on the lawn below, when, at length, she arose and proceeded leisurely to dress. The charm was snapped, and the sleeping palace was teeming with life. Rowing parties were laughing gayly on the river, a few figures in tennis flannels were posing on the court, while on the piazzas the dowagers were already beginning to gather, preparatory to the evening's show.

"You look hored. I should not have asked you to come."

"I could never be hored when with you," he replied. "Oh, it's pretty enough—as a show. I'd rather be out on the river in this moonlight, though."

"Yes, that would be finer."

They were standing in a corner of the broad porch. She was leaning against the arm of a great wicker-chair, and she sank into it and looked up at him smiling.

"Your thoughts are with your steel sweetheart—confess now!"

A realization of the difference in their positions in life came over him with a shock. "They often are," he replied, absently.

"She is not for me," he said to himself. The renunciation was exquisite torture.

Intuitively she knew that something had changed him. She saw him glance at her dress, and wished, desperately, that she had worn the simplest gown she possessed, and plain slippers instead of those silly frippery things with their gold tips. What a wicked extravagance it was to be shod in gold!

"You don't approve of all this," she said, with a comprehensive gesture. "Perhaps you would admire a woman who would always dress in tweed or calico."

"I ought not to admire any save from a distance." His voice shook a little. "A nearer relationship is forbidden to me."

Beneath her fluffy wrap her hands tightened on the arms of the chair.

"For what reason?"

"Because in my work I take my life in my hands, and it would be the height of selfishness to involve a woman in its peril."

"Must it always be so?" she asked, after a slight pause.

"As far as I can see at present, it must. Next week, as you know, the public trial of my invention will take place. It has taken ten years of my life to perfect it, and I believe it will be a success; but should it not be, I shall go on until I have made it one."

"And if it should be successful in the coming trial?"

"There would be all the more reason for me to push it. The whole world would be mine then." His eyes glowed with enthusiasm.

"You are extremely fortunate in being able to control your feelings to suit your plans."

The words stung him, but he said gently: "Would it be love that could urge a man to offer to share such a perilous and uncertain future with the woman he loved? I think it would be the most cruel thing he could do." There was a deep sadness in his voice that sounded to her like a knell.

She did not reply. Fear of betrayal kept her from looking at the man who stood above her. In spite of the agony she was enduring, she could not help admiring the thoughtful care which could look to the future and forego the present. But, with the contradiction of her woman's nature, she would have preferred an irresponsibility that could enjoy the love his prudence had put aside.

She rose suddenly. "Let us go in."

He made a movement to detain her. "Not yet. There is something I must say before you go. Florence, I have spoken words of love which I had no right to speak. Forgive me!"

She was white to the lips, but in the dim light he did not notice it. By a desperate effort, she controlled her voice.

"There is nothing to forgive." She pulled her wrap over her shoulders. "I am engaged for this dance. Please take me back to the hall-room."

At the door she held out her hand. "Good-night, if I don't see you again."

For an instant his soul was in his eyes, then he bowed over her hand and was gone.

The week that followed was a hard one for Florence. She knew that Ashland avoided her. She fought against his conclusions with a fierce resentment that he should thus deal with her life and his own. To her thinking, it was a useless, monstrous wrong that circumstances should be permitted to separate them. Of all the world they cared only for each other; yet, because he lacked money, he had decreed this separation, while she had plenty for both. She knew how much he loved her—he had told her, but she knew it already.

"As far as loving him and feeling a vital interest in his future, that is a part of my own," she reasoned; "I am as much his wife now as woman can be to man."

There was one bit of comfort in which she fairly exulted: he did not care for her wealth. She knew that if it had any effect at all upon him it was to strengthen his resolution that they could be nothing to each other. She was impelled to write and tell him—what? The pen fell from her fingers.

The day of the exhibition drew near. Moored to the little pier was the cigar-shaped form of the submarine torpedo-boat in which so much interest centered.

When Florence was not present, its inventor grew enthusiastic in explaining its mechanism and displaying its powers; except the chief power of all, that he reserved for the day of the trial. The boat was thirty feet long, with a breadth of eight and one-half feet and a depth of seven and one-half feet through the middle. This steel case tapered to a point at each end. The plates which formed her surface were unbroken, except in the centre of the top to admit a small dome set with hull's-eye windows, and which formed the pilot house. Entrance to the boat was through a scuttle aloft this dome. At the stern was a propeller and an ordinary rudder. There were two horizontal rudders resembling gigantic fins, with which the boat could be deflected up or down. A mysterious force was evolved from caustic soda. This novel fuel, which by a purification process could be used over and over again, required careful handling, lest a stray speck lodge on a man's face or arm and eat its way into the flesh. A wonderful method of storing air was employed, and when the interior of the boat should become foul, the opening of a receiver of compressed air would be like the cooling rush of a breeze through the room.

It was the evening before the exhibition. John Ashland was more nervous than he cared to admit. He had been explaining the working of his boat to some naval officers and other specially interested spectators who had been invited to view the exhibition. After they had gone, he lingered before leaving for the night. It was with a strange reluctance that he at length left the pier, and even after reaching the hotel he was strongly tempted to return. But he attributed this desire to his excited condition, and was too irritated by it to yield. He passed a restless night and dropped into a light sleep just before dawn. Had he been watching he would have seen a figure slip through the grounds and along the pier. The watchman had just gone home. Florence had watched for too many nights not to know at what time he left, and she stole along in the shadow of the shrubbery with little fear that he would return. What she did fear was that Ashland would keep guard himself on this last night, after the man had gone. But there was no one in sight, and she was mustering up sufficient courage to venture along the pier, when a boat glided from underneath the wharf and stopped alongside of the torpedo boat.

She supposed, of course, that it was Ashland; yet why he should come in a boat, she did not know, unless it was from a desire that his presence should not be known to the watchman. After what seemed a long time, the man rowed away; but this time he went directly across the river.

By the faint light in the east she knew that dawn was not far off, and that there was no time to lose. Like a shadow, in her gray cloak, she glided swiftly down the pier and crept out on the smooth metal surface of the boat. She lifted the hatchway and descended into the interior.

The late breakfasters had all straggled in and the waiters were making surreptitious preparations for closing the

breakfast-room. Along the porch outside, Ashland was pacing with a growing impatience. The desire to see Florence before the trial of his boat was too strong for his will to quell. At length he asked Mahel to carry a message from him.

"Why, Florence has gone to New York," the girl replied; "wasn't it queer for her to go without a word to anyone—just a note to tell us that she had gone on important business?"

"By what train did she go?"

"We don't know. Perhaps she went by boat from the next landing below; it would not be a long walk for her." Mahel regarded him curiously. "I don't think she cared to witness the trial of your boat, Mr. Ashland," she added.

He turned away with a set face. Glancing at his watch he saw that it was nearly time for the trial, and he hurried down to the river.

A crowd already lined each bank, and the Hudson was alive with craft of all sorts. They were decorated gayly in honor of the occasion; and, as he stepped aboard of the steel boat, he was greeted with a chorus of whistles. He waved his hand in reply before he disappeared through the scuttle. The engineer followed, and he gave orders to get under way at once.

"I'm too nervous to please me," he said to the man; "let us get through with it before I'm altogether useless."

He stepped once more through the opening and gave orders to cast loose from the wharf. He waved his hand in a gesture of farewell to the crowd, amid a chorus of cheers and whistles; then he fastened the scuttle securely and gave the signal for starting. They glided away from the wharf to midstream, when he gave the deflecting rudders a downward turn, and the porpoise-like boat, diving her nose into the water, disappeared from view.

At a depth of fifteen feet he brought the boat to a horizontal position, and they moved slowly ahead. They had lost the daylight, and a lamp now lighted the interior. Ashland was uneasy. All did not seem right. There was a suspicious moisture in the bottom of the boat, and she leaned slightly to one side. In the centre of the interior was a small closet used for storing extra supplies. Ashland had showed it to Florence one day, and explained the reason why it occupied so prominent a position. The delicate nicety of balance preserved by the boat when beneath the surface—a point so fine that the weight of a few pounds one way or the other would affect it—made it necessary that all extra weight should be placed in the centre.

In a few minutes there was an inch of water in the bottom of the boat, and the leaning to one side had perceptibly increased. They soon discovered the cause. A hole had been drilled in the steel plate, and a stream of water was now pouring into the boat. The opening had been made just beneath one of the rudders, where it would not be noticeable from the interior, and a composition of paint and plaster had been used to stop it until the boat should have reached a considerable depth. The two men looked at each other aghast.

"We are trapped!" Ashland cried; "what can we stop this leak with?"

He sprang to the closet and flung open the door.

"Florence!" he exclaimed, in amazement, as he staggered back.

"What is the matter?" she asked faintly.

"Quick, man! Find something to stop this water, or we shall drown like rats in a trap!"

With an oath the engineer pushed him roughly aside and searched frantically for something to stop the flow of water. His words recalled Ashland to their danger, but all their efforts were unavailing. They could feel the boat gradually sinking, and in a few minutes a third and a lurching roll told them that she had touched the bed of the river.

Ashland paused in despair. "Oh, Florence, why did you come? This is awful!"

"To be with you," she said simply. Her face was very white, but her voice was calm. The engineer was trying with the energy of desperation to force the hatchway.

Ashland glanced at the dial; it registered forty feet, and he knew that it would be useless to attempt it against this great pressure. It was weighed down as with iron.

As one grasps at a last hope, he tried to raise the vessel by emptying the water-tanks. These were so arranged as to form one way of bringing the boat to the surface, vertically, without the use of the rudders. But his efforts were of no avail against the weight of water already in the boat. It had reached their knees. "Was this, then, the end?" Suddenly a thought came to him like an inspiration. The engineer was still aiming terrible blows at the hatchway with an iron bar. His hands were bruised and bleeding, and he breathed heavily.

"Wait!" Ashland commanded. "When the boat is nearly filled, the door will open easily."

The man ceased his pounding and leaned panting against the stairway.

Ashland took Florence's hand in his. "Come, I believe we shall be saved."

He placed her directly beneath the hatchway. Then he fixed the lamp above their heads.

Hand in hand they waited, while the water crept higher and higher. It was terribly cold. The gurgling as it poured into the boat was ominous; but even that sound ceased when the level of the water passed the opening, and the terrible silence became almost intolerable. And forty feet above them the river was flashing in the sunlight and flags were fluttering gayly in the breeze.

Once Ashland said, solemnly: "My wife!" And in spite of her surroundings, she was happier than she had been since the night of the hall.

To the waiting crowds above the anxiety was terrible. Men strained their eyes for a glimpse of the turtle-back of the boat, and women grew faint or kept up a hysterical sobbing.

Time passed—ten, twenty, thirty minutes—and still no

sign of the boat. Men shook their heads ominously. A rival inventor had much to say in explanation of the failure. There were many faults in the construction of the ill-fated boat which were obviated in his own. He had always felt certain that this one would be uncontrollable beneath the surface. He meant to give an exhibition of his own in the near future, to show her superior qualities, etc. All at once he stopped in the middle of a word. A shout went up from the crowds as three figures appeared one after another on the surface of the river. They seemed to clear the water and bounded into the air as if shot from a gun. Boats were soon to the rescue.

"You seem so calm through it all. How can you be so!" Mabel exclaimed as Florence was resting easily in her own room.

"Contentment is calm, is it not?" Florence replied, with a smile. ELIZABETH S. BATES.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1893.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Maiden with a Milking-Pail.

What change has made the pastures sweet,
And reached the daisies at my feet,
And cloud that wears a golden hem?
This lovely world, the hills, the sward—
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had foisted them.

And here's the field with light aglow:
How fresh its boundary line-trees show!
And how its wet leaves trembling shiver!
Between their trunks come through to me
The morning sparkles of the sea,
Below the level browsing line.

I see the pool, more clear by half
Than pools where other waters laugh
Up at the breasts of cool and rail.
There, as she passed it on her way,
I saw reflected yesterday
A maiden with a milking-pail.

There, neither slowly nor in haste,
One haud upon her slender waist,
The other lifted to her pail—
She, rosy in the morning light,
Among the water-daisies white,
Like some fair sloop appeared to sail.

Against her ankles as she trod
The lucky buttercups did nod:
I leaned upon the gate to see.
The sweet thing looked, but did not speak;
A dimple came to either cheek,
And all my heart was gone from me.

Then, as I lingered on the gate,
And she came up like coming fate,
I saw my picture in her eyes—
Clear dancing eyes, more black than sloes!
Cheeks like the mountain plover, that grows
Among white-headed majesties!

I said, "A tale was made of old
That I would fain to thee unfold.
Ah! let me—let me tell the tale."
But high she held her comely head:
"I can not heed it now," she said,
"For carrying of the milking-pail."

She laughed. What good to make ado?
I held the gate, and she came through,
And took her homeward path anon.
From the clear pool her face had fled;
It rested on my heart instead,
Reflected when the maid was gone.

With happy youth, and work content,
So sweet and stately, on she went,
Right careless of the untold tale.
Each step she took I loved her more,
And followed to her dairy door
The maiden with the milking-pail.

For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing is work!
For work does good when reasons fail—
Good; yet the axe at every stroke
The echo of a name awoke—
Her name is Mary Martindale.

I'm glad that echo was not heard
Aright by other men. A bird
Knows doubtless what his own notes tell;
And I know not—but I can say
I felt as shamefaced all that day
As if folks beard her name right well.

And when the west began to glow
I went—I could not choose but go—
To that same dairy on the hill;
And while sweet Mary moved about
Within, I came to her without,
And leaned upon the window-sill.

The garden border where I stood
Was sweet with pinks and southernwood.
I spoke—her answer seemed to fail.
I smelt the pinks—I could not see.
The dusk came down and sheltered me.
And in the dusk she heard my tale.

And what is left that I should tell?
I begged a kiss—I pleaded well;
The rosy lips did long decline;
But yet, I think—I think 'tis true—
That, leaned at last into the dew,
One little instant they were mine!

O life! how dear thou hast become!
She laughed at dawn, and I was dumb!
But evening counsels best prevail.
Fair shine the blue that o'er her spreads,
Green be the pastures where she treads,
The maiden with the milking-pail!

—Jean Ingelow.

A PARISIAN ORGIE.

The Mi-Carême Fête—"Queen of the Washerwomen"—Confetti and Serpents—Adventures of Society Women at the Opéra Ball.

Although the practice of keeping Lenten austerities is much fallen into disuse nowadays, and is a dead letter for the very unbelieving Parisian people—I speak of the inferior classes—the habit of cutting in two the forty-six days of presumed mortification by a day of relaxation and of enjoyment has not passed away, and the Mi-Carême—the fourth Thursday after Ash Wednesday and the fourth before Easter Sunday—is most universally celebrated in Paris, and it has now become the fashion to transfer to this day the masquerades which were formerly in vogue on Mardi Gras.

From a popular point of view, Mi-Carême is traditionally the fête of the washerwomen. Under the old régime, in the days of work-corporations, each trade had its particular day of rejoicing, placed under the patronage of a certain saint. Gardeners left off work on St. Fiacre's Day, carpenters on St. Joseph's, shoemakers on St. Crispin's, fishermen on St. Peter's, painters on St. Luke's, musicians on St. Cecilia's, etc., and in the religious provinces of France this custom is still retained. In Paris, the Association of Musical Artists celebrates its holy patroness's day by a grand solemn mass at St. Eustache—the old parish of the large markets. Sportsmen have also preserved the custom of being present on the third of November—St. Hubert's Day—at a mass, after which the priest blesses the hounds; and finally, in the army, the artillery regiments celebrate St. Barthe's festival, who is their patroness, and who was that virgin of Nicomedia who, during the siege of her native city, received in her apron the balls—out cannon odes, it is true, for the very good reason that they were unknown at that time, but stone ones—that were thrown from catapults.

Until the war of 1870, the Parisian butchers also had their fête day, which was Mardi Gras, the last day of the carnival, and which they celebrated by a grand procession, escorting a monstrously fat ox through all the streets of the capital, the poor *bauf-gras* only surviving his one-day's triumph under the form of fillet and of roast beef. This custom has been done away with since that time, and the washerwomen's procession, on the Thursday of Mi-Carême, alone preserves the old French tradition of processional masquerades.

Every year, a long time before the day arrives, great excitement reigns in the wash-houses. They have first to select a "queen," who is chosen from among the prettiest, the most laborious, and the most virtuous of the young damsels who wield the clothes-beater—for, alas! our clothes are not rubbed, but *beaten* clean, and—into frequent tatters, it is needless to add. Then they must collect the necessary funds for the expenses of the "cavalcade." The heads of the wash-houses club together, each one subscribing according to his means, the municipal council grants a subvention, and a deputation of young and pretty washerwomen call on the president of the republic, who—it is the custom—allows his heart to be moved to the extent of a thousand-franc bill. The large shops—the Bon Marché, Louvre, Trois Quartiers, etc.—give flags and ribbons, and, setting to work, sew and desigoiog their own costumes for the greater part, the merry washerwomen pass their time till the great day dawns.

Very often Mi-Carême rejoicings are dampened by the cold showers of the season. But this year Old Sol was in a good humor, and a beautiful suoshiny day spared those who were costumed in tights or in thin gauze dresses from shivering under their splendor and from paying for their ephemeral grandeur with a congestion of the lungs.

It is the custom for the procession to make a halt before each one of the offices of the principal French journals, where the queen and king descend from their chariot to address a complimentary speech to the editor-in-chief, and finally to make a call upon the president of the republic.

I need scarcely add that sensible people remain by preference at home on this day of popular rejoicing, or, if they are obliged to go out, carefully avoid the route of the cortège. Everywhere circulation is rendered insupportable by the tolerance shown in allowing passers-by to be bombarded with the imitation *confetti* made of small bits of colored paper cut out about the size of a pea; and besides the fact of its being most disagreeable to serve as mark to the gamios of Paris, or to students out for a lark, these small bits of paper get into your hair, down your neck, and Paris is even to-day so full of them that you find them in all the corners of your apartment, brought thither in your own clothes or in those of your visitors, or merely blown in by the wind.

This year they have invented, moreover, "serpents"—narrow strings of paper, resembling those used for seeding telegrams, and which, thrown in the air, wind round pedestrians and horses in a most unpleasant and, in the latter case, dangerous way. It is a good day, in fact, for one to stay at home to read a new book, to play over a bit of music, or simply to answer one's letters.

Mi-Carême night is filled with other and much less innocent amusements than the popular rejoicing of the day, but which at least disturb no one, as they do not take place on the public thoroughfares.

The last public *bals masqués* are given on this night, the most important of which and the least badly patronized—relatively speaking—is the one given at the Grand Opéra.

This is another traditional Parisian amusement, but much changed by the invasion of democracy and the increase of licentious manners. The *bals masqués* of the Opéra date from the time of the regency; at that epoch—which was not over-virtuous certainly—it was the rendezvous for the corrupt aristocracy. Under Louis Philippe, proper women *dans le train* could without danger attend them under the escort of their bushands, brothers, cousins, or friends. They are still frequented by proper women of the present day, but at greater risks, and many most sincerely repent their curiosity. Women must be in domino and masked, and men in even-

ing-dress uomasked, and by hiring a box you can, without any unpleasant adventure, watch the seething mass of maskers in costume of both sexes and their choregraphical exploits of questionable taste on the immense floor made by uniting the stage and the parquet, which makes a monstrous hall-room. But the spectacle of women of low life, young counter-jumpers and students, and the numberless daocers of both sexes called "Clodoches," from the name of the man who invented their peculiar style of dancing, and who are paid by the administration to animate the fête, soon becomes monotonous.

Then many wish to leave their boxes to walk in the corridors, the foyer, or on the balconies surrounding the monumental stairway to "intriguer" the men they know, which amusement generally consists in saying commonplaces in a disguised voice, and in addressing one's interlocutor as *thou*—the term both of endearment and familiarity. This is the rule. Few women of the world have enough courage, however, even under a black-velvet mask, to say really amusing things, or to speak to people concerning their private affairs. Besides, if the conversation is prolonged, a lady risks being asked to take supper, or to hear something coarse, at which she can but blush even under her mask.

Other and graver perils await those who leave their boxes to walk around the place, even though, of course, under the protection of a man. The laws of the Opéra halls authorize any one to speak to them, even in the most impolite and vulgar manner; the which the *filles galantes*—a shade lower than the *demi-monde*—miss no occasion to do, delighted to be free to insult a *femme du monde*. They are also exposed to witless most disgusting sights—women attired in costumes, or rather in want of costumes, followed by a crowd of men whose language no decent woman would wish to hear.

If you add to this the deafening sound of three orchestras, playing with all their might—in the hall-room, the foyer, and on the great stairway—the shouting of the public, the atmosphere infected with the odors of perspiration and of strong perfumes, the suffocating dust raised by the tramping of so many feet, the pushing of the mad crowd, the *confetti* showered in your face, and the "serpents" rolled around you—the disgust, in a word, of this unwholesome spectacle will soon make any decent woman who may have lost her way in this shameless and coarse crowd feel she has had enough of it.

And when she goes to supper with her friends at the Café de la Paix or the Lion d'Or, to the Café Américain or the Café Riche, she will give a sigh of delight to find herself in the fresh night air, out of the gorgeous edifice shimmering with gas and electric lights, surrounded by mounted municipal guards, sabre in hand, who look as though they were the guardians of a vast mad-house.

And if, as she is returning home at dawn, she sees from her carriage-widows hands of maskers of both sexes, in their cotton tights and tattered velvet and threadbare satin *just-au-corps*; emaciated, pallid, and utterly worn out, the paint fallen from their sickly cheeks, shivering in the morning's cold; miserable coverts of pleasure, of which the women especially make their trade, and who are regaining, stumbling with drink and with fatigue, their squalid dwelling-places on the heights of Montmartre or in the Batignolles quarter—she will ask herself, blushing, when once the annual excitement of the noise and of the lights is passed, why she had gone to that *galère*? Perhaps if she had won the victoria barmessed with two superb horses, which stood in the hall-room awaiting the happy possessor of the number of the "Tombola," she might have thought she had not lost her night. But this badsome prize fell to no one, a strange "chance" having decreed that the lucky number should belong to the charitable society for whose benefit the lottery was drawn. So much the better; for by the sale of the lottery tickets and the percentage devolving to the society of public charity on the enormous receipts of this night of folly and orgie, the poor and infirm will, at least, be benefited.

And on the morrow, perhaps, the proper women who went to the Mi-Carême Bal d'Opéra said, confidentially, to their less courageous friends: "It was so amusing, *ma chère* . . . and—so 'shockiog'!" But you may be sure that not one of them confessed—not only that she had been perfectly disgusted, but that she had in reality been dreadfully bored.

PARIS, March 11, 1893.

SYBILLA.

Mgr. Lasagna, Bishop of Tripoli, has been deputed by the Pope to proceed to South America, virtually, it is said, as an apostolic delegate, directly appointed by the Pope. He will have no fixed residence nor possess any special title, but is accredited to the various South American governments for the purpose of visiting and promoting the developments of the numerous mission stations of the Order of St. Francis de Sales.

It is usually supposed that the faint and squeaky haod-organs played by woeful old women, seated on kerbstones and wrapped in shawls, are decrepit from long service in the cause of art. That is not the case. The builders intentionally leave out notes, so that they shall sound more mournful and touch more quickly the sensibilities of some people. Organs of this kind are known as "wheezers."

Japanese jinrikshas have gained a considerable footing in the towns of South Africa. In Cape Town, Durban, and Pietermaritzburg they are well patronized, and are crowding out the cabs and public buggies. Kaffirs furnish the motive power.

George Heywood was elected town clerk of Concord, Mass., the other day, for the forty-first time. The records of the office have been in charge of the Heywood family for more than a century.

The postmaster at Jackson, Mich., is greatly pleased because a citizen of his town wrote a message on the back of a Columbian postage-stamp and mailed it.

L. W. Palmer, a resident of London, has a room which is papered with seventy thousand forged stamps. Mr. Palmer, who is probably the most widely known stamp collector in the world, recently said that if the collection were genuine it would be worth five millions of dollars. The forgeries represent every known stamp.

SUNDAY IN HYDE PARK.

"Prayer-Book Parade"—The Howard de Walden Case—A Crush at the Drawing-Room—Disheveled Dowagers and Tattered Débutantes.

Which is it for, air or exercise, or is it rather to see and to be seen that the fashionable world and the world that wishes to be thought fashionable, congregate on one side only of Hyde Park in the fine afternoons of spring and summer? All the world then appears to be on the stage, and there is also a most fashionable audience, while in the light of an entertainment it must be allowed the reserved seats are certainly very moderate at "one penny," more especially if you compare them with other theatres, in which you pay quite different prices for uncomfortable stalls, in unpleasant atmospheres, looking at often tiresome performances. Here at least there are fresh air and room enough to stretch your legs to any extent, or you may even for an extra penny place your feet on another chair.

The London season proper is, of course, as yet in the dim distance, and the Lenten period still intervenes before the matrimonial hunting-field in Rotten Row, attractive though it may be, is almost overshadowed by the rival claims of the drive along the straight stretch of road to the Powder Magazine known as the "Ladies' Mile," or of the promenade beneath the dusky statue of Achilles. Nevertheless, early in the year though it be, the last two Sunday mornings have been so spring-like and warm that the smart set in town for the queen's drawing-rooms have been very much *en evidence* at the "Prayer-Book Parades" in the park. There may not have been, perhaps, the gathering of high-bred men and lovely women to be seen at the height of the season, but last Sunday was decidedly the best church-parade of the year so far, and by one o'clock a dense crowd of people—in which most of the social and many of the political figures of the day could be discerned—were slowly promenading between the rabbit-hutches and Stanhope Gate, while no less than two rows of chairs were fully occupied. So general, indeed, was the attendance of well-groomed men and gayly-dressed women, that to make any progress at all through the various groups that blocked the path was a very difficult matter, and, as might be expected from the crush, though the parade began unusually early, it lasted till very late in the afternoon. The most engrossing subjects of conversation were Sandown and the near approach of the legitimate racing season, the drawing-rooms, and above all the Howard de Walden verdict.

As every one had foreseen who took the trouble to read the evidence in the long-drawn-out cross-actions of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, which for more than a week scandalized, and therefore amused, society, the husband was found guilty of matrimonial cruelty, and the countercharges of adultery, which he had partly relied on for defense, were contemptuously dismissed. Of Lord Howard de Walden's behavior toward his wife, her intimate friends and the relatives of the family on both sides had long been aware; but it would seem that the wife ignored her husband's conduct toward herself, and only when obstacles were placed in her way to prevent any access to her child did she take the necessary steps to procure the freedom from restraint the laws entitled her to. Looking at the facts of the whole case, however, there are little points brought out in the evidence, even on Lady Howard de Walden's side, which do not altogether redound to her credit. Although she proved a singularly uncomplaining and loyal wife, it is clear that previous to the marriage she looked upon the match mainly in the light of a good speculation, and, dazzled by the position she might command, was willing to accept her husband, fully aware of certain undesirable attributes to his character, and married him in direct opposition to her mother's expressed opinion. She may be said, therefore, to have courted the annoyance and hardship she has since endured, or, at least, she must have been in a measure prepared to expect them; but at the same time it must be granted that, once tied to the man, she bore his ill-usage until even his nearest relatives urged her to apply for judicial separation. Of the two, however, there is no doubt Lord Howard de Walden cuts far the more discreditable figure. He treated his wife most shamefully while she lived with him, and when, at last, she appealed to the law, he defended himself by a most contemptible and utterly groundless attack on her good name.

As is always the case when the morality of the upper ten thousand is publicly discussed before a jury, there were numerous applicants for admission to the royal courts of justice; but entrance was granted to comparatively few. Even the rights of newspaper men, bound on legitimate reporting errands, were questioned by the custodian who guarded the door with as much vigilance as would be expected in a warder; but as the representative of an important London daily was once during the week refused ingress solely on the ground of "no room," it may readily be imagined that there were no vacant seats when the judge from day to day made his appearance. Those who attended Sir Francis Jeune's court on Saturday were soon prepared for a sudden ending of the trial. The principal witness against Lady Howard de Walden was convicted of an error of fact so gross and palpable that it impaired the credit of his entire testimony. He professed to have found a watch, which he identified as belonging to that lady, in the bedroom of the Comte de Madre (one of the co-respondents); it was proved by the jeweler who sold it that it was not made until six months after the date of its alleged discovery, and the jury immediately declared they had little need of further evidence. One of their number, however, fancied himself imposed upon, and stood up stoutly for the right of hearing all the evidence through, so that the case, much to the other jurors' disgust, had to be proceeded with. But after such a declaration from the majority, there was no longer any doubt which party would gain the day, and the remaining witnesses for Lady Howard de Walden were but lightly examined, and, despite a second protest from their obstinate companion,

the jury dispensed with the customary addresses of counsel, and, after a very short deliberation, returned a verdict entirely in favor of the wife, and consequently against the husband, on all issues. In anticipation of the result, numerous friends gathered round Lady Howard de Walden, and the closing scene, if brief, was animated and interesting, while outside the court her ladyship was greeted with cheers, and cheers followed her as she drove away from a radiant and wholly sympathetic crowd.

The coming season "on the flat" was mostly restricted to the sporting element in the park, with Lord Hothfield, Lord Marcus Beresford, and Lord Londonderry at their head, but the two last drawing-rooms were almost as widely discussed as the Howard de Walden verdict. The queen this year held both the drawing-rooms in person, and the attendance was unusually large. Those who do not know the intricate and often unsuspected links which join the thousand sections of our best social community together would scarcely believe the difference it makes when the queen herself is present, even although it is known that the actual reception by her majesty will be confined chiefly to the décolleté dowagers with assisted charms, while the pretty débutantes will have to content themselves with whatever smiling princess the sovereign may appoint her deputy when the glitter of diamonds and the frou-frou of court-trains will have caused her inevitable drawing-room headache.

On the last occasion the crushing and crowding at the various barriers was worse than ever. There were many violent altercations, which looked as if they might degenerate into hair-pulling matches at any moment, and many tearful or furious appeals to the bewildered officials. Several ladies had their trains dashed from their arms, with the result that they came in with rumpled and torn trains extended out in front for some yards, and two or three narrowly escaped awkward falls. Others had their bouquets completely destroyed, and many entered the presence chamber with disheveled heads, tattered veils, broken feathers, and crushed sleeves, while some ladies presented an appearance as if they had almost been engaged in a free fight. The waiting-rooms, to add to the discomfort, were dreadfully cold, for the fires—which appeared to have been lighted just at the last moment—were neither numerous nor large. It is difficult to understand why, in such inclement weather, there should be such rigorous economy at the palace in regard to wood and coal. It is needless to say that ill-temper, therefore, reigned supreme among the frozen maids and frigid matrons, and certain of the elders must have wished for a return of the good old times when George the Fourth was king, when refreshments as well as the card-table were provided for the ladies during the performance of the tiring ceremony.

LONDON, March 18, 1893.

WHY DID SHE KILL HIM?

Bronson Ogelvie, broker, man of capital, sportsman, and *bon vivant*, suddenly awoke from a horrible nightmare. He had been strolling leisurely through a flowery field, clover-scented and gay with the warblings of bright-hued birds, when a gigantic snake, slimy and repulsive, slid toward him through the grass, coiled at his feet, flung itself upon him with open mouth and hissing tongue, and wrapping its cold folds about his neck, compressed his throat till his breath was stifled within him and his eyes protruded in horror from their sockets.

Did he awake, or was he still spell-bound in that hideous dream? A something had its grip upon his throat, pressing his windpipe cruelly, relentlessly; his head seemed gorged with blood, and his body was now convulsed in helpless agony.

That instinctive struggle to regain breath and life, to disengage himself from those terrible fangs, although accompanied by neither articulation nor groan, awakened his wife.

"Bronson!" she cried, as she partly raised herself from the pillow and reached to feel of his face.

There was no response, not even the faintest gurgle or guttural sound of a choking man. But the legs twitched and writhed, snake-like, and the arms were aimlessly thrashing the air.

As the wife's hand was placed upon her husband's face, it came in contact with something that startled her. She recoiled, with a scarcely audible scream; then she again reached out through the darkness, and from her husband's face her hand lightly and tremblingly traced its way up and along an object that from the gloom was stretching itself down to the throat of Bronson Ogelvie, where it stayed itself in a clutch that carried death with it.

Pretty Dawn Ogelvie felt her face grow white, and her hand went quickly to her side as her heart stopped its beating so suddenly that it caused a sharp pain to dart through her and cut like a knife. For an instant she hesitated; then hurriedly, yet in a way so direct that there could possibly be no mistaking the act as other than the result of a fixed determination, her right hand passed behind and under the pillow, thence under the head of the mattress, where it clasped a hard, metallic object. Quickly the hand was withdrawn; gently but steadily her left hand felt its way again along that something that was strangling the life out of her husband; when it reached a certain spot it stopped, the right hand went up to that exact place, the left was withdrawn, the metallic object was pressed upon the spot, a great flash of light illuminated the darkness, a loud report crashed through the room, and the next instant there was the sound of a heavy body inertly striking the floor.

When the friends of Tom Lewiston—gentleman-gambler and genial fellow—gazed upon him as he lay on a slab at the morgue, they were struck by the singular expression that had fixed itself upon his handsome face. There was no trace of suffering there, nor of fear; but a commingling of surprise and reproach, emphasized by the rigidity of death, like a sealed signature after the wax has hardened. This

expression was marked and unmistakable, and it excited no little comment among the coterie who knew how cold and impassive was the look habitual with him as he sat in his splendid gambling-apartments.

Equally mysterious was the manner of his death. That he should have been shot in the bedroom of another man's wife was not surprising—such chances must always be taken by men like Tom Lewiston. But that he should have attempted to strangle a man in his sleep—and that man Bronson Ogelvie—and that a pretty, harmless little woman of fashion such as Dawn Ogelvie should have had the courage to shoot him dead with her husband's pistol, this was something Tom Lewiston's friends could not comprehend; neither could the newspapers, that smelled a scandal, but in vain attempted to trace the scandal to its source; neither could the public, who eagerly read every line of the sensational reports and regretted that there was not more to be said.

But Bronson Ogelvie, nervous, haggard, and shattered, on the morrow of that night of physical and mental torture had picked up from the floor, where it had evidently fallen from Lewiston's pocket, something that threw a partial light upon the matter. It was a brief note, scented with violets and daintily written. It ran as follows:

"AT HOME, Feb. 9, 10 A. M.

"DEAR TOM: He leaves for Los Angeles this afternoon. Come to-night at 11."

There was no signature, but Ogelvie knew that writing too well. True, his wife had shot her lover to save her husband—wonderful inconsistency of woman!—but that did not lessen his mental suffering, or less surely goad him with the fact that his happiness was forever gone. The mystery of it, too, haunted him with a devilish persistency. His wife knew that at the last moment he had been detained from his purposed trip by business that had been unforeseen and was of the utmost urgency; he had so telephoned her from his office. Why had she not sent word to Lewiston not to come? And, coming, why had Lewiston endeavored to take his life?

But Ogelvie could not well have known that Dawn had sent a second message to Lewiston, telling him to stay away. Nor could Dawn herself have known that the trusted messenger-boy, who never before had failed her, had scoured all of Tom's favorite haunts in a vain attempt to find him, and had at last given up the task as hopeless. And how could the messenger boy have known that upon the prompt delivery of that little sealed note depended the fate of three persons? And Tom, as with his duplicate key, promptly upon the hour, he opened the door of the Ogelvie residence, and stealthily found his way to the familiar room, what thought had he of a second message that never reached him or of the husband sleeping quietly within?

The brief flash of a match, as he struck it to light the gas, startled him with what it revealed. He extinguished it immediately. A horrible mistake had been made by somebody, and the sooner he departed the better it would be for his safety.

It was at that moment, as he turned to tiptoe out of the room, that the devil within him made known its mastery.

Why had this man, sleeping there by the side of the woman he loved, robbed him of all that made life precious to him? Tom had loved her from her girlhood, and she had returned his love with a passion equally devoted. But, in this world of hollow pretense, family pride, and social ambition, daughters are sometimes sold to the highest bidder. So it came about that Dawn, with tearful protestation, passed to the keeping of Bronson Ogelvie, and Tom Lewiston became a cynic, gambler, and pursuer of women. And Ogelvie—was not he, too, a gambler? Had not Tom himself gone down into his pockets more than once to aid people who had been fleeced by this sharper in stocks and polite thief of other people's money? And was it not a matter of notoriety that Ogelvie spent more time with his mistress than with his wife?

Tom turned. His volcanic nature burst through its crust of studied impassiveness; his demon urged him on. Love and revenge, what will they not attempt when reason once yields to their reckless importunities? He approached the bed, his arms reaching forward in the darkness, his strong hands nervously opening and shutting, as if eager to grasp their prey.

Why did Dawn Ogelvie shoot him? He saw her as the pistol flashed, her blanched face gazing into his; a second later, death had placed him beyond all opportunity of solving the mystery. Ogelvie, a physical wreck, day by day and night after night, mentally coned, as some lesson-task that he was fearful of forgetting, those few lines beginning "Dear Tom," and the deeper they became fixed in his memory, the more he was amazed that his wife had killed the man whom he knew she loved.

And Dawn herself—did she know why she killed him? In the gloom of that night, by the instinct of love, by the touch of her hand upon his arm, by an intuition unexplainable but undeniable, she had recognized her lover; yet her act, when she did act, was not one of impulse. Had she seen, in her few seconds of indecision, as in a sudden vision, on the one hand love, but love fettered to the twin spectres of murder and remorse; on the other hand despair and misery, but despair and misery coupled with wifely honor untarnished in the eyes of society and the world; and thus seeing, had she deliberately made her choice?

I was over at the asylum for the incurably insane the other day, and there I saw her. She did not recognize me, but I knew her at once, in spite of her emaciated form and the insane look in her eyes. She was sitting by a window, and, as she gazed vacantly across the valley, she repeatedly murmured: "Why did I kill him? Why did I kill him?"

"Is she always like that?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the matron: "she says nothing else all day long."

"Hopelessly insane?"

"Hopelessly!"

FRED L. FOSTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1893.

WATER-RATES.

The efforts of certain newspapers and politicians to stir up an agitation on the water question is reminiscent of the sand-lot régime. There seems to be no disposition in these quarters to have a fair discussion of the subject, nor do these self-constituted agitators appear to have any exact knowledge of the facts involved. The salient features of this controversy may be briefly stated. The supervisors were elected upon a platform requiring them to fix such rates for water and gas as will yield the companies "a reasonable interest and income upon their investments," and demanding "a fair reduction from the rates now charged." These supervisors, in committee of the whole, fully investigated the facts as to water, and nine members reported the Rogers order, and three members the Denman order. Exhaustive majority and minority reports were made, stating the principle upon which these orders were framed. The Rogers report found that the company had actually invested, during its thirty years of existence, \$17,500,000, and that the property owned by it and necessary to its business exceeded in value its cost by \$4,150,000, thus making the value of the property \$21,650,000. The minority report was based upon the actual cost of the works, \$17,500,000, and refused to consider any increase of value of the property over cost. The main difference in these reports was as to value; the majority insisting that the cost of the property should be taken as the criterion, while the minority insists that the value of the property, irrespective of its cost, must be taken; but both reports agreed upon allowing the stockholders dividends at the rate of six per cent. on the basis of value taken. In this connection, it will be remembered that Mr. Pond, while mayor, insisted that the value of the property and not its cost should govern; but his valuation ignored such property as he claimed was not in actual use by the company. In the present majority and minority reports no property is excluded because not used. Now the mayor, in his veto of the Rogers order passed by the board, takes the valuation upon which that order was based, viz., \$21,650,000; but he insists that the rate of dividends to the stockholders should be only four and one-half per cent. instead of six per cent.—the rate agreed upon by all the supervisors. He also suggests a number of changes in the order which are not found in the Denman order. So it appears that the mayor was unable to indorse either the Rogers or Denman orders. Now comes the Democratic committee, and by resolution declare that the supervisors were pledged to make a "material" reduction in rates (when the platform only demanded a "fair" reduction), and that the reduction proposed by the Rogers order is not material, without deigning to consider whether it is fair or not. This committee further declare that all water-rates should be by meter, and "demand of said supervisors that this plan shall be followed by them in adopting such further order." Thus the committee condemns the Denman order as well as the Rogers order, and in effect declares that every supervisor in the board has gone wrong in fixing water-rates. So we find a diversity of opinion as to what system of water-rates should be adopted. Eight supervisors are in favor of one plan, three in favor of another, while Supervisor James is in doubt which of these two should be adopted. And the mayor has still another plan, and the Democratic committee another, while the above mentioned agitators seem to have no plan at all except to impugn the motives of the supervisors and to slosh around generally against the water company. It should be remarked that the supervisors, with one exception perhaps, have in their public utterances appeared to be fair-minded and desirous of reaching a just conclusion. Both the majority and minority reports calmly and thoroughly discuss the facts as the authors understood them, and the mayor in his veto message presents his views deliberately, without imputing to those who happen to differ with him improper motives. But these deliberate proceedings and fair discussion seem to be most distasteful to one or two newspapers and a few politicians, and they have accordingly set up a howl which is disgusting and untimely. And what is it all about? Because Supervisor Rogers, backed by a majority of the board, has raised the point, based upon the plain language of the constitution, that the mayor has no power to veto an order fixing water rates. If the point of law is good, it ought to be made and sustained. If it is bad, the courts will condemn it quickly enough, and the supervisors will undoubtedly proceed to pass another order fixing water-rates. Yet because this point is urged to sustain the judgment of eight against four supervisors, and to settle this controversy for the future, there is a hue and cry about "revolutionary methods," and a reprehensible attempt to intimidate the supervisors in the discharge of their duties as they understand them. But if a bare majority of the supervisors had from unworthy motives passed a "cinch" order, and the mayor had interposed his veto to prevent confiscation, no doubt these agitators would applaud the supervisors who would deny the veto power and insist upon enforcing the plain provisions of the constitution. He would, indeed, be a most wise judge—a Daniel come to judgment—and these agitators would calmly moralize upon his wisdom of the constitution in denying to one man the power to nullify the decision of eight men quite as honest as himself.

It is unnecessary to discuss the motives which prompt his ill-timed and misdirected agitation. It is sufficient to say that they are not the outcome of any honest effort to benefit the people in this matter. Undoubtedly water-rates are too high and always will be so long as the water supply is allowed to remain in the hands of a private corporation. It will always insist, as all other corporations and individuals would do under the same circumstances, on making all the profit it can out of its business, and the law of the land protects it in receiving a fair income upon its investment. Thus the business of supplying water is carried on for the profit of private capital. The true policy evidently should be for the city to acquire its own water supply, so that the people might have water at cost. But it is certain that those who

engage, for one motive or another, in the annual agitation over the fixing of water-rates, will never advocate a plan to get cheap water which will put at rest the vexed question of water-rates.

FLOWERS AND ORANGE-BLOSSOMS.

"Flaneur" talks of Floral Tributes and Easter Weddings.

Never, since New York first became a city, has the flower mania broken out so virulently as this year. The florists say that while no season can vie with Easter in the number of flowers used, the floral observance of the season has been more general this year than for many past years. Their sales during holy week are said to have reached half a million dollars. One dealer under the Coleman House is said to have sold \$30,000 worth of flowers in forty-eight hours. This sum included a cable order for \$1,500 worth of flowers from the Prince of Wales to decorate Dr. Rainsford's church. On the day before Easter one florist took in \$3,500 in cash between one and six P. M., and sold twice as much "to be charged."

Although there has been a regular market price for flowers each day, fluctuating from day to day with supply and demand, yet still the florists have been masters of the situation, and have generally been governed by the honest old rule of all they can get. On the day before Easter, American Beauties sold at \$30 a dozen, or \$2.50 apiece, and were not abundant at that figure. But at the Thirty-Fourth Street exchange, the highest quotation for them was 60 cents, or \$7.20 per dozen. Other roses were quoted as follows:

Catherine Mermet	\$8.00 per 100
Baroness	2.00 per dozen
Mabel Morrison	2.00 per dozen
Jacks	2.00 per dozen
Brides	9.00 per 100

Russian violets were quoted at \$5 per 1,000; pinks, \$3 per 100; lilies of the valley, \$4 per 100; Roman hyacinths, \$4 per 100; acacia hyacinths, 40 cents a spray; genestas, 10 cents a spray. There ought to be money for young ladies in raising flowers to sell at these prices; the market is insatiable.

The social event of the day is, of course, the marriage of Earl Craven to Miss Bradley-Martin. The earl arrived in the *Teutonic* with the family of his betrothed; he and they were the target of all eyes as he landed on the wharf. He is a little weazen-faced man of about twenty-three, with a rather pleasing expression of countenance; he would look better if he had not in landing run his head against something hard and blacked his eye, which caused a local wit to observe that his optic was in mourning, because the country struck him so queerly. On the day of his arrival, he dined at Delmonico's with the Bradley-Martins, and was, of course, studied by the diners at that famous feeding-place.

He does not class among the impecunious lordlings who marry American girls for their support. The income from his landed property is not less than four hundred thousand dollars a year, and when he came of age, a sum of a million sterling in money and stocks passed into his possession. He has three palatial country-houses, and a steam-yacht on the Thames, which is a marvel of elegant comfort. He has led a life devoid of scandal; he never ran away with a ballet-dancer or another man's wife, and his dissipations appear to be confined to smoking perfumed cigarettes in an amber holder studded with jewels. He is less known in London than his aunts, who are all conspicuous: the Countess of Cadogan, the friend of the Princess of Wales; Lady Van de Meyer, an intimate of the queen, who often takes tea at her residence, the new lodge at Windsor; the Countess of Wilton, famous on the turf, and the idol of Milton Mowbray; the Countess of Coventry, who figured in the baccarat scrape; and Lady Evelyn, who has cut a leading figure in several divorce cases. Lord Craven is the darling of all these ladies, and is, besides, a favorite in church society, as becomes a man who has eight church livings in his gift.

The Bradley-Martins have been known in society only for about ten years. The head of the house was Mrs. Bradley-Martin's father, old Isaac Sherman, who was in the cooperative business and left his daughter a prodigious fortune. They began by giving dinners, which were followed by performances by the leading actors and actresses of the day. The hostess was so vivacious and so full of tact that she fascinated every one with whom she came into contact, and everybody sought invitations to her dinners. She gave more of them, each more splendid than the last, fancy balls, and other entertainments which became the rage.

Some three years ago she took a house in London and an estate in Scotland, and the family has alternated between these places and the house on Twenty-Second Street. Mrs. Bradley-Martin got into English society, too.

The young lady, who is only eighteen, is not a beauty; but she is graceful, and she possesses the *chic* peculiar to well-bred Parisiennes. She is not yet "out." At the Delmonico dinner she wore a plain little gown of yellow stuff, which certainly had not been made by Worth. Her wedding presents have begun to come in. They are, of course, worthy of a princess. The Dowager Countess of Craven sent her a collar of diamonds—rare old India jewels, which were among her own wedding presents half a century ago. Her American grandmother, Mrs. Isaac Sherman, gave her three strings of splendid pearls beautifully matched. Mrs. Bradley-Martin gave her daughter a diamond tiara, which is a duplicate of the one worn by the Empress Josephine. The stones are so set that they swing with every movement. The wedding is to take place on the eighteenth. The bride will wear a plain white gown by Worth, with no jewels; the three bridesmaids will be in pink silk and crepe, with big Gainsborough hats. The ceremony will take place at the canonical hour of noon.

NEW YORK, April 8, 1893.

FLANEUR.

The municipal council of Rouen has decided to change the name of the Quai de Lesseps, which was named only a few years ago in honor of the fallen great man.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Roland Bonaparte, who is on his way to this country for a visit to the Chicago fair, is the third partner in the firm that owns the Monte Carlo gambling establishments, and is said to be able to make a franc go further than any other member of his family.

The death in Naples of Christian Joachim Mohn deprives the world of its greatest linguist since the days of Mezzofanti. Mohn had an acquaintance with more than sixty languages, most of them Oriental. He was of Norwegian birth, and was eighty-five years old.

Sir Ponsonby Fane is to succeed Admiral Sir Charles Drummond as Usher of the Black Rod. This office is somewhat similar to that of sergeant-at-arms in our Senate, only that the usher has far less to do, and gets ten thousand dollars a year and a splendid residence for doing it.

Two twin brothers, Darius and Cyrus Cobb, of Boston, who are fifty-nine years old, look so much alike that their own children often mistake them. They married sisters. Darius is a sculptor and Cyrus is a painter. William Hunt, the artist, once styled them "Serious" and "Delirious."

An inquiry has been instituted to ascertain the facts concerning the recent death of the Pope's physician, Ceccarelli. It is charged that he was poisoned at the instance of one of his relatives, a woman belonging to one of the oldest Catholic families in Italy and notorious for years for her daring in diplomacy and gallantry.

Lord Sackville-West is not expected to be enthusiastically active in the reception that will be accorded Embassador Bayard upon his arrival at the Court of St. James. It was Mr. Bayard's unpleasant duty to pack Lord Sackville-West off home for his pernicious activity in what became historic as the "Murbison letter."

Governor John E. Osborne, of Wyoming, is the youngest governor in the United States. He is only thirty-four, a doctor by profession, very good-looking, of pleasing address, and went from Vermont to the West some fourteen years ago, though a native of New York. In his gubernatorial race he carried every county in the State save one.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes confesses that the convenient little cheap stereoscope, that has served as an adjunct to the family album as a means of entertaining visitors in countless unpretentious front parlors, was invented by him. He declined to patent it, because, as he says, he "did not care to be known as the patentee of a pill or a peeping contrivance."

Theodore Wachtel, the celebrated German tenor of thirty or forty years ago, who began his career as a cab-driver, emerged from retirement recently to give a concert in Berlin two days before his seventieth birthday. He astonished everybody who heard him by his physical strength and elasticity, as well as by the remarkable freshness and preservation of his voice.

Ex-President Harrison, while out on his recent gunning expedition, was the object of much interest and attention from the residents of the region through which he passed. This incident, among others, occurred while he was on a railway train coming into Peoria. A fellow-passenger, one of the fair sex, addressed him, saying: "I beg pardon; but are you President Harrison?" "No, madam," was his reply; "I am Benjamin Harrison, of Indianapolis."

The son of Count Crispi, the former Premier of Italy, has been placed by his father in a house of correction in Pisa. Months ago the count was forced to deny him credit, but the boy placed himself in the hands of money-lenders and borrowed at usurious rates on the strength of his name. He even had the audacity to appeal to the king. Among other things, it is said that the young man did not hesitate to sell important documents, including letters from Mazzini, Garibaldi, and other famous men, from his father's collection.

Professor Virchow, the great pathologist, keeps alive for experiments about twenty generations of cats, from whom he is trying to evolve, by breeding, a race of bob-tailed felines. Several times his tailless cats have given birth to tailless cats, but this has never occurred regularly. For a man of seventy, the professor is surprisingly vigorous. He lectures for three hours at a stretch, stops to eat a black-bread sandwich and drink a bottle of beer, and then continues his lecture for another hour. In climbing the stairs to his lecture-room he skips up two steps at a time.

The London *Telegraph* puts aside insular prejudice for a moment to call Thomas Edison "the gifted electrician, the real magician, the real wonder-worker, the wizard whose rod has been as that of Aaron, and has swallowed up all the other enchanters' *baguettes*, whose fame has become world-wide, who never had more than two months' schooling, and who began life at the age of twelve as a railway newsboy." Electrician Edison's business life has not been without its cares. He has had to spend over one million dollars in defending his patents, which have been of almost as much benefit to the lawyers as to their inventor.

William Seward Webb, is only thirty-six years of age. His father was James Watson Webb, of the *Courier*. While a young boy, he went to Brazil, where his father was United States Minister. Later he spent several years in Paris in the study of medicine. On his return to New York, he became one of the staff at St. Luke's Hospital. He left the hospital to become a member of the firm of Warden, Webb & Co., from which he has advanced to his present position at the head of the Wagner Palace Car Company. Besides the duties of his official positions, Mr. Webb has built the Adirondack and St. Lawrence Railway. In 1881 he wedded Leila, the youngest daughter of William H. Vanderbilt, and he has since been connected with the Vanderbilt interests.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is understood that the librarian of the Congressional Library has found it impossible to keep up with the applications for copyright filed at his office since the new copyright law went into effect. Additional clerks are sorely needed to assist Mr. Spofford in his labors.

D. Appleton & Co.'s spring announcements include:

"The Gilded Man and Other Pictures of the Spanish Occupancy of America," by A. F. Bandler; "The United States," "Elisee Reclus's third volume in the North American section of his 'Earth and its Inhabitants'; "A Guide-Book to Alaska and the North-West Coast," by Miss E. R. Scidmore; "Three Roads to a Commission in the United States Army," by Lieutenant W. F. Burnham; "General Greene," by R. M. Hughes, in the Great Commanders Series; "The Story of My Life," by Georg Ebers; "Many Intentions," short stories by Rudyard Kipling; "The Art of Taking a Wife," by P. Mantegazza; "The Simple Adventures of a Men-salub," by Sara Jeannette Duncan; the second volume of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Ethics," and "The Laws and Properties of Matter," by R. T. Glazebrook.

Charlotte Brontë's intimate friend, Miss Mary Taylor, who was the Rose Yorke of "Shirley," has just died at the age of seventy-six.

There will shortly be issued a curious and interesting work entitled "The Confessions of a Convict," which has been edited by Julian Hawthorne. It is the story told by a convict who was confined in Auburn Prison for ten years for the crime of forgery. During this period, he kept notes of the various phases of prison life.

Of Taine's extreme dislike of publicity, a recent paragraph says:

It was intensified by his sole experience with an interviewer. He talked familiarly with the journalist, and in the course of the conversation expressed the opinion that Victor Hugo as a writer was like a *gendarme* in a state of *delirium tremens*. The author was horrified to see the radical opinion in print a few days later, and never after received a newspaper man. In his will, he left an express injunction that not a line from any of his private letters or memoranda should ever be made public. The Paris *Figaro* recently published some sonnets that Taine had written years ago to his cats, of which he was fond as if they had been human beings. The publication evoked a sharp letter of rebuke from Mme. Taine.

Three new stories, which have not appeared in any magazine, will be included in Mr. Kipling's just completed book, "Many Intentions," published by D. Appleton & Co.

The new and complete edition of "Pepys's Diary," which Mr. Wheatley has prepared, will be brought out immediately in this country. It is to be published in eight volumes. It will be remembered that a limited number will be printed on large hand-made paper.

Of Professor James Bryce, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a new and revised edition of whose "American Commonwealth" is nearly ready, *Vanity Fair* says:

"He is a good fellow, full of information, who can make himself a very genial companion. He is an inveterate climber of dizzy heights and a confirmed botanist. When on an expedition he glories in loose attire, and he takes healthy delight in allowing snow and wind to play about his uncovered head. He is a very learned man, full of most unprofessional energy. He is also the proud owner of a white felt hat that has seen very many years of service."

Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime," has a new story called "A Wild Proxy," which will soon be issued.

"Children of Destiny" is the title of a new novel by Molly Elliot Seawell, author of "Maid Marian," "Little Jarvis," etc., which is coming out immediately in Appleton's Town and Country Library. A new edition of Hall Caine's popular story, "Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon," is to appear shortly in the same series.

One of the recent volumes issued by the English Folk-Lore Society has to do with the story of Cinderella. An exchange says:

"It exhibits the extraordinary erudition of Miss Roale Cox, who, after wading through innumerable books and pamphlets in numerous languages, has discovered that the story of Cinderella has been told in three hundred and forty-five ways. All of these different versions Miss Cox has printed in the volume referred to. The generally current notion of the glass-slipper maiden has been known since 1697, when Perrault published the tale, but it bears no resemblance to determine definitely its origin, and is found in the most ancient literature of India and Egypt."

A new book by the author of that strong novel, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," promises to attract much attention on the ground of being of greater interest and power than its predecessor. It is to be called "The Last Sentence."

The late Cardinal Manning's only contribution to secular literature—a collection of essays, mostly on abstract subjects—will shortly be published in London.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, must be gratified to know that "first editions" of his novels have already a marketable value, and, what is more, this almost unique honor for a novelist to receive during his life-time was won by one of his most recent stories.

A beautiful edition of "The Cloister and the Hearth" has just been given to the world, with a preface by Mr. Walter Besant, of which James Payn writes:

"Though he says parenthetically, 'Since the death of Thackeray and Dickens, Reade stands alone in the front rank of novelists,' in his heart of hearts Mr. Besant probably makes no exception. It is certain that Reade, like most prolific writers, wrote things both good and bad. 'The Cloister and the Hearth' was undoubtedly his

most ambitious work; Mr. Besant thinks it also his best, and better than any other picture of the past, even by Scott himself. It reproduces for him, he says, the very atmosphere of its century, 'just before the great dawn of learning and religion, when it was still twilight, but the birds were already twittering on the boughs.' For others, it will only reproduce it as the actual pictures of the time do so, with a certain stiffness and formality, and at times some want of perspective. This is, perhaps, a more or less necessary characteristic of every medieval romance, though one might be allowed to say that 'Ivanhoe,' for example, is more free from it than the novel in question. The superstition which separates the lovers, though a very proper 'motive' for a romance, is offensive to the Philistine reader; he fails to catch the spirit of the time, and can not conceive how they should have allowed themselves to be made miserable by a foolish scruple. This strain of melancholy, and also the length of the book, will always militate against the popularity which it deserves. The work with which it is brought more especially into comparison is 'Romola'; but, in my humble opinion, it is far superior to it, though of 'Romola' it has been said that it was written with its author's heart's blood. What is most amazing is that 'The Cloister and the Hearth' is the elongation of a shorter story ('A Good Fight'), and the only instance, perhaps, of a successful elongation. If the present generation will not give themselves the trouble to read this novel, they will deprive themselves of a great literary treat of a unique but singularly varied kind. Beside the beautiful love-story and the picturesque of the past, and 'the restless movements which go before a change' in faith and thought, there are most exciting incidents. The fight at the inn where the two friends are attacked by robbers, and the corpse of one of the assailants is 'treated' with phosphorus, is, perhaps, the most tremendous scene in the whole repertoire of fiction."

Mr. James Schouler's "Thomas Jefferson," and Mr. Bayard Tuckerman's "Peter Stuyvesant"—two volumes in the series of "Makers of America"—are coming from the presses.

The world—the world of critics, at least—knows very little of its greatest novelists, as the following shows:

Who would have believed that any body of readers, even in the far North of England, would have ventured to set itself so far above the best judgments of the best London critics as to place Mr. Joseph Hatton and Miss Dora Russell higher as novelists than Wilkie Collins and Mrs. Oliphant, to put Messrs. Fenn and Sims considerably higher than Bret Harte? The people of Newcastle, as the result of a literary poll declared in the Newcastle *Weekly Chronicle*, have affirmed all this, and they think Mr. "John Strange Winter" a greater and more delightful writer than Thomas Hardy!

Mr. Whittier's literary executor has collected a large quantity of interesting correspondence of the poet, and the two volumes of the biography will probably be published in the autumn.

New Publications.

"Was He the Other?" a novelette by Isabel Fitzroy, has been issued in the Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

"Elements of Arithmetic," by Dr. William J. Milne, a text-book for primary and intermediate classes, has been published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 30 cents.

"The Master of St. Benedict's," by Alan St. Aubyn, a story of English college life, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A souvenir of the Yosemite Valley, consisting of a few pages of text and twelve excellent reproductions of photographs of notable views in the valley, has been published and is for sale by Hartwell & Mitchell, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

"The Social Evil; or, The Woman Lalarge," by Pauline Grayson, a story which aims to show that over-propagation is the cause of much of the existing poverty and criminality, has been issued in the Peerless Series published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents.

"English Kings in a Nutshell," by Gail Hamilton, a brief rhymed history of England, with portraits of the monarchs, each accompanied by an illustration of some notable event in his or her reign, has been published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

"Everybody's Fairy God-Mother," by Dorothy Q., is an unusually pretty little tale of child-life, the fairy god-mother being Love, which comforts, guides, and counsels the little heroine. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

Marion Crawford's recent magazine paper, entitled "The Novel: What It Is," has been revised and simplified by the author, and is now issued in a handy little book. It has for frontispiece an excellent portrait of the novelist. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

"Prince Como II.," by Samuel L. Phillips, is the story of a Denver heiress whose ducats capture an Italian prince; but the prince is, of course, a black-leg, and he is happily killed before he has dissipated her fortune. Then she marries a good American. Published by the American News Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Old Mortality" is the latest volume in the admirable new Dryburgh edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels. With the introduction, notes, and glossary, it fills nearly four hundred and fifty pages, and it is illustrated from spirited designs by Frank Dadd, R. I. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

The purpose of "The Secret of Character-Building," by John B. de Motte, A. M., Ph. D., is to reinforce the teachings of the church concerning the spiritual life by presenting "scientific truths upon

which that spiritual life leans more heavily than we have been willing to allow." Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

"John Gray," by James Lane Allen, purports to be a novel of life in Kentucky a century ago, but it is so lacking in action and the lighter qualities that it seems to be more an essay on the difficulty of choosing a wife than a story. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann and by The Bancroft Company.

"Wrostell's Weird," by Helen Mathers, is an amusing—and, in some places, tragic—little story of a young French girl who marries a harum-scarum Irishman, who has inherited a desolate castle in a remote district of the Emerald Isle on condition that he live there four months in the year, and accordingly takes his bride thither. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Story of Malta," by Maturin M. Ballou, is an entertaining mixture of history and modern observation, not arranged in the orderly manner of a well-digested study but crowded with information. The little group of islands have played an important part in the world's history in the past three thousand years, and there is much of the romantic and picturesque in their annals during the days of the Knights of St. John and the Barbary pirates. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"The Story of John Trevennick," by Walter C. Rhoades, is a conventional novel of more than usual interest. It follows the adventures of a young fellow who, being swamped by debts at college, is tempted to try his hand at smuggling and is betrayed in it by a false friend who aspires to his sweetheart's hand. Disowned by his father, the young man goes to London, where he meets with innumerable adventures and eventually makes a fortune, with which he saves his father from financial dishonor and marries the girl of his choice, to the discomfiture of the villain. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

Paul Bourget's novel, "André Cornélis," has been translated into English, and is issued with a new title, "The Son." It is a morbid tale. The plot is, briefly, this: A man is mysteriously murdered, and, some years after, his son, seeking to discover the assassin, fastens the crime upon his present stepfather; and the latter, wounded to death by the son, writes to the mother that the act was his own, thus saving her from the life-long remorse that would follow knowledge of the fact that she had married the man who killed her first husband. It will be seen that this plot affords M. Bourget a fine field for the exercise of his unusual powers of psychological analysis, and the detective work, too, is very cleverly handled. Published by the Waverly Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Half a dozen clever comedies and five romantic novelettes by Alfred de Musset have been translated into English by Kendall Warren, losing as little as may be of their Gallic charm in the operation, and are issued in two tastefully made volumes entitled, respectively, "Barberine and Other Comedies" and "The Beauty Spot and Other Stories." "Barberine" has for its heroine a Desdemona who is not smothered by her lord, but compels the dashing gallant to spin flax. The other comedies are "Fantasio," "No Trifling with Love," "A Door Must Be Either Open or Shut," "A Caprice," and "One Cannot Think of Everything"; and the tales in the other volume are "Titan's Son," "Croisilles," and "Adventures of a White Blackbird." Published by Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25 each.

"The Marplot," by Sidney Royse Lysaght, keeps the reader in a thoroughly depressed and excited state of mind. The hero quixotically marries a girl of doubtful antecedents and then discovers that she is a good deal worse than she should be; he thereupon leaves her and falls in love with an Irish gentlewoman who has an Irish lover, one O'Connor, who is a very dragon. O'Connor and the hero have a duel by drawing lots to determine who shall kill himself at the end of a year. The chance falls to the hero, and, a week before the fatal day, he persuades the Irish gentlewoman to marry him. When the time comes for his suicide, he attempts to drown himself, but succeeds only in breaking his arm and getting filled with salt water. O'Connor, meantime, has gone crazy, and, imagining that he had had the unlucky chance, kills himself, whereupon the hero recovers and leaves the country. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

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VANITY FAIR.

We are indebted to the correspondent of the *Times* in Paris for authoritative information that the reign of crinoline is not yet. This cheerful intelligence comes from two very high sources, one the supreme French dressmaker of his time, and the other an Englishman of equally undoubted supremacy. It is characteristic of their respective races, perhaps, that the Englishman says that crinoline *will* not be used, and cites the decisive fact that "twelve royal personages" whom he has had the honor to wait upon for instructions as to their wardrobes have not mentioned crinoline. On the other hand, the Frenchman says with equal pride and authority, but of a different kind, that crinoline *shall* not be used. He will not permit it. Fashionable *modistes* who have just returned from Paris with their Easter novelties, say the hoop-skirt is not worn in Paris, nor will it be worn this season either there or here by women of fashion. Practically it does not exist in Paris, and is regarded by French *couturières* as the sensational suggestion of ultra-Americans and of English dealers not of the best class. They speak of it most sarcastically as destructive of all grace in dress, and they suggest a return to clinging skirts, or at least to those without fullness at the top, by way of contravening it. There is already a reaction against stiff and heavy hair-cloth interlining for supple and transparent fabrics of spring and summer gowns. In its place the more pliable crinoline lawn of foundation muslin is used, and this extends only to the knee, instead of to the hips as during the winter. There is also a tendency to revive the silk foundation skirt for holding this slight interlining, then attaching the outside skirt to the same belt, and leaving it free to fall in natural flowing folds in the foot, where it is finished with soft silk facing. And these foundation skirts are all sufficient without the aid of reeds or steels to support the feather-weight skirts of spring and summer dresses.

The women of Rin Grande, N. J., taught their husbands, brothers, and sweethearts a political trick or two in the election of a school trustee. They claimed that their rights were being trampled in the dust by their lords and masters, and boldly announced that they intended to rectify the wrong by electing a school trustee pledged to their interests. They put forward as their champion Charles W. Saul, the handsome station-agent of the West Jersey Railroad, who has endeared himself to every female heart in the place by his obliging manners as well as his good looks. Saul willingly accepted the honor, and the women started in to win. They canvassed the entire district, and instructed servants and washerwomen that in vote against Saul meant dismissal. As a consequence, the women were at the polls in force. The main portion of the community were jealous of Saul, and picked out their best man, in the person of Squire F. N. Harris, to run against him. Although the men hustled for votes, they could not match the winning ways of the women, and several masculine back-numbers refused to vote at all if the women did. When the ballots were counted, Saul was found to be elected by a majority of ten.

The matrons of Chicago who insist that the Hebe of the new lake-front fountain shall be draped, may be gratified to know that they are supported in the propriety of their feeling by the antique world. The Greeks draped the figures of women and goddesses. The only exception to this rule was Venus, and at the best period of Greek sculpture the figure of Venus was draped. Who will compare the Venus of Melos, in the Louvre, with the smirking affectation of the narrow-chested Venus di Medici, in Florence—the one representing the glory of Greek art, the other the work of the unknown Cleomenes at a later and inferior artistic period? Nor is the Venus of Melos the only Venus clothed. The Venus Genetrix is a draped goddess, as is the Venus of Praxiteles. Even the Venus of the Bath is as modest as a school-girl. No other goddess would be seen without her skirts. The Diana of the Capitol, the Diana of the Louvre, the Juvo, the Amazon of the Capitol, are all draped figures. An unclothed Minerva can not be conceived. To the Minerva of the Parthenon it was the custom of the Greek maidens to carry each spring, and offer with ceremonies, a gorgeous peplos, which shows their feeling as to the propriety of fresh Easter wearing apparel. All the women in the Pantheonic frieze of the Parthenon were draped. In the beautiful group of the Fates, now among the Elgin marbles in the British Museum, the drapery is the wooder and delight of all lovers of art. Still more superb than these is the greatest find of modern times, the "Winged Victory," with its wonderful movement of the figure, seen under myriad breezy folds. The rendering of life under drapery is achievement sufficient for any sculptor. In addition to these is the collection of Tanagra figurines. Among these the figures of women are always draped. A person would imperil his judgment who would exchange the exquisite movement seen in the veiled figure of a woman for the same figure deprived of the thin, flowing tunic.

Rosa Bonheur thoroughly disapproves of the feminine attendance at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, an institution that she thinks might be demolished without compromising the interests of art. She objects to the admission of girls into the school, so the

ground that the young men who attend it are brought up too badly and are too vulgar to permit of young ladies associating with them. "Had we American manners," she declares, "and were there but a little more respect for women here, the state might create mixed schools; but with the character of the male students of to-day, it would be wrong to think of such a thing." She expresses the opinion that the male students of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts are worse than those of most of the other schools, and asserts that young ladies who venture to enter there quickly have reason to repent of their folly.

"If I were rich," remarked a woman, "I would be clean, beautiful, and happy. As a matter of fact, it costs a great deal of money to be clean. Personal cleanliness means clean clothes and plenty of them, hot water, a private bath, individual toilet articles, and an occasional purchase of druggists' supplies. A good flesh-brush alone costs two dollars, and linen towels, velvet sponges, and pure soaps are out to be had for the asking. If I had money, I would take twelve vapor-baths a year. I would have a shower, a foot-bath, scales, and a health-lift in my bath-room. I would have one milk-bath a month, as a skin-tonic, and three hot tubs a week for healthy sleep. I would use seventy-five-cent camel-hair tooth-brushes, twelve-dollar-a-dozen web towels, palm-oil soap, two-dollar-a-pint violet water, and alcohol by the gallon for morning sponge-baths. Every day 'Boots' should come to polish my shoes, and brush my wraps and dress, and every other day I would receive a *coiffeur* to brush, not my hair, but my head. I would have white lambs'-wool body garments for winter and white woven silk for warm weather. So much for the toilet. If I could afford two dollars' worth of cash service for a weekly airing, a two weeks' sea voyage, one month of travel, two complete outfits a year made by a French *modiste* of my own selection, twenty-five dollars a week for the table supplies I know to be health-producing, hence beautifying, and had access to the professional advice and professional service of a medical surgeon and a surgeon-dentist, I would be a very good-looking woman."

In a recent work on criminology, the learned investigator says that not ninety-eight young men criminals forty-four per cent. did not blush when examined. Of one hundred and twenty-two female criminals, eighty-one per cent. did not blush. If our novels are to keep up with science, they must change their indicia of emotion. It must be the men who blush and the other sex whose sensitiveness must not be a regular feature. Leander blushes as he declares himself or is suddenly brought up against a sentimental outcrop. But Hero takes it calmly. The scientist also notices that women blush about the ears rather than on the cheek. This, also, requires a change in the novels. It is a pointer, too, for the ladies' man who is watching for signs that he is making an impression. If he fastens his gaze upon the left ear, he may see something that will tell him he may consider himself happy.

There was an interesting debate in the English House of Commons, a few days ago (says the *Nation*), touching what is probably, next to the Roman toga, the most famous article of clothing that has ever been worn by man. It arose out of a plan to consolidate the kilted regiment, known as the Seventy-Ninth, or "Cameronian Highlanders," with the Scots Grenadier Guards, a regiment which has nothing Scotch about it beyond the fact that Scott was the name of its first colonel. This plan was no sooner noised abroad than it excited in Scotland the deepest indignation, being considered a deliberate attempt to blot from existence one of the renowned Highland regiments which, in kilt and tartan, have under the British flag filled the world with Scottish glory. It is now nearly a century and a half since these regiments were raised, and for fully a century they were, if not Highland, really Scotch regiments. As the supply of real Highlanders began to run low, either through emigration or dislike of soldiering, the Lowlanders began to feel themselves Highlanders under the magic influence of Scott's novels. Those only who remember the account which Macaulay gives of the loathing with which the Lowland Scotch in the eighteenth century looked on the Highland garb, and Highland manners and customs, will be able to appreciate the force of the spell by which Scott succeeded, early in the nineteenth century, in disposing nearly every Scotchman to the notion that the kilt, the tartan, the phibag, and blue bonnet were his original national raiment, in which he looked his best, and which nothing but the advance of a gross and material civilization compelled him to lay aside. The fancy for the Highlands with which Victoria and Prince Albert were seized in their early married life completed the conquest which the Wizard of the North had begun, and converted nearly all male Scots into true Highlanders to whom trousers or "breeks" were a genuine incumbrance. Every man who came near Balmoral Castle or aspired to deer-stalking, grouse-shooting, and salmon-killing, put on the kilt and tried to get his legs browned, as the only costume for a *persona grata*. The queen was so taken with the dress that she even insisted on putting her German sons-in-law and grandsons-in-law into it in the summer and autumn, regardless of the danger to their *hochgeborenen* knees. But most of the kilt-wearers nowadays are

gamekeepers, gillies, guides, and tourist-mutters generally. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the English War Secretary, himself a Scotchman, speaking on the question of the Cameronian Highlanders in the House of Commons the other day, said: "An honorable and gallant gentleman, a Scotchman and a member of a great clan family, speaking on this subject ten years ago, said that for his part he had never yet seen in Scotland a Scotchman wearing a kilt unless he was paid to do so by an Englishman."

"There is a certain chair in the Tuxedo Club-house," said a New York man, "that all the women seem to go for; it is not particularly comfortable, but it has the reputation of being very becoming, having a very high back which serves as a distinctly good background." It is a well-known fact (a *Tribune* writer comments) that a high-backed chair is much more becoming to the figure and face than a low one. One of the most successful patterns in the way of dining-room chairs has a high leather back reaching several inches above the head when the occupant is sitting down. The dull coloring of the old Spanish leather is wonderfully efficacious in bringing out the fresh tints of a pretty woman in her best attire as she sits, framed as it were, in a beautiful setting studded with antique nails, and quite separated in effect from the rest of the room. There is something very reposeful and aristocratic in such isolation, besides being eminently becoming. "How well Mrs. Blank's white head and fine features look against that old leather," said a young artist who was present at a dinner where the chairs were like the model described. "I feel as if we were all a collection of Van Dyck's portraits."

A rather impertinent scientist has discovered that the only instances in which he finds correct dates given by women in regard to their ages is when they are under twenty-five or over eighty-five. At these periods of life, according to this Frenchman, they may be trusted. He is a court officer, and his evidence is deduced from his experience with female prisoners. Such, he asserts, invariably give their ages as twenty-nine, thirty-nine, forty-nine, or fifty-nine, and on these premises he works out the conclusion that a woman wants to keep in the decade behind her actual age period; but through a lingering sense of honesty keeps as near the line as she can.

"The list of Easter marriages among people of wealth throughout the country is far below the usual average in point of numbers," says a New York society journal. "Every woman knows that marriage is slowly but surely dying out of these United States. The rich are the first to feel its effects. Bachelors' apartments are multiplying everywhere. The sky-scraping hotels that are ascending in all our cities are being built for the uses of celibacy, not of married life. The rush for admission into clubs is unprecedented. The women are the cause of the strained relations of the sexes. They feel they can get along without the men, and the men feel they can get along without the women. The American girl has set a standard of luxury to which the American man refuses to follow her. If her father, says the American man, will pay for her extravagances, let him; she will never find a husband to do so. And marriage goes on declining."

It is form now in Chicago for girls to take off their hats at the theatre. At the Duse performance, one Saturday afternoon, the audience was intensely fashionable, and at least ten women in the parquet removed their hats, placed them in their laps, patted their locks in a manner not unlike the great Duse herself, and then sat in placid contentment, assured that they were attracting much attention and had carried out the latest fad.

A pardonable fiction in which the feminine half of creation sometimes indulges regarding age has had serious consequences in the Austrian courts, where a marriage was recently annulled on the husband's application, because the wife pretended she was fifteen years younger than the reality.

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SOCIETY.

The O'Connor Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor and the Misses O'Connor gave an elaborate dinner-party recently at their residence, 825 O'Farrell Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. Covers were laid for eighteen, and a sumptuous menu was served at a table ornate with pink roses and lilies of the valley. Several hours were delightfully passed in feasting, and with music and conversation afterward in the parlors. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Hon. and Mrs. Robert Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Virginia Fair, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. George Almer Newhall, and Mr. Benjamin Oxnard, of New York.

The Presidio Cotillion.

The officers of the Fourth Cavalry gave a cotillion at the Presidio on Friday evening, April 7th, which proved to be a most pleasant affair. The hop-room was attractively decorated with bright-hued flowers, the national and regimental colors, and sabres neatly arranged. There were about a hundred guests present, and they were received by Mrs. A. E. Wood, Mrs. J. H. Dorst, Mrs. James Parker, and Mrs. A. T. Dean. The cotillion was led by Lieutenant James E. Nolan, U. S. A., who introduced several interesting figures. A delicious supper was served at midnight, but it was almost three o'clock before the affair ended.

The Breeze Dancing-Party.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and the Misses Breeze gave an enjoyable dancing-party last Monday evening at their residence, on Sutter Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. and Miss Smith, who are visiting here from Boston. The floors were all canvased and each room was prettily decorated with flowers. Dancing was commenced about nine o'clock and continued until one o'clock, with an intermission at midnight, when Ludwig served a sumptuous supper.

Santa Barbara Flower Fête.

The usually quiet town of Santa Barbara has been the scene of much gaiety during the past week. Its hotels have been filled with visitors, and the streets crowded and in gala attire. This was all due to the annual public flower fête, which commenced last Tuesday and terminated on Friday evening. This festival has become so prominent and popular and is so thoroughly enjoyable and picturesque that it has attracted the attention of the world and the attendance of the people from all parts of the country. It is similar in a degree to the famous carnival of flowers at Nice. The programme for the four days and nights was as follows:

TUESDAY, April 12th.—Afternoon and evening, and forenoon of Wednesday, Flower and Horticultural Exhibition in the Pavilion. Orchestral Band.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.—Grand Floral Procession, to conclude with the Battle of Flowers.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—Grand Promenade Concert in the Pavilion. Douglas Military Band.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.—Tilting at the ring Tournament, Colgar and Gymkhana race, interspersed with Day Fireworks.

THURSDAY EVENING.—Theatrical performance by the Dramatic Club. Byron's three-act Comedy, "Uncle," at Opera House.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.—Foot-race and Mexican Riders' Race, Kidding of Boys Kios, and Day Fireworks.

FRIDAY EVENING.—Grand Ball and Collation. The ball to be opened by "The Dance of the Flowers."

The floral procession and *bataille des fleurs* on Tuesday was naturally the great event of the week, and it was a beautiful spectacle. Queen Flora had been extremely generous in sending forth hundreds of thousands of lovely buds and blossoms that were used to great advantage in decorating houses, vehicles of every description, and the grand-stands, and they were also used as ammunition when the floral battle was under way. Flowers were strewn in one's pathway at every step, and the air was full of them and their fragrance. The exhibition of fancifully decorated carriages and floats was beautiful and artistic, and attracted much praise from the thousands of spectators. Valuable prizes were awarded to the best displays. The subsequent entertainments were all interesting and productive of pleasure. Great credit is due to the citizens of Santa Barbara for the arrangement and successful consummation of this festival. Among the many visitors from San Francisco and Oakland were the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren Dutton, Mr. R. Y. Hayne, Mrs. A. H. Wilcox, Mrs. Charles M. Plum, Jr., Mrs. C. Tyler Longstreet, Mrs. George L. Bradley, Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, Mrs. D. J. Tallant, Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mrs. Anthony Chabot, Mrs. John W. Coleman, Mrs. Dunham, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Aileen Goad, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Bee Hooper, Miss Ethel Hooper, Miss Lulu Plum, Miss Fanny Wilcox, Miss Florence Dunham, Miss Grace Brown, Miss Romie Wallace, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Knowles, Miss Watt, Miss Nellie Chabot, Miss Fannie Orr, Miss Stockman, Miss Bessie Crane, Mr. W. Frank Goad, Mr. Joseph O. Grant, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr. Harry L. Coleman, Mr. George P. Tallant, Mr. Karl Howard, Mr. James N. Brown, and Mr. W. H. Wood.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head have returned from a visit to Southern California.

Miss Erle Hager returned last Monday from a month's visit to Los Angeles and Corona Beach.

Mrs. John W. Mackay, Mr. John W. Mackay, Jr., and Mr. Clarence Mackay, arrived here from Europe last Monday to visit Mr. John W. Mackay, who is convalescing from his recent illness. Mrs. Mackay has not been in San

Francisco since 1876, when she left to visit the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. The length of her visit here is quite indefinite at present, depending upon Mr. Mackay's recovery.

Miss Josephine Cone has been passing the week in San Jose.

Mrs. W. H. Patton, Miss Ethel Patton, and Mrs. W. H. Berry are passing a month in Southern California, prior to going East for the summer season.

Miss Celia O'Connor is making a three months' visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Seligman, Miss B. Seligman, Master J. Seligman, and Miss E. Hellman, of New York, have been attending the flower fête in Santa Barbara. They are expected in the private car, *Sierra Mojada*, and are expected here soon.

Miss Clara Archibald and Miss Louie Bromwell left on Friday evening for Los Angeles, where they will be the guests of Mrs. E. P. Johnson.

Mr. Robert A. Osborn is making a brief visit to this coast and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Robert A. McLean is visiting friends in Bethlehem, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ellicott are at the Hotel Mateo, where they will remain several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. Taylor Dickson, of Philadelphia, the fiancé of Miss Jennie Griffith, is in the city and is being extensively entertained at the various clubs and by his many friends.

Mrs. Peter Donahue is a guest at Mrs. Grover Cleveland's reception on April 14th in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Jerome, of New York, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John Boggs has returned from a visit to Princeton, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Henry C. Frank and Miss Bertie Hyde have returned from New Mexico, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher is here from New York on a visit to her son, Mr. T. F. Meagher, and is accompanied by Miss Crawford. The ladies have visited the Lick Observatory, Santa Cruz, and Monterey during the past week, and will return here on Monday for a week's stay.

Misses Alice and Ella Hobart, who are now at the Savoy in London, will go to Paris in about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington have purchased the residence of Mrs. Charles Lux, 1900 Jackson Street. Mr. and Mrs. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. George G. Carr, and Miss Mamie Masten will leave next Saturday on an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Manning have returned from Portland, Or., and are permanently residing at the home of Mr. N. K. Masten.

Judge and Mrs. McKenna will occupy the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carran, 222 Franklin Street, after May 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Carolan will go to Chicago on April 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall have secured the residence of Mrs. Moses Hopkins at Redwood City for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Mr. Harry M. Holbrook will pass the season in their villa at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman and family will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Blanding will pass the season at Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson and Miss Davidson will be in San Rafael during the summer months.

Mr. George Crocker left for the East last Saturday, and will be away a couple of months.

Miss Louise Connors has been attending the flower fête at Santa Barbara as a guest of Mrs. George G. Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barron have returned to their country home near Mayfield, and will remain there during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton have returned from a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith at Santa Cruz.

Captain R. R. Thompson is visiting Redondo Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs left last Sunday for Santa Barbara, and will return to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have leased the Barroilhet villa at San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce and Miss Nellie McKee, of Oakland, have returned from Oregon.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker and the Misses Tucker will remain in Berlin until next winter, when they will return home.

Mrs. Henry Wetberbe is occupying her residence in Franklin.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Miss Spreckels, and Mr. Rudolph Spreckels left for Honolulu last Wednesday, and will be away about three months.

Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Phelan have returned from a prolonged tour of the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Seligman have leased the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, in San Rafael, for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin have leased a cottage in Belmont for the summer.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson and Master Reginald Dickinson are occupying their villa, Craig Hazel, in Sausalito, where they will remain during the season. Mrs. Dickinson and her son returned from their Southern trip last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas have gone to their country home at Mountain View.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson are at the Grand View Hotel in Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Asa R. Wells will go East in May to pass the summer in Philadelphia and Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren Dutton have left Pasadena and, during the week, have been enjoying the flower fête in Santa Barbara. They will return home next Monday after an absence of two months, and will reside at 1328 California Street.

Miss Kate Jarboe went to Santa Cruz last Monday to pass a few days at the Jarboe cottage on Cliff Drive.

Mr. S. F. Thorn and Mr. A. C. Booth returned last Sunday from a visit to their ranches at Glenwood.

Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Sr., and Miss Nellie Fuller have gone East, and will be away about a year. While in New York, they will be the guests of Mrs. E. H. Reynolds.

Miss Bertha Fuller, who has been visiting in Boston for the past six months, will join her mother and sisters in New York.

Mrs. Franklin P. Bull has gone East, and will be away about four months.

Dr. Louis C. Deane is in Rome studying archaeology. In company with Mr. T. Bright Brooke, he has been doing the Riviera and Italy, and will soon return to his clinical studies in Paris. The young doctor promises to become one of our leading ophthalmologists.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Joseph Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, the Misses Gerstle, and Mr. Marcus Gerstle will go to San Rafael early in May to occupy their cottages for six months.

Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins and Miss Genevieve Cummins left last Thursday for Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young left for Chicago last Wednesday, and will be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Beatty will leave early in May to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Misses Lucy and Adelaide Upson, of Sacramento, are here on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page will occupy their cottage in Belvedere during the summer.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will go to Monterey to-day for a couple of days.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. D. O. Mills visited Mt. Hamilton last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hunt and Miss Anna Hunt returned last Thursday from an enjoyable sojourn of a month at Paso Robles.

Mrs. E. W. Townsend returned last Tuesday from a prolonged Eastern visit, and is the guest of her sister, Miss Lake, at 1534 Sutter Street.

— TO BE UP IN SETTING A DINNER-TABLE CORRECTLY is the ambition of all housekeepers. The asparagus and artichoke plates, with compartments, are essential for this purpose. Nathan, Dohrmann & Co. show them in new styles and in elegant designs.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Colonel William R. Shafter, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant E. S. Prime, U. S. N., has been detached from the New York navy-yard and ordered as executive officer of the *Alliance*, now at Mare Island. Lieutenant C. McR. Winslow, U. S. N., Lieutenant James H. Bull, U. S. N., and Ensign Victor Blue, U. S. N., have also been ordered to the *Alliance*.

Captain James F. Randlett, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., is at Arrowhead, Cal., on a leave of absence owing to illness.

Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is at the Hyde Park Hotel, in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant F. E. Greene, U. S. N., has arrived here from Washington, D. C., for duty on the *Monterey*.

Colonel Blount, U. S. A., and Mr. W. B. Isaacs will leave for the City of Mexico next Tuesday.

Lieutenant Richard Henderson, U. S. N., Lieutenant S. P. Comby, U. S. N., Lieutenant W. L. Wood, U. S. N., Ensign J. C. Drake, U. S. N., and Assistant-Engineer Harry Hall, U. S. N., have been detached from the *Alliance* and granted three months' leave of absence.

The Gump sale of imported paintings commenced on Thursday evening at 16 Post Street, the purchases during the first evening amounting to about six thousand dollars. The principal buyers were Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and Messrs. E. W. Hopkins and Alvin Hayward, but there was a goodly throng of art-lovers present and many others secured prizes after spirited bidding. The sale will be continued until the pictures are all sold.

French Opinion of California.

The Parisian *Figaro* of December 5th compliments California on its large contingent of refined inhabitants. The writer derives his favorable opinion from the fact of 15,000 cases of Pommery Sec Champagne having been imported in one year, and adds that a country in the Far West, with only a million population, consuming such quantities of a fine wine, must be surely progressing in culture.

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SOCIETY.

The Bonestell-Fargo Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. J. B. Fargo, 1370 O'Farrell Street. The bride was his daughter, Miss Lulu Fargo, who has been very popular in society since her debut. The groom was Mr. Robert Gray Bonestell, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Bonestell, of this city. The residence was exquisitely decorated by Miss Durden, a young friend of the bride, the prevailing tone being lilac. The large parlor in which the wedding took place was artistic with draperies and masses of lilacs, roses, and St. Joseph's lilies. A trio of floral wedding-bells hung in the bridal bower, and a myriad of little brownies were suspended in mid-air or perched on pictures all over the room. About eighty relatives and intimate friends were present at nine o'clock, when Rev. Horatio Stebbins performed the marriage ceremony. Mr. H. S. Bonestell, brother of the groom, was best man, but the bride was unattended. A description of her dress is as follows:

It was a robe of lustrous white satin fashioned in the style of the First Empire. The long sleeves were bouffant from the elbows to the shoulders and tight around the wrists, ending in a fall of lace over her ungloved hands. The corsage was cut à la Vierge and trimmed with point lace. From her coiffure fell a rippling veil of white-silk moline to the end of the long court train. She carried a bouquet of white lilies.

After the ceremony the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of their friends, and at ten o'clock an elaborate supper was served under Ludwig's direction. This was followed by dancing until after one o'clock, when the pleasant affair ended. The wedding gifts filled a large room, and were very elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Bonestell will reside in their cottage in San Mateo.

The Deane-Holmes Wedding.

At the residence of Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Deane, 1003 Sutter Street, a quiet wedding took place last Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock. The contracting parties were their son, Dr. Tenison Deane, and Miss Zella Holmes. Flowers and foliage in rich profusion adorned the parlors, where only a few intimate friends were assembled as Rev. Dr. Chapman, of Oakland, performed the ceremony of marriage. Miss Hattie Bowman acted as maid of honor and Dr. George Shiels was best man. Congratulations followed the ceremony, and then a breakfast was served. In the afternoon, Dr. and Mrs. Deane left on a driving trip through San Mateo, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, and Monterey Counties, and will pass some time at the ranch of the groom's father in the latter county. When they return, they will reside at 1003 Sutter Street, and will receive on Wednesdays. The wedding presents were numerous and elegant. Those present at the wedding were:

Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Deane, Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknall, Captain and Mrs. W. L. Merry, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Whittell, Mrs. M. R. Roberts, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. David Conkling, Miss Hattie Bowman, Miss Julia Conkling, Mr. G. Frank Smith, and Dr. George Shiels.

The Lowry-Mulford Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Hudson Mulford, only daughter of Mr. Thomas W. Mulford, and Mr. William Glendenning Lowry, only son of Mr. W. J. Lowry, vice-president of the Humboldt Bank, took place last Wednesday, at noon. Rev. Horatio Stebbins performed the ceremony in the presence of a few relatives, after which a bounteous breakfast was enjoyed. In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Lowry departed for Honolulu, where they will pass their honeymoon. When they return they will reside in this city.

The Olympic Club Fair.

Next Monday will see the opening of the long berceaded Olympic Club Fair and Colosseum at the Mechanics' Pavilion. It seems pretty safe to conjecture, from the reports of the management, that never before has such an entertainment been offered to the San Francisco public.

Some general idea of the mammoth affair has already been grasped. The reproduction of the world-famous Colosseum of Rome, with its exciting games, the special character of the music and costumes, the generous aid to be given by society and business circles in the booths, the peculiarly attractive show arranged for children in the afternoons, the novelties, quaintnesses, classicities, and various delights of the Roman revival have already been touched upon in a general way. But a greater measure of curiosity attaches to the exact details of the grand arenic scenes. It is known that there will

be a constant succession of tableaux, but their nature has not been disclosed, and some little hint of what may be expected can not fail to be of interest.

After an overture by the band of forty pieces, a mounted herald will enter at full gallop and sound a preliminary blast. This will be followed by the state entry of Caesar, the procession passing around the arena to an orchestral march and out again. As soon as Caesar and his court have taken their seats—Caesar's entry to his suggestus being signaled by a double blast—the orchestra starts a slow march, and the vestals enter. They sing their secular ode, and afterward an ode to Caesar. A fanfare by the gorgeous herald then announces the entrance of the contestants, who listen to Caesar's address and march out.

Then follow foot-races, jumping contests, wrestling contests, discus throwing, javelin throwing, the results being announced in each case by the Magister Arenæ, all the contests being regulated with ancient formalities. Now comes the "dancing by the maidens." Some fifty will be so employed, and the "Dance of the Seasons" will be one of the pretty features of the varied spectacles.

A great fight between the *mediani*, *retarii*, and *myrmillones* will follow, the different styles of fighting being shown. The conflicts will be preceded by an impressive ode "Ave Caesar! Morituri te Salutant!" written expressly for the fair. The dead and wounded will then be carried out. Now succeed single combats between representative soldiers, and then will come the mounted lancemen and the concluding chariot races.

According to the latest arrangements, the following officers from the Presidio have kindly offered their services in the mounted exercises: Mounted lancers—Captain Parker, Lieutenant Nolan, Lieutenant Rutherford, Lieutenant Lockwood, Lieutenant Davis, Lieutenant Dean. Charioteers—Lieutenant Haylor and Lieutenant Haan.

A recent addition to the programme is a corps of beautiful castanet dancers. The reserved seat auction on Wednesday evening at the club went off very successfully. As high as sixteen dollars was bid for a single seat, and very few remained unsold.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Helen Otis and Mr. Frederick Billings Lake will be united in marriage at one o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Lucy Otis, 1900 Washington Street.

The wedding of Miss Maude Isabel Badlam and Mr. Frank Bradford will take place next Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam, 1024 Franklin Street. The ceremony will be performed at half-past eight o'clock in the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends, and will be followed by a large reception at nine o'clock.

Mrs. Gertrude Benchley Tefft, daughter of Mr. L. B. Benchley, of this city, was married in the Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, on April 8th, to Mr. Charles Miller, of New York, of the Huntington, Hopkins Company.

Miss Eva Slavin, daughter of the late M. A. Slavin, of this city, was married last week to Mr. Victor Bertrand de Pieris at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. H. B. Slavin, in New York city. Rev. M. A. Taylor, of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, officiated. An elaborate reception followed the ceremony.

The San Francisco Whist Club will give a reception this (Saturday) evening in its rooms in the Mercantile Library Building.

A fancy fair and children's fête, in aid of the Armitage Orphanage for Boys at San Mateo, will be held at the residence of Mrs. James Cunningham, 2578 Broadway, this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. This affair was to have taken place last Saturday, but was postponed on account of the death of Bishop Kip.

A reception and bazaar will be held at the Lick Old Ladies' Home to-day (Saturday) from ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon. Vehicles will be in waiting at the terminus of the Valencia Street cable road. The price of admission will be fifty cents, and luncheon will be served for twenty-five cents.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood and Miss Jennie Catherwood left for Chicago last Thursday to be present at the opening of the Columbian Exposition. They will be met there by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest La Montagne, and will remain away six weeks. Early in May, Miss Catherwood will go to Louisville, Ky., to visit Judge Simrall's family for a couple of weeks, and will witness the Derby there. Last Tuesday evening Miss Catherwood gave an informal but very pleasant dinner-party at her home in honor of Miss Virginia Fair, Mr. John Mackay, Jr., and Mr. Clarence Mackay. Mrs. John W. Mackay was entertained on Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Catherwood. About twenty-five friends of both ladies were present and enjoyed conversation and tea and other light refreshments. When the Catherwoods return, they will remain here about five months and then go to New York to reside, as they have secured a residence near to that of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest La Montagne.

Mrs. Horace Davis gave a charming lunch-party at her residence last Tuesday in honor of her two nieces, the Misses Davis, of Cambridge, Mass., who are visiting her. Among those invited to participate

in the pleasures of the affair were: Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. James Otis, Miss Oxnard, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Elliott, Miss Beaver, and Miss Dibble.

The Misses Dimond gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their home in honor of the Misses Tompkins, of San Leandro. The table was prettily decorated with lilies, and the menu was a delicious one. Those present were: Misses Eleanor and Mae Dimond, Miss Sarah Haight Tompkins, Miss J. W. Tompkins, Miss Laura McKinstry, General William H. Dimond, Dr. Gilmore, of Chicago, Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, Mr. James F. J. Archibald, Mr. Suro, and Mr. William M. Randol.

Miss Mamie Holbrook gave a theatre-party last Saturday evening and afterward entertained her guests at supper. Her guests were Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Bessie Shreve, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. L. A. Dodsworth, Mr. J. W. Wright, and Mr. H. M. Holbrook.

Mrs. William H. Wallace gave a charming dinner-party recently at her residence on Broadway, and had as her guests Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Henley, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Thorn, Mrs. Ames, Miss Ames, Miss Van Winkle, Miss Wilson, Miss Cora Wallace, Mr. L. E. Van Winkle, and Mr. Harry Wallace.

An enjoyable theatre-party, followed by a delicious supper, was given last Saturday evening by Mrs. D. M. Delmas. Her guests were Miss Edna Robinson, Misses Delmas, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. C. K. MacIntosh, and Mr. L. E. Van Winkle.

Miss McNutt gave an informal matinee tea last Tuesday, at her home on California Street, and pleasantly entertained a few friends.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt gave a charming lunch-party recently at her residence in honor of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht gave a pleasant dinner-party last Wednesday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Helen Hecht. Covers were laid for sixteen, and a bounteous repast was served. The dining-hall and rotunda were beautifully decorated, and the affair was a most delightful one in every respect.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Sanderini Concert.

An enjoyable concert was given by Mme. Thea Sanderini Wednesday evening, at which the following interesting programme was presented:

Trio, "La Gioconda," Ponchielli, Mme. Thea Sanderini, Miss Anna Selkirk, and Mr. Victor Carroll; solo soprano, aria, "Freischütz," "Wie Nuba Mir der Schimmer," Weber, Mme. Thea Sanderini; violin solo, "Reverie," Vieuxtemps, Master Benjamin Tuttle; solo alto, Segni F. Schira, Miss Anna Selkirk; aria, basso solo, "Vision Fair," (a) "Herodiade," T. Massenet, Mr. Victor Carroll; duo, (a) "Giorno d'Orrore," Rossini, (b) nocturne, Denza, Mme. Thea Sanderini and Miss Anna Selkirk, accompanied by Miss Clara Sanderini; piano solo, rhapsodie, No. 6, Liszt, Signor Martinez; aria, (a) "Nozze di Figaro," Mozart, (b) "Der Schmetterling," Franz Abt, Mme. Thea Sanderini; mandolin solo, "Souvenir de Florence," Belleoghi, Mr. Samuel Adelstein; tenor solo, "Cavatina Adelaide," Beethoven, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; solo, "La Stella Confidente," Kobaudi, Miss Anna Selkirk, mandolin obligato by Mr. Samuel Adelstein; quartet, mezza notte, "Martha," Flotow, Mme. Thea Sanderini, Miss Anna Selkirk, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, and Mr. Victor Carroll.

The Ferrari Concert.

Signora Virginia Ferrari gave a concert last Thursday evening, which was attended by an appreciative audience. The programme was an excellent one, and comprised the following selections:

Beethoven, trio III, C minor, allegro con brio, andante con variazioni, menetto, finale prestissimo, Signor G. Minetti, Mr. A. Lada, Signor S. Martinez; (a) recitative E aria (1683-1735), Benedetto Marcello, (b) plaisir d'amour (1741-1816), Giovanni Martini, Signora V. Ferrari; H. Vieuxtemps's fourth grand concerto, andante, cadenza, adagio, scherzo, allegro energico, Signor G. Minetti; guarany, ballata A. Gomes (Cera una volta un principe), Signora V. Ferrari; Legende S. Francis of Padua, "Walling on the Waves," Liszt, Signor S. Martinez; "Falstaff," G. Verdi (aria from scena della fete), Signora V. Ferrari; exstase reverie, Galuzzi, Mrs. C. Carr, Mr. A. Lada, Signor G. Minetti, and Signor S. Martinez.

The Sancho-Lomhardero Concert.

A testimonial concert was tendered to Señor José Sancho and Señor José Lombardero by their pupils last Tuesday evening. The affair attracted a large audience, who were well entertained by the presentation of the following programme:

Waltz, "Canto de Himeneo," A. Cizbulka, the Bandurria Club; "Good Night, Beloved," Balfe, Mr. Frank Mitchell; overture, "Poet and Peasant," Suppé, Figaro Club; "Omaggio a Verdi," (concerto per violini), Signor R. Rebagliati; potpourri from the opera "Maschetto," Audran, Sevilla Club; selection from the opera "Rigoletto," Verdi, (guitar solo, arranged by J. Sancho), Miss Susie M. Blair; waltz, "Near to You," Sancho, Año Nuevo Club; "Staccato Etude," Rubinstein, Miss Edith Sampson; (a) interzzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, (b) danza, "Bouquet de Fleurs," Sancho, by the pupils of Señors Sancho and Lombardero.

The Morgan Harp Recital.

The Misses Morgan gave a harp recital last Monday evening in the First Unitarian Church for the benefit of the Society for Christian Work. The programme presented was as follows:

Harp duo, "Martha," Flotow; harp solo, "Danse des Sylphs," Godefrid; harp solo, "The Nun's Prayer," Oberthur; harp solo, "Spring" (from "The Seasons"), J. Thomas; harp solo, "Fairy Legend," Oberthur; harp solo (a) song, Dubez, (b) "Confidence," Hasselmann; harp solo, "Barbarian Gypsy Dance, Alvars; harp duo, "Rakoczy Tudolo," J. Thomas.

Mr. Ernst Hartmann will give a piano recital at three o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon, in the First Unitarian Church, for the benefit of the Society for Christian Work.

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JOBINARD'S LEGS.

The Fate of a Man who was Stuck on Himself.

It's twenty years ago since that time; I was a light-hearted boy then—a boy of twenty. I lived in Paris, and I studied Art. Being an artist, I always spelt Art with a capital A. I have other things to think of besides Art now. I have to think of painting what the public will buy. I have to make it pay—I have made it pay. But it is not about myself I want to talk, it is of Orsnn—or Orson the Hirsute, Orson the Unrelenting, Orsnn the Hater of Art. Of course his name wasn't Orson. His real name was Jnhinard, and he lived at the corner of the Rue de l'Antienne Comédie, did this uncompromising grocer, this well-to-do Esau of the Quartier Latin, this man who hated Art, Artists, and, above all, Art students, with a peculiar ferocity.

Alcibiade Jobinard had reason to dislike Art students. They had a nasty way of getting into his debt; but Jnhinard took the bull by the horns—he gave no more credit.

"Ma foi!" he would say, with a supercilious sneer, "credit is dead, my good young sir; he don't live here any longer; he is dead and buried."

And then one had to go empty away. It had been so handy in the good old days just to run into Jobinard's for whatever one wanted, and—well, "stick it up." You see you could get an entire meal at Jnhinard's, one of those little sham boneless hams—they've quite enough on them for four; tinned provisions in inexhaustible variety; wines from seventy-five centimes upwards; liqueurs; dessert, even, in the shape of cheeses of all sorts, almonds and raisins, grapes and peaches. It was excessively convenient. When one was *au sec*, one dealt with Jobinard, and it was put down to the account; when one was in funds, one dined and breakfasted *en ville*, and left Jobinard's severely alone.

But now all was changed. Mlle. Amenäide was an uncommonly pretty girl, and we were all desperately head over heels in love with her. By "we" I mean the Art students; but of all the Art students who were desperately in love with Mlle. Amenäide, Daburn, the sculptor, was the most demonstrative. Jobinard hated Daburn with a deadly hatred; because Daburn never expended more than ten centimes at a time. It was the society of Mlle. Amenäide that Daburn hungered for, and he got it because he was entitled to it, being a purchaser.

Mlle. Amenäide was Jobinard's cashier. It was a large shop, and there were several assistants; but all moneys were paid to Mlle. Amenäide, the cashier, who sat in a glass box underneath the great chiming clock.

Daburn, the sculptor, would enter the shop, nod in a cavalier manner to Jobinard, as though he were the very dust beneath his feet; then he would look at Mlle. Amenäide, raise his hat with his right hand, place his left upon his heart, and then make her a low bow; then he would pretend to blow her a kiss from the tips of his fingers, as though he were a circus rider; then he would take up a box of matches or some other peculiarly inexpensive article. "Have the kindness to wrap that up carefully for me in paper," he would remark, in a patronizing manner; then he would march up to Mlle. Amenäide with the air of an Alexander—you could almost hear the tune of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," played as you saw him do it. He would pay his ten centimes, and whisper some compliment into the ear of Mlle. Amenäide; then he would receive his purchase from the hand of M. Jnhinard in a magnificent and condescending manner; then he would strike a ridiculous attitude of exaggerated admiration, and stare at the unhappy grocer as though he were one of the seven wonders of the world. "What a lust!" or, "What arms!" or, "What muscularity!" he would say, and then he would heave a sigh and swagger out of the shop.

Jobinard, who was a particularly ugly, thick-set, hairy little man, used at first rather to resent these references to his personal advantages, his four assistants and his cashier would titter, and at first Jnhinard used to blush; but at length the poor fellow fell into the snare laid for him by the villain Daburn.

He got to believe himself the perfect type of manly beauty. He felt that he was what the French call *bel homme*. When a Frenchman has once come to this conclusion, there is no folly of which he is not ready to be guilty.

The fact is, Daburn had passed the word round. The Art students, male and female, invariably stared appreciatively at the little hairy, thick-set Jobinard as though he were the glass of fashion and the mold of form. Jnhinard now began to give himself airs; he swaggered about the shop, he exhibited himself in the doorway, he posed and attitudinized all day long, and then we began to make it rather warmer for Jobinard.

"Ah, M. Jnhinard, if you were only a poor man, what a thing it would be for Art!" Ah, if we only had you to sit to us for the nude. We are going to do Ajax defying the lightning next week. What an Ajax you would make, Jobinard!"

"You really ought to sacrifice yourself in the interests of Art," another would remark. "You'd ruin the professional model, you would, indeed."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," Jnhinard would reply, his hairy, baboon-like face grinning with delight, "a too benevolent heaven has made me the man I am," and then he struck an attitude.

"What legs!" we all cried in a sort of chorus.

"Ah, M. Jnhinard," I said, pleadingly, "if you would only permit us to photograph your lower extremities."

"Never, gentlemen, never!" replied the infuriated Jobinard; "I care nothing for Art. Besides it would be almost indecent; I could never look into a print-shop without coming face to face with the evidences of my too fatal beauty."

From that day Jobinard ceased to wear his professional apron.

It was about a week after this that Daburn, I, and another man presented ourselves at Jobinard's establishment. We raised our hats to Jobinard as one man, we smiled, and then we bowed.

The hairy little grocer seemed considerably astonished at our performance.

"M. Jnhinard," said Daburn, who was our spokesman, "you see before you a deputatin of three, representing the Art students of Paris, some five hundred in number. We have come to beg a favor. We know, alas, too well, that it would be absolutely impossible to induce a man of your position in society to sit to us; but, M. Jnhinard, a man possessing the lower extremities of a Hercules, a Farnese Hercules, M. Jnhinard—and I need hardly remind you that Hercules was a demigod—has his duties as well as his privileges. Those magnificent lower extremities of his are not his own—they belong to the public. Such lower extremities as yours, monsieur, are not for an age, but for all time; they must be handed down in marble to posterity; the legs of Jnhinard must become a household word in Art—to refuse our request, monsieur, would be a crime. You would retain the copyright of your own legs, of course. They would be multiplied in plaster of Paris, and become a marketable commodity never the whole civilized world. Such muscles as these," said Daburn, respectfully prodding and patting the unfortunate Jobinard, "must not be lost to the artistic world. What a hicups, what a deltid, my friends," he continued; "what a magnificent development of the sterno-cleido-mastoides!"

The wretched Jobinard, blown out with pride, seemed, like the frog in the fable, ready to burst. And then he prudently drew up the leg of his nether garment to the knee and exhibited a muscular brown limb as hairy as that of an ape.

"You will not refuse us?" we cried, in chorus.

"You will not dare to refuse us," added Daburn.

"Gentlemen, I yield! I see that Art can not get on without me. When would you like to begin?" said poor Jobinard.

"To-morrow, at noon," answered Daburn, as he shook hands with the little grocer reverentially, and then we took our leave.

Next day a long procession filed into the shop.

"This way, gentlemen, this way, if you please," said M. Jnhinard, as he indicated the way to his back-yard.

We must have been at least thirty. Everybody brought something; there were four sacks of plaster, some paving-stones, bits of broken iron, bricks, and enough material to have walled up Jobinard alive. A great mass of moist plaster was prepared, the limbs that had become necessary to the world of Art were denuded of their covering and placed in the moist mass; then large quantities of the liquid plaster were poured on them; then the scraps of old iron, the bars, the paving-stones, and the bricks were carefully inserted and built up into the still soft mass, which was at least a yard high and a yard thick.

"Dnn! mnve, dear M. Jnhinard," cried Daburn; "the plaster is about to set. We shall return in half an hour, by which time the molds will be complete."

M. Jnhinard, seated in the centre of his back-yard, bolt upright, bowed to each of us as we passed out.

In about a quarter of an hour Jobinard began to feel distinctly uncomfortable. "The molds seem getting terribly heavy," he said to one of his assistants, who kept him company; "they seem to be fire, and I can't move."

At that moment the procession, headed by Daburn, filed once more into the court-yard.

"It's getting painful, gentlemen," said Jobinard;

"I feel as though I were being turned to stone."

"Try and bear it bravely. Nothing is attained in this world, dear monsieur, without a certain amount of physical suffering. It'll be set as hard as marble in a few minutes. We will obtain the necessary appliances for your release at once, Jobinard. Remain perfectly quiet till our return," said Daburn, rather suavely.

And then we each of us kissed our finger-tips solemnly to poor Jobinard, and we filed out once more. It was the last day of the term at the Art school, and we were all off for our holidays.

For two hours Jobinard waited for us in an agony of fear; then he sent for a stonemason who dug him out. They had to get the plaster off with a hammer. We had, by direction of the Demn Daburn, omitted to oil the shapely limbs of our victim.

Poor Jnhinard!

C. J. WILLS.

M. Mnssan, a French scientist, has succeeded in producing small artificial diamonds. We shall cling to our old, large, natural diamonds for the present until the telegraph brings further particulars.

Ripans Tabules act like magic in cases of indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia or headache.

STORIES OF THE RAIL.

"What might have been an ugly head-ender turned out to be one of the funniest things I ever see," said one of the freight engineers. "It was in '87, when I was firin' with Cap. Willis on the Indianapolis division. One summer day we was grindin' down toward Miller's Station, makin' good time with two loaded boxes and about fifteen empty gondolas. All at once Cap. says: 'Great Scott!' We had come around that timber bend and there, about five hundred yards ahead, was the old jack engine rackin' toward us. It had a box and the pay-car behind. Cap. was pale and cussin', but he reversed 'er, and we could see by the way the jack was spittin' fire that she was reversed, too. 'Darned if I jump,' says Cap."

"We came jamming up to each other with both engines locked tight and slidin' on the rails. We saw old Bill Harris jump from the jack, roll down six feet of bank, crawl under a wire-fence, and start on a dead run through a field of wheat. The fireman was after him. Well, we met, and it was just a hard bump splitting our cncatcher."

"As soon as the blamed old jack came to a standstill, of course she began to puff on the reverse and back off. Old Bill was standing out in the wheat when we struck. Then, when the jack started back to town, you ought to see him. He yelled like a crazy man, dived under the fence, climbed up the bank, and chased her down the track. He got on the cowcatcher and edged along the head to the cab, and stopped her. He was on the sidin' when we pulled through town. As we came up, he stuck his head out and says: 'Did I skeer ye?' Cap. was purty mad, but he says: 'By thunder, I didn't chase into no wheat-field.'"

"Say, these things are mighty funny afterward," said the baggage man; "but when they happen, it's nothing to laugh about. When we humped into that freight just out of Chicago, three years ago, I was sitting back in the car checking up. It threw me down, and then I started to crawl for the back door. The tender telescoped and came through at me. It didn't stop till it was within four feet of the back of the car, and I sat there waiting for it to catch me. I remember it had '487' in red figures, and as it came grindin' through at me every figure looked ten feet high. When it stopped, I could reach out and touch it."

"A man's likely to lose his head," said the passenger conductor. "In that Shreve accident, when they were getting people out of the sleeper, they sent a porter back to one of the coaches to get the saw and axe. He came back and said there was a glass case over them and he couldn't get at 'em. The conductor didn't do a thing but soak him one in the eye, and next day the papers said the colored porter was horribly cut and bruised about the head."

Important to Office-Seekers.

"Henry!" said Mr. Cleveland to his private secretary.

"Yes, your excellency."

"What's all that racket in the lobby?"

"I'll go and see, sir."

When Mr. Thurber returned, he said:

"It's a delegation of your faithful henchmen, your excellency, who desire an audience."

"What do they want? Offices, I suppose?"

"They wish to call your attention to the fact that when the campaign was in progress divers persons were wont to express in song their belief that when Gruber should be elected, the Democrats would be in clover."

"I remember something of the song, Henry; but what of it?"

"Your humble liegemen would like to know when they may expect the clover aforesaid."

"Henry," said the President, "you may refer all inquiries about clover to J. Sterling Martn. He is Secretary of Agriculture."—Hagerstown Mail.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Beware of Imitations.

The Philadelphia Press says that the President's secretary, Mr. Thurber, walks about the executive mansion in red Morocco slippers, covered with light-brown spots."

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies

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Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

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of Scott's Emulsion in consumption, scrofula and other forms of hereditary disease is due to its powerful food properties.

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rapidly creates healthy flesh—proper weight. Hereditary taints develop only when the system becomes weakened.

Nothing in the world of medicine has been so successful in diseases that are most menacing to life. Physicians everywhere prescribe it.

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MEDALS

at
Vienna,
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AN INVIGORATING TONIC,
For General Debility, Fever & Ague,
Footsore of the Blood, etc., etc.
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is the universal tribute of the children who use

Highland
Evaporated Cream

unsweetened.
Don't take other, cheap brands—insist on
having Highland.
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MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPEL AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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GEORGE GOODMAN,
—PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF—
ARTIFICIAL STONE
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Schilling's Patent Slide Walk and Garden
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We are making a specialty of Collecting Rents, Renting Houses, and placing Insurance. Our terms are moderate and our service prompt, efficient, and satisfactory.

BALDWIN & HAMMOND,
10 Montgomery Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A pretty young schoolma'am in Klamath County, Or., puzzled the powers of pronunciation of her class recently with the word "husband," chalked on the blackboard. To help them she asked: "What should I have if I should get married?" "Bahies, ma'am," shnuted the class in unison.

The story is told of Robespierre that, at one time, when at the height of his power, a lady called upon him, beseeching him to spare her husband's life. He scornfully refused. As she turned away, she happened to tread upon the paw of his pet dog. He turned upon her: "Madame, have you no humanity?"

Out West—that is to say, in the Wild West—it is the custom (says the *Harvard Lampoon*) to mark a man's grave by a white cross, surrounded by a little fence. One day I happened to notice that there was but one cross in the cemetery at Mud Flat. "Look here, Dick," said I, turning to my cowboy friend, "this must be a remarkably healthy place, eh?" "Wa-al, it's this way, pard," he replied; "timber's d-d scarce out here, and the last man gets the fence."

A professor, who used to teach the grandfathers of the present generation of students, objected to the pronunciation of "wound" as if it were spelled "woond," and his students used to hunt for chances to make him explain his objections. One day he stopped a student who was reading to the class, and said: "How do you pronounce that word?" "Woond, sir." The professor looked ugly, and replied: "I have never found any ground for giving it that soond. Go on."

The chemistry professor grew reminiscent (says the *Boston Budget*), and told how a woman came to him some years ago for instruction in chemistry. The class grew interested. "I told her," said Professor C., "that we didn't take woman students, and advised her to go to Tufts. Well, she went. She took a long course in organic chemistry under Professor H., and at last she married him." The class looked more interested. Then one member raised his hand. "Well, Mr. Jones?" "Sort of chemical union, wasn't it professor?"

The finest examples of unpleasant passports on record are, according to James Payn's way of thinking, those given by the King of Portugal when master of the Indian Seas. Even Moorish ships dared not set sail without his permission in writing, and, as the Moors could never acquire the art of reading, these "permits," for which handsome payment, of course, had to be made, generally ran as follows: "The owner of this ship is a very wicked Moor. I desire that the first Portuguese captain to whom this is shown may make a prize of her."

During "Stonewall" Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, it became necessary that a bridge over a small creek should be built in great haste. One evening Jackson sent for his old pioneer captain, Myers by name, and pointed out to him the urgency of the occasion, saying that he would send him the plan of his colonel of engineers as soon as it was done. Next morning Jackson rode down to Captain Myers's quarters, and, saluting the veteran, said: "Captain, did you get the plan of the bridge from Colonel —?" "Well," said the captain, "the bridge, general, is built, but I don't know whether the picture is done or not!"

When General O. O. Howard was in Chattanooga the other day, a beggar, with a withered arm, from which the fingers and part of the hand were missing, came up to him and asked for alms. The general, with a twinkle in his eye, held out his empty sleeve and said: "You are better off than I am, for you have your arm left, while I have lost mine." The cripple gazed at the empty sleeve for a moment, and then extracted fifteen cents from the pocket of his tattered jeans trousers. "Here," he said, turning to General Howard; "this is all I've got, but you're welcome to it." There was a general laugh at the expense of the distinguished commander of the Department of the East, and he made the man happy by giving him a silver dollar.

In a little volume of lectures by Henry Irving, just published, is a story which illustrates the actor's motto, "While trifles make perfection, perfection is no trifle." "This lesson was enjoined on me when I was a very young man," he says, "by that remarkable actress, Charlotte Cushman. I remember that, when she played Meg Merrilies, I was cast for Henry Bertram. It was my duty to give Meg Merrilies a piece of money, and I did it after the traditional fashion of handing her a large purse full of coin of the realm, in the shape of broken crockery, which was generally used in financial transactions on the stage. But after the play Miss Cushman said to me: 'Instead of giving me that purse, don't you think it would have been much more natural if you had taken a number of coins

from your pocket and given me the smallest? That is the way one gives alms to a beggar, and it would have added to the realism of the scene.' I have never forgotten that lesson."

Contiguity to greatness is sometimes embarrassing, as an office-seeker from Arkansas found when he was ushered into Mr. Cleveland's presence, the other day. "Mr. President," he said, "I am a plain American citizen who has no influence beyond the respect and esteem of the people of two States, and I would like to be consul-general at Rome, Egypt." "Rome, Egypt, did you say?" asked the President. "Yes, sir; and I know that I could fill the office with satisfaction in the government. I came to leave my papers. Here they are. Good-day." "Good Lord!" he said, a half-hour later, when the sense of his error flashed over him; "here I am, a thousand miles from home—came all the way to get the office, and the President thinks I don't know that Rome is in Italy. I am going home to-night."

"Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation," said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. "When I was a student," he continued, "I used my sense of taste," and with that he dipped his finger in the gallipot and then put his finger in his mouth. "Taste it, gentlemen, taste it," said the professor, "and exercise your perceptive faculties." The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class, one by one. The students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction and, with many a wry face, sucked the abomination from their fingers. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor, "I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation, for had you looked more closely at what I was doing you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot."

Professor Lenbach, of Munich, painted Bismarck's portrait, and soon afterward was informed that Baron Bleichroeder would like to buy it, and wanted to know the price. Lenbach sent back word that the price was twenty-five thousand marks, and at that price Bleichroeder declined to become the purchaser. Some time afterward, Bleichroeder invited the painter to call on him, and, on his arrival, he asked him if he would be willing to paint his portrait. Lenbach replied that he would be willing to do the work, and that the price of the portrait would be twenty-five thousand marks. "You are asking only twenty-five thousand marks for a portrait of Bismarck," said Bleichroeder, indignantly, "and certainly my portrait ought to be much cheaper." "You are right in one respect," replied Lenbach; "Bismarck and you are certainly not to be spoken of in the same breath. Still, the price for the two portraits is the same, for you must remember that it gave me very great pleasure to paint the portrait of Prince Bismarck, whereas I can not honestly say that it would give me the least pleasure to paint your portrait." Bleichroeder's portrait was never painted by Lenbach.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.
Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

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—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1, 2, 3.
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POZZONI'S All Druggists
and Fancy Stores. TINTS

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days) 7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days) 7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:30, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M.
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 1:45, 4:05, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Week Days 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor Tocaloma, Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations. Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays (Wk Days except Monday) 6:10 P. M. Daily 10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.
Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.65; Cazadero, \$3.00.
Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.
THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.
Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—April 15th, SS. City of New York; April 25th, SS. Colima; May 5th, SS. City of Sydney.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco at noon on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.
Way line sailings—April 18th, SS. City of Panama; May 3d, SS. San Blas.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.
City of Peking.....Thursday, April 13, at 3 P. M.
China.....Tuesday, April 25, at 3 P. M.
Perth.....Saturday, May 13, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Thursday, June 1, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 10 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1893.
Belgie.....(via Honolulu).....Thursday, May 4
Oceanic.....Tuesday, May 23
Gaelic.....Tuesday, June 13
Belgie.....Thursday, July 13

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin place on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For Freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
Geo. H. RICK, Traffic Manager.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:
Britannic.....April 26th
Teutonic.....May 3d
Germanic.....May 17th
Majestic.....May 17th
Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.
H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 8, 1893.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, ...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Yacaville.	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.
11:45 P. Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos.
8:15 A. Newark, Centerville, San José, Los Gatos, and Wrights.
4:15 P. Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.
7:00 A. San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.
8:15 A. San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.
10:40 A. San José and Way Stations.
12:05 P. Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.
2:30 P. San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.
3:30 P. San José and principal Way Stations.
4:30 P. Palo Alto and Way Stations.
5:15 P. San José and Way Stations.
6:30 P. Palo Alto and Way Stations.
11:45 P. Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.
A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.
Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.
Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Little Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Kings River, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Yicby Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80; to Ukiah, \$1.80.

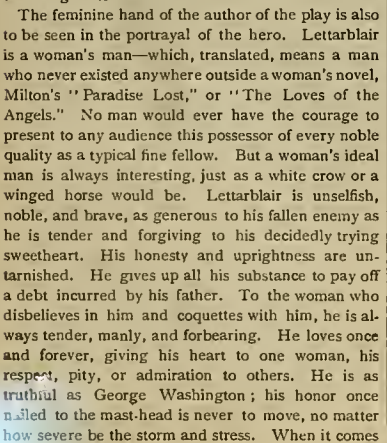
EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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The heiress and beauty loved by Captain Lettair, and wooed with all the gentle blarney that is supposed to be peculiar to the tongues of soldiers and Irishmen, is a fair and golden-locked lady—Miss Virginia Harned. Miss Harned is plump and pretty, and sufficiently talented to be commended for her portrayal of Fanny. She is one of those numerous actresses of medium ability of whom one may neither say that she is very clever or very stupid. She gives a creditable performance, and would endure herself deeply to the people who sit far back in the theatre if she would speak more slowly, especially in the places where the stolen check and the transfer of the money are alluded to. The scene where Fanny's dress is caught in the door is well managed by Miss Harned. This scene was objected to by Eastern critics on the grounds that it would strike the audience as accidental. It certainly looks as if it were accident. But it is very humorous and very new, and Miss Harned looked extremely pretty as she stood angling for

— H. C. MASSIE,
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AUCTIONEER

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The Paris *Figaro* remarks: "On dit à Berlin que l'impératrice Victoria-Augusta est de nouveau dans une position intéressante."

Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll receives almost as many letters as her husband, and most of the letters inclose religious tracts.

Belva Lockwood's application for permission to practice before the courts of New York State has again been rejected for informality. It might pay Belva to hire a lawyer.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is said to be the only woman created a peeress by reason of her great public services, and the first, if not the last, woman to have received the freedom of the city of London, has in her possession a famous tiara of diamonds that belonged to Marie Antoinette.

A New York paper tells this story of Mrs. Langtry and the late "Squire Abingdon":

"When he first began to pay her attentions, he offered her ten thousand pounds if she would go off on a jaunt with him for a month. She consented; but, knowing her changeable nature, he caused a regular legal contract to be drawn up to that effect, which the Lily duly signed, and then ten one-thousand-pound bank-notes were handed over to her."

The King of Spain's aunt, the Infanta Isabella, who is coming across the ocean to take part in the ceremonies at the opening of the World's Fair, is said to be one of the most indefatigable sportswomen in Spain. She hunts incessantly, drives a four-in-hand, and dances like a young girl, though she is forty-two.

The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland looks remarkably well in her deep widow's mourning, which sets off her tall and shapely figure to great advantage. The duchess is fond of surrounding herself with "briny" people—artists, authors, actors, and singers, and the lions of Bohemia generally. The duchess has one child, a daughter, by her first husband, Captain Blair.

Mme. Cottu, who is distinctively "the woman in the case" in the French Panama scandal, has singularly few of the attributes of Venus. She is described as "like Mother Hubbard at the age of forty," and she dresses very plainly, though in clothes that show her dressmaker's artistic touch. She is small, with a little, angular figure, piercing eyes, and a cold, clear voice.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, who is now living in London, is a great social favorite. She is described as more attractive than when, eighteen years ago, she went to England a hopeful bride. She was only nineteen years old then. She does not look over thirty now. Her face is of girlish fullness and smoothness; her eyes are very dark and shaded by heavy black lashes. She has the appearance of a lady of indolent repose.

Mme. Marchesi's pupils in Paris have lately been more or less indignant over her reduction of the length of her lessons, combined with an advance in her charges for instruction in singing. The graduating class made a respectful protest the other day, whereupon the famous teacher flew into a rage, and demanded a letter of apology from every member. Six of them, five being Americans, preferred to leave the school, and two of the best voices in the class have gone in consequence.

Lady Colin Campbell is not likely to realize even a minimum part of the one hundred thousand dollars left to her by the late Duke of Marlborough, as a testimony of his "unfailing respect and esteem."

Vogue's London correspondent says: "His personality will barely meet the modest three thousand pounds a year which is Lady Blandford's portion, and it is more than doubtful if the extra legacy of five hundred pounds each, left to his daughters, will ever find fulfillment. Meanwhile, Lady Colin has turned religious, so runs the rumor, and looked handsomer than ever at the private view at the Grafton Galleries. Lady Blandford, her daughters, and the youthful duke have retired to Blenheim, where they are living in semi-seclusion, only one wing of the palace being in use; the rest of the great mansion is shut up and veiled in dust-sheds and brown Holland. American millions red reconstructed the princely home and estate, making it beautiful indeed; but, alas, there are no American thousands even now to keep up its brilliant traditions."

The cost of going to a Parisian actress to learn French is not small, as the following story, from London *Tricks*' Paris correspondent, shows:

"Prince Kotohito-kan-in, a Japanese of the imperial house, came here to study in the Latin Quarter a few winters back. He was told that the best French was spoken on the stage, and the best teachers were the actresses. Believing what he heard, he applied to Mme. Jane Hading for lessons. She set a high value upon her teaching, as the bills she ran at the *Théâtre des Variétés* in the name of the Japanese prince conclusively established. The total was 35,000 francs. Here are a few of the items: A pair of openwork cream-colored silk stockings, 110 francs; 20 yards of Valenciennes for night dresses, at 900 francs a yard, 18,000 francs; 6 metres 70 centimetres of Chantilly, 1,742 francs; 10 metres of Valenciennes for sheets, 4,094 francs; a pink silk chemise, 135 francs, etc. The bill, when the prince was obliged by an imperial order to return to Japan, was sent to his father, who did not dispute it. He lost patience, however, when a second one, that had been forgotten, was forwarded to him. It was for more Valenciennes at 900 francs a metre; an Ophelia ribbon, 90 francs; a pair of gauze stockings, 25 francs; extra fine ditto, ditto, 105 francs, and divers other articles. The claim has been placed in an *avocat's* hands, and the judges of the Seventh Chamber are to hear counsel wrangle and indulge, doubtless, in *facéties* about it."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

First fair one—"So Fred and Arthur both proposed to her. Which was the lucky one?" *The other fair one*—"I don't know yet. Fred married her."—*Life*.

Kitty—"Isn't it wonderful how well Jack gets along on a small salary?" *Tom* (guardedly)—"Ah, well, you see, he owes a great deal to his friends."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Young man—"I wish your opinion, sir, as to whether your daughter would make me a good wife." *Lawyer*—"No, sir, she would not. Five dollars, please."—*Boston Bulletin*.

"Dear me," cried mamma; "what is the baby crying for?" "He's mad at me, mamma," said Mollie; "I was trying to make him smile with the glove-stretcher."—*Bazar*.

"Ah! John," said the wife to her ambitious husband, "you are not a Brooks, a Butler, a Hayes, a Blaine, or a Lamar." "I'm darned glad I ain't," he said; "I'm alive."—*Ex*.

Mrs. Younghusband—"Why can't you stay at home this evening, George? Your employer can get along without you." *George*—"I know it, but I don't want him to find it out."—*Life*.

Bartlett—"I hear that your next-door neighbors have a new organ. Do you know how many stops it has?" *Jackson*—"Only about three a day, and those are only for meals."—*Ex*.

Wife—"Dear, aren't you drinking a little too much wine?" *Husband*—"No; I can hold more liquor than most men." *Wife*—"I dare say. It always goes to your head."—*Truth*.

"What a very disagreeable thing it must be to be disappointed in love," said Miss Shattuck. "Yes," replied Mr. Heopeck, "but it is infinitely worse to be disappointed in marriage."—*Judge*.

Helen Hyler—"Don't you think it is very bad form for a man who is calling on a young lady to sit down before she does?" *Jack Lever*—"Certainly; but under some circumstances he has to."—*Puck*.

"Have you made any acquaintances since you came to Washington?" said one young man to another. "Well, I have a speaking acquaintance with several young women in the telephone-offices."—*Ex*.

Editor of New York daily—"The circulation is falling off. I can't understand it. We have given away chromos, novels, and life-insurance policies. What can we try next?" *Assistant*—"News."—*Truth*.

The captain—"By Jove, Miss Pompadour, how the costumes and make-up alter people! I hardly knew you." *Miss Pompadour*—"Do I look such a fright, then?" *The captain*—"On the contrary, you look charming."—*Boston Budget*.

A man and his wife entered a restaurant out in the country, and the former said to the waiter: "What can you let us have?" "Signor, there is only a single mutton-chop left." "Per Bacco! Whatever is my wife to have for dinner?"—*Il Messaggero*.

"Mamma," whispered Willie, breathlessly, as he followed with eager eyes the extraordinary gyrations of the gifted tragedian who was acting the part of Richard the Third, "what does he mean when he says: 'A horse! A horse! McKinley for a horse!'"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Little Johnny (reading)—"See the fat cat. Can the fat cat see a rat? Yes; the fat cat can see the rat, and the fat cat can get the rat if the rat did not run. But the cat can run—" *Johnny's sister* (interrupting)—"Why, what a beautiful pastel in prose!"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Barber slightly ahead: *Barber*—"They say John L. Sullivan and—" *Man in chair* (impatiently interrupting)—"Do you barbers always talk about John L. Sullivan when you're shaving a man?" *Barber*—"Not always. We generally try to size up a customer and we talk to him accordin'."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Tramp—"Beg your pardon, sir, but—" *Affable party*—"Oh, that's all right, certainly; don't give it another thought. When you stopped me, I didn't know but you wanted a quarter or something of that sort, and you only wanted to beg my pardon? Granted freely! God bless you, my man."—*Boston Transcript*.

"You demand high wages," said the mistress of the house, "but I am willing to pay good wages to a good girl. You are prepared to give satisfaction, I suppose, in the matter of references?" "As to references, mum," replied the young woman in the gay bonnet, haughtily, "I don't require 'em. References is out of place between ladies."—*Chicago Tribune*.

The School Trustee of District No. 13, Cornstalk Township, closed the door on the young woman's retreating form, walked back to the stove, and spat in the coal-bucket. "That makes three gals that's wanted to teach the school," he soliloquized, regretfully, "that I've had to refuse because they didn't seem to understand none of the principles of grammar."—*Chicago Tribune*.

HE LIKES THE NEW STAMPS.

HOTEL OU RHIN,

WIESBADEN, February 21, 1893.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—Sir: Permit me to introduce myself as portier (or hall-porter) in the above-mentioned hotel. It is one of my numerous duties to take in the mail and arrange the reading-room, and for years I have opened every week your paper, even the one that was on board the sunk steamer *Eider*. Besides your paper, we receive the New York *Staatzeitung* and several other New York papers; all these use lately the new Columbus stamps, to my greatest delight. The object of my writing to you, sir, is now to request you to adopt the same way of using these new stamps, and also to ask you for the great favor to send me some of the others. I see they have 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 15, 30, and 50 cents, and 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 dollars. These latter ones, of course, I do not expect.

Yours obediently, AUG. BIERMANN, Formerly Sergeant Fifteenth United States Infantry.

According to an old legend, the baby's dimples mark the spots where angels' fingers touched the child in bearing it from heaven to earth, but unromantic doctors have a different explanation. They say that dimples probably result from defective development of a muscle. When the muscle is called into use, the defective portion fails to respond, and a hollow is left, into which the flesh and skin, of the cheek, for example, fall, and thus the dimple is formed.

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, who appears to aspire to the post of apostle of American Jingoism, has written a letter in which he advocates the extension of the territory of the United States to the isthmus on the south, and to the Arctic on the north. Should it prove that the open sea, which is supposed to surround the pole, contains a small continent to balance the Antarctic continent, Senator Ingalls would probably include that also. The senator is a bright man and a powerful speaker; but he is an anachronism; he ought to have lived in the days when English and Spanish masters landed in strange lands, stuck up poles with coats of arms on them, and claimed the country on behalf of their active sovereigns. What do we want more territory for? Few countries con-

tain more fertile land in proportion to the general area than the United States, or could support more people to the square mile; but to find a country as thinly peopled as the United States, we have got to travel to Russia or to parts of Poland which are mountain, crag, swamp, bog, and wilderness. Every now and then some thoughtless writer descants upon our coming landlessness. But, in fact, all the people of the United States could be lodged in the three States of California, Kansas, and Nebraska without overcrowding and without producing a greater density of population than we find in England, or in Italy, or in Japan, or in many of the provinces of China. The two provinces of Kiang-Su and Ngan-Hui, in China, support between them a population rather larger than that of the United States on a territory less than two-thirds of the area of California.

The notion that Americans run the risk of becoming a landless people ignores two duties—the duty of man and the duty of land. It will be time enough for us to talk of landlessness when we perform our duty to the land we have, and it is made to perform its duty to us. As it is, the American farmer occupies from ten to twenty times as much land as he can cultivate, and he consequently fails in his duty to his holding; and the land, neglected, slighted, unassisted by intelligent labor, can not perform its duty to its owner. Mr. Ingalls need not travel out of his own State to realize the fact. The average Kansas farmer occupies a quarter-section or half a section of land. He can not possibly cultivate so enormous an area. He can not hire labor to supplement his deficiency. The consequence is that instead of raising thirty or thirty-five bushels of wheat or sixty or seventy bushels of corn to the acre, he raises thirteen bushels of wheat and forty bushels of corn, and his soil is negligently tilled. He meanwhile is overworked, and has not time to think of the various ways in which his condition might be bettered. He can not spare an hour to study the modern improvements in agriculture. He has not a moment to read up the latest developments of agricultural science. He can not master the question of transportation; while Eastern Kansas is seamed with navigable rivers, on whose bosom he might send his crop to market at a nominal cost, he regards the railroads as the only possible carrier, and he tries to get even with them by barbarous legislation which would bankrupt carrier and shipper, too, if it could be enforced. If this man lived in Japan, he would handle five or ten acres at most, and he would have no want unsatisfied and would not know the meaning of debt. And yet in the face of the fact that the Kansas farmer has been ruined by the embarrassment of land riches, members of the Ingalls school go round bawling for more land.

And what land! Mr. Ingalls wants to carry the flag to the pole, through the ice masses where the ground never thaws over two feet below the surface, and the crow perishes of exhaustion on his way to a beach on which he may haply find a dead fish. Haven't we got Alaska—as big as Great Britain, Germany, and France combined, with a population of some twenty-five thousand, most of whom would leave if they could? On the other hand, he would carry the flag down to the Isthmus of Panama. It must be supposed that the ex-senator has never visited the countries south of us. Colonel Crocker, the railroad magnate, has just returned from Mexico, and he talks as if he would not be particularly grateful if any one presented him with Northern Mexico as a gift. That country is so destitute of water and the soil is so unfertile that it can barely support the handful of people by whom it is occupied. Last year the people of Durango had to be fed with corn supplied from the United States. There are a few mines there which may become productive and prove a source of wealth to their owners. But everybody can not own a mine, and an American farmer going down to Chihuahua, or Cohahuila, or Durango, or Sonora, would have hardly any better prospect of supporting his family than he would if he settled on the Farallones. This is the country for which ex-Senator Ingalls thinks we ought to violate our ancient traditions of honesty by stealing it from our neighbors, the Mexicans. Other public men insist that we shall annex or establish a

protectorate over Hawaii. The comic side of a protectorate of a monarchy by a republic has probably not occurred to them; if twitted with the ludicrous aspect of their notion, they would probably explain that they use the word "protectorate" as a euphemism for annexation. But do we want to annex a territory nine-tenths of whose population are Chinese, Japanese, Kanaka, and half-breed Portuguese, and to whom we should be loath to grant the franchise? It would tax American ingenuity to devise a system of government for such a country if the stern necessities of war compelled its occupation; why we should incur ourselves with the problem when it has not presented itself for peremptory solution, is a puzzle which is not easy to unravel.

The imbroglio which was precipitated by the "revolution" of the shopkeepers of Honolulu last February is in a fair way of being settled in an honorable and sensible way. President Cleveland lost no time in repairing his predecessor's mistake in sending the "treaty" to the Senate, and he pursued a common-sense course when he dispatched Mr. Blount to the scene of action. The commissioner also showed his sense in removing the American flag and the American marines from Hawaiian territory; they had no business there; the *brazura* about bauling down the flag is pot-house politics. It is enough that we take care of the flag when it floats where it has a right to float.

It is not the mission of the American nation to conduct a foundling hospital for derelict countries. We can not undertake to dry-nurse abandoned national infants. It would be gratifying to Americans if every adjacent country were orderly, prosperous, well policed, and free. But if any of them are not, we can not stop our business to set them right. That would be carrying paternalism rather far; it would assume that the United States is clothed with a duty which it could not properly fulfill without neglecting more imperative duties at home.

It is the height of impertinence for us to assume that our race is the only one which is capable of self-government. Why should not the Kanakas, and Japanese, and Chinese be able to govern themselves in Hawaii? At first, no doubt, it would be to their advantage to avail themselves of the service of Americans of intelligence and experience as leaders of their government. But with an American as president and another American in charge of the finances, there seems to be no reason why a Hawaiian republic should not prove a success.

This country, with its traditions of governing with the consent of the governed, can not "annex" a weak nation which does not want to be annexed.

This country, which has lived for over a hundred years under a free government, the grandest republic the world has ever seen, can not "protect" a monarchy. If we establish a protectorate over Hawaii, her government must be republican.

The Columbian Naval Review, which will take place next week in New York harbor, will be the grandest display of the kind ever witnessed in this country, and the most imposing seen anywhere since the British Admiralty, in 1889, showed the German Emperor three miles of war-ships. It is expected that sixty or seventy men-of-war of various nations will take part, and that every style of vessel, from the caravel in which Columbus crossed the Atlantic, to the *San Francisco*, will be exhibited. The United States will be represented by the White Squadron, under the command of the veteran Rear-Admiral Bancroft Gherardi. It consists of the *Chicago*, the *Baltimore*, the *Charleston*, the *Cushing*, the *Yorktown*, the *Miantonomoh*, the *San Francisco*, the *Atlanta*, the *Concord*, the *Newark*, the *Philadelphia*, the *Bevington*, the *Bancroft*, and the dynamite torpedo-boat *Vesuvius*. These vessels have been practicing evolutions for some weeks off Hampton Roads, the great problem being to move the whole squadron in line and by *echelon*, to wheel in the circle of the smallest diameter, to shift the order of sailing at a moment's notice so as to fight either broadside, to increase or diminish speed at will. It rarely happens in our navy that a whole fleet is gathered

one place. Notwithstanding the efforts which have been made by the department to concentrate as many ships as possible at the review, there are several of our modern ships of war in other waters. The President, by the way, will review the parade from the *Dolphin*.

Foreign navies are larger than ours, and the European maritime nations can easily muster imposing fleets for reviews. Great Britain exercises her iron-clad fleet every year, both in the Mediterranean and in the Channel, and the captains learn to handle their vessels without running foul of each other. When we have furnished ships for the South Atlantic, South Pacific, North Pacific, and Asiatic stations, we have hardly any vessels left for show parade or even for the delightful station in the Mediterranean. An American naval officer may be twenty years in the service before he sees six American men-of-war manœuvring together. It goes without saying that his professional education suffers accordingly; he is like a soldier who never saw a brigade drill.

Fleets are growing smaller as the vessels of which they are composed grow more formidable and more expensive. Athens sent a hundred and forty vessels against Syracuse. The Romans fitted out fleets of two and three hundred triremes and quinquiremes against Carthage, and it must be remembered that the latter were often as long as our battleships. Spain's Invincible Armada consisted of one hundred and thirty vessels, of which sixty-five were galleons and warships of the class represented in our time by the *Indiana*. In the time of Charles the Second, the British navy consisted of one hundred and twenty-nine vessels, and for a hundred years or more after that time it increased in strength. At the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson had twenty-seven ships of the line and four frigates, and Villeneuve, thirty-three ships of the line and seven frigates. All through this century the tendency has been to reduce the number of fighting-ships in action and to increase their fighting power. The eight ships of which the White Squadron at Fortress Monroe consists would make no show beside the fleets which met at Lepanto; but in a single afternoon the White Squadron would destroy them both. It will be remembered, too, that the White Squadron probably cost as much to build as the fleet commanded by Don John of Austria.

It is quite on the cards that this review may mark an epoch in maritime architecture and maritime warfare. It seems to be conceded that the *Indiana*, whose type is nearly reproduced in some of the other new ships, like the *San Francisco*, is the *ne plus ultra* of naval architecture at the present time. It seems impossible to improve upon her, either in regard to her sailing qualities, or to her power of resisting shot, or to the efficiency of her battery. It is almost demonstrated that a vessel of that type would destroy any vessel opposed to her of an inferior class; and that three *Indians* of one nation would destroy two *Indians* of another nation. Thus naval warfare would be reduced to a mere computation of force. In the old days, courage and skill went for something in winning naval victories. Now they are mere matters of arithmetic. In a future war, when two fleets meet, the rival admirals may exchange notes somewhat as follows:

"Admiral A. presents his compliments to Admiral B., and begs to draw his attention to the fact that he, Admiral A., has thirteen ships of the regulation type under his command, while Admiral B. has only eleven. Admiral A. will, therefore, be pleased to receive any communication with which Admiral B. may see fit to honor him."

To which B. would reply:

"Admiral B. begs to acknowledge Admiral A.'s polite communication, and the facts being as stated he will have the honor to surrender the fleet under his command at eight A. M. on to-morrow morning."

The march of gunnery has gravely impaired the efficiency of ships of war in operating against land fortifications. A few principles have been demonstrated. A modern shell, loaded with a thousand pounds of dynamite, would destroy any vessel which it struck, and probably every life on board; while the same shell, striking a land fort, would bury itself in the earth and would merely create some confusion and disorder when it exploded. The power of shells to reduce forts has not been increased since the bombardment of Fort St. Philip and St. Francis, as the bombardment of Alexandria proved. It is practically *nil*. Whereas, the power of shells fired from land-carriages at floating targets has been so largely increased since the days of the bombardment of Hilton Head, that a business which was hap-hazard is now a mathematical certainty.

The review of next week may cause some morals to be drawn. If we have reduced naval warfare to a mere comparison of force, it will be a question whether nations had not better discount their ship-building capacity and anticipate the results of warfare by a comparison of navy registers.

According to the dispatches, much excitement has been caused in New York by the blackballing in the Union League Club of Theodore Seligman, son of Jesse Seligman, the well-known banker. So much feeling has resulted from this blackballing that the paternal Seligman has resigned

from the Union League Club, and he and his friends threaten that the Jewish vote hereafter will be cast against the Republican party.

This seems to be rather absurd. It is true that the Union League Club is largely Republican. But that the blackballing of a young man by a social organization should cause a number of elderly men to change their politics seems to us rather far-fetched. Isidor Strauss, also a Jew, was once blackballed in the Manhattan Club, the leading Democratic social organization of New York. But if this action resulted in any large accession of Jewish voters to the Republican party, we have not heard of it.

The ethics of blackballing in social clubs seem to be little understood by outsiders. Any number of gentlemen have a social, moral, and legal right to organize clubs. This right carries with it the kindred right of determining who shall be their associates. If any man desires to join them, and finds that his desire is not shared by them, it is embarrassing for him; but the rebuff carries with it no particular stigma. No gentleman would attempt to thrust his society upon a family who did not desire it. Why, then, should he wish to belong to a club where he is not desired? Yet these refusals to admit candidates to clubs have often far-reaching consequences. The new Metropolitan Club of New York (generally called the "Millionaires' Club") was started in consequence of the blackballing of John King, president of the Erie Railroad, and of Seward Webb, who married one of the daughters of the house of Vanderbilt. The friends of the Vanderbilts and of King were numerous, wealthy, and powerful. They started the new club with the avowed purpose of ruining the Union Club. They have not succeeded, nor will they. It is a difficult and almost impossible thing to ruin a club as prosperous and as long established as is the Union. But there is no doubt that the founding of the Metropolitan Club made admission to the Union Club easier. There was a long list of applicants waiting for admission to the Union Club. Some of them had been on the list for years. The governing committee of the Union Club admitted most of them at once, presumably through the fear that they might withdraw their names and join the Metropolitan. Another result of this row is the probability of the Union Club remaining in its present quarters down-town. Several hundred men belong to both clubs, and as they now have two palatial club-houses—one uptown and the other down—they will probably vote against the Union's moving further uptown.

In San Francisco, there have been many feuds over blackballing. The most notable took place not long ago, when Judge Stanly was blackballed in the Pacific-Union Club. Judge Stanly has lived in this community for many years, and is a man of high character. It was evident, therefore, that nothing but some personal animosity could have inspired the blackballing. His friends demanded a new ballot on the ground of some informality. On the new ballot, Judge Stanly was elected. Yet if he had not been, it would not have affected his standing in the community nor in the estimation of his friends.

In the University Club of San Francisco, a young organization which is in a most prosperous condition, there is a "non-university list" of twenty-five. There is but one vacancy remaining in this list. There are some sixteen applicants. For an ordinary membership, there are always many applicants, but also many vacancies, up to the limit. Therefore the desire for this one remaining place is keen. If each of the sixteen applicants has ten friends in the club, there will be one hundred and sixty men interested in seeing the man at the head of the list blackballed. They may have nothing against him, and his character be unexceptionable, but they want the vacant place for some one else. Hence number one always stands an excellent chance of being "pilled." This is not very lofty, but it is very human.

In the Bohemian Club some years ago the members voted directly on candidates' names, instead of through a committee. A young man was put up for membership who was very popular with "the boys." He was not so popular with the elders. A rumor ran around that he would be blackballed. "The boys" announced that if he was blackballed they would form a "phalanx" and blackball every man who came up for membership during an entire year. Their friend was blackballed and they carried out their threat. A number of candidates were blackballed, and then people stopped coming up for membership. After a decent length of time sufficient to wipe up the gore and bury the dead, the club abandoned the general ballot, and ever since has voted through a committee.

Yet who could say that there was any stigma on the candidates who were thus wantonly blackballed by a lot of young men for a species of chance-medley revenge?

Mr. Theodore Seligman doubtless feels sore over his blackballing, but he will get over it. It is not probable that he was blackballed by reason of his being a Jew, for there are

other Jews in the Union League Club. Perhaps the members did not like Mr. Seligman.

When all is said and done, the right of blackballing remains, and seems to be inherent in human nature. It is doubtless very disagreeable to be blackballed, but there are many disagreeable things in life. What numbers of men have proposed themselves as candidates in a club, the remainder of the club consisting of a young woman. And what numbers of them have been blackballed. This is also said to be disagreeable. These blackballed candidates have often had the further misery of seeing another and (in their opinion) less worthy candidate elected. But there is no remedy for either of these evils. Men must take their chances with clubs and with girls.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, one of the most vigorous female writers of the day, contributes to the April number of an English review an article comparing the manners of the present *fin-de-siècle* period with those of the days "when Plancus was Consul," a century ago. She finds that tradesmen are more dishonest now than they were in the beginning of the century—on which point she might, perhaps, read the novels of Smollett and Fielding with advantage; she doubts whether women are better than their grandmothers; in other respects, she is of the opinion, on the whole, that the world has improved.

The first criticism which may be made on such comparisons as she institutes is that they are unfair, because the people of past generations lived in obscurity, while nowadays everybody lives in the blazing glare of the light of publication. Nearly every thing that anybody does to-day is known, and if it be at all singular, it is recounted in the newspapers; whereas under the Regency and the reign of George the Fourth even such crimes as murders were often unknown by the public at large. A few old hooks of memoirs give us side glances at the manners and customs of the people who lived during the Napoleonic wars. But how little they disclose of the ordinary life of the average citizen and his family! The student of manners is compelled to follow the example of the professor of comparative anatomy who deduces a skeleton from a jaw-bone.

Mrs. Linton does find here and there a jaw-bone to reason from. She says that a hundred years ago young girls were "brought up in happy ignorance of the very nature of vice or the meaning of shame"; that they "knew nothing of current scandals," "there was no tampering with forbidden subjects, and no paltering with accursed things"; whereas now "knowledge has dispossessed ignorance and experience has lowered the standard of delicacy." It must be inferred that the ladies of the age which Mrs. Linton paints never went to the play to hear the delightful comedies of Mr. Congreve or Mr. Wycherley, and the astonishing Mrs. Aphra Behn; that they never surreptitiously read "Tom Jones" or "Roderick Random," and did not mix in the society which Lord Castlewood limns with a touch when he says that he keeps a drunken parson in his castle in case he should be needed to marry one of his lordship's sisters. Mrs. Linton says that in the old times scandals were "touched on by fathers to daughters with a kind of solemn reticence, a kind of awed prohibition which excluded details"; whereas now girls "boast of their emancipation from all womanly modesties in favor of *fin-de-siècle* license." There is a short and easy way of dealing with this alleged contrast. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century, plays were written by Sheridan, Goldsmith, Colman, and others which are still performed, and the comedies of Shakespeare were in vogue then as now. Those plays were then produced as they were written; now, there is a manager who would dare to put any one of them on the stage without using the pruning-knife with unsparing vigor. One of the cleanest of them, "The School for Scandal" was played before the purest matrons and maidens of England during the late Georgian era; if any English or American manager were to bring it out as they heard it, the audience would pull his house down about his ears. What, then, becomes of the modest reticence of the past and the *fin-de-siècle* license of our day?

"Were the morals of the women of a hundred years ago better or worse than the morals of the women of to-day?" Mrs. Linton half puts that question, but does not answer at all. It is impossible to institute exact comparisons, because we have no statistics wherewith to gauge the immorality of the past. But we know that the most lucrative parts of the practice of lawyers like Brougham, Erskine, Denham and Scott, were cases for breach of promise or seduction while now such cases are so rare that sensational newspapers report them as tid-bits. We also know that ladies in the highest society in England—it was not so in this country—had spots on their plumage which every one could see, while to-day no lady is admitted to court in England if there is a blemish on her reputation. What was the condition of girls in the lower classes in England a hundred years ago we can

only conjecture from such works as Fielding's decisions, and here and there an allusion in a novel of the period. They lead to the suspicion that among the servant-girls of that day principle was rare and delicacy unknown.

Turn now to the period in which we live. No dweller in cities will deny the existing of a well-spring of vice from which its palaces are recruited. The spring has always existed and probably always will exist, as there probably will always be consumption and cancer. But let each one of us—man or woman—run his memory over the list of girls he has known since perception awoke, and count how many have taken the plunge to destruction. It is odds that less than five can be counted by the most long-lived and the most observant. The girl of the period is often selfish, foolish, riling; but she does not trip by the way. We have stopped raising the breed of Effie Deans. Parsons are no longer required to commune with their consciences on the question whether Miss A. or Miss B. should be remonstrated with, and, if necessary, threatened with ecclesiastical terrors. That used to be one of their most necessary and painful duties. In this country many causes have contributed to the result. But the main cause is the growth of the sex in self-respect and principle. In an age when men got drunk habitually at dinner and were carried upstairs by the servants, their daughters were not likely to regard other infractions of morality with the horror for which Mrs. Linton gives them credit.

We recently received a letter from an old New Yorker commenting on various articles concerning New York society which have appeared in this journal. The writer hears an honored and historic name. We regret that we can not give it but he has forbidden us to do so. However, we are at liberty to print a portion of his letter. He says:

"Concerning New York society, I have an experience dating back, personally and hereditarily, to the beginning of things in this State, and, in fact, to the early colonial period. I do not trouble myself much about such matters, and have not done so for years, although I am in touch with the people who are called 'of society,' and sometimes note their ways. Since 1865, and to 1869 perhaps, when we youngsters of the war generation had got back from the front, tired of service and avid of pleasure, the pace was fast; and I believe that, during the war, life in New York was as much of a whirl as it is in the beleaguered cities of Richmond and Charleston. To-day the principal charge that can be made against the Newport, Tuxedo, Innox, etc., people is that they are proper to stupidity, and that they spend their lives in trying not to be bored, and most generally do not succeed. So far as the money matter goes, the Astors, when William—a highly cultivated man—came to his kingdom, got into society; the Vanderbilts in the present generation, while the Goulds, so far, have not crossed the threshold of a prominent club."

The various articles in the *Argonaut* have not accused New York society of immorality. The charges we brought against it were vapidity, frivolity, snobishness, and vulgarity. We do not think that New York society is any more immoral than the society of other large American cities. As to European cities, the moral tone of New York's society is distinctly higher than theirs. There are fewer divorce cases in New York city, proportionately to the population, than there are in London, and it is an unusual thing for a New York woman of position to be openly disgraced. There is a Puritan strain in our American civilization, and this, commingled with the ideas concerning conventional fidelity which the simple burghers of New Amsterdam bequeathed to their descendants, has a perceptible effect on New York women of to-day.

But the other charges we have preferred against New York society hold good. No one can deny that it is hopelessly frivolous, snobbish, and vulgar. The sycophantic attitude which New York society assumes toward foreigners is at once ridiculous and repulsive. The flunkeyish pompadour which tinges its dress and demeanor is nauseating.

There has lately appeared in New York city a weekly journal called *Vogue*. This hebdomadal claims to be the origin of the so-called "Four Hundred." It has been at once successful, and may therefore be accepted as a type of what New York society wants in the way of newspaper journalism. The feeble snobishness which pervades the pages of *Vogue* would be amusing if it were not irritating. We shall make some choice excerpts from this journal of the idle rich.

One of the peculiarities of this patrician paper is that the pictures in its illustrations are all clad in the very latest styles. The pictures what they may, the men and women are all like tailors' dummies and modistes' models. Is it a love-story? Is Edwin kneeling at Angelina's feet, begging her to marry him? Then is Edwin attired in a long-skirted frock-coat, wearing a prince's knot tie, and his trousers immaculate. Angelina, on the other hand, will wear one of those new penwiper frocks which the women now affect, and which is extended with hair-cloth. These important facts are pointed out at the end of the story in a series of "fashion notes."

There is a department in *Vogue* entitled "As Seen by

Him," which easily takes the palm for elaborate snobishness. Listen to some of the writer's remarks:

"I am in that most disagreeable of tempers—uncertainty. People have been very civil to me, and I have received so many invitations to go to so many different places that I am almost at my wits' end to arrange everything to accommodate my friends. I am almost inclined to be unpatriotic next winter, and, instead of going to Florida, to cross the tropical seas to the charming little island of Bermuda or to the bright Bahamas. Nassau I found charming in past years, and then, you know, one gets in an entirely different atmosphere, away from crowded hotels on the American plan, from palace cars, vestibule trains, vulgar people, and all that kind of thing. Really, these provincial English people are not half a bad sort, you know."

The writer then devotes his powerful pen to describing a nobleman's trousers:

"It has always been my habit to stop in for a chat and a cup of tea at certain of my fair friends every pleasant afternoon. In nearly every drawing-room I have heard discussed the coming nuptials of the Earl of Craven and Miss Cornelia Martin. I met Craven at a small function this week. He is quite a charming fellow, you know, and he is always so smartly dressed. He was looking a bit thinner than when I saw him in London last season, but I really think the change is very becoming. His attire was so spring-like that it was refreshing to look at him. I absolutely fancied that I could again smell the early flowers of the London streets. Craven's coat, waistcoat, and trousers were of a lightish mixture, something not exactly tan, nor yet green, nor, indeed, gray. The trousers were peg-top, the coat was a frock, made tight and trim at the waist, with very long skirts. It was worn unbuttoned. His collar was extremely high and the ends turned back slightly. His tie was the prince's knot of a very bright red, and he wore a small pin in the folds of the scarf a little to one side. He walked with a stoop which was really quite effective. With this—I mean with the whole costume—he wore a top hat very curled as to the brim, tan gloves, patent-leathers, and spats. He carried his umbrella, rolled as only an English umbrella can be, in his hand, and he was altogether the model, as to his attire as well as his manner, of my ideal of a Saxon gentleman."

The enthusiasm which an earl's trousers and spats can produce in the New York mind is, we freely confess, unintelligible to the wild and woolly West.

But let us pass from trousers to brains. There is a story in *Vogue* entitled "A Matter of Brains." Its hero is Dolly Van Nostrand, a New York "man." Dolly's sister Laura loves Jack Hazzard, who is poor. Dolly's people want her to marry Count de Froissart, one of those peripatetic nobles in whom New York delights. Dolly, in order to break off the match, loses a hundred thousand dollars at haccarat to the count in one evening at the club. The count, no longer being sufficiently hard up to marry an American girl, incontinently skips. When Dolly tells his papa what he has done, and why, "the two men," to use the writer's language, "walked silently toward each other, and clasped each other in their arms." This is affecting, if ungrammatical. When Jack comes and tells Dolly that he is going to marry Laura, and that he is "the happiest man in the world," Dolly replies, touchingly: "No, you are not; don't you know, old chappie, I am?"

It would be difficult to make a more striking climax.

Here is another extract from the "journal of New York society." It is the comment of a hostess upon the artists whom she has secured to entertain her guests at a musicale:

"We society sovereigns must keep ourselves in patronage, by choosing, here and there, some poor wretch of a genius to lionize. Besides, it's English; but it is certainly trying to the chooser, and a very bad thing for the lion. Bless me! The assumption of these people! Was there anything comparable in the history of the world? What is to be done? They enter at the front-door. They demand instant audience, the most inviting end of the salon, the silence of the great sea while they invoke the gods in some form or other. Still, here we go on tolerating them month after month in a manner truly compromising were they not of that third sex—Bohemian—to which even the autocrats of the other two must needs now and then unbend. And whence this assumption of greatness and authority? As if the musician who saws up cords and cords of catgut nightly, or who juggles with the hung-holes of a flute, or castigates an unoffending piano, is one bit more of a musical genius than my modiste who plays with a master touch those unique and ever-new harmonies of color and effect—symphonies of light and shade, delicate, sensuous, and pleasing. As if there ever lived poet of daintier arts and wider range of fancy than my chef, whose patfies are madrigals that steal into the soul like a dream, whose endless confections are heroics of sustaining and invigorating quality, and whose poems have that higher merit in that they may be eaten."

It is doubtless true that many New York society women have a higher regard for that which goes into their stomachs than for that which appeals to their brains. But it would be hard to find another city where the women would acknowledge it so frankly or an "organ" which would print it if they did.

The California State Medical Society has been holding its annual meeting, and incidentally had an animated discussion upon the so-called hi-chloride of gold cure. Most of the medics denounced the cure, because it was what they called a "quack" treatment. Some of them said that the cure was due to hypnotism; others that it was owing to "the physical and mental strengthening gained by four weeks of seclusion and quiet." But a number denounced it as being nothing but "a humbug and a fraud." If all the humbogs and frauds in the practice of medicine were denounced, there would be a rattling of skeletons in many doctors' offices. Every honest medical man knows

that most of the practice of medicine is empiric. It is largely experimental. When a sick man comes to a doctor's office, the doctor tries first to diagnose his case, and find out what is the matter with him. It is probably just as well that a physician should find out what is the matter with a patient before he begins treatment. But if he does not find out, he goes ahead all the same, and fires shot-gun prescriptions into the unhappy patient's works, hoping to hit something. These omnibus prescriptions sometimes contain hostile chemical ingredients which either neutralize each other or form new and deadly combinations. Often the hapless apothecary (who frequently saves patients from the deadly doctor) will find a prescription banded in which would blow him, his potions, his pestles, and his pills, into eternity, if he mixed it. It is needless to say that he does not mix it. But we digress. As to the "Keeley Cure," it makes no difference to the average drunkard or the average drunkard's wife whether it is according to the code of medical ethics or not. Neither do they care whether Dr. Keeley violated his Hippocratic oath when he commenced curing drunkards by a secret remedy. The main thing to the drunkard and his wife is that the Keeley remedy has cured him. In the face of the thousands of cures due to this method, together with the small percentage of deaths and relapses, criticisms from the medical faculty seem rather ungracious. Suppose the California Medical Society get in and cure a few jags themselves. Then they can bave the floor.

The stealing of the enormous sum of one hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars from the Donahoe-Kelly Bank has brought forth all manner of theories. The silence of Flood, the arrested cashier, gives free rein to the fancy of the imaginative. One theory is that Flood was hypnotized by some Californian Cagliostro, and made to turn over the swag to this occult person. If there was any hypnotism, it was probably auto-hypnotism, and Mr. Flood mesmerized and remunerated himself. Another suggestion is this: Under the terms of the new Prison Parole Bill, any convict may be released from the State Prison after one year's detention. It would thus be quite desirable and entirely feasible for an industrious and prudent bank-cashier to steal several hundred thousand dollars, sink it somewhere, submit quietly to arrest, conviction, and one year's imprisonment, and then retire and spend his declining years in a well-earned affluence. We commend this suggestion to the Prison Parole Commissioners. One of the amusing features of this mysterious defalcation is the conduct of the bank directors toward the accused cashier. First, they had him arrested and put under twenty thousand dollars bail. He continued to come to the bank. Then they attempted to have him "shadowed." He continued to come to the bank. Then, fearing he might skip, they had him re-arrested and put under forty thousand dollars bail. He continued to come to the bank. Then, annoyed at his presence, they requested the police to keep him away. But at last accounts Mr. Flood continues to come to the bank.

Protestant missions in China can hardly be said to be successful, if, indeed, they are not absolutely losing ground. They have been established for half a century, and there are now more than thirteen hundred foreign laborers in the field, and yet their converts number but thirty-seven thousand, and the hatred felt for them by all classes is apparently stronger than ever. The principal reasons for this, given by a writer in the London *Times*, are the implacable hostility shown by the missionaries, with rare exceptions, to the native religions and ethics, especially to their ancestor worship, and the more or less conflicting and confusing rites and teachings of the numerous "polyonymous" societies and sects. "The missionaries," says this writer, "have not agreed among themselves as to the Chinese word to express the single Deity whom they preach, and for whom the Jesuits, the Americans, and the English have each coined or employ a different title, with the result of complete bewilderment to the native understanding." These teachers, in addition, come uninvited and against the desire of the people, and are, in reality, only maintained by force; the little congregations, formed here and there, being feared by many thoughtful Chinese as the beginnings of a "secret society, hostile to the commonwealth, of damage and detriment to the state." Nor is this fear without reason, when it is remembered that "the Taiping rebellion, by which over twenty millions of her people perished, was in its inception a Christian movement, led by a Christian convert, and projected to Christianize his countrymen." The writer advocates a closer supervision by the embassies over missionaries, a more careful selection by the societies of their employees, the restriction within the narrowest limits of orphanages and sisterhoods, and deprecates especially the employment of young unmarried foreign girls, whose presence in China is a real detriment in the cause which they serve.

While the railroad companies are sometimes blamed for not living up to their contracts with the government in the matter of carrying the mails, it happens now and then that trains are delayed through the slowness or incompetency of servants of the Post-Office Department. Two firms of attorneys have been organized in Washington, D. C., for the express object of prosecuting the claims of railroads against the government for damages arising from such delays and errors.

ON THE EIGHT-HUNDRED LEVEL.

As August Kobler stepped from the low, unpainted porch to cross to the path that leads up to the mine, Mrs. Crowley came out into the hall. Seeing Kohler, she stopped.

"Mr. Kohler, will you tell Dan for me to hurry home? The baby's worse, I'm afraid, and it looks like diphtheria. I'll be very thankful."

"Sorry the little one's had a bad night. I'll tell Dan." He turned and climbed the narrow path through the sagebrush. Reaching the works, he delivered his message to Crowley, the assistant-engineer.

"Anything new, Dan?" he asked, as Crowley pulled on his coat and reached for his can.

"Yes. Carver's been in and left this note for you. Said he couldn't wait to see you, as the superintendent of the Mineral Queen had gone off in a buff, and Carver has to ride over to Silver Hill and wait there till the new man comes to take charge. Well, I'm off. S'long."

Kohler tore open the envelope.

"At the meeting yesterday, the management concluded to stop work on the lower levels, as the quality of the ore below the 750 doesn't leave a big enough margin after deducting freight, milling, pumping, etc. As I told you last week, this is what I expected. They're a niggardly set, between you and me, and the chances are the next thing will be a pretty big draft."

"The pumps have been stopped and the water will gain quickly, reaching 1100-1200 at about noon, say. Of course it may come quicker, but you may rely upon the indicator, which has been newly tested."

"Your instructions are to put the men withdrawn from the lower levels to work on the 800-level. The economical officials of the syndicate expect eighty men—the day shift working extra hours and the night shift coming on as usual—to clean out the south drift of the 800 about midnight, and to spend the rest of the time in the north end. As the entrance to this drift is from ten to twenty feet lower than where the men will work, they will be cut off from the surface. There never was proper connection at this point, with bells only on top; still you'll be able to signal them when to come up, of course."

"It's a shame to make the men work till the last minute, anyway. Not that there's any danger with a man in charge; but, to my mind, there's something terrible in the idea of those poor fellows working away underground with the water steadily gaining below them. By the way, old man, attend to the thing yourself. Don't rely on Crowley. He's a good fellow—too good a fellow; but, under present circumstances, I'd feel easier trusting to your level head; and, Kohler, when the indicator shows that the 850 is flooded, you send the cage down for the men. If Hurtwell should come sneaking around—which we know isn't probable—you can say that it was my order. Let the syndicate get the worst of a bargain for once."

"The chances are that the water will get no higher than the 750-level; it has never reached the 700."

"I have a shrewd idea that all this hurry is to pay the men off and discharge them Wednesday, as their time will be up then. Aren't they a stingy set? They've been running the group of mines with men enough for only two. Here am I, with a foreman's wages, doing superintendent's work, while my tenderfoot deputy, whose salary doubles mine, puts on new checked trousers and totters round to the works, whenever he's sufficiently sober, to patronize me."

"I'll never work for an Easterner again, you can bet on that. I'm used to working for white people."

"Of course you'll have to take charge. The deputy-supt.—blast him!—is off on a racket. I have to spend the day in the saddle to get to Silver Hill before Bradford quits, and these hills make deuced rough riding."

"Sensible man—Bradford. My advice to you, Kohler, is do likewise. The place depends on the mines, and when not half of the men are working, this'll be a dismal hole. You will never get anything out of the company, and they'll get everything out of you before they are done with you. Your nerves will do you up, anyway, if you don't have a change. Think it over, and let me know to-morrow if you won't join me on the prospecting trip. Yours, H. C."

Kohler finished the letter and stood for a moment looking dreamily off at the distant mountains. A half-smile played about his lips and lingered in his dark eyes. Suppose he should go prospecting; suppose he should bit on a good thing, as so many had done, as so many were doing now. Suppose, then, he should write a letter and send it to Germany, to Hedwig, in far-off Freiburg. Suppose—He turned abruptly, passed in through the lines of twisting wheels and grinding levers, and mounted the platform upon which the engine throbbed and hissed.

At four, the new shift came on, and at eight the men came up in lots of twelve to eat lunch, and stood in groups discussing the probable change in their fortunes. Kohler left his engine and stood talking with them. He felt an almost fatherly care for these men, great sturdy fellows most of them. Many a man uses pick and shovel beside his son underground, yet they were all his "boys" to the engineer, who knew the faults and vices of every one; but he was, also, keenly aware of their merry-bearded courage, their splendid generosity, their unsparring contempt for shams. In the mines, a man's neighbor is his comrade, his saviour if need be. Between the serious, unpractical German and the cosmopolitan gang of miners there was a bond knitted from the deepest feelings of each; for every day, and all day, their lives and the happiness of wife and child were in his hands. To Kohler's susceptible nature there was something touching in the implicit confidence they had in him, and he accepted it as a sacred trust.

When the bell struck, the men hung up their lunch-cans, took their lanterns and filed on to the cage. Young Charlie Benson was the last to step upon the platform. His handsome naked chest and splendidly modeled blonde head towered above the others.

"Good-bye, Gus, old fellow," he called, in his boyish voice; "this is the last time you'll lower me into the old Hastings. I'll be the first—" The rest was lost in the rapid descent.

Perhaps Kohler's nerves were unstrung. His nervousness was a never-failing source of amusement to the miners at the Hastings; but through the evening Benson's words repeated themselves over and over in his mind. As the long shadows stole into the dusky works and gathered in the gloomy corners, he found himself fitting those words to the beats of the engine, to the revolution of the wheels, to the clicking of the cable. It was a positive relief when he saw Dan Crowley coming back over the hills.

"Well, Dan, how's the little one?"

"Worse, worse. Oh, Mr. Kohler, my little Mollie! She suffers so, my baby girl."

"Oh, I say, Dan, don't take it so hard. What does Doc say?"

Crowley turned almost fiercely upon him. "The drunken bound!" he cried. "I dragged him up out of the saloon this morning; but when I saw his bloated, heastly face bending over my little Mollie's white crib, I almost wished I hadn't. He helped her, though, and said he'd be in again at two. I dogged him till he reeled off home to sleep, and then, thinking him safe, I went back to Mollie. I sat there holding the little thing while Mary slept, and, after a little, the baby slept, too. She breathed easier, and I sat for hours fearing to move lest I should wake her. All of a sudden, I looked out of the window, and there was that cursed doctor crawling up the hill. Something had waked him, he was staggering drunk, and my little Mollie dying for lack of that brute's skill. I put the baby from me and stepped out on the porch. I'd have killed him with an easy conscience, but my face must have warned him, for he gave an uncomfortable, drunken laugh and reeled off down the hill. And now—" Crowley turned away, hung up his can mechanically, and proceeded to take off his coat.

"I say, Dan," said Kohler, suddenly, "Hilton's not the only doctor in the world."

"No; but he's the only one here."

"But what's to prevent your getting some one from Silver Hill?"

"What? Why, just the engine and the mine and—"

"Pshaw. Dan Crowley, that little wife of yours nursed me through pneumonia last winter, and Mollie's the blossom of the camp. Put on your coat again and leave your lunch for me. This is an off-night, anyway. There's nothing to do but watch the indicator; the heavy machinery's not running, you know, for the pumping has been stopped."

Crowley nodded dejectedly. "But Carver isn't here; you'll have no one to help you."

"Don't need any one. 'Tisn't the first time I've had to be my own fireman. And you can see for yourself there isn't enough to keep two of us busy."

Crowley stood irresolute.

"Say, Dan, I've an idea. Go down and get Hilton's team; fancy using a doctor's team to bring his rival to a sick bed. It's the fastest in town, and he owes you that much for his neglect."

"She may live to thank you," Crowley said. He grasped Kohler's hand gratefully as they parted.

The engineer went back to his engine, whistling softly. Something in the familiar melody made him turn and hurry to the open double doors. Crowley was just disappearing in a bend of the path, but turned in answer to Kohler's halloo.

"Dan, tell Mrs. Crowley to send over my violin—violin. Will you? All right."

* * * * *

There is something oppressive in being alone at night in a place usually tenanted by many persons. Dark corners have a way of becoming peopled and shadows are suspiciously active. The intensity of the stillness smothered sound, which breaks forth occasionally with startling suddenness.

The hoisting-works were extraordinarily quiet to-night. The floor usually vibrated with the whirr of the machinery, and all the motion and sound had become part of the silence to Kohler, who felt the unaccustomed stillness of the place. The heavy castings, the huge wheels, the great shafts and pulleys, with all their potential energy imprisoned, were motionless. The great wooden building was almost blind as well as speechless, for the electric lights had been discontinued as the value of the mines had decreased. The lamps burned above only one of the engines, the heart of the mighty giant, which was itself soon to be stilled.

Kohler was in a state of unrest. His impressionable nature, the uncertainty of his future, his very hopes and plans, combined to produce in him a strained, irritated condition. He had nothing to occupy his time fully, and he wore away the first part of the night wandering restlessly up and down the long rows of machinery. In fancy he beard again the mighty throb of the pumps, the incessant buzz of the engines, the hiss of escaping steam, the rattle and click of the cables. It seemed such a tremendous waste of power, this great building, with all its wonderful machinery stilled, useless. He thought of the enormous expense, the hundreds of men, the time and ingenuity it had taken to plan and bring it all to this camp in the hills. He thought of the cruel assessments that had been levied, the money that had been wrung from the people; he thought of his own high hopes when he had left his home in Germany to take his post out here in the wilderness. It was all a wreck, and an unnecessary one. The mines had never been worth the expenditure, and the company had known it; but they had remorselessly hidden the truth, ruined them all to further their own selfish schemes.

Kohler rushed to the doors. At the foot of the hill, the town lay sleeping. Where Kohler stood, he could see an occasional glimmer down in the saloon or in Crowley's cottage, where revelry or pain mocked at rest; but above, the stars glittered and the hushed darkness knew no sound. Out in these barren Western hills there is an absence of nature's melodies. No river murmured, no tree-tops swayed and rustled. There was not even the chirping of crickets nor the croaking of frogs, for there is neither vegetation nor moisture. But the air was deliciously fresh and clear, the mountains loomed up dark and magnificent. Far off the desert gleamed.

Three bells sounded from the interior of the works. It was the signal to hoist. The engineer hastened within. When the cage came flying up, he ran the car with its ore off to the side and sent an empty one down. There would probably be but one more car-load, for the men, by this time, would be leaving the south drift for the old north, and there would be no further communication below.

It was long past midnight and the indicator showed that the water had not reached the 850-level. Kohler re-read Carver's letter, and said to himself: "I'll call them up in half an hour." He looked at the fires and stood thinking,

resting his head on his hand. He was miserably depressed; he had never before felt such loneliness, isolation. In a passion of impatience he seized his violin and began to play.

It always seemed to Kohler that his weariness, or anger, or sorrow were but illusions, when he played. With the first sweet note from his well-loved violin came relief. There was no transition stage, no conscious effort at self-help; simply peace, quiet, and a calm sense of happiness and comfort that compelled forgetfulness of the jagged ends on the day's duties. Kohler felt as if a heavy garment of care had slipped from his shoulders and he was hatched in the cool, fresh waters of ease. He had the same kind of love for his violin that he had for Hedwig. Hedwig, whose presence was peace, whose voice was halm, whose step was music. Tender-hearted, loving little Hedwig with the soft, brown hair, and fair, sweet face.

His thoughts guided his hand, and from the old student songs of Freiburg, the melody changed to Hedwig's favorite, the beautiful song of Schuher's they had so often played together. The slow, sweet notes of the violin were accompanied always in his memory by the rhythmic legato of the piano. Hedwig was an ideal accompanist, her intuition was wonderful, and he knew that he never played so well as when he stood beside her.

As he finished the first movement, his longing love for the gray-eyed mädchen brought back vividly the remembrance of the last time he had played with her—the last night in Freiburg. The careless, idyllic life of his college days was over, and separation was so near and reunion so far off, that his forced cheerfulness was a miserable failure, and Hedwig's answers became monosyllabic, for all her brave promises. Then, when words were impossible and silence unendurable, they went to the piano. He could see her pretty, dimpled hands pat the music and her frank, gray eyes lifted for a moment. Then they played, and then, as now, the strains of the master's noble harmony comforted; it voiced their sorrow and their love.

There is something so human in the beautiful andante that no heart may resist its tender pleading, and all selfish trouble vanishes before the melodious sorrow which grieves but comforts, saddens yet soothes. The inevitable suffering which comes to all, the passionate rebellion, the bitter regret, the resignation—all are there. It tells of so great a woe that individual sorrow is lost in its depth of sadness, and though it suggests not the desecration of forgetfulness, it sings of the nobility of patience, the grandeur of sacrifice.

Kohler played on and on, alive only to the charm of music and memory. His dark eyes glowed, and his rugged face was exalted and ennobled by the purity of his adoration. The violin sobbed and sighed as he bent lovingly over it, drawing forth the strains of sweetness and passion that dwell in the German music. Then the melody grows stormy; it rises higher and higher and shrieks in despair, while the piano moves sweetly, steadily on like the muffled roll of quiet years—till slowly and sobbingly the great grief yields to the benediction of tears.

Trouble, anxiety, and despair had left the musician. Higher, softer, slower came the farewell notes. He remembered bow, in the midst of the swelling finale, she stopped playing, leaned forward, and her brown head sank into her hands. Little Hedwig! All her merriment, all her dignity and bravery gone while she sobbed out the sorrow of her tender heart.

"Oh, mein Geliebter, shouldst thou never come back to me—"

Kohler looked through the open doors out into the peaceful night. The stars shone faintly and the moon was a shadowy crescent, but a pale trembling glow in the east. Kohler dashed the tears from his dimmed eyes.

Merciful God! And the water! He started wildly to his feet, and the violin fell with a crash.

Nearly a hundred men down on the 800-level, and the indicator marked 750!

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1893.

AFRA YORKE.

The total expenditures of the Fifty-Second Congress amounted to one billion and twenty-five million dollars. That is to say, it was a billion-dollar Congress, eclipsing the record of that one which the Democratic press so vehemently condemned as extravagant. The New York World, commenting upon this fact, admits that the party was "false to the pledges upon which it was elected," and that the Democratic House, by its extravagances, has "discredited Democracy." It is gratifying to find our Democratic contemporary thus candidly placing the responsibility for the enormous expenditure of the last two years where it properly belongs.

A "photo-corrector" has been invented, and is in practical use by an English artist, by which the dimensions of any part of a photograph can be altered "and the whole made harmonious." A person five feet and a half in height can be made to look five feet high or six feet high, as desired and hands, feet, or any other part can be similarly corrected. The Society of Arts is to be told all about the invention by the inventor next month.

The extent to which British sportsmen slaughter the hall tame game that is preserved in the private parks of nobility is indicated by the returns for the Eynsham Hall estate, in Oxfordshire, where 24,829 head of game were killed during the last shooting season. In thirteen days 16,619 head were bagged.

The company that runs the Monte Carlo Casino has declared a dividend of about forty per cent. on last year's business, which was more profitable than ever before. The suicides were also unusually numerous.

When Marion Crawford sailed for Italy, at the conclusion of his tour of the United States, he took with him a commission from a New York publisher to "write up" the Pop-

GIRL STUDENTS IN PARIS.

Young Women who Study Music and Painting—Dangers that Surround Them—Their Clubs—A San Francisco Girl's Success.

The typical American, according to French notions, inhabits one of the biggest b6tels or an elegant flat in the Marbeuf quarter, and patronizes the most expensive restaurants and shops. His wife and daughters get their clothes of Worth or F6lix. He and they are the favored guests in the most exclusive sets; they go to all the best parties, attend every show that is worth seeing, and are generally among the best-dressed, most popular people in the city. The typical American girl—always according to French notions—has a big dowry and expectations of a still more dazzling description, while at the same time she is so charming, so richly gifted by nature and education, that she might almost win for herself a prize in the matrimonial market and be married *pour ses beaux yeux*.

But there is another and a much larger class of Americans here in Paris—a class with whom dollars are by no means plentiful, who are seldom seen in the Rue de la Paix or the All6es des Acacias, who are unknown at Worth's, and whose feet never tread the soft carpets of M. F6lix. I allude to the American Bohemians—the students who come to Paris to study painting and music, to whom art is everything, and who will often undergo privations in the pursuit of it. In mundane society these moilers and toilers never mix, but their energy and perseverance have earned for them the admiration of the few French people with whom they come in contact. I have heard artists—professors—speak in glowing terms of the zeal and pluck shown by the girls who leave their homes and families and travel thousands of miles to spend years in Paris, carefully eking out the small stipend allotted to them, and only returning when their funds are exhausted or when they have attained the object for which they came.

When we think of it, it is a dreadfully risky thing to launch such a frail bark on the troubled ocean of the Paris world. Probably if the rash young things only knew of the innumerable shoals and quicksands which beset them, their hearts would fail them. Fortunately they know little of evil, and nothing at all of the particularly noisome evil which stalks abroad in Paris, and which their Parisian sisters could not approach, it is presumed, without being defiled.

Some young Americans were telling me, the other day, how they went out on to the boulevards on the night of M. Car6me and mixed with the crowd there. And what a crowd, ye gods!—especially the feminine portion thereof—painted damsels offering their charms to the highest bidder. But our young Americans only saw that it was bright, and gay, and light-hearted, and when choice spirits pelted them with *confetti* or threw the paper lassos about their necks, they only thought it very good fun. Everything is pure to the pure-minded. Moreover, they impose respect. "It is late for one of such tender years to be out," cried a bearded student, apostrophizing one of the party. He really meant it kindly. At another moment they found themselves the centre of a revolving circle of young men in masks; one looked as if she would cry, but her more courageous companions took it all good-naturedly, and the ring broke, to form again further on.

Fortunately, few girls come over without an introduction of some kind, and most of them know, either personally or by hearsay, others who have already resided some time here. Not always, however. I heard of a girl who came over quite friendless and unprotected, and she met with some one on the way who, either by malice or ignorance, recommended a place of abode that was a very *lupanar* in a moral sense. As good luck would have it, she was rescued in time by one of those good Samaritans, of whom, I am glad to say, there are many in Paris, and she found a retreat in a Home for Students, where she still resides. Probably she may never know from what a depth of ignominy she was saved.

Poverty is the chief difficulty with which many students have to contend. Manage as economically as you will, living is dear in Paris, and then there are the studio fees or the bargains of the professor of music, vocal or instrumental, and later on the private studio, and models for the artist, and the pretty toilets, and so on, for the budding prima donna, who must not go ill-clothed or ill-shod, or her chances of success will be small. A thousand dollars is soon spent. Thus we find girl students preferring the furnished room in a quiet h6tel to the greater cost of the boarding-house, bought frequently at the expense of health and strength. A cup of coffee and a roll for breakfast, a slice of ham and a cake for lunch, a bowl of bread and milk for supper—I have known girls live day after day on this, working early and late. Sometimes two or three club together—I like his plan, there is safety in numbers—and furnish a bare little studio with a table and a few chairs and turn-up bedsteads. In the day-time, some bits of drapery thrown over bedsteads transform them into nondescript bits of furniture, into the mysteries of which no visitor is curious enough to pry. Then, when summer comes, and the air is eavy and the temperature renders work in the studios almost impossible, they migrate into the country. Some go to Barbizon, some further afield to cool Normandy. You come across them in the most unlikely places. Last year I was at Honfleur, and, wandering on the C6te de Gr6ce, I entered a rustic cottage to get a cup of milk; and while an elderly peasant ministered to my wants, she chatted about the affairs of the little community, and told me the moss-ridden dwelling on the other side of the orchard had been hired by two American ladies. "They live alone, so I go and put the place to rights every now and then for them. They are so civil-spoken and pleasant, and they buy their milk and eggs here, and when we kill a pig they take a piece of pork, or I wring the neck of a fowl for them. And would you believe they are painting the portrait of the poor innocent yonder?" and she pointed to a girlish figure,

with large, hysterical eyes, who was ensconced in the sunshine outside warming her frail hands with piteous, unmeaning gesture.

More fortunate are those who are accompanied by a mother or some other member of their family, and then it is often touching to see how the needs and necessities of the artist are considered, to the detriment of the general comfort. Studios are mostly situated on the upper flats of houses wherein no kindly lift works for the benefit of the dwellers therein, and to delicate women past their maturity, four or five pairs of stairs are very trying. But they heed it not, "my daughter" standing before all considerations. I have climbed many a steep flight within the last fortnight.

The visit which left the most agreeable impression was that I paid to the studio of Miss Eva Withrow, a native of your city. She had just completed for the Salon a work of considerable importance—a most ambitious undertaking for a woman, and one which very few could have carried so far toward perfection. It is an allegory of life. A female figure, its nudity slightly veiled by draperies of iridescent radiance, its golden hair streaming over its shoulders—for there is some brightness in life, the author explained to me—stands poised on a mirrored floor—all our acts and deeds are reflected upon us, so ran the tale—while she watches with upturned face a bubble floating in midair—the bubble of our noble aspirations, to be borne upward or burst before they have well started on their career. Miss Eva Withrow is not only an artist, but something of a philosopher.

Naturally I visited the First Annual Exhibition of the American Woman's Art Club of Paris, invited thereunto by Miss Ph6be A. Bunker, the secretary, and one of the first works that met my eyes was a strong study of a head by one of the most successful of the American lady artists—Miss Elizabeth Nourse, of Cincinnati. Miss Greatorex has also contributed the view of a wash-house in chalks. Among the best of the students' pictures were a quaint child's head by Miss Collins; "The Ferry," by Miss Mary Searls; a girl in a white dress against a shadowy background, by Miss Kinsella; some views of Venice, by Miss Albertson and Miss Bell Ross; a Normandy river-side landscape, by Miss Hutchinson; and still-life subjects treated by Miss Scott, Miss Sackett, and Miss Alice Munroe. The collection has been arranged with some skill and care on the walls of the flat occupied by the club, the rent of which is kindly paid by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Much is being done by others, too, for the girl students, one way and another. There is Washington House open to them, where they can live in comfort infinitely cheaper than in those dingy h6tel-rooms and studios I told you of. Then Miss Smedley, a most energetic woman, has set about founding another home specially designed for Americans who come here to study art or what not; and Mrs. Arthur Gray, with the help of the artist, Carl Guthrie, is very busy drawing up the plan of an Academy for Painting on the lines of the American Ladies' Art Association of New York, and the other day the association gave a matinee which was honored by the presence of Mr. Jefferson Coolidge and Mrs. Sears.

There must be something irresistibly attractive about Paris, for even when the student days are over, after the picture has been accepted and hung at the Salon, when orders begin to come in and pictures sent home are sold for good prices, the artists often linger on here. They have imbibed their artistic education in Paris, and they can not tear themselves away from it. So it is with pretty Miss Lee Robbins, the best and favorite pupil of Carolus Duran, Miss Gardner continues to tread in the shadow of Bouguereau. Elizabeth Nourse, as we have seen, is still to be found in the haunts of Bohemia, and Miss Greatorex, also, while Miss Anna Klumpke, a Californian, may almost be reckoned among Frenchwomen. And it is the same with the men, with Henry Bacon and Stewart, with Bridgeman, who has lately builded himself a Moorish house in the Monceau quarter, with Edwin Weeks, his neighbor, with Alexander Harrison and Dannat, with the sculptors Guernetez Mitchell and Douglas Tilden, the silent sculptor of San Francisco. Paris is like the siren of old who held Ulysses in her toils.

PARIS, March 24, 1893.

PARISINA.

Legislators continue to introduce impossible bills against crinoline and attempt to laugh it out of this country; but fashion is an irresponsible thing that lives on ridicule. If there ever was an idiotic style, it was the street-train of last year, and yet, in spite of denunciation and caricature and appeals of common sense, it prevailed. It is not a pleasant fact, but it is a true one, that many of the extravagances of style that come from Paris and obtain in other parts of the world originate with a class of women who, to put it mildly, do not move in polite society. It is interesting, therefore, to note that there has recently been organized in France, among ladies of the higher ranks, a "Simplicity League" for the encouragement of those virtues and economies of dress and of living which show the practical wisdom of true womanhood. This is a French departure infinitely more worthy of American attention than the exaggerations of the fashion-plates.

Co6perative stores have been on trial in Great Britain for many years; at first with a large measure of success, but recently, owing to more intelligent competition on the part of non-co6perative establishments, they are not as successful as formerly, and are gradually going out of existence. Local traders are able to sell better goods at lower prices, and, of course, the former customers of the co6peratives are not willing to patronize the co6perative stores, to which they have been obliged to contribute for the privilege of admission.

Mr. Cleveland's new rule that he is to control every appointment over an eight-hundred-dollar clerkship applies to every department of the government. How long the present Cabinet will hold together under the circumstances is an interesting question.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Little Alfonso of Spain will attain his seventh birthday in May, and then, according to court etiquette, he will have his own household.

Frau Cosima Wagner has been stricken with paralysis. She was a daughter of Franz Liszt, and, before the great composer married her, was the wife of Hans von Bilow.

One of the unfortunates who suffered heavy losses by the failure of the Western Trust Company, of which ex-Senator Ingalls was president, is E. W. Howe, the Atchison author and editor.

Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, has almost completely lost his eyesight, and this has worried him into nervous prostration. He intends to spend most of his time in Europe.

Mr. Gladstone is one of those incautious people who do not destroy letters. The venerable statesman is said to have a collection of sixty thousand letters deposited in a strong room at Hawarden Castle.

Adelina Patti is very much pleased with the reception she got at Milan from the composer Verdi, whom she had not seen for twenty years. He gave her his photograph, and made her a promise that he would endeavor to compose an act especially for her before he closed his illustrious career.

Senator Arthur P. Gorman has not called at the White House since the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland. The President, it is said, has not invited Mr. Gorman to call, and he will not go without an invitation. Mr. Cleveland holds Mr. Gorman responsible for the anti-administration complexion of the Senate committees.

Mascagni, the Italian composer, who has been lionized by Berlin society, was invited to the most exclusive homes in the city, and was presented to the emperor and empress. His imperial majesty conferred upon him the Order of the Crown, third class. A more doubtful honor was that of receiving over a thousand requests for his autograph, all graciously complied with.

The late Duke of Bedford knew more about zo6logy than any other member of the House of Lords, just as the Duke of Marlborough was better "up" in chemistry than any other peer. The duke, also, at one time maintained a menagerie at one of his country-houses. He was a good shot, but preferred to shoot with the duchess, who is herself an expert marksman, as his sole companion.

A good deal of comment has been excited by the news that Miss May McClellan, daughter of the late General George B. McClellan, has been baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. Her action was probably in anticipation of her marriage to M. Desprez, first secretary to the French Legation at Washington. She selected the Church of St. Joseph, Avenue Hoche, as the scene of both ceremonies.

The most interesting member of the family of Edwin Dun, the new Minister to Japan, is his daughter, Miss Helen Dun, now at school near New York city. Her mother was Ysuru Matsudo, the beautiful daughter of a Japanese general, whose accomplishments won the affection of the Ohio diplomat when he was Secretary of Legation at Tokio. Mrs. Dun died three years ago. Her daughter speaks the Japanese language fluently.

The reports from Rome indicate that the Vatican circles are quite scandalized by the disregard of the usual customs by the Princess of Wales and her suite on her recent visit to the Pope. The Princess of Wales wore a simple veil, instead of a long black one, which is prescribed for all audiences with the Holy Father. The Princesses Maud and Victoria had traveling-dresses on. The Duke of York wore a dark jacket and carried a stick, and General Ellis wore a frock-coat. For all audiences with the Pope the dress is strictly prescribed. For ladies, black dresses, with a long veil of the same color; for men, a dress-suit, white tie, and no gloves.

Those who believe in the prolongation of the existence of the British royal establishment are speculating on the possibility of there being no issue to the marriage of Prince George and Princess May. She is an only daughter, and notwithstanding the prolific qualities of the House of Guelph in the direct line it is not impossible that she may remain childless. In such an event the Duchess of Fife would become heiress to the throne, and succession would devolve upon her children. This would bring the little lady now known as Lady Alexandra Duff to within measurable distance of the throne. It was a chapter of accidents somewhat similar that brought her majesty the queen from the retirement of Kensington Palace to St. James's. Should Lady Alexandra Duff ever ascend the throne, then for the second time will Scotland have given England a monarch.

Two men, composing part of the crew of the United States steamer *Philadelphia*, James Brennan and H. A. Eilers, have been reported to the Navy Department by the commanding officer of the *Philadelphia*, Captain A. S. Barker, for gallant conduct, and Eilers having been promoted, Brennan has been commended by the department. In January of this year, the powder charges for a heavy gun on board the *Philadelphia* became ignited, when Brennan threw overboard two charges "which were partially out of their cases, and one of the cartridges was said to have been smoking." Eilers was in the magazine, where he remained until he had put out the fire, or stamped out the burning fragments. In February last, Brennan again showed gallantry. While the ship was coaling at Port Royal, S. C., a landsman named Miller fell overboard from a catamaran into the river, in which there was floating ice. It was one of the coldest days of this winter. The man had sunk, when Brennan, who was on deck, jumped overboard, dived, caught the drowning man by the hair, swam with him to the gangway of the ship, when both were hauled out.

THE COUSIN.

"'Tis Well to be Off with the Old Love."

"So you are going to be married?"

"Yes."

"It is a love-match, they tell me. Mlle. de Pont-Croix is a very charming girl."

"She is adorable. I love her with all my heart, and shall do my utmost to make her happy."

The other man, he who was not about to marry, was silent for a few moments; his reflections seemed to afford him some amusement. Suddenly he looked up. "And the marquise," he said, "what does she think of it?"

Guy de Labanère's face, already serious, became gloomy at this query from his friend Hertel, a lieutenant in the French navy.

"Perhaps," hazarded the sailor, "she does not know yet—"

"Yes, I dare not tell her I am going to be married."

"You dare not! You, the bravest of the brave, the intrepid traveler, the hero of innumerable duels!"

"Brave?" repeated Labanère, administering an exasperated punch to the pillows of his divan; "I, brave? I am the worst of cowards. All your preaching will not alter matters; I am positively afraid of that woman. I have shot a tiger just as he was going to knock off my head, as you would brush a fly off the back of a chair. But, when I see her little pink fist shaking her polished nails within an inch of my eyes, I am terror-stricken, absolutely terror-stricken, and if there were a tree in her boudoir, I would try to climb it. Explain that, if you can."

"I can explain it by the very simple fact that you were not in love with the tiger, while you were madly in love—and are so still, perhaps—with the Marquise Sansedoni."

Labanère went over and laid his two hands on his friend's shoulders.

"I will tell you how much I love her," he said. "Last year, while the cholera was here, she was ill for half a day. I cared for her, as was my duty as a man and a Christian, but I hoped—do you understand?—I hoped that she would die. I do not deny that I adored her for three years, for she is the most charming woman, the most bewitching, I have ever seen in my life. But, little by little, her fits of anger, her jealousies, her violent scenes, have estranged me from her, while my increasing coldness has not estranged her from me. Good Lord, I would like to know what charm she finds in such intolerable relations."

"Don't you know women better than that? She finds in them the refined, exquisite delight of seeing you tremble; of having cringe before her a man five feet ten in his stockings, one who has braved death a score of times, who is very handsome—no flattery intended—and who could, superh as she is, knock her down with a mere filip of his hand. But I confess one thing does astonish me."

"What is that?"

"That the fair Sansedoni has not nailed you to the cross—has not made you marry her. She is a widow, wealthy, and you have thoroughly compromised her. And, really, she must foresee that what has happened will happen some day."

"She has not done me the honor to foresee it. When you pass a railway station with your dog in leash, you do not foresee that it may break its chain, buy a ticket, board a train, and start for the North Pole."

"Very true. But here are you, bound for the North Pole, for your marriage is all arranged. How are you going to break your chain?"

Guy did not answer, but sat, with knitted brows, staring at nothing and fetching great clouds of smoke out of his cigar.

"Come, come!" cried the lieutenant, "you can't let the matter drop now. You would really be acting like a cad to keep her in ignorance any longer."

"I don't intend to; but I don't know what to do. I only know one thing, and that is that, one way or another, this matter must be settled. I have been thinking—you have always been a good friend of mine—now, if you would only go to her and—"

"Never in the wide, wide world. I have met the marquise, and I have no desire to explode a mine. Besides, I do not admit that it would do to send an envoy in such a case."

"You see, you are afraid yourself. Then, listen. Do this favor for me in another way. Come with me. In your presence I would not dare to be a coward."

"So be it," said Hertel, "but on one condition: that we go at once. You must not stay in such a hole a day longer. After all, she will not eat you."

An hour later the two friends presented themselves at the house of the Marquise Sansedoni. They found that lady *en peignoir*, her hair not yet done up, raging up and down her salon like a lioness in a cage, and beautiful as a fury.

Without noticing their greetings, without thinking of making any pretence, she sprang to the table, caught up a paper, and thrust it under poor Labanère's nose.

"What does this mean?" she demanded in a voice of ill-suppressed anger.

If his courage left him, Labanère at least retained his coolness. He placed his hat carefully on the table, drew out his glasses, took his time about finding the place, and slowly read aloud these lines:

"The engagement is announced of the Vicomte de Labanère to Mlle. Marguerite de Pont-Croix. The Labanères are one of the oldest families of Picardy," etc.

The reading lasted two minutes, during which the marquise remained erect, trembling, her hands clenched, her nostrils quivering, and looking so terrible that Hertel wondered if she had a dagger and, at the first word, would stab Labanère to the heart. The lieutenant watched the Sansedoni's every movement; but, the reading finished, Labanère folded the paper, placed it on the table, removed his glasses, put them in his pocket, and spoke.

"Aha," he said, tranquilly, "so the papers have got hold of it, eh? I thought it was still a family secret. Well, yes, my cousin is going to be married. A good match, too. You know the little Pont-Croix, Hertel?"

In his astonishment, the lieutenant was on the point of betraying all, and the marquise was not the woman to swallow the first story she was told.

"So," she said to Guy, still on the offensive, "all the men are vicomtes in your family?"

Guy was simply superb. He entered into a lengthy discourse on heraldic science to explain the case. "And so, you see," he concluded, "Gontran and I both bear the same title. But Gontran is the younger. He is twenty-eight at the most. That is about right, isn't it, Robert?—you ought to know, for my cousin served with you, I believe."

"Not more than that, certainly," said Hertel.

This reply—which was a "whopper"—dissipated all doubt from the marquise's mind, for the present and for the future. She regarded Hertel as the soul of honor and esteemed him highly. The mystery explained, she gave him a most cordial reception, and reproached him for coming to see her so seldom. It was perfectly apparent, however, that she would have liked to ask him what had put it into his head to visit her on that particular day.

When the two friends were in the street again, out of range of all suspicious glances, Labanère stopped and the lieutenant did likewise. In spite of everything, Labanère wanted to laugh; the sailor was angry as only a sailor can be.

"I shall not be able to go home without having a fight with some one—I'd like to kick myself, for I have lied to that woman like a pickpocket."

"Well, fight it out with 'Gontran, your former subordinate.' Come, be calm, I won't joke any more. But never be surprised again when a man says he is afraid of a woman. You know what it is now."

"Yes, and may the devil fly away with me if I ever get caught in such a pickle again. To think that a woman could make a man act so!"

The crisis was passed for the present, but the explosion must come one day or another. It would have been impossible for Guy to continue to play his double rôle so long as he did, if chance had not aided him. Every year the marquise's mother came to Paris for a few weeks and stayed with her daughter, who naturally modified the habits of her household to a considerable extent.

Free, or almost so, Labanère could tranquilly and honestly attend upon his *fiancée*, and could even accompany her on some of her shopping expeditions. One day, as they were choosing some jewels at Ravaut's, who should enter the shop but the Marquise Sansedoni and her mother! The marquise gave Marguerite such a look that the poor girl felt a cold chill run up her back. The Sansedoni marched boldly up to Labanère and gave him her hand, fixing him with her eye, for a suspicion had again entered her mind.

"What treasures!" she said, not caring if she were overheard. "It seems to me, my dear vicomte, that you are doing the thing in style." As she spoke, she kept her eyes steadily on the young girl.

"If I don't get out of this," thought Guy, "in five minutes there won't be a whole window left in the shop."

But he did get out of it. With the steady nerve that had distinguished the former tiger-hunter, he replied in a loud tone: "It is no great credit to do things in style, when one is not acting on one's own account."

To Marguerite and her mother this meant: "This parure is the wedding gift of my old aunt, who has commissioned me to purchase it for her." For the marquise it signified: "I am here in the stead and place of my cousin."

This was, in fact, the explanation he gave her later more in detail, not without having taken the precaution to hegule the marquise into a corner of the shop. He told her that Gontran, having been compelled to go to his lawyer's to see about some legal papers, had charged him to accompany Mlle. de Pont-Croix to the jeweler's. The story was accepted, and the two Italians left, after having made a pretence of looking at some rings, and Guy rejoined his future "cousin."

"Goodness, what a terrible woman!" Marguerite exclaimed; "she quite terrified me. I do hope you will not want me to meet her."

"You may rest easy on that score," replied Labanère.

But for him to rest easy was not so simple. The days flew by, and the hans were published. Happily the presence of her mother absorbed the marquise's time and made her visitors few. Those who knew the state of affairs believed that she had accepted Guy's marriage and was consoling herself with filial devotion.

He, after repeating every day for two months "I will tell her to-morrow," finally began to wonder, as he saw how events shaped themselves, "What if I don't tell her at all?"

Undoubtedly his inaction was not commendable. But Labanère had for a long time hated the marquise cordially, and, on the other hand, he was absolutely determined on his marriage with Marguerite. But of what extravagance was not the marquise capable at the last moment?

On the eve of his wedding, the very morning before it, in fact, he was still debating the question, when he received a letter, the handwriting of which made him tremble. It ran:

"My mother is to be away all day—shall we have luncheon together? I count on you. It is weeks since I have had you all to myself."

"Would to heaven that the old Italian had put off her absence for twenty-four hours!" muttered Labanère, as he proceeded to indite the following note:

"Do you not read the papers nowadays? My cousin is to be married to-morrow, and, of course, I am to be one of the wedding-party. After the ceremony, there are the reception and wedding-breakfast at the Pont-Croix's. When can I escape? I do not know, but as soon as I am free, I shall post off to you."

"At any rate," he said, as he sealed the note, "unless death or divorce comes to the rescue, she will wait a long time for me."

At seven o'clock the following evening, the newly married pair left for Italy. In a day or two they had become great friends, so much so that Guy made certain confidences to Marguerite—which was, indeed, no more than prudent.

"Do you remember," he asked, "that tall, dark woman who spoke to me at Ravaut's and frightened you so?"

"Yes, indeed; I can see her now. But why?"

"Well, she did me the honor to—aspire to the place you now occupy, and if some day she meets us and shows a had temper, you must not be surprised nor frightened. It will be a compliment to my adroitness, after all."

The young vicomtesse was not entirely ignorant of the world, and, knowing what to understand by what her husband called the marquise's "ambition to fill her place," she burst into tears. Then Guy, to make her laugh—which did not take long—told her the story of his imaginary cousin.

"Oh, splendid!" she cried. "That hateful woman has got just her desserts. And if she dares show herself to me, I shall simply freeze her."

But Mme. de Labanère did not remember to freeze the marquise when, some weeks later, they met. It was in a dim corner of the Cascine, at Florence. Guy and his wife were seated on a bench, very close to each other. He even had his arm around Marguerite's waist and the other hand under her chin, which she held up as he kissed her.

Suddenly the Marquise Sansedoni stood before them, tall, dark, scowling, terrible, and when the little vicomtesse had recovered herself a little, the Italian pointed her finger at Labanère, and demanded:

"Do you know what your husband was, madame?"

The deep voice, the tragic gesture, the pale and angry face, gave Marguerite the most acute terror she had ever felt in her life. Perhaps this big woman had come to kill her—her and Guy! She lost her head, wanted to say something, got confused, and finally stammered:

"This isn't my husband, madame; it's his cousin!"

Even the marquise could not repress a smile at this astonishing statement. Then the smile disappeared, her eyes grew moist, and, dropping a veil over her features, she hurried away, murmuring the single word: "*Ingrato!*"

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Léon de Tinseau by L. S. V.

OLD FAVORITES.

Ao Old Castle.

The gray arch crumbles,
And totters and tumbles;
The bat has built in the banquet-hall;
In the donjon-keep
Sly mosses creep;
The ivy has scaled the southern wall:
No man-at-arms
Sounds quick alarms
Atop of the cracked martello tower:
The drawbridge-chain
Is broken io iwaio—
The bridge will neither rise nor lower.
Not any maoner
Of brodered banner
Flaunts at a blazoned herald's call.
Lilies float
In the stagnant moat;
And fair they are, and tall.

Here, io the old
Forgottee spriogs,
Was wassail held by queeos and kings;
Here at the board
Sat clown and lord,
Maiden fat and lover bold,
Baron fat aod minstrel lean,
The prince with his stars,
The knight with his scars,
The priest in his gabardine.

Where is she
Of the fleur-de-lays,
And that true knight who wore her gages?
Where are the glances
That bred wild fancies
In curly heads of my lady's pages?
Where are those
Who, in steel or hose,
Held revel here, and made them gay?
Where is the laughter
That shook the rafters—
Where is the rafter, by the way?
Gone is the roof,
And perched aloof
Is an owl, like a friar of Orders Gray.
(Perhaps 'tis the priest
Come back to feast—
He had ever a tooth for capon, he I
But the capon's cold,
And the steward's old,
And the hutter's lost the larder-key!)
The doughty lords
Sleep the sleep of swords.
Dead are the dames and danozels.
The King in his crown
Hath laid him down.
Aod the jester with his bells.

All is dead here:
Poppies are red here,
Vines in my lady's chamber grow—
If 'twas her chamber
Where they clamber
Up from the poisonous weeds below.
All is dead here,
Joy is fled here;
Let us hence. 'Tis the end of all—
The gray arch crumbles,
And totters, and tumbles,
And Silence sits in the banquet-hall.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The pecuniary result of the Papal jubilee is a gain to the coffers of the Vatican of about a million and a quarter of dollars, and jewels, plate, and other valuable articles estimated to be worth about a million dollars.

Jay Gould's collection of annual passes for 1881 is to be exhibited at Chicago. There are about one hundred and fifteen or one hundred and twenty of them, but only a half-dozen or so show signs of use.

LIFE IN THE HAREM.

The Home of an Egyptian Princess—What her English Governess Saw—Graphic Pictures of Woman in the Orient and her Surroundings.

Miss Ellen Chennells was the English governess of the Egyptian Princess Zeyneb, and in that capacity lived for five years at the court of her father, the Khedive Ismail. She has put together a record of her experiences in two volumes entitled "Recollections of an Egyptian Princess." It is an interesting account of harem life.

No ladies of the harem with whom she was acquainted regarded their own lot as pitiable, or had any particular desire to exchange it for a life of greater freedom. On the contrary, indeed, most, if not all, of them appear to have been staunch upholders of the traditions and discipline of the harem—both of them exceedingly strict. Her own particular charge, Princess Zeyneb, whose education she began in 1871, at a time when the most lavish period of Ismail's reign was nearly over, was brought up largely outside the harem walls, at her father's desire (he was credited in those days with pronounced European aspirations); but so soon as she reached an age when Mohammedan opinion would have been shocked by the continuance of that state of things, she was "secluded" like the rest. But she seems not to have grieved much over the change in her condition, which, it is true, was softened by her marriage to a prince who, like herself, had been brought up after the European model, and preferred the new ways to those of the "immemorial East."

The family relations of an Eastern potentate are commonly a good deal mixed; and even the enlightened and prodigal Ismail had not brought himself to indulge in the Western luxury of only one wife. Miss Chennells's little exordium about the Khedivial *ménage* is therefore by no means misplaced:

"The Khedive had other sons and daughters, but they did not reside under the same roof. As is well known at Cairo, there are other harems in which the favorites reside; and when a son or daughter is born to the Khedive, mother and child are at once removed to the palace of the Valide (mother of the sovereign). If a son, a separate establishment is provided for him when he is old enough, and he holds equal rank with the son of a wife, the Mohammedan law making no distinction in such a case."

Ismail appears to have been one of the few men who have succeeded in living in amity with a number of wives under the same roof. Writing upon the glamour of the harem and the Khedive's relations toward his spouses, Miss Chennells says:

"The great object of European ladies, either at Constantinople or Cairo, is to get an introduction to the harem; but once visited the charm is generally broken. On fête days the impression is gorgeous; the magnificent dresses, the splendid apartments, the flashing of jewels, the open courts, with the feathery palms and the sound of falling waters, all produce a delightful effect. But on ordinary visits you were struck with the entire absence of anything to promote amusement or mental occupation. No books, music, or any little feminine work lying about. The windows might look out on a garden, but there was sure to be a high wall which shut out all outer life. The Khedive, to do him justice, was anxious to raise the position of women; he founded schools for girls, he endeavored to promote education in his own harem, and gave much greater liberty and means—both of recreation and instruction—to his inmates than any sovereign had done before him. Ismail Pasha had four wives, the full proportion allowed by the Koran. To the first, and second he was married when quite young, and to the third soon after his accession. These three ladies lived with him in the same palace. They, of course, had separate suites of apartments, but they lived in perfect amity, as I had full opportunity of knowing later. I once said what a wonderful thing it was for three wives to live together like affectionate sisters; but I was answered immediately: 'That is because his highness never shows any preference for one more than the others; if one is favored to-day, the others have their turn to-morrow.'"

Miss Chennells was never very happy during the month of Rhamadan, the Mohammedan Lent, when the faithful are allowed to eat only between sunset and sunrise. The meals for which the European members of the household hungered would at this time become very intermittent. Meals, indeed, seem to be one of those things to which harem reformers might profitably turn their attention:

"The way of announcing luncheon is by the appearance of a slave at the door, with a gold-embroidered sash on her arm. . . . I generally had my back turned, and was engaged at that hour in reading to the princess. . . . I would represent to her that the meal had come in and was getting cold, and there was no means of keeping it hot; that no one in the household, except she and I, had had a meal that day, and no one could eat until after she had done so. She would hold out for some time; would say that it was very hard that she, the mistress, should be obliged to eat whether she liked it or not; but always finished by doing as I asked. . . . Sometimes she was out, and then the luncheon waited for one or two hours, sometimes even more, for her possible return; and if she came late and then ate, the dinner would also be deferred an hour or two. Nevertheless it was cooked at the same hour and sent in, so that we had to eat it half-cold. This extreme irregularity in meals is one of the evils of harem life."

For three years and a half Miss Chennells lived outside the harem, giving Princess Zeyneb her lessons in a house appointed for the purpose, in which the European teaching staff of the Khedivial family resided. When the princess married, she went, moved by affection for her pupil, into harem residence; and excessively trying and uncomfortable this portion of her life seems to have been. In a land where a divan and a carpet are enough to satisfy everybody's mobiliary needs, it is not surprising that the idea of comfort is unknown. One of the most trying drawbacks of the harem is the utter lack of privacy. Every room is a corridor to another room; doors will not lock, or will lock on one side and not on the other; the slaves and eunuchs are consumed with curiosity; dust and untidiness are everywhere, even in the most sumptuous palaces. Miss Chennells tells us of her first experience as a resident in the harem:

"The first sight of my stay in the harem I never closed my eyes, partly on account of the novelty of my position, partly on account of a high wind, and the incessant slamming of a door in the court-yard below, which was like a series of thunderclaps. I did not see the princess until the next afternoon. I was sitting with her then, and her *dada* and a number of her chief slaves were standing round, when her husband, Ibrahim Pasha came in. The *selamluk* in which he passed his days was a separate building close by, communicating with the harem by a private gate, which led from one garden into the other. A eunuch always sat at this gate (it was a double gate, with a small room between for bad weather) to prevent any one else but the prince from passing."

For all their armies of slaves the domestic work of the

harem is performed in the most perfunctory manner. There is no management, no organization, nobody is responsible for anything. The chief eunuch reigns supreme, and will set aside the most positive orders of his mistress if they do not meet with his approval or if they interfere with his convenience. This is the Egyptian slave's way of "doing" a room:

"Their idea of sweeping was to make a great dust, get all the sweepings into a corner, and then tuck them under the carpet; their notion of making a bed was to turn down the sheet, dust it with a feather broom with which they had previously dusted the furniture, and then cover it up again. After this they would empty your bath and basin out of the window, take your sponge or towels to wipe up any slop they might make, and, having devoted perhaps five minutes to the entire performance, Mohammed would triumphantly inform me that my room was 'finish.'"

Of the impossibility of securing privacy in the seraglio, Miss Chennells gives us some amusing instances:

"The heat being very great, I took a bath. I have before mentioned that I was furnished with a key for the outer door, which would lock on the outside, but not on the inside. I therefore usually fastened it with a string, which by no means kept out an intruder, but retarded her entry and thus gave me notice of her approach. I had just got out of the bath and put on a dressing gown, when I was startled by a vigorous kick which burst the door open to a moment, and two eunuchs entered the room. They did not appear in the least disconcerted at my appearance, or to consider their visit ill-timed; but one of them who spoke a little English told me that his father (!) wished to know how many boxes I had. Had he spoken in Turkish or Arabic, the Oriental imagery might have suggested to me some figure of speech; but in matter-of-fact English, I took the relationship as matter of fact, and could only ejaculate, 'Your father!' 'Yes, my father,' he said. So I communicated the number of boxes, and the two eunuchs went away, and I afterward found that the chief eunuch held that paternal character toward all the others. The utter inefficiency of the string had discouraged me from using it again; so the next morning at half-past five, a few minutes after I had left my bed, I turned suddenly round and saw a slave within a few feet of me, who had entered noiselessly and was watching the operations of the toilet. She did not want anything; so upon being asked her business, she disappeared."

On the whole, the picture which Miss Chennells draws of the harem and its life is far from pleasing. It is a dull and narrow existence, destitute of interests, and resource, incapable of developing the character and utterly preventive of anything like community of existence between husband and wife. Miss Chennells lived in a household far in advance of its time, where the wife was devoted to the husband whose affections she was called upon to share with no rival; yet she writes:

"I could not help being struck even at this early stage with the different life led by a young married couple in the East and one in our country. My pupil's husband had been in love with her from a child, and was devoted to her after marriage as he had been before. Still they had no pursuits in common; they could not walk out together, ride, drive, or go to the theatre together, or have any mutual acquaintance. Any wish she might express was immediately gratified by him; he got a pretty little pony carriage and pair of poies and taught her to drive; but she grew weary in a few days of driving round the garden, with or without him, and gave up using it. One pet after another was given her; the poor child wanted liberty, as a bird poies in its cage, and cared for nothing else. When they went to the theatre or opera it was in separate carriages, and they sat in separate boxes. When any gentlemen came to see the prince it was at the *selamluk*, and he could not introduce them to her. If any of her brothers came they were brought in at once, and the intercourse was a great pleasure both to them and to her. Some of them had been brought up in France and England, and they highly appreciated having as sister a charming young woman, full of the light, graceful badinage which is always so attractive in the society of young people. But, after all, the visits of the brothers were occasional only; there were a great many weary hours to get through."

Even when this cherished wife went to the theatre or the opera, she was still in a gilded prison:

"The harem boxes were a novelty to be seen in no other country. The principal one was next to the stage, on the grand tier, and opposite the viceroys'. Four smaller ones adjoined it. The whole front of these boxes was covered with a fine net-work of iron, painted white, and covered with flowers in gold. It had the effect of lace-work, but it was all iron, and the elaborate pattern of the flowers made it more difficult to distinguish any person or thing within the boxes so covered. The harem entrance is through a small garden, guarded by sentinels, and through which no person is allowed to pass. Once in the building, there is a separate door and staircase leading to these boxes, which communicate with no other part of the house. You can see very fairly to them, though, of course, the wire prevents your ever leaning forward, as is sometimes necessary when sitting in a side-box."

Custom and tradition are, indeed, all powerful in the harem, and upon occasion extend even to privileged European residents, such as Miss Chennells. Twice she accompanied the Khedive and his household to Constantinople; and on the first occasion she was very anxious to see the unrivaled panorama which greets the eye upon approaching what was once Byzantium. She was beginning to enjoy the view on deck when:

"I was met by Zohrah Bey, who told me (apparently with great concern) that the orders were very strict that no one could remain on the bridge as we passed Constantinople. 'Could I not stay in one of the little *kiosks* on the deck?' I asked; 'they might look in there if they liked, but at any rate I should see.' 'It was impossible,' Zohrah Bey replied; 'I was in the service of a Mohammedan prince, and no vessel containing his harem, and in such circumstances no woman could be allowed to show herself on deck.' I was in despair, when a bright thought occurred to me. I belonged to the harem; might I not go into the chief saloon, as his highness was not there? Zohrah Bey was an old stager; he knew well enough what awaited me there; but he was a lover of peace, and his object was to remove me from the deck. I had not seen my pupil, who was with her mother, so I made my way to the chief saloon. The eunuchs made no difficulty about my entering it. The windows were large, and I was enjoying the beautiful views on both sides, when, just as we were passing St. Sophia, the outer shutters slowly descended, and we were left in darkness. It was like a pall thrown over me. There was no help for it. I must pass the next hour, while going through the loveliest scenery in the world, to which I had looked forward so much, as one who has lost the blessing of sight. I saw it many times afterward, and could never do it too often."

If Miss Chennells does not add greatly to our knowledge of Eastern ways, she undoubtedly gives us a graphic and sufficient picture of life in the harem—of that empty and secluded existence which, despite a certain flavor of romance, is, after all, sordid and unsatisfying. Her instructive pages suggest that, after all, it is not so much polygamy as the seclusion of women and the institution of domestic slavery which are the real difficulties in the way of any considerable alteration in Eastern ways.

The Sultan of Turkey not only has a rigid censorship of the press, but he has ordered that no newspapers be published until the afternoon, so the censors will not have to forego their morning nap in order to supervise them.

ANOTHER DALY WEDDING.

"Flaneur" discusses Adelaide Prince's Marriage.—The Ladies who have Married out of the Daly Troupe.—Theatrical Matches Generally.

The town is preparing for a new sensation in the shape of a marriage between pretty Adelaide Prince and Mr. George Merritt, a well-known man about town. To neither of the two will matrimony present unforeseen revelations; Miss Prince, as she chooses to call herself, takes her name from her first husband, H. D. Prince, from whom she is divorced, and Mr. Merritt is the divorced husband of Miss Augusta Shaack, a member of a good old Knickerhocker family. This makes the fourth prominent actress who has graduated from Daly's Theatre to the matrimonial altar.

It is over fifteen years since Clara Morris, who was Daly's leading lady, married Mr. Harriott, without leaving the stage. Edith Kingdon did not follow her example; she left the boards when she became Mrs. George Gould. Then followed Miss Virginia Dreher, who accepted the hand of a rich New Yorker named Postlethwaite. And now Miss Prince joins the procession. Daly's is not the only theatre from which wives graduate. It was from the vantage ground of the boards of the Union Square that Mrs. Smith, better known as Agnes Ethel, captured the millionaire Tracy, of Buffalo. The lady who was for twenty years leading lady at Wallack's as Mrs. Russell and then Mrs. John Hoey, remained on the stage until the expressman made, or supposed he had made, a fortune, which she determined to enjoy at Long Branch. She was succeeded by Madeline Henriques, who left the stage to become the wife of Louis Jennings, editor of the New York Times. She was understood to be happy until her husband died. Another of Wallack's girls, pretty Annie Robe, married a millionaire, and has never been heard of in dramatic circles since. Poor Rose Coghlan was not so fortunate; her matrimonial voyage was short and sad.

With a few exceptions, such as Charlotte Cushman, who played men's parts so often that it may have become unnatural to her to receive masculine addresses, all the star actresses have married. Fanny Kemble made her little venture with cold-blooded Pierce Butler, of South Carolina, and repented in sackcloth and ashes. Julia Dean took another Southerner to her bosom, Dr. Hayne, also of South Carolina, the son of the famous Robert Y. Hayne. He lived with her for several years, but they separated eventually. Matilda Heron, who was one of the best Camilles we ever had, married a German fiddler who beat her and took her earnings till she divorced him. Ristori married a marquis from her own country; she made him a regular allowance and kept him in a cottage in the country, where he read the accounts of his wife's triumphs with becoming emotion. Modjeska married a Polish editor, a little wizened, dried-up chap, who acts as her business agent; they are believed to be happy. Adelaide Neilson was the wife of a British naval officer, of whom she disposed by a divorce. Of all this list, the only actress who seems to have bettered her condition by matrimony was Modjeska.

Singers have been almost as unfortunate. Patti's tribulations with the French McAllister, the Marquis de Caux, are historic. Malibran's first husband, M. Malibran, of New York, was a French bankrupt, who proposed to live on her earnings without even professing gratitude for the support. Sontag had to support her husband, too; but she seems to have loved him, and he treated her tenderly. Lucca had to get a divorce from her Baron von Rohden. Christine Nilsson lost her first husband, who died in a mad-house; with her second, a Spaniard of rank, the Count de Casa Miranda, she is said to live happily. She is very fond of his daughter by his first marriage.

Among happy marriages by actresses, two or three recent cases may be quoted. One was the case of Margaret Mather, who married the millionaire brewer, Pahst; she is said to have renounced the stage and all its glories forever. Another was the pretty singer, Agnes Huntingdon, who, if she had remained on the stage, would have rendered Lillian Russell unnecessary; she married a Philadelphia lawyer named Cravath. She is a very sweet and charming woman. Mary Anderson, who had such a reputation as a refigerator that she appeared to be destined to the fate of which Queen Elizabeth so oddly boasted, is reputed to be quite comfortable as the wife of the opulent Mr. Navarro. Whether Minnie Seligman has promoted her felicity by marrying a blue-blooded New Yorker six years younger than herself, public rumor doth not say.

As actresses are of the same paste as other women, they ought to incline to marriage like their sisters; and as, on the stage, they have far more opportunities of displaying their charms before the eyes of men, their opportunities should be more frequent than those which fall to the lot of the average girl. On general principles, they should be willing to marry, if only to emancipate themselves from the cruel bondage of a life which exacts unremitting toil from eleven in the morning till after midnight, and which denies them the pleasures of society and the quiet joys of private life. But a woman on the stage is paid so much attention which is inspired by base motives, and receives so many compliments which are obviously insincere, that her heart generally becomes hardened, and it is difficult to persuade her that a suitor is in earnest and means to act honestly by her. It may be added that a life on the stage, in which the performer is perpetually trying to be the thing she is not, is not a good apprenticeship for matrimony. Nothing repels a man so much as doubts of the truthfulness of the woman toward whom his fancy inclines. The French have a proverb that a woman who lies is lost; the graver sin will follow when opportunity offers. It is often difficult for an artist, whose professional success depends upon her capacity to lie plausibly, to adhere strictly to the line of veracity in private life. Perhaps this may account for the small proportion of marriages—or happy marriages—by actresses.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1893. FLAN

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Jerome K. Jerome is going into business as a publisher on his own account. He has taken premises in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, where he will also carry on the trade of author.

Mr. H. M. Stanley is writing a series of short stories for boys. The subjects are, of course, African.

"I've read," said an editor to a writer in the New York Times, "hundreds of rolled manuscripts, and I never yet have found one that I cared to print. I have decided that the stupidity which rolls a manuscript can not produce anything worth reading." To this the Critic's "Lounge" adds:

"A rolled MS. is a desperate thing; but there is another that is almost worse—the one that comes to you with the last page on top and the first page at the bottom. A MS. was once sent to me arranged in this careless manner. There were five or six hundred pages of it. Do you know what I did with it? I sent it back to the author with a note in which I advised him before he sent that MS. further on its travels to show sufficient interest in it to arrange the pages properly. An attractive-looking manuscript goes a long way toward winning the favor of the reader. Even if refused, it is refused with genuine regret; but a reader is only too glad to find the carelessly prepared MS. as worthless as it looks. I have always admired the patience that induced Mr. George Haven Putnam to read the MS. of 'The Leavenworth Case,' for it was carelessly written in lead-pencil on common paper, and by an author then unknown. But he had his reward."

The second volume of Mr. William Winter's "Shadows of the Stage" will be published this month; the third volume, to be devoted wholly to Edwin Booth, will be issued in October.

"Napoleon at Elba and St. Helena," a narrative written by eye-witnesses, will be issued in London.

"Donald Marcy" is the title of Elizabeth Phelps Ward's new novel. It is partly a story of college life, illustrating, it is said, the aspirations and thoughtfulness of healthy youth as it matures to manhood.

The literary world of Spain is in mourning for the death of one of its most distinguished representatives, a woman, of whom the *Tribune* writes:

"Doña Concepcion Arenal, who died a few weeks ago, was for many years the editor of *La España Moderna*, a literary-scientific journal of wide circulation. This lady was one of the very few women writers upon sociological, legal, and scientific topics. Her deep and thorough knowledge of these rather masculine subjects was gained under difficulties, as the opportunities for such study on the part of a woman are, unfortunately, still rare in the country of the Alhambra. Her principal work, 'The Prison Guard,' enjoys a wide popularity, not only in Spain but in other countries into whose languages the book has been translated."

The complete collection of the writings of Abraham Lincoln, which Colonel John Hay and Colonel Nicolay are engaged in editing, will soon be published.

Fraser Rae, an old friend of the late M. Taine, who first made his merits known to the English public by an article in the *Westminster Review* in 1861, is now engaged in preparing for publication a book on Taine's "Life and Works."

The table of contents of *Harper's Magazine* for May is as follows:

"The Evolution of New York," by Thomas A. Janvier—Part I.; "James Russell Lowell," by Charles Eliot Norton; "The Refugees," by A. Conan Doyle—Part V.; "Colorado and its Capital," by Julian Ralph; "A Dream City (the World's Fair)," by Candace Wheeler; "Love's Labor's Lost," comment by Andrew Lang, with nine illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey; "The French Scare of 1875," by Mr. De Blowitz; "Philips Brooks," by Rev. Arthur Brooks, D. D.; "A Child of the Covenant," a story by Eva Wilder McGlasson; "Etelka Talmeir: A Tale of Three Cities," a story by Brander Matthews; "A Discontented Province," by Henry Loomis Nelson; "Horace Chase," by Constance Fenimore Woolson—Part V.; Editor's Study and Editor's Drawer.

Lady Burton has completed arrangements for the issue of a complete and uniform edition of all Sir Richard Burton's works, beginning with "The Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina."

Mrs. Oliphant has written another story in the vein of "Old Lady Mary." It is called "A Visitor and His Opinions," and appears in the April *Blackwood's*.

The fortunes of the telephonic newspaper of Budapest are full of difficulties. The *Sun's* correspondent says:

"Several persons who complain of being telephonically libeled have brought suits against the projectors of the enterprise. Hungarian lawyers are now struggling with the problem whether libels by telephones are actionable. The government, also, regards the experiment with disfavor, because of the difficulty of exercising the power of censorship scientifically. However, the scheme has been a complete success. There are now subscribers in every town in Hungary possessing the telephonic system. One transmission enables every subscriber to hear the editorial voice with perfect ease. The electricians in charge say that if there were a half-million subscribers scattered all over Eu-

rope, each one would bear distinctly the voice of the editor in Budapest. Unfortunately, the inventor of the system and founder of the enterprise, Theodor Fuskas, died a fortnight ago. He was a real genius. He introduced the Telephone Exchange of Paris, and was well known to the electricians of the world. For a long time he was a disciple of Edison, at Menlo Park. His principal invention, of which the telephonic newspaper at Budapest was the first great application, was a device by means of which the human voice is carried over an unlimited number of circuits to all points of the compass. The newspaper is now being conducted by the inventor's brother."

The *Publisher's Guide* announces "A Child's History of France," by John Bonner, of this city, from the press of the Harpers. This is expected to be the first of a series of Child's Histories, which may constitute a cyclopedia of history for young people.

Eugene Field is said to be preparing a book about books, one intended for the lover of books.

A few days before his death, M. Taine tossed his diary into the fire; and in his will he speaks as from the grave in these explicit words:

"I expressly charge my wife and my heirs to prevent as long as they live, in all legal ways, the publication of my confidential and private letters, of all kinds and descriptions. I also direct my wife and children to transmit this prohibition to their heirs and to be bound to be observed indefinitely. The only letters or correspondence which can be published are those relating to matters purely general or speculative, for example, philosophy, history, aesthetics, art, psychology; and from them all passages must be cut out which touch, remotely or immediately, upon private life, and none of them can be published except on the authorization of my heirs, after the said passages have been cut out by them."

It appears that Mr. Kipling's new book, which is now in press, will not be called "Many Intentions"—which were supposed to be of the paving of a certain summery ground—but "Many Inventions."

The literary reader will be surprised to learn the names of the most popular of English novelists. The *Critic's* correspondent writes from London:

"A daily paper has recently instituted a *plébisite* of its readers to vote upon the relative popularity of living writers of fiction. Some three thousand persons registered their votes, and the result of the ballot goes to prove that it is the novel of incident, and not the novel of intention, which appeals to the illiterate reader. Miss Braddon registered over twelve hundred votes. Mrs. Humphrey Ward did not appear in the competition at all. Mr. Thomas Hardy secured less than two hundred supporters. Mr. Joseph Hatton over eight hundred. Mr. W. E. B. Ross is disregarded, but Miss Lora Russell found more than half the number of electors to vote for her. Mr. Shorthouse, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Anstey, were all without a champion."

Mr. W. W. Astor's *Pall Mall Magazine* will be published in London by Messrs. Routledge & Son, who will probably be its publishers in this country also. Mr. W. W. Astor has himself contributed an article to the forthcoming first number.

Among the forthcoming volumes of poetry in England are Mr. F. W. Bourdillon's "Sursum Corda," and Mme. Mary Robinson Darmsteter's "Retrospect, and Other Poems."

Harper & Brothers announce that they will publish, about the middle of April, the following books:

"The Philosophy of Singing," by Mrs. Clara K. Rogers; "Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne," by his friend of many years, the late Horatio Bridge, with portraits; "Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa," by Henry M. Stanley, illustrated by Frederic Remington; "The Earl of Aberdeen, by his son, Sir Arthur Gordon (in the Queen's Prime Ministers Series); "The Dictator," a new novel by Justin McCarthy; and a new revised edition of William Black's "Shandon Bell."

In one of his letters to Poulet Malassis, Baudelaire, to whom the poets of Paris are erecting a monument in the garden of the Luxembourg, related the following conversation with Méryon, the artist whose etchings are now so invaluable:

"He asked me if I read the novels of a certain Edgar Poe. I replied that I knew them better than anybody, and was translating them. He asked then, in a very accented tone, if I believed that this Edgar Poe really existed. I naturally inquired to whom he attributed these novels. He answered: 'To a society of literary men who are very skillful, very powerful, and well informed about everything.' Here is one of his reasons: 'The Rue Morgue. I made a drawing of the morgue. An orange-outing. I have often been compared to a monkey. This monkey murders two women—the mother and her daughter. And I, too, have murdered, morally, two women—the mother and daughter. I believe that the novel is an allusion to my misfortunes. You would oblige me if you found the date when Edgar Poe (supposing that nobody aided him) composed this tale, in order that I may see whether or not the date coincides with my adventures.' Do not make fun of this with wicked fellows. I would not, for the world, harm a man of talent."

New Publications.

"A Leafless Spring," a novel by Ossip Schubin, has been freely translated from the German by Mary J. Safford, and is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Instead of a Book: By a Man Too Busy to Write One" is a "fragmentary exposition of philosophical anarchism" culled from the writings of Benjamin R. Tucker. The author is an enthusiast, and aims for the same end that Johann Most has set for his goal, but he does not advocate the use of dynamite and is generally consistent. Published by Benjamin R. Tucker, New York.

"A Wild Proxy," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, is called by its author "a tragic comedy of to-day," and sets forth the extraordinary adventures of a young Englishman who, just for a joke, borrows another man's wife. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Conquest of Mexico and Peru; Prefaced by the Discovery of the Pacific" is an historical narrative poem of nearly four hundred and fifty pages, by Kinahan Cornwallis, who evidently does not believe that the taste for poetry of this class is dead. Published at the office of the *Daily Investigator*, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Something Occurred," by B. L. Farjeon, is as delightful a modern fairy tale as Anstey's "Vice Versa." At the advice of a remarkable fairy, a young couple take snuff, and every time they sneeze "something occurs," some remarkable transformation takes place. Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Oliver Cromwell," by George H. Clark, D. D., is a new biography of the old Puritan general, for which its author makes excuse that "Carlyle will enable scholars to know his hero, but his book will never be read except by a few, and hence the need of such books as the present one." Dr. Clark has popularized the Carlyle view, and, after scolding those who hold another opinion, sets forth the reasons for his belief in Cromwell's utter integrity and nobility of purpose. The book is illustrated from paintings and old prints. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Gods of Olympus; or, Mythology of the Greeks and Romans" is the title of a new book by Katherine A. Raleigh, founded on the twentieth edition of Dr. A. H. Petiscus's "Olympus," with a preface by Jane E. Harrison, in which she advocates the folk-lore method of mythology of which Andrew Lang and J. G. Frazer are the best-known exponents. The book is illustrated and indexed, and contains a good list of works of reference for mythology, comparative mythology, and vase paintings. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$2.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

A new edition has just been issued of "Amiel's Journal: the 'Journal Intime' of Henri-Frédéric Amiel," translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward. This record of the Swiss philosopher's daily thoughts has long been held in high esteem by thinking men and women, and the extent to which Mrs. Ward's translation popularized it is shown by the increased frequency with which choice bits are quoted by the novelists of the day. This new edition is in two small and tastefully bound volumes, with a portrait and Mrs. Ward's prefaces, introduction, and notes. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by William Doxey.

"Through Colonial Doorways," by Annie Hollingsworth Wharton, is a pleasant little volume in which are set forth various phases of social life in colonial times in America, as revealed in private letters and other manuscripts of that day. The titles of the chapters are "Through Colonial Doorways," "The Meschianza," "New York Balls and Receptions," "The American Philosophical Society," "The Vistair Parties," "A Bundle of Old Love-Letters," and "The Philadelphia Dancing Assemblies." The binding and typographical make-up of the book are quite pretty and in keeping with the subject. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann.

"White Birchies," by Annie Eliot, is an entertaining story to while away a few hours with. In the first scenes you are shown a village where an artist, meeting with an accident, is helped to his temporary home by Rhodope Trent, a rural beauty. Rhodope is thereupon introduced to a woman of fashion, who has secluded herself for a few weeks in this forgotten corner of the world, and that lady subsequently takes Rhodope with her to town, where her beauty and *naïveté* make her a great success. There is plenty of love-making and lovers' crosses, all blithely described and told in fairly clever conversation, and it all ends with marriage-bells. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A valuable feature of the university extension plan is the publication of papers which still further widen the field of its usefulness. The latest volume of these is "The History and Theory of Money," by Sidney Sherwood, Ph. D., which consists of a special course of twelve lectures in finance, with syllabus and attendant discussion, and addresses by Dr. William Pepper, Hon. William Trenholm, late comptroller of the currency; Hon. Edward S. Lacey, comptroller of the currency; Joseph Wharton, founder of the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, of the University of Pennsylvania; Professor Edmund J. James, and Charles Hermon Thomas, and an introduction by William H. Rhavu, chairman of committee of bankers. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann.

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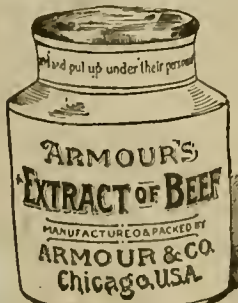
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VANITY FAIR.

An eminent New York physician has some very interesting things to say on the subject of wrinkles. The only approach to a cure, in his opinion, is fat. "Fat women are not only better looking, but younger looking than their slim sisters," says this wise man. "Take any two women who can be induced to tell their age, and the fatter one will look at least six years younger than her scrawny friend. The advice I should give a thin woman for wrinkles would be a two-word sentence: 'Get fat.' And if a fat girl asked for advice, I should tell her to keep quiet. Women in our country wear themselves out. They are either jerking, or worrying, or squinting, or fussing the whole time, and there's no need for it. It doesn't do any good. American husbands are the best in the world, and yet their wives and sisters look as miserable as though they were neglected and abused. The fact is that, with all their studying, and reading, and progress, they haven't learned yet how to take care, how to dodge issues, how to let things go on trust. They lack the saving serenity, gayety, and repose which nuns, little children, and big dogs possess to a remarkable degree. Women begin to get wrinkled when they begin to abuse their eyes. They trim their eyelashes and eyebrows, they use chemicals to color their hair and clean the scalp, they use different preparations to brighten or whiten their complexions, they neglect to get eye-glasses, they read and sew in poor light, and the result is injury to the sight. Squinting follows, and there you have a crop of wrinkles about the eyes. Nine women in every ten talk with their faces. They frown and scowl when they ought to use adjectives. Their hypocrisy shows itself in the parallel lines across the forehead; their insincerity and lost teeth are indicated by the curves about the mouth. The bad habits they have of biting their lips, chewing gum and candy, and working their mouths unnecessarily, bring on the indelible lines years before their time. Proper protection for the eyes in and out of doors will unquestionably retard wrinkles. I would advise the girl, who hopes to be a young old lady, to wear a big hat or carry a small umbrella whenever she is facing a storm, blazing sunlight, or dust; to do no more night-work than is necessary, and then to wear a proof-reader's green shade and to close her eyes against all fierce or dazzling lights."

A "Directory of the Club Men of New York," which has been published lately, contains more than twenty-five thousand names, and the number of clubs whose membership it gives exceeds eighty. Probably less than one-fifth of the twenty-five thousand names in this directory (says the *Sun*) would include all the men in New York who are entitled to be called club men in any specific sense; and of these not more than one-half are regular frequenters of clubs, and dependent on them to any large extent for their social enjoyment. The rest are men who retain membership in clubs for the simple purpose of being on the list, or because at irregular intervals or on occasions of stated meetings of infrequent occurrence, they may be inclined to attend. These must constitute something like four-fifths of the membership of most of the important clubs. The remaining fifth are the only distinctive club men in New York, and the majority of them belong to several clubs, furnishing to each the nucleus of its regular attendance. They are those who give to club society its peculiar character, to club life such distinguishing flavor as it has. The mass of them are young men, or hachelors of all ages who keep aloof from the multitude of outside social activities; and a comparatively small number of married men is added. It is reported that of recent years the attendance at the leading clubs has shown a tendency to fall off proportionately, if not actually. The increase in the number of clubs has been great during the last twenty-five years, and the total club membership is steadily and largely augmenting; but none of the club-houses is filled unless on extraordinary occasions. Usually they are described as rather dull places, especially for those who are not habituated to their life. Many of the men in this directory, who belong to three, six, and even twice as many clubs, are never seen at any club with regularity. They are club men only in the sense that they are on the rolls of the clubs. Their social tastes and habits of life are altogether apart from clubs. The increase in the number of outside social attractions, opportunities, and distractions in New York has made the club less of a social necessity than it used to be. Instead of club life being a more important feature of the town, it has become less important. The clubs have multiplied correspondingly to the growth of population, wealth, and luxurious living, but their influence as social centres has declined.

Has it ever happened to you (asks the *Bazar*) to lay aside a favorite gown in the autumn with the comment: "There! this is little the worse for wear. It is, in fact, in excellent order, and it will be all right to wear again next spring. I'll be saved one anxiety, and will not need to exert myself on that score. This gown will be just as pretty and stylish next year as it is now!" And then, has it not also happened that, after the lapse of months, you have gone with great confidence to your wardrobe, and taken down, and shaken out, and held up to the light, and tried

on—oh, final and critical test!—your gown of a previous season? Yes, it was still pretty and modish, in a way. The fabric retained its lustre; the touch of the artistic dressmaker was still visible in hem, and fold, and trimming. But stylish—whatever that adjective strictly means—stylish it was no longer. The sleeves, for instance. You thought them quite large enough last year, and you had not a question as to their suiting your figure and setting off your rounded proportions and graceful curves. What ails them now? You compare them with a ravishing model from Paris, and lo! the ample puffs and graceful droops and fascinating air of this year's fashion are altogether lacking. What about the skirt? Nothing could have induced you a year ago to let the modiste make you a skirt of such generous circumference—such impressive diameter. This, with its slender grace, its swaying fall, its clinging outlines, and unobtrusive elegance, met every demand of taste, and harmonized with your ideas of what was the appropriate attire of a gentlewoman. But the season has changed, and you have changed your point of view with it. Last year's gown is—last year's gown.

Apropos of international marriages, the following story, coming from Russia, is told in the *New York Tribune*: "A very rich Western family went abroad not long ago, accompanied by two daughters and a friend, whose plain and, perhaps, insignificant exterior gave no evidence of her golden worth—for she had a large fortune in her own right. Having been left an orphan the year before at the age of thirty, and being of a meek and quiet disposition, she had attached herself to this particular family, who were old friends of her parents, and, more through force of circumstances than anything else, she had accompanied them abroad, where, to the outside world, she enacted the rôle of an insignificant friend of the family. The two other girls, however, had very decided social aspirations, and as they were very pretty and had the reputation of being considerable heiresses, they were surrounded by impecunious young noblemen in plenty. At St. Petersburg, they even succeeded in capturing a young Russian prince, who, after remaining in undecided allegiance to them both for several weeks, finally fixed his affections upon the older and handsomer of the two sisters. Thereupon the youngest, whose fancy had been more or less captivated by the handsome person and equally attractive title of the young Muscovite, but who had wit enough to see that his attentions were anything but disinterested, took occasion to mention in the hearing of the young man that their friend, Miss L., had a much larger fortune than either she or her sister could ever hope to possess, and that it was, moreover, entirely at her own disposal. The prince heard, but gave no sign for several days; then his attentions to the older sister grew noticeably fewer, and poor, shy little Miss S. looked up in pleased surprise as the handsome young man began to honor her with his notice. Miss Marplot was just beginning to wonder whether she ought not to confess her share in the performance to the parties interested, when, one day at luncheon, Miss S.'s own maid brought in a letter from her mistress saying that the latter had been married that morning to Prince H. at the American legation, and that, under the circumstances, it would be best that the other legal formalities should be completed at the Hotel—, where she had engaged rooms. Of course, as she was an independent woman of thirty, there was nothing to be said. 'Who could have fancied she was so sly!' sighed the would-be mother-in-law of a prince."

Ward McAllister has made an investigation of the society people of Chicago, and unhesitatingly tells the fashionable persons of New York that they can visit Chicago and associate with its wealthier inhabitants—but with them alone—without fear of bad treatment or of contamination. Mr. McAllister points out clearly that the mere fact of being born and reared in the West does not make it impossible for a person to attain high social rank. Mr. McAllister knows many men and women who were "forced to spend a large part of their life in the West, but who have, nevertheless, established themselves in a good position in Eastern society." Mr. McAllister says further that there are "really a great many fine people in Chicago," although they have not that high degree of perfection which can be attained in New York alone, which is the social finishing school of the United States. Nor does he think these Chicago "fine people" will be so conceited as to make it unpleasant for New Yorkers to associate with them. He believes that if the two sets are brought into contact, "the eyes of our Western natives will be opened to our superiority," and as a consequence, they will make progress in civilization. The superior persons of New York are assured that the "society women of Chicago are well dressed and cultivated," and will do their best to entertain the New Yorkers. Mr. McAllister says the latter should not hold aloof, but take pride in showing how "clever they are in entertaining." They must not wrap their talents in a napkin, but play the part of missionaries among the untutored people with whom their lot will be cast during the summer. They will not lose by this, for "there is a great deal of wealth in Chicago." Closer relations may lead to the purchase for matrimonial purposes of a number of poor

but socially talented New York young men by Chicago heiresses. As the impoverished nobility of Europe hunt for wives in New York, so may the poor nobility of Gotham find wealthy wives. Mr. McAllister says that "a number of our young men are already beginning to make investigations as to the wealth and beauty of the Chicago women." Speaking from the depths of his knowledge, Mr. McAllister gives the millionaires of Chicago a little advice as to the most important points to be attended to if they wish to win the favor of visitors who are on the higher New York plane. He does not advise them to mend their manners, their conversation, or their clothes, but limits himself to telling them to import a "number of fine French chefs" and "not to *frappé* their wine too much."

Did it ever occur to you that the girl of to-day is a very different creature from the one who wore crinoline during its former rage? The belle of 1830 would have regarded it the height of impropriety to ride astride even a hobby-horse; but these beautiful sunny mornings see many of our girls out for a spin on their bicycles, and the time is not so very far off when to ride astride a horse will be quite as good form as the manner in such general use by equestriennes at present. In fact, in England, Germany, and Russia there are now very many ladies who have adopted the new method, and are not looked upon as even a bit peculiar in so doing. Hysteria and frequent swoons have quite gone out of date, strong nerves have taken the place of lackadaisical manners, and as for amusements, the trying, but lady-like, bit of needle-work has been displaced by the banjo in our drawing-rooms. Imagine how shocked our ancestors would be to see one of their own blood twanging away on an instrument that they in their time regarded as for use only by negro minstrels. With the passing of the strip of needle-work, the cheeks have gained more color, out-door exercise has forever banished the lachrymose heroines from the pages of the up-to-date novel, and in every profession and every field woman has shown, by her proficiency, that she ranks side by side with her brothers, though she need not lose one whit of her femininity by indulging in other things than those that were in the other days regarded as the only refined amusements for a lady to take part in.

The custom of using square tables for dinner-parties in New York (says the *Sun*) is steadily growing in popularity, and is forcing the gradual abandonment of the old-style long extension tables and even the round tables, which came into vogue early in the present decade. The square table is used for parties of sixteen and upward, forty persons having been seated at one of these tables. The utility of the square table for such dinners lies in the fact that the host faces most of his guests and is within easy talking distance, so that he can chat comfortably with any of them. It is also easy for the guests to be served quickly. But the chief value of the square table over the round table is the facility with which it can be handsomely and elaborately decorated with flowers. It is the custom to place a large square bed of flowers in the centre, and more flowers at the four corners. Shaded candelabra are set at each of the four corners, and also at the sides, opposite the central bed of flowers. Two feet of space are usually allowed to each guest, which is ample room for individual comfort. This would require a table sixteen feet square for thirty-two covers, or twenty feet square for forty guests. It is obvious that the custom of square-table dining must be confined to the roomy, old-fashioned dwellings or the large modern ones built with a view to entertainment on a large scale. The square tables are for temporary use only. They consist usually of a large board of white pine set firmly upon wooden horses. The top is spread with a thick white cloth, over which the table-cloth is spread. When the dinner is over the table can then be taken apart and put in the store-room out of the way until needed again. Square tables were first introduced about three years ago, but they did not come much into vogue until this winter.

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SOCIETY.

The Weller Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bird Weller, *nde* Morrisson, gave a delightful reception last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, on Union Street. The affair was in celebration of the first anniversary of the wedding of the young couple, and it was enjoyable in every way. There was a certain lack of formality about the affair that made it pleasurable in the extreme, and, as a natural consequence, those who were present were charmingly entertained. Dancing, to excellent music, was enjoyed in the spacious ball-room, and at eleven o'clock a delicious supper was served. Afterward dancing was resumed, and the affair was continued until the early hours of morning.

The Hager Lunch-Party.

Mrs. John S. Hager gave a charming lunch-party at her residence last Thursday in honor of Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher, of New York, who is visiting here. The decorations were in exquisite taste and the repast was a most delicious one. Those present were:

Mrs. John S. Hager, Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher, of New York, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mrs. Belle Donahue, Mrs. Harney, Mrs. J. B. Haggins, Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Miss Hager, Miss Hooker, Miss Carolan, Miss Small, of Toronto, Canada, and the Misses Crawford, of New York.

Reception to Admiral and Mrs. Irwin.

The officers of the navy-yard and of the ships at Mare Island gave a farewell reception last Wednesday evening to Rear Admiral and Mrs. Irwin, U. S. N. The dance took place in the sail-loft, which was handsomely decorated with flags and presented a most attractive appearance. The band of the *Independence* furnished the music for dancing, which was continued until early morning, with an intermission for a delicious supper. The attendance was quite large, comprising many of the officers and ladies from the posts around the harbor as well as guests from this city and Oakland. The reception committee comprised:

Captain H. L. Howison, U. S. N., Captain Louis Kemper, U. S. N., Captain C. S. Cotton, U. S. N., Commander W. H. Whiting, U. S. N., Commander Z. L. Tanner, U. S. N., and Chief-Engineer J. W. Moore, U. S. N.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maud Morrow, daughter of Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, to Lieutenant A. F. Febuler, U. S. N., executive officer of the *Albatross*.

Miss Jennie Leonie Watsoo, daughter of Mr. M. V. B. Watson, and Mr. George Rodman Shreve, son of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Shreve, will be married at half-past eight o'clock next Wednesday evening in St. Luke's Church.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Curtis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Marvin Curtis, of this city, to Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan, son of the late banker of the same name. The engaged couple are now in Italy, the former studying art and the latter completing his musical studies.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ida E. Cole, granddaughter of Harbor Commissioner Daniel T. Cole, to Mr. Howard P. Taylor, Jr., of the firm of Taylor & Lavenso.

Mr. Irving M. Scott will give a reception at his residence, 507 Harrison Street, next Thursday evening, in honor of Mr. William Keith, the artist, who will leave for Europe in May. His latest picture, "Through the Oaks," will be exhibited that evening.

For the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children a hop will be given at the Palace Hotel, under the auspices of Mrs. A. D. Sharon, next Friday evening. The management of the hotel have kindly given the use of the Maple Room for the affair and the Presidio Band will play for the dancing. As this charity is a most worthy one, the affair should be well patronized.

Mrs. F. M. Smith will give a reception in honor of the Archery Club this (Saturday) afternoon at her residence in Oakland.

A reception and bazaar will be held at the Lick Old Ladies' Home to-day (Saturday), from ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon. Vehicles will be in waiting at the terminus of the Valencia Street cable-road. The price of admission will be fifty cents, and an excellent luncheon will be served for twenty-five cents.

The Bohemian Club has elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Mr. Albert Gerberding; vice-president, Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd; treasurer, Mr. S. D. Brastow; secretary, Mr. James M. Hamilton; directors, Mr. E. P. Murphy, Mr. Robert J. Woods, Mr. R. P. Hammond, Mr. George E. P. Hall, and Dr. D. Ernest Melliss.

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GAYETY AT FORTRESS MONROE.

Oallant Sailors and Pretty Women Aboard Ship.

There have been great doings during the past fortnight at Fortress Monroe, where—or to Hampton Roads—the international fleet is lying. The New York *Sun's* correspondent, under date of April 10th, says:

"Ten thousand people were here to-day. There was a great gathering of guns to welcome the Muscovite *Rynda* so early in the morning that the aristocratic ladies and the fashionable belles got up hours before they meant to. It was the turn of the soldiers to be happy, and the only men who were not happy were those business-like sailors, led by Admiral Gherardi, who are taking a noble fust out for tomorrow for squadron drilling. Never were men more unpopular. Admiral Gherardi found that out as load after load of ladies came on his flag-ship to tell him that they thought he ought to stay ashore and entertain our foreign visitors, the Russians."

Chauncey M. Depew, whose wife had gone to Fortress Monroe for rest and recuperation, had to take her home to New York at the advice of her physician, for the constant banging of cannons was more than she could stand. Mr. Depew said:

"The everlasting firing of cannon is too much for any but a healthy man or woman. When a new foreign ship arrives in Hampton Roads, she hoists the American flag, and away go the guns on the *Philadelphia* in salute. Then Admiral Gherardi's flag-ship raises the national colors of the foreign vessel, and she in her turn has to use up lots of gunpowder in expressing her pride at the sight of the hunting. Then the cannon from the fort on shore commence firing salutes to both the American and foreign vessels. So you see from early morning to late at night one has to listen to the everlasting music of cannon. Nevertheless, the spectacle is one to inspire every American heart with patriotism. The greatest collection of beautiful women I ever saw is now at Old Point, and American women at that. The fashion of all our American cities seems to be gathered there, and a great deal that is not fashionable, too."

The Hygeia Hotel crowd, which makes up all there is of life at Fortress Monroe, is a most queer and kaleidoscopic mob. It is never two nights alike. *The Sun* says:

"Last night it was a crush of young people. The young and the old, the high and the low, were having everything their own way and running everything. To-night it is a middle-aged crowd, with the elderly army officers in charge, and the big-waisted, baby-faced Russians monopolizing the married women who can speak French. But the constant changes go further. The variations affect the costumes. Last night the ruling gowns were of the fashion of 1830, while to-night the style is that of 1800. Two or three nights ago, the Western style carried off the honors, a whole lot of rich pork-packers and brewers being here with women loaded down with diamonds, and shoving as many gay colors at once as if they had caught the idea from seeing the squaws at a Blackfoot sun-dance."

A party including Mrs. David H. King, Jr., the wife of the constructor of Madison Square Garden, Miss Paulding, Miss Shackleton, and Mrs. Charles A. Carroll, of Baltimore, paid an interesting visit to Captain Besobrasoff, of the Russian *General Admiral*, of which it is said:

"Ensign Zeigemeier introduced the party to Captain Besobrasoff of the *General Admiral* and his subordinate officers. The ward-room officers at once brought out some old Madeira and boxes of Russian cigarettes, which some of the ladies tried to smoke out of courtesy. Miss Shackleton played some pretty music on a piano in the ward-room, and then gave up the piano-stool to a young Russian lieutenant, who sang some Muscovite love-songs."

"The Russians all wore blue coats with brass-buttons, and very white flat-topped caps. Every man of them had a gold plate on his shoulder, with a raised crown upon it, and more or less stars, according to his rank. They were a pink-cheeked, blonde lot of men, and they all spoke French, but very little English."

"Presently the captain invited the guests to his room. He has a great cabin, with portraits of Russian royalty and with dozens of pots of flowers in it. Outside his cabin is a great porch, like the veranda of a Southern manor-house. He treated the ladies to more cigarettes, and Miss Paulding showed her familiarity with the article by putting the tobacco end in her mouth and trying to light the cardboard end."

"Captain Besobrasoff was so good as to order glasses of chartreuse and benedictine, and all took their choice of these liquors. The captain waited till every lady had her glass in her dainty fingers, and then proposed the Russian toast, 'Vosh us durviva.' It means the same as 'A votre santé' in French, 'Guthel' in German, and 'Hail be your good health' in English. It also means the same as 'Hoy' in our army, and 'Here's looking toward you, old pard' in the mining-camps of California. The ladies all twisted their tongues and said, 'Vosh us durviva,' and the Russians rolled their eyes as delightedly as so many monks at a sewing-lice."

"Captain Besobrasoff ordered his men to bring a lot of cap-ribbons, and he and his officers tied them around the necks and arms of the Yankee women. There were less than a dozen women who got these ribbons, but there were a thousand women ashore who would have given one eye to display the same decorations. The ribbons bore Russian letters in gold, and were the most conspicuous objects ashore an hour later."

"The Russians took the women and their escorts all over the ship, and showed them the sailors eating dinner on the bare deck like a lot of Indians. Each Russian sailor grabbed his share of meat with his fingers and ate like a wolf. When the visitors were about to depart, they saw all the Russian sailors drawn up to get their rum. The rum was in a big wooden tub, and there were two bronze dippers in the liquid. Two officers stood by and called up the sailors by name. As a name was called a sailor advanced, touched his cap, and bent down on one knee to take his grog. He scooped up a dipperful of rum, threw his head back, and tossed the fiery fluid down. It was wonderful to see how full each sailor managed to get in his dipper. Every man made his rum bulge up in the middle."

The cap-ribbons of the various ships seem to be in great demand:

"The fashion of the women is to beg cap-ribbons of the commanders of the ships they visit. On this occasion, a lovely girl asked the admiral for a ribbon of the flagship *Philadelphia*."

"'Yes,' said he; 'you ladies shall all have ribbons, but I want to tell you that I know what you will do with them. You flatter me with this request, but to-morrow you will wear my ribbon round your necks, the *Atlanta's* round your waists, the *Charleston's* on your arms, and two other ships' ribbons round your ankles."

"Every pretty maiden and many a buxom matron now wear these ribbons. Some who are of slender shape wear a ship's cap-ribbon round their sylph-like waists. Others, like Miss Paulding, who set the pretty fashion, wear them round the collar of their gowns, and still others wear the silken favors on their arms. These black ribbons, with the names of the ships in gold upon their fronts, are really beautiful decorations, and it did not take long for the girls to find that out. They have not yet adopted Admiral Gherardi's exceedingly artistic idea of wearing them on their ankles."

"Girls' ankles are of much more importance in Old Point Comfort than they ever were in New York. The constantly rushing water of Hampton Roads gives the feminine underpinning much notoriety at this resort, and the silken hosiery, and that of the most costly and ornate quality. Lieutenant John C. Fremont, of the *Philadelphia*, has rigged some fine stairways at the sides of the wharf, but the waters rear and plunge in such a way that no woman can manage her mind and her skirts at the same

time. Once off the land and beside the ships, the water is still more rude. The girls have to clutch their petticoats to keep them out of the wet, and then must mount steep ladders to get up to the dreamy world which the blue-coats inhabit. It is on those ladder-like stairs that the silk stockings come into fine play."

The plight of the Russian sailors from the *General Admiral*, who went ashore on Sunday, was pitiable, as the correspondent explains:

"It seems that this place used to have rum at wholesale on Sundays; but not long ago President Harrison discovered that the bar-room of the Hygeia Hotel was running at full blast on Sundays, and announced to the hotel people that he thought it a blot upon the national character to have a bar-room kept open upon a reservation on the holy day of the week. From that time until now, Old Point Comfort has been as dry as London on Sunday. Unless he has a bedroom in the hotel, or is a member of the club at Fortress Monroe, there has been no way for a visitor here to get a drink."

"When it comes to conviviality, the Russians lead the world. Our gentlemen tars, who have met in every port on this globe, assert that no white man can drink with a Russian."

"They say that those big, blonde, pink-faced giants are apt to begin a convivial bout by filling their goblets with whisky and asserting that it is the duty of every friend to take an equal drink, and when they get well along in an evening's carousal, they sober off by mixing a full glass of Chartreuse with every glass of champagne."

"The Russians who came ashore to-day had a parched and thirsty time of it until the army officers took them to the club at Fortress Monroe. After that they were all right, but they did not enjoy any hospitality from the navy, for a very good reason. According to a European custom the last comer in a port has to visit all the men-of-war he finds there. The Russians had to receive and return visits from the captains of twelve of our ships, and then from all the ward-room officers of the American squadron, before they will be free to enjoy the hospitality of this port. Therefore it will be two days more before the Russians will be free to meet our pretty girls and dance with them at the Hygeia."

Here is an amusing phase of the general excitement:

"The Russian officers are all telegraphing home to their wives in that tangle-footed language which we call Russian and they call Russki. The telegraph-operators are in abject despair—even Mr. C. W. White, the champion sender of the South, being reduced to a speed of a word in two minutes, instead of forty-nine and three-fifths words a minute. The Russian telegrams are a mixture of good French, intoxicated English, and here and there a Russian word spelled with letters that look as if they had taken the English alphabet and hammered it together with a pile-driver, and then had tried to tear it to pieces."

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SOCIETY.

The Lake-Otis Wedding.

A notable, though quiet wedding took place last Saturday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Lucy Otis, 1900 Washington Street. The contracting parties were her daughter, Miss Helen Otis, and Mr. Frederick Billings Lake, son of the late Judge Delos Lake. He is a graduate of Harvard, a member of the University Club, and is one of the attorneys for the Southern Pacific Company. The bride's father, the late James Otis, was one of our most prominent merchants, and at one time was mayor of this city. She has a large circle of friends in society circles, with whom she is deservedly popular. Tropical plants, a profusion of fragrant roses, and bright-hued wild flowers formed the ornate decoration of the rooms, and the array was thoroughly artistic and attractive. The ceremony was performed at one o'clock by Rev. Horatio Stebbins. Mr. Stanley Stillman acted as best man, but the bride was unattended. She was beautifully robed in white satin, prettily designed and trimmed. A wedding breakfast was served by Ludwig, after congratulations had been extended, and the afternoon was most pleasantly passed. In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Lake left to make a southern trip, intending to be away several weeks. They were most generously remembered by their many friends in the way of elegant gifts.

The Bradford-Badlam Wedding.

A notable and interesting wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam, 1024 Franklin Street, last Tuesday evening, when their daughter, Miss Maud Isabel Badlam, was united in marriage to Mr. Frank Bradford. Since her debut in society circles, the bride has been a great favorite with all who have met her. She was one of the members of the "Club of '90," whose meetings were so successful, and all of her former associates in the club were present at the wedding. Her accomplishments are varied, her musical ability in particular being of a high order. The groom is a young business man of this city, being a member of the firm of Bradford Brothers.

All throughout the house were floral decorations of the prettiest character possible. Roses fairly ran riot in the main salon, where the tints of pink, red and white, were artistically blended in great clusters. Under the bridal bower of roses hung a wedding-bell of pink and white blossoms, while from the chandeliers radiated streamers of smilax dotted at intervals with red carnations. The entire effect was most pleasing.

A limited number of relatives and intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which was performed at half-past eight o'clock. The orchestra played the "Bridal Chorus," from "Lohengrin," as the bridal party entered. Miss Isabel Sherwood was the maid of honor, and Mr. Herbert S. Bradford, a brother of the groom, acted as best man. Rev. Horatio Stebbins read the marriage service impressively, and the bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father. The dresses worn by the ladies in the bridal party were particularly handsome, and are described as follows:

The bride's wedding robe was an elegant creation of velours bengaline, exquisitely designed and made with a very long court train. The corsage was cut V-shaped, hack and front, and was finished with a bertha of embroidered chiffon, trimmed with broderie Romienne. The sleeves were bouffant from the elbows to the shoulders and tight to the wrists, ending in a full of point lace over the gloves of white undressed kid. The front of the skirt was effectively draped with embroidered chiffon, trimmed with Roman pearls. In her coiffure was a star of diamonds that held in place the flowing veil of white silk moulaine. Encircling her throat was a diamond necklace. She carried lilies of the valley.

Miss Isabel Sherwood, the maid of honor, wore a dainty gown of pink sateen, en demi-train. The V-shaped corsage was bordered with a full of pink embroidered moulaine de soie, and the sleeves were bouffant and extended to the elbows, where they were met by gloves of pink undressed kid. Her hand bouquet was of pink roses.

Mrs. Alexander Badlam, mother of the bride, wore a most becoming robe of rich silver-gray crystalline, trimmed with embroidered grenadine of a grayish tint. The corsage was décolleté, with trimmings of point d'Alençon lace, and her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. Bradford, mother of the groom, appeared in an elegant robe of black velours de Lyon, en train, trimmed with rare point lace. Her ornaments were diamonds.

After the ceremony the guests who were invited to the reception commenced to arrive, and for at least an hour the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of their friends. About half-past

ten o'clock an elaborate supper was served under the direction of Ludwig. Tête-à-tête tables were distributed around everywhere, and to the strains of concert music the feast was enjoyed. Colonel Isaac Trumbull made a felicitous address complimentary to the happy couple. After supper, dancing was enjoyed, and it was fully three o'clock before the delightful affair ended. Mr. and Mrs. Bradford left the house at one o'clock, escaping quietly by the rear entrance while their friends were waiting in front to shower them with rice. On Wednesday they left for Chicago to see the Columbian Exposition, after which they will continue on their travels for perhaps a year, and may encircle the globe. The presents, which were numerous and very elegant, were not displayed.

The Haskell-Montpellier Wedding.

One of the prettiest home weddings of the Easter season was that of Mr. Dudley Haskell, of the Pacific Improvement Company, and Miss Nellie Montpellier, daughter of Mr. Albert Montpellier, manager of the Grangers' Bank of this city. The ceremony took place on Wednesday evening, April 12th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 2011 Buchanan Street. Rev. W. W. Davis officiated. The guests were limited to the immediate relatives of both families. The rooms were beautifully decorated with choice roses, Ross Valley ferns, and orange-trees and blossoms from Redlands. A large number of beautiful and costly gifts were received from the friends of the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Haskell are now making an extended tour of the southern part of the State. On their return, they will reside at 1607 Baker Street.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard will pass the summer at their villa in San Mateo.

Mr. Elwood B. Crocker returned from New York last Monday and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs have returned from Santa Barbara, and are now visiting Monterey. Miss Virginia Fair is with them.

Mrs. William T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, will be at Castle Crag during June.

Miss Lillian O'Connor has returned from an enjoyable visit to Santa Barbara.

Misses Florence and Kitty Pierce, of Santa Clara, will pass the summer at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis and Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., will soon return from Philadelphia accompanied by Mrs. William L. Elkins, who will pass the summer at Menlo Park.

Mr. William Keith and Mr. John Muir will leave early in May for Europe. Mr. Keith will pass considerable time in Spain, and later on will meet Mr. Muir in Scotland to travel extensively.

Mr. R. H. Pease has gone to Portland, Or., for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd have left Santa Barbara for the Hotel del Coronado.

Miss Mollie Hutchinson, of Oakland, will leave for Europe next Monday.

The Misses Delmas will be in Santa Cruz most of the summer.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Edward Martin were recently entertained at dinner by Judge and Mrs. Kelly at their home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. James de la Montanya, Jr., and his sister, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, left last Saturday on the steamer City of New York for New York, via Panama. They will be away several months, visiting the East and the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, who are now in Chicago, will pass the summer on the Atlantic Coast.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis arrived from New York last Saturday, and is going to the ranch of his brother, Mr. W. S. Tevis, near Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Clara Huntington, and Miss Mamie Masten will leave to-day on a visit to Chicago and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan will leave for Chicago next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Follis will pass the season in their cottage at San Rafael.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding will pass the summer at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mrs. Mackenzie, and Miss Laura McKinstry have been enjoying a brief visit to Monterey.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and the Misses Breeze, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Smith, of Boston, are enjoying a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. B. Moxley and Mrs. Otto Favre intend passing the summer months at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren Dutton, nee Roman, returned last Thursday from their tour of Southern California, and are occupying their residence, 1328 California Street.

Mr. Jay Lugsdin and the Misses Lugsdin are in New York city.

Dr. James Simpson will return from his Eastern trip on Sunday.

Mr. Louis Hirsch, who has been in Central America for the past five months, has returned to the city, having been released from quarantine at Angel Island last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Carlson and Miss Carlson left for Europe last Saturday, going by way of Panama.

Mrs. Walter M. Smith left last Wednesday for England, and will be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Forman and their guest, Miss Small, of Canada, returned last Tuesday from a pleasant visit to Monterey.

Mrs. John V. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman returned from Santa Barbara last Tuesday. Mr. Harry L. Coleman will remain south a couple of weeks more.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace will pass the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil A. Bruguière and family will be at Monterey during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will go to Monterey to-day for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones will return from Oakland in about a week, to occupy their residence on Gough Street.

Mrs. A. M. Easton and Colonel Crocker's three children will pass the summer at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels are at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city.

Mr. Karl Kellogg is at the Park Avenue Hotel in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington and Miss Minnie Hennessey are at the Hotel del Coronado, and are devoting much time to driving around the surrounding country.

Mr. Maurice E. Kenely will leave next week for his home in Busby Grove, Hertfordshire, England, to join his family, whom he has not seen for ten years.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith, of Santa Cruz, accompanied by Miss Jessie Robson and Mr. Jackson Crooks, will leave for Japan next Tuesday and will be away three months.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown intend passing the summer in Belmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Moulton are now occupying their villa near Mayfield, and will remain there throughout the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin are occupying their cot-

tage in Mill Valley. Mr. William Whittier is visiting them for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Ward Wright, Miss Grace M. Spencer, and Mr. Frank Wright, of San José, are the guests of General P. W. Murphy, at his ranch in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and family will go to Chicago next Wednesday to see the Exposition, after which they will travel in the East during the summer.

Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney and family are at Redwood City, where they will remain during the summer.

Among the many prominent parties who will be at the Hotel Rafael this coming season are the following: Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon, Mr. and Mrs. M. Greenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lilienthal, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Murphy, the Misses Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Garniss, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson, Miss Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Grinnam, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Seligman, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter, Mr. J. L. Lewis and family, Mr. I. W. Hellman and family, Colonel and Mrs. L. Gilson, Mr. Maurice Dore and family, Mrs. Lawton, Miss Lawton, Miss Throckmorton, Baron von Balverin, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. H. R. Simpkins, Mr. George Loughborough, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Charles Peterson, Mr. Ward McAllister, Jr., Mr. V. A. Arismovich, and Mr. Andrew McCusker.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, Mrs. George L. Bradley, and Miss Romie Wallace will go to Europe just after the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McDermott and Miss Mamie McDermott will pass the season at Monterey.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will go to New York next Wednesday to join Mrs. J. E. Hargis.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Helen Woolworth will be at Monterey during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy and Mrs. A. J. Pope are at the Pope Villa, near St. Helena.

Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier have returned to Villa Ka-Eel, their country home near Clear Lake, after a pleasant visit here.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann left for Unalaska last Thursday on the steamer Dora. He will remain there about four months, and then return to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Hume have returned from Australia and are the guests of Mrs. George W. Handy at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Mae Helene Bacon, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. W. Gardner, in Guatemala, has returned to the city. She was one of the passengers on the steamer City of New York who were in quarantine for a fortnight at Angel Island.

A Versatile Menu.

The Duke of Athol entertained a large party at Blair-Athol, his magnificent country-seat, at the close of the elections, an affair of which the *Court Journal* makes extended mention. Among the guests were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Iddesleigh, Baron Tennyson, and other distinguished personages. The menu was in verse, and the beautiful and witty Marchioness of Blandford contributed the following clever acrostic to the entertainment (which was as much a feast of intellect and humor as a triumph of culinary excellence) on Pommery Sec, the favorite wine of the Prince of Wales:

Prince of wines, and princes' wine,
Only thy presence is nectar divine;
Many have chanted thy praises, O draught!
Many a bumper to thee has been quaffed.
Endless the joys that were born in thy hirth,
Radiant gem of the wines of the earth;
Youtb cometh with thee to bloom in our hearts,
Sorrow before thee forever departs,
Eyes sparkle brightly with ecstatic glee,
Care flies whenever we touch lips with thee.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-à-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

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BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

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THE SOBER, INDUSTRIOUS POET.

"Alas, Mary!" exclaimed William Sonnet, as he entered his neat but humble tenement apartment a few days before the close of Lent. "I fear that our Phingster holiday this year will be anything but a merry one. My employers have outlived me that if they receive any more complaints of the goods from my department they will give me the sack."

William Sonnet was certainly playing in hard luck, although it would be difficult to find in the whole of Jersey City a more industrious, sober young poet, or a more devoted husband and father. For nine years he had been employed in the Empire Prose and Verse Foundry, the largest literary establishment on the banks of the Hackensack, where by sheer force of sobriety and industry he had risen from the humble position of cash-boy at the hexameter counter to that of foreman of the dialect floor, where forty-five hands were kept constantly employed on prose and verse. During these years his relations with his employers, Messrs. Rime and Reesoo, had been of the pleasantest nature until about six months previous to the opening of this story, when they began—unjustly, as it seemed to him—to find fault with the goods turned out by his department. There were complaints received at the office every day, they said, of both the dialect stories and verses that bore the Empire brand.

The *Century Magazine* had returned a large invoice of hand-sewed negro dialect verses of the "Behof de Wah" variety, and a syndicate which supplied the Western market had canceled all its spring orders on the ground that the dialogue goods had, for some reason or other, fallen far below the standard maintained in the other departments of the Empire Foundry. William was utterly unable to account for this change in the quality of the manuscript prepared on his floor, and as he sat, with his bowed head resting on his toil-hardened head, and the sweat and grime of honest labor on his brow, he looked, indeed, the very picture of dejection.

"William," said his wife, as she placed a caressing hand on his forehead, "you have enemies in the foundry whom you do not suspect. You must know that when you wooed and woo me a year ago, I had been courted by no less than four different poets who at that time were employed at the Eagle Verse Works in Newark, but have since found positions with Messrs. Rime and Reesoo. I will not deny, William, that I toyed with the affections of those poets, but it was because I deemed them as frivolous as myself, and when they went from my presence with angry threats on their lips, I laughed in merry glee. But when I saw them standing together on street-corners, with their heads together in earnest conversation, I grew sick at heart, for I knew it boded us no good. Be warned, William, by my words."

The next day when the whistle blew at noon, William Sonnet ate his dinner from his tin pail as usual; but, then, instead of going out into the street to play base-ball with the poets from the adjacent factories, as the Empire Foundry employees generally did, he took a quiet stroll through the whole establishment, under the pretense of looking for an envoi that had been knocked off the end of a ballade.

In the packing department was a large consignment of goods from his floor ready for shipment, and he stopped to examine the burr of a Scotch magazine story to make sure that it had not been rubbed off by carelessness. What was his surprise to find that the dialect which he himself had gone over with a cross-cut file that very morning was now worn completely smooth by contact with an emery-wheel! He replaced the story carefully in the fine sawdust in which it was packed, and then examined the other goods. They had not yet been touched; but it was evident to him that the miscreants fully intended to finish the destructive work which they had only bad time to begin. Returning to his own bench, he passed two or three poets who were talking earnestly together, and by straining his ears, he heard one of them whisper:

"We'll finish the job to-night. Meet me at ten." That was enough for William Sonnet. He determined, without delay, what course to pursue.

At half-past one that evening, three mysterious figures draped in black cloaks entered the Empire Prose and Verse Foundry by a side door. William Sonnet was one of the three, and the others were his employers, Messrs. Rime and Reesoo. He led them to a place of concealment which commanded a full view of the packing-room. Before long, stealthy footsteps were heard, and the four conspirators entered.

"Listen," said the eldest of the quartet, as he threw the light from his dark lantern on the sullen faces of his companions; "you all know why we are here. This night we will complete William Sonnet's ruin, and Easter Monday will find him hunting for work in Paterson and Newark, and hunting in vain. Why is he foreman of the dialect department, while we toil at the bench for a mere crust? Mary Birdseye is now his bride; but when we wooed her we were rejected like our own poems."

"And that, too, although we inclosed no postage," retorted the second poet, bitterly.

"Now to work!" continued the first speaker, as he stooped to examine some goods on the floor. "What have we here? A serial for the *Atlantic Monthly*? Well, we'll soon fix that," and in another moment he had injected a quantity of ginger into the

story, ruining it completely. Then the work of destruction went on, while Messrs. Rime and Reesoo watched the vandals with horror depicted on their faces. A pan of sweepings from the humorous department, designed for Harper's *Editor's Drawer* and the *Bazar*, was thrown away and real funny jokes substituted for them. A page article for the Sunday supplement of a New York daily, entitled "Millionaires who have Gold Filling in their Teeth," embellished with cuts of twenty different jaws, was thrown out, and an article on "Jerusalem the Golden," ordered by the *Whited Sepulchre*, substituted.

Messrs. Rime and Reesoo could control themselves no longer. Stacked against the wall, like a wood-pile, were the twelve installments of a *Century* serial by Amelia E. Barr, which had been sawed into the proper lengths that afternoon. Seizing one of these apiece, the three men made a sudden onslaught on the miscreants, and beat them into insensibility. Then they bound them securely and delivered them over to the tormentors.

As for honest William Sonnet, he was made foreman of the whole foundry; and his wife, who was a fashion-writer, and therefore never fit to be seen, received a present of two beautiful new tailor-made dresses, which fitted her so well that on one recognized her, and she opened a new line of credit at all the stores in the neighborhood.

It was a happy family that sat down to the Easter dinner in William Sonnet's modest home; and, to make their joy complete, before the repast was ended, an envelope arrived from William's grateful employers containing an appointment for his bed-ridden mother-in-law as reader for a large publishing-house.—*James L. Ford in Truth.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Looks Like It.
Gin a hody meet a body
With her hair awry;
Has a body lay a body
Been kissed on the sly?—*Puck.*

The Pity of It.
An incident that saddened me,
I saw the other night,
Biker struck Crusus for a V—
It was a touching sight.—*Truth.*

Her Brother.
He is a cute and loving child,
A brother of my dear's,
And every time I call on her,
His actions cause me tears.
I wear when calling a silk hat;
It grieves me much to say
That younger always steals and rubs
That dicer the wrong way.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

His Accomplishment.
My dearest little Rover
Those horrid, horrid men,
Now that the dog-show's over
Have sent you back again
Without a solitary prize,
Without a word of praise—
But never mind, for my two eyes
Delight on you to gaze.
And I am sure the judges three
Would hail you as a pup
Of high degree, if they could see
You chew my slippers up.—*Bazar.*

The Summer Girl.
The summer girl will soon be here,
As winsome as of yore,
And—though she's lived another year—
No older than before.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Mrious.
She frowned on him and called him Mr.,
Because in fun he'd merely Kr.,
And then, in spite,
The following mite,
This naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.—*Life.*

From Footlights to Foyer.
That has that hide the row just back
Have other hats to hide 'em,
And these hats, hats, hats, hats, hats,
Hats, hats infinitum.—*Detroit Free Press.*

He didn't Know any Better.
He suddenly kissed the fair maid by his side.
"Don't you know any better than kiss me?" she cried.
"I know nothing better," said he, "my dear Jane!"
And he placed his arm round her and kissed her again.
—*Brooklyn Life.*

A plea for a universal telegraphic hour is made by the *Journal Telegraphique*, the proposition being to count the hours one to twenty-four for telegraphic purposes from a fixed meridian. We in America read of events that have happened to Australia a day after the date the news is received here, because the telegraph can beat the sun by almost a whole day. A universal telegraphic time would obviate this anomaly.

For Nervous Debility
USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. H. T. TURNER, Kasson, Minn., says: "I have found it very beneficial in nervous debility, from any cause, and for indigestion."

An illustration of the condition of agriculture in some parts of England is seen in the fact that a farm of 530 acres of good wheat-growing land in Suffolk, which was sold twenty years ago for £18,000, was resold last week for £4,000.

Ripans Tabules cure headache. A standard remedy. Order through nearest druggist.

A CHANGE OF TONE.

BELLA [*leaning over her father's chair and putting her arm around his neck*].—You dear, sweet old papa, you've been very good to your little girl since her engagement.

MR. HYDE [*kissing her*].—I'm always glad to make my sunbeam happy.

BELLA—Ah, I know that! And you've given me such an elegant sealskiood sack, and dresses, and hats, and such lovely diamonds, and everything you could think of.

MR. HYDE [*complacently*].—Yes, I want you to have a good send-off.

BELLA—You have been perfectly lovely, and your little pet appreciates it. She will be awfully sorry to leave you.

MR. HYDE—It is hard to lose you, dear; but you have the right to be happy. I only want you to think, sometimes, of your foolish, indulgent, old father, and remember that he did everything he could to make home pleasant for you before you left him in his lonely old age.

BELLA—Oh, you dear, sweet papa! What would you say if I didn't leave you after all?

MR. HYDE [*starting*].—Eh!

BELLA—How can I be so selfish after you have been so good to me, and do everything for me? I don't care so very much for George. I'm going to tell him it was all a mistake, and that he can find somebody else, for I'm always going to stay home and be papa's own dear little girl! . . . And then you can give me nice things all the time!

MR. HYDE [*in great alarm*].—Good Lord, Bella! what are you talking about? Don't be so silly; you'll never get another such chance! You marry George next month, and no foolio' about it!—*Life.*

Mistook His Congregation.

"Now," said the professor of magic, "I am about to undertake a feat in which I shall require the use of a pint flask of whisky."

There was a dead silence.
"Will some gentleman in the audience favor me with a pint flask of whisky?" asked the professor, advancing to the front of the platform.

There was no response, and things were becoming embarrassing.

"Surely," he said, "in a south-eastern Kentucky community, I ought not to have to ask a second time for such a thing. I pledge you my word I will return it uninjured. Is there no—"

"Stranger," spoke up a tall, gaunt, hard-featured man on the front seat, "wouldn't a quart flask do just as well?"

"Why; certainly; I merely—"
But the generous, open-handed audience had risen as one man, and was on the way to the platform.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Queco Victoria has greatly horrified the stern Sabbatharians of Britain by providing, as she did last year, for Sunday eveing concerts by a military band on the terrace of Windsor Castle, for the benefit of the residents and excursionists. The Sabbatharians induced some back-stairs officials to attempt a remonstrance, and through these were subdued by the queen.

It is a Horrid Nuisance

To be nervous. Starting at the slightest sound, uneasiness by day and fitful slumber by night, unreasonable apprehensions, odd sensations, constant restlessness—these are among its diabolical symptoms. Dyspepsia is the fountain head. Remove this with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and the food is assimilated, the body nourished, the sleep grows tranquil, nervousness vanishes. The Bitters subdues malaria, constipation, liver complaint, and kidney affections.

Important as dogs are in some American homes, they are far more so in the Parisian household, and their coats of many colors are the joy and wonder of the beholder. Jewelry, too, has of late become a fad with the doggies, and the black caniches are now sporting little chain bangles studded with Rhine stones on one front paw just above the frill of fur. The effect is quite stunning.

Fahys

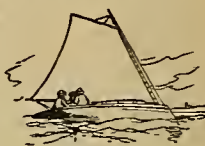
It is all very well to say "handsome is that handsome does," but most of us want both, and that's what a Fahys Monarch 14 karat Watch Case is and does. No finer finish, no more beautiful and chaste designs can be found. Best protection for movement. most durable and guaranteed to wear twenty-one years. All jewellers have them. In all sizes and in hunting and open face. Look out for trade mark. Joseph



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Fresh Air and Exercise.

Get all that's possible of both, if in need of flesh strength and nerve force. There's need, too, of plenty of fat-food.



Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil builds up flesh and strength quicker than any other preparation known to science.

Scott's Emulsion is constantly effecting Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis and kindred diseases where other methods FAIL.

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IRON and PERUVIAN BARK are the most powerful weapons known in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood and forms its force and richness; Peruvian Bark affords life to the organs, and activity to their functions. Paris: 22 rue Drouot. E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., 30 North William St., N. Y.

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From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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BALDWIN & HAMMOND,
10 Montgomery Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At an "at home" of a Buffalo man's wife, the footman was called upon to do duty as a butler. He was much taken aback by the extreme thinness of the slices of bread and butter with which he had to serve the guests. Finally, as he was passing the plate to an old dowager for the third time, he remarked, in a very audible whisper: "If you slap three or four slices together, mum, maybe you can get a bite."

Mr. Sala says that Thackeray aspired to be an after-dinner speaker, but his efforts in that line were not very happy. On the morning of a great banquet in Hyde Park, the novelist told Mr. Sala, in answer to an inquiry, that his prepared speech was "as right as ninepence." "I have repeated it twice to myself, and it will go trippingly," he added. It did go trippingly, for after he had stumbled through two or three disjointed sentences, he became completely upset and was obliged to sit down.

It was at a late quarterly meeting of Seventh-Day Baptist churches in Wisconsin that two clergymen were to present papers on the same day, and the question of precedence having arisen, Mr. A. sprang to his feet and said: "I think Brother B. ought to have the best place on the programme; he is an older man than I am, and, besides, is full of his subject." When the audience remembered that Brother B.'s subject was "The Devil," a cheerful smile seemed to beam around the church.

Congressman Kilgore introduced Mr. William G. Sterrett, of Galveston, to President Cleveland the other morning. Kilgore, in speaking of it afterward, said he had trouble in getting Colonel Sterrett along. "This is Colonel William Green Sterrett, of Texas, Mr. President," said Kilgore; "I had trouble getting him into the White House at all." "How did you manage it?" replied Cleveland, as he shook Colonel Sterrett's hand. "Why," replied Kilgore, wearily, as he wiped his brow, "I blindfolded and hacked him in."

Some years ago a well-known Indian painter was traveling in Montana. He went to the breakfast-table in a mountain hotel, and sat waiting for some one to take his order. Suddenly he felt a jar and then a heavy weight resting on his shoulders. He looked around, and found leaning upon and over him a huge, bearded man, in a broad-brimmed hat and with two revolvers sticking in his belt. "Well, old feller, what'll ye have?" said the man. "Who are you?" asked the artist, in dismay. "Me?" said the man; "I'm the waiter."

Chief Justice Theophilus Harrington was the judge who decided against a Virginia slave-owner seeking to arrest an escaped slave in Vermont because he could not show title from the original proprietor. The Virginian offered in evidence a deed from the owner of the mother of the slave. The judge said that it was worthless because it was not an original proprietor's deed. "Who, then, is the original proprietor," asked the master, "if not the owner as whose slave he was born?" "The Almighty, sir!" sternly answered the judge; "he or his grantee can have an order from this court to return a man to slavery. None other can!"

At one time the officers under Lord Howe refused to drink his health at their mess, for, though a splendid admiral, he was not popular in the navy, on account of a certain shyness and want of tact with those about him. The chaplain, who was a protégé of his lordship, was mortified at this, and determined that the officers should drink to Lord Howe. When called upon for a toast one day, he said: "Well, gentlemen, I can think of nothing better at this moment than to ask you to drink the first two words of the third Psalm; for a scriptural toast for once may be taken from one of my cloth." The toast was drunk. Not one of the officers indicated by word or look that he was ignorant of the words alluded to. On referring to the Bible, it was found that the third Psalm begins, "Lord, how are they increased!"

"The most remarkable experience which I had abroad," said a woman just home to a New York Times writer, "happened before I touched a foreign shore. At Bremen, where we landed, we were taken off in a tug; as we were steaming to the wharf we approached very close to a vessel crossing our path, and for a few seconds a collision seemed imminent. A man whom I had noticed on the passage never, but did not know at all, completely lost his head at this crisis. He was sitting near me; but he suddenly rose, took off his high hat, put it in my lap, and, with the hasty exclamation, 'Please keep this,' leaped overboard. Though every attempt was made to rescue him, he was drowned there before our eyes, and I landed, a short time later, carefully holding his silk hat, which, by his last will and testament, was certainly mine."

A Los Angeles lady was recently engaged in drilling a newly engaged Chinese boy in answering the door. "Now, Sing," she said, "when the door-bell rings, you go to the door, hold out this salver, man

put card on, you bring card to me in parlor. You savee?" "Yes, me shabbee," replied Sing. So a rehearsal was gone through with. The Angelio lady rang her own door-bell, Sing opened the door, received her card, inspected it closely, then followed her into the parlor, and presented her with the card. While this was going on, the door-bell rang again. Sing went to the door. A gentleman was there, who handed his card to the servant. Sing looked at it closely, and grinned: "You no come in." The visitor indignantly demanded why not. "I shabbee you," said Sing, "you no fool me. You no got right ticket. No come in."

Horace Walpole humorously described as "triplology" George the Third's habit of repeating three times any remark he might make. The king was very fond of the Weld family, and frequently stayed at Lulworth Castle, their country-seat. One evening he attended a ball there, and the daughter of the house, a handsome woman, danced so gracefully that the king expressed his admiration in the characteristic form: "Fine woman, fine woman, fine woman! Dances well, dances well, dances well!" The habit ran in the royal family, and his son, the Duke of Cambridge, inherited it. The duke attended church on Sunday mornings, and would express, in an audible tone and with threefold repetition, his approbation of the service and opinion of the serman. On one occasion, the officiating clergyman pronounced the exhortation, "Let us pray." "Aye, to be sure; why not? Let us pray, let us pray, let us pray," responded the duke from his pew. On another occasion, while the Ten Commandments were being read, the duke thus emphatically indorsed the eighth: "Steal! no, of course not! Mustn't steal, mustn't steal, mustn't steal!"

Two ill-mannered Livonian ladies were once seated at a table d'hôte dinner in a German hotel, and, feeling confident that no one else at the table was acquainted with the Livonian tongue, they conversed quite freely, criticizing their neighbors. Bismarck happened to be seated opposite to them, and he soon became aware that he was the special object of their attention; he knew that they were speaking Livonian. Among his friends at the university had been Count Kaiserlingk, of Livonia, from whom he had picked up a few words of his native tongue, to which he had added two or three more when he was once making a hasty trip through Livonia. Turning to a gentleman beside him, he said in a low tone: "If you hear me speak to you in a language which you do not understand, express no surprise, but just hand me a key." The gentleman nodded in assent. Dessert was now on the table, and having appeased their appetite the Livonian ladies were talking and laughing more recklessly than ever, when suddenly they heard the grim-looking gentleman who was seated opposite to them say to his neighbor in Livonian, "Dohd man to Azkle," which, being interpreted, means, "Give me the key." This was too much for them, and without waiting to see whether the key was given or not, they rose from the table and fled from the room.

A well-known New Yorker, who has been in San Francisco for the last couple of weeks, tells the following story about the Bradley-Martins, the marriage of whose daughter to Earl Craven is the topic in New York this week. It seems that George de Forest Grant, who is a great favorite in New York, in the clubs and in society, was in the same Paris hotel with the Bradley-Martins, whom he did not know. Mr. Grant, who is of a convivial temperament, was lying in bed one morning about eleven o'clock, with a dark-brown taste in his mouth. His servant presently brought in a note, which Mr. Grant opened. It ran as follows:

"Mrs. Bradley-Martin presents her compliments to Mr. George de Forest Grant, and begs to know whether he would surrender his first-floor apartments for the use of her niece."

Mr. Grant was so amazed that he at once became very wide awake. He proceeded to indite the following reply:

"Mr. George de Forest Grant presents his compliments to Mrs. Bradley-Martin, and desires to know whether her niece drinks."

It did not take long for this remarkable missive to bring an answer, which ran as follows:

"Mrs. Bradley-Martin is much surprised at the extraordinary question put to her by Mr. George de Forest Grant, but begs to assure him most emphatically that her niece does not drink."

The correspondence then came to a sudden ending through the following note from Mr. Grant:

"Mr. George de Forest Grant very much regrets that he can not give up his first-floor apartments to Mrs. Bradley-Martin's niece, for he is convinced that as that young lady does not drink, it is very much easier for her to get up stairs than it is for Mr. Grant."

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No external remedy ever yet devised has so fully and unquestionably met these three prime conditions as successfully as ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They are safe, because they contain no deleterious drugs and are manufactured upon scientific principles of medicine. They are sure, because nothing goes into them except ingredients which are exactly adapted to the purposes for which a plaster is required. They are speedy in their action, because their medicinal qualities go right to their work of relieving pain and restoring the natural and healthy performance of the functions of muscles, nerves, and skin. Do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD
VIA
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:35, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 1:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Week Days	Tocaloma,	12:15 P. M. "except
8:00 A. M. Week Days	Point Reyes,	Monday
	Tomas,	6:10 P. M. Daily
	and Way	
	Stations.	
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Howards,	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Duncan Mills,	6:10 P. M. Week Days
	Cazadero,	
	and Way	
	Stations.	

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomas, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomas, \$1.50.

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Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—April 25th, SS. Colima; May 5th, SS. City of Sydney; May 15th, SS. Acapulco.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco at noon on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—May 3d, SS. San Blas; May 13th, SS. San Juan.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

China—Tuesday, April 25, at 3 P. M.
Peru—Saturday, May 13, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro—Thursday, June 1, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking—Thursday, June 22, at 3 P. M.
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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.

Belgie... (via Honolulu)... Thursday, May 4

Oceanic... Tuesday, May 23

Gaelic... Tuesday, June 13

Belgie... Thursday, June 13

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

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Germanic... May 13th

Majestic... May 17th

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 8, 1893.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José...	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga...	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa...	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, and Davis...	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East...	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lone...	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville...	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East...	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton...	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore...	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers...	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez...	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno...	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento...	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville...	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville...	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Niles and Livermore...	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East...	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, and Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles...	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East...	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo...	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East...	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos...	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Los Gatos, and Wrights...	6:20 P.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos...	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations...	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations...	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations...	5:10 P.
12:05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations...	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove...	10:40 A.
3:30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations...	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations...	8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations...	8:48 A.
6:00 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations...	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations...	7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon, * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only, ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 16, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave SAN FRANCISCO, DESTINATION, ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS. SUNDAYS. WEEK DAYS.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Petaluma and Santa Rosa. 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 9:30 A. M. 6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, Pieta, Hopland and Ukiah.

7:40 A. M. 3:30 P. M. 8:00 A. M. 7:30 P. M.

10:30 A. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Guerneville. 7:30 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Sonoma. 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Sebastopol. 10:40 A. M. 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cato, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usl, Hydeville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays: To Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only: To Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.

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At eight o'clock on Monday evening a large and curious company of San Francisco's century-end citizens found themselves in the Circus Maximus of Rome, the sanded arena, smooth and untrodden, stretching below them, the tiers of seats, rising upward to walls of stone-work pierced with arches, filled with an immense throng of spectators.

Above the ellipse of the circus, the too intense rays of the sun were kept off the filleted heads of the Caesar and his court by partly drawn canvases, beyond which shone the fervid blue of a cloudless sky. At one side of the arena, marked by two fluted columns topped by the Roman eagles with gilded wings outspread, was the imperial box, from which the great Augustus and Livia the Beautiful looked with languid interest upon "the games men played with death, where death must win," the gory combats of the gladiators, the Ethiopian slaves bearing off the dead, the dancers, swaying and posturing in their long, limp robes of grass-green, and yellow, and cloud-like gray; the brawny wrestlers, struggling together in silent, strenuous combat, the runners, the javelin-throwers, the pikemen, the mounted gladiators, and the chariots.

To the left of the imperial loge—white clad, from the distance looking like a patch of snow amid the darker fringe of modern San Franciscans crowded into the tiers of seats—were the Vestal Virgins. To the right sat a goodly assemblage of Rome's noblest senators. Parti-colored raiment—pale pinks and blues, bright patches of yellow, and streaks of red—made the section of the amphitheatre where they sat as gayly hued as a parterre of tulips—a few slivers of white sunlight filtering in through cracks in the awnings and playing over this august assemblage was all that was needed to complete the picture. Each illustrious head was brow-bound with a snowy fillet, their wide-flowing robes fell with antique grace about their stalwart forms. Julius Caesar, it will be remembered, expressed a dislike for men with "lean and hungry looks," and his nephew, judging by the portly majesty of the senators who surrounded him, had the same taste. Moreover, they were by no means indifferent spectators. As the gladiators dashed together, hacking at each other, and the good red blood from Dacia and Gaul soaked into the sawdust, as the Nubian slaves bore out many a brawny corpse whose day of slaughter and slavery was over, and well-aimed sword-thrusts sent the gladiator's soul "back to its native stars," the senators stamped and applauded, dealing life or death in the turn of their thumbs, well pleased to see how fierce a fight the captive could make for his life.

Meanwhile "Tout San Francisco" looked down from a deep tier of seats about the amphitheatre and a gallery above with solemn interest. "Tout San Francisco" from across the arena was a little too dark in general effect to be strictly Roman; but the massing of people, the serried rows of faces, looking from a distance like ranks of small, white disks, was decidedly effective. Near by, "Tout San Francisco," in 1830-gowns and evening sun-hats, looking through opera-glasses or wielding Japanese paper fans, were not exactly in accordance with the Circus Maximus. A young lady in leg-o-mutton sleeves, a revived form of poke bonnet, parted hair, small waist, white gloves scented with a cunningly compounded perfume of orris and violet, looking through a lorgnette at a gladiator, armed with a small shield and flat short-sword, whacking and jabbing at a pike-man with a trident and a net, is a sight not usually to be met with even at a century end which, for lack of novelty, has to resuscitate old fashions of dress and old forms of Roman holiday sports.

But in the arena itself there was no inappropriate intrusion of the nineteenth century. Here was Rome, and Rome enough to quote Cassius's exceedingly poor pun. Here, upon the sand and the sawdust, Caesar's loyal subjects, and thirsty henchmen, and captives, and slaves, danced, and fought, and triumphed, and died as became Romans and Romans' captives in the brave days of old. There were heralds clad in skins and mounted on prancing chargers; there were horsemen and footmen; there were the warriors upon whose brawn and muscle the sporting gentlemen of Rome "bet their sesterces"; there were runners in white tunics and wrestlers in fleshings and leathern belts; there were rattling chariots, with solid, wooden wheels and four horses chafing on the bits; there were dancing-girls robed in long draperies of jade-green and corn color, of white and twilight gray.

These danced, like the fairies in "The Tempest," upon the yellow sands. But—and here the illusion of being a spectator at the games of a Roman holiday was broken—there was no need to scatter fresh sawdust over the blood of the slain before their en-

trance. When, at Alexandria, Pelagia danced the famous dance of "Venus rising from the sea," a company of Lydian captives had just been torn to pieces by wild beasts on the very spot where she was to trip her celebrated *pas seul*. But a quantity of clean sawdust hid the ugly stains made by the Lydians' blood. Then Pelagia entered, borne upon the back of an elephant, which, twining its trunk about her waist, lifted her down before the eyes of admiring thousands till her small, bare feet rested on the slab of polished green stone that represented the sea—green, and cool, and mirror-smooth—from which Venus rose. And then, amid the roar of innumerable voices, Pelagia began to dance, and, as she danced, with the grace and lightness that belonged to her alone, her eyes fell upon the sawdust beside her, through which, oozing slowly up in languid, red bubbles, came the blood of the Lydian captives. But, as Rudyard Kipling would say, that is another story, and a good story, too.

No blood, on Monday night, stained the clean dust that covered the arena of the Circus Maximus, though many good warriors, tried and true, fell there and expired ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won. Down upon the sand, pierced by the short-sword or torn by the trident, fell the gladiators, till upon the trampled floor of the arena many a huddled heap of wounded flesh, broken armor, useless shield, and dripping sword. Then the Nubians came and bore off the motionless clay, the head dangling backward, the arms sweeping lifelessly along the dust, down the length of the arena, till the great doors at the end opened and closed, and presently opened again, as the slaves returned empty-handed for another burden.

But before this great slaughter, the gladiators, pikemen, net and trident-bearers assembled in front of the Caesar's chair and gave the solemn greeting: "Ave, Caesar, Morituri te Salutant." This is a fine piece of grouping, and the melancholy chant they sing—the swan song of most of them—with its plaintive echo of the fateful words "Morituri te Salutant," gave the finishing touch to a remarkable and striking scene. The gathering and grouping of the gladiators has been taken from Gérôme's famous picture of this awful moment, when, with swords, and pikes, and tridents uplifted, the brawny captives—men of iron muscle and superb physique—make their gressome salutation to the emperor: "Hail Caesar, those about to die, salute thee!" Mr. Schroeder, who has the best form of the Roman countenance, may congratulate himself that he bears no resemblance to the horrible being of Gérôme's picture, undoubtedly one of the later Caesars. But the throng of gladiators, with their round iron helmets, their strange armor, their three-pronged tridents, short broadswords, and long pikes, their upraised, muscular arms, their strong, athletic figures, are a wonderfully accurate copy of the group in Gérôme's painting.

As one looked at them, the sharp ends of pikes and tridents splintering the light, the melancholy refrain, "Morituri te Salutant," dying away in the high tones of a tenor voice, one could not but be struck by the careful realism of the scene. No tableau could have been more artistically planned, more accurately carried out. The spectator, seeing real gladiators greeting the emperor with the famous salutation, could, for the first time, realize what this scene must have been. "Hail Caesar—those about to die, salute thee!" Imagine alluding to yourself as "one about to die."

From this—the most effective tableau—one passes to the equestrian part of the performance, which is the most exciting. Six horses from the Presidio, mounted by six gallant soldier boys, rouse a storm of applause by a gladiatorial combat. Three go to one end of the arena, three to the other. The herald blows a clear, long blast on his trumpet, and away, like a tempest, scattering the dust and sand, go the horsemen, to meet in mid-arena with a clash of sword striking on shield. The fight is fast and furious, the unsaddled horses, plunging and rearing, unsettle their riders, and the brave barbarians from the Danube's reedy shores bite the dust. The short-swords flash in the light that pours in slantwise over the edge of the awning, and all Rome gives forth a joyous cry to see the red blood flow.

Last of all come the chariots. The doors fly open. There is a rumble heard—a hollow rumble—as the emperor's charioteers guide their fiery steeds upward toward the entrance. Then in they come, four brown horses abreast—the two middle ones hitched to the pole, the outside ones held only by a collar and a swinging trace. The glare of light and the hum from the audience startle them, and for a space the chariots go rattling about the arena at no mean rate of speed, the outer horses plunging and rearing, and, at the sharp turn, one of them getting a good squeeze against the high wooden barricade. As for the charioteers, the way they turn their four-in-hands at the corners is sufficient to show them masters of their art, as befits charioteers who race before the emperor. One of them, with arms outstretched, crouching well down in the curve of his chariot, and guiding his fiery equines round the circle at a rattling pace, recalled to mind the words of the watchman when he stood in the tower in Jezreel watching for Jehu: "The driving is like the driving of Jehu the Son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously."

It would take too long to sum up the various excellences of this splendid performance. The care, the trouble, the endless research that have been ex-

pended in getting up the Roman Holiday have been fully repaid in the admirable finish of the production and the crowded houses it has drawn. Mr. Harrison and his officers have proved the value of the preacher's command: "Whatsoever thou turnest thy hand to do, do it with thy might." They have worked hard and conscientiously in the production of a most remarkable representation, and they have succeeded in giving as close a reproduction of a Roman holiday as is possible in these effete days, when we would object to see gladiators really stabbed or pikemen really hacked to pieces under their nets.

The originality and effectiveness which mark the entire performance is not more remarkable than the exactness and precision with which the details have been arranged. The designing of the costumes must have been a tremendous labor. Every detail of the gladiators' armament has been studied from pictures and sculptures, that no fault in the historical accuracy of their make-up might detract from the vivid realism of the scene. Mr. Harrison and the Olympic Club may congratulate themselves on the success of the venture. It was a credit to the managers, to the club, and to the city.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing April 24th: E. H. Sothern in "The Maister of Woodbarrow"; the Howard Athenæum Specialty Company; the Tivoli Company in "Maritana"; and Mrs. W. J. Florence in "The Mighty Dollar."

Mme. Patti is to sail for New York on Saturday, October 28th, presumably for another farewell tour.

Mrs. W. J. Florence's repertoire consists of "The Mighty Dollar" and "The Old Love and the New." The latter is said to be "The Guv'nor" rewritten.

Henry Irving's next American tour will commence in San Francisco in September. He will leave London in August, with his entire Lyceum Company and five hundred tons of baggage, and come direct to this city.

Visitors at the Chicago Fair will have opportunity to hear some very fine music during the month of September, if we may trust the rumor that the De Reszke brothers, Lassalle, Mme. Melba, Miss Emma Eames, and Mlle. Calvé are to be there.

It is a curious fact that five successive soubrettes who have had the rôle of Tony in "A Trip to Chinatown" have been married. Their names were Lillian Barr, Eleanor Beebe, Harriet Avery, Carrie Boleyn, and Rita Selby. The last-named was married a fortnight ago to the son of a well-known wholesale grocer.

In Rose Coghlan's company, which is playing "Masks and Faces," Courtenay Thorpe is the Sir Charles Pomander, and Eleanor Lane, also formerly of Rosina Vokes's company, is the Kitty Clive. Harry Courtaine and J. B. Polk, well known to old theatre-goers in this city, are in the cast, and so is Kubne Beveridge.

Wallace's opera, "Maritana," will be sung at the Tivoli during the coming week, with the following cast of characters:

Charles the Second, Edward N. Knight; Don José de Santarem, George Olmi; Don César de Bazan, Ferdinand Schuetz; Marquis de Montefiore, Ferris Hartman; Lazarillo, Fanny Liddiard; Alcalde, D. H. Smith; Captain of Guards, George Harris; Maritana, Tillie Salinger; Marchioness de Montefiore, Grace Vernon.

Germany rejoices in the discovery of a new Wagner, Cyrill Kistler, by name, whose musical drama, "Kunihild," was produced recently at Würzburg and scored a tremendous success. It is said that "there is scarcely a measure in the opera to which Wagner might not willingly have put his signature, and the whole work, built up in accordance with the *Leitmotiv* theory, overflows with beautiful melody and is tellingly dramatic."

Thérèse, it seems, has definitely retired from the stage, and is going to spend her declining years in the little provincial village where she was born. Her declining years, too, should not be few, for she is only fifty-six, though she has been singing for forty years. Oddly enough, her début was made at the Porte St. Martin, in a lurid melodrama, and was a decided success. But she longed to go on the lyric stage, and after a while got a chance at the Alcazar. Her failure was most acute, and she had to go to the provinces; but there she soon won popularity, and ventured back to Paris. It was at an obscure *café chantant*, "The Moka," that she first sang her "Femme à Barbe" and "Venus aux Carottes," and within three days her *clan* and the novelty of her risky songs had captured the town. Then she had all the music-hall managers at her feet, and, electing the Alcazar, it has been the scene of her triumphs ever since.

—MIHRAN BEY, THE WELL-KNOWN IMPORTER of Oriental rugs and art goods, will exhibit a fine collection at the Real Estate Exchange next week, and will offer them at auction, the sale commencing April 28th and continuing till May 5th. There is so much deception in offering spurious Eastern wares nowadays, that it is a pleasure to the connoisseur to see such articles as Mihran Bey imports.

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He—"Did you tell her I would be there bright and early?" She—"I told her you would be there early."—*Life.*

"Does he write to you regularly since you became engaged?" "No; sometimes I only get one letter a day."—*Life.*

Miss Withers—"I'll never marry." Miss Prime—"Don't say that. Some one may leave you a fortune some day."—*Life.*

Charley—"Why did they bury poor Gilder at night?" Archie—"He had no decent clothes but a dress-suit."—*Clothiers' Weekly.*

Old party in cable-car—"Conductor, what's the matter with this car that it should jerk so?" Conductor—"It's got the grip."—*Basar.*

Clara—"What an absurd flatterer Mr. Sotie is!" Dora—"Did he say you were pretty?" Clara—"He said you were."—*New York Weekly.*

"How is it that Jenkins's baby cured him of drinking?" "Because every time he went home tipsy he thought he saw twins."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Chappie—"Her dog is one of those hawsted creatures that never lets go." She—"How do you manage it now?" Chappie—"I send my man to ahead."—*Life.*

Scads—"You say he left oo mooney?" Baggs—"No. You see, he lost his health getting wealthy, and then lost all his wealth trying to get healthy."—*Montreal Gazette.*

Miss A.—"Some people's faces always betray their feelings, but, fortunately, I am not so constituted." Mrs. B.—"Yes; I have seen you faint without even changing color."—*Life.*

Tramp—"Please, mum, I haven't a friend or a relative in the world." Housekeeper—"Well, I'm glad there's no one to worry over you in case you get hurt. Here, Tige."—*New York Weekly.*

Mr. Lazarus Slimpurs (indignantly)—"I know—I know but too well—the reason of your refusal. It's because I am poor. You would marry me if I were rich." Miss Bell Gokightly—"Perhaps so; but you would have to be very, very rich."—*Judy.*

Mrs. Mann—"It is strange that you can not hold the baby a few minutes, when you used to be able to hold me on your lap for hours." Mr. Mann—"The young one is so restless. He squirms and kicks all the time. You didn't kick a little bit."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Friend—"One of your clerks tells me you raised his salary and told him to get married, under penalty of discharge." Business man—"Yes; I do that to all my clerks when they get old enough to marry. I don't want any of your independent, conceited men around my place."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Oldfam—"That set of china belonged to me great-great-grandmother." Caller—"Did it, really? Why, I have not a single piece that belonged to my great-grandmother." Mrs. Oldfam (distantly)—"Indeed!" Caller—"No; we always kept servants, you know."—*New York Weekly.*

Haody to have around: She—"You won't object to having my dear mamma live with us after we are married, will you?" He (a young physician)—"Not at all. In fact, she'll be most welcome." She—"I'm so glad you feel that way." He—"Yes; you see she is always ailing, and I really need somebody to experiment on."—*New York Weekly.*

Minks—"Say, Winks, my wife tells me that new servant-girl you have is a thief, and you'd better be on your guard." Winks—"I suspected as much; been missing all sorts of things. But she's so efficient and respectful, my wife won't get rid of her." Minks—"She'd send her flying if you'd use a little management." Winks—"What shall I do?" Minks—"Kiss your wife in the dark some night and pretend you think it's the servant-girl."—*New York Weekly.*

A New Savings Bank.

The Union Trust Company of San Francisco, 228 Montgomery Street, next door to the Mills Building, in addition to transacting all business of a fiduciary character, such as the care of estates, etc., the business of a savings bank will be an important feature. Ordinary and term deposits in this department are solicited from all classes of our citizens. The names of the officers and directors of this company, and its large capital of \$1,250,000, are ample guaranty of its responsibility.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Hartmann Piano Recital.

Mr. Ernst Hartmann gave a piano recital last Saturday afternoon in the First Unitarian Church for the benefit of the Society for Christian Work. The programme was as follows:

Organ prelude and fugue in A minor, Bach-Liszt; sonata in C sharp minor, Beethoven; "Carnaval," Schumann; nocturne, op. 48, No. 1, etudes, op. 10, Nos. 11 and 12, etudes, op. 25, Nos. 9 and 12, Chopin; "Spinnerlied," "Rigoletto," Liszt.

The Hungarian violin virtuoso, Edouard Remenyi, assisted by Miss Minnie D. Methat, soprano, pupil of Mme. Marchesi; Mlle. Florence Sage, pianiste; and J. W. Marshbank, haritone, will give two concerts at Hamilton Hall, Oakland, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings next, at popular rates, under the management of the new Redfield Music and Dramatic Bureau. Next Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon, Remenyi will give concerts at the Metropolitan Hall in this city.

Mr. Henry Heymao announces that his pupil, Master Harry Samuels, will make his farewell appearance in a concert in Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, May 4th, prior to his departure for Europe for the purpose of completing his musical studies. Mr. Donald de V. Graham and Miss Anna Selkirk will sing, and a number of prominent instrumentalists will assist.

The Loring Club will give its fourth concert of the sixteenth season next Thursday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall, under the direction of Mr. David W. Loring.

Miss May Worth, of Oakland, has just returned home after finishing a successful concert season with the Boston Lyceum Concert Company.

Miss Ernestine Goldmao will give her second chronological piano recital next Friday evening in Kohler & Chase's Hall.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late J. P. Hale, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate is valued at over \$1,000,000, and consists of real estate in this State, a million acres of land in Lower California, and a large amount of personal property. Joseph A. Donohoe, John W. Flood, Howard Havens, and Herman L. E. Meyers are named as executors, but, with the exception of Mr. Meyers, they have resigned the trust. The heirs-at-law are his widow, Mrs. Anais A. Hale, and his daughter, Mrs. Josephine Boyle, wife of Hon. Robert J. Boyle. The will states that all his estate was acquired before his marriage, and bequeaths to his daughter one-half of the rents of the Supreme Court Building during the life-time of her mother. On the death of the widow, the property is to revert to the daughter, but she can not sell or mortgage it. At her death, however, she may leave the property to her children, and in case there is no issue she may dispose of one-half of it by will. The remaining one-half to go to Margaret Ryan, sister of the deceased, and his other sister, Mary, who is known in religion as Sister Benedict, Mrs. Ann Wright, a relative, now living on the ranch at Mountain View, his half-sister, Ellen Hale, his aunt, Ann Hanley, James Hale, a half-brother, and Frank Murphy, a nephew, are expressly disinherited from participating in any of the property, either directly or indirectly. The remaining one-half of the rents of the Supreme Court building is left to the widow of the deceased, Anais Hale; but she is required to pay her husband's brother, John Hale, his sister, Mary (in religion Sister Benedict), and Mrs. Margaret Ryan \$50 each every month during their lives. If the daughter Josephine dies without issue, one-half the Supreme Court property is to go to such charitable institutions in the city and State as she may select. Additional bequests are made as follows: To Mrs. Ann Fenney Wright, wife of Thomas Wright, 100 acres of the ranch at Mountain View during her life, and at her death the property is to go to her children. To Ann D. Hanly, of Ireland, is left three hundred dollars. Two-thirds of the remainder of the estate in California is bequeathed to the daughter Josephine and the other one-third to the widow. They are also to receive equal shares in the interest of the deceased in the Flores-Lee Corporation. The testator acknowledged that he owed his wife \$100,000, and requested that she be paid that amount immediately, with four per cent. interest since 1885. If the estate realizes a large amount of money, the testator desires his wife and daughter to be liberal to charitable institutions, and give to them five to ten per cent. of the amount realized in excess of \$300,000, and they are also directed to increase the legacies to the other relatives one hundred per cent. In case the Lower California property realizes over \$200,000, the executors are directed to increase the bequests made to relatives. To his faithful servant, Patrio, deceased bequeaths a square league of land, with live-stock and farming implements.

By the will of the late George Moffatt, the following testamentary provisions were made:

His estate consists in part of property on the south side of Market Street, 300 feet west of Seventh, valued at \$140,000. He also owns land in Alameda County, and has \$25,000 on deposit in several banks. The exact value of the estate is not known, but it is said to be worth more than \$250,000. The decedent's will confirms to his widow, Lizzie W. Moffatt, and also awards to her one-half the remainder. A brother and sister in Ireland are each given \$2,500. The residue is left to the widow in trust for her four children. The will was executed April 24, 1893, and appoints the widow executrix without bonds.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The election of Carter Harrison as mayor of Chicago by a plurality of over twenty thousand, in the teeth of the opposition of every paper in the city except the one he owns, is an event which journalists and politicians should study. It teaches that there is something wrong in the general estimate of the power of the press.

Mr. Harrison had been mayor of the city before—more than once, in fact. How he had performed his duties appears to be a question upon which Chicagoans are not agreed. The newspapers, led by the *Tribune*, *Inter-Ocean*, and *Herald*, declared that he had truckled to the vicious element, and they predicted that, if he were reelected, he would be as dough in the hands of the liquor-dealers, the gamblers, and the disorderly class generally. On the other hand, the people of Chicago, by a plurality of twenty thousand, must be of the opinion that he had made a good mayor in the past, and would make a good mayor in the future, or they would not have voted for him. It is not to be supposed that some-

thing over half the voters of Chicago are themselves members of the sporting, or gambling, or liquor-dealing fraternity. Mr. Harrison's main support must have come from the orderly class, which did its own thinking on the subject of his quality.

The power of the press is a vague phrase which is glibly uttered and rarely understood. A man who gets possession of a press and types obtains access to the ear of a certain number of his fellow-citizens, and if he has anything to say to them which is worth listening to, he may attain some power. But if he has nothing to say that is worth the hearing, he acquires no more influence than the man who rings a bell in a thoroughfare and invites passers-by to step in and secure hargains in sham jewelry. Few journalists ever acquire power, because, as a rule, they are just like other people, oftener stupid than bright, oftener commonplace than original. They are not selected by competitive examination. They do not seem to know more than any one else, or to possess any superior faculty of arriving at correct conclusions. We find among them, as we do in all professions, more dull than alert minds. The mere substitution of the pen for the tongue as an organ of speech can not add anything to any one's intelligence. Now, in this Chicago case, it hellel that, for reasons of their own, all these editors coincided in hating Harrison, and combined forces to defeat him. But they failed to influence a majority of the voters. People noted, as a curious coincidence, that newspapers which had never agreed before were as one against the Democratic nominee for mayor. But the phenomenon altered few votes. Citizens voted for or against Harrison according to their knowledge of the man, their observation of his course, and their forecast of his probable performance. That all of the papers opposed him had apparently little or no effect.

How futile newspaper combinations prove, New York learned nearly forty years ago. There were at that time five leading daily newspapers in the Eastern metropolis. All five came out for Fremont, and assailed Buchanan with such fury that in the agony of his rage he cried: "Have I no friend who will nail the ears of one of these scoundrels to his door-post?" In the great city of the Atlantic seaboard there was not a paper which would answer charges or make explanations on behalf of the Pennsylvania statesman. Yet, when election day came round, Buchanan carried New York by an overwhelming majority. New Yorkers then came to the conclusion that the power of the press was an uncertain quantity.

Among the illiterate, a notion is said to be sound because it is found in the paper; but among intelligent men, it is well understood that they whose business it is to present the events of the day in printed form for the public consumption enjoy no monopoly of wisdom. Experience comes to the support of theory. Editors of leading papers are as often wrong as right in their first impressions. When they have had occasion to find out what the people think, and have consulted the counting-room, they often change their course. This is the principle on which the London *Times* has been conducted. The Walters choose the brightest man they can find to edit their paper; but having chosen him, they direct him to forage for opinions at the clubs and in parliamentary circles, and to adopt the views which preponderate there.

We are not to be understood as saying that the voice of the people is always right. It is about as often wrong as right. But what we are attacking is the absurd belief that even the *vox populi* is controlled by the newspapers. Instead of leading, the press follows; instead of directing, it is led. The daily press in our day shapes its course to suit the fickle fancy of the rabble. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that it has no influence even with the rabble, and incurs the contempt of all intelligent and honorable men.

The very general disapproval that has been manifested in this country over the elevation of our Minister to England to the rank of ambassador, and the proposition similarly to promote our envoys to other first-class powers, proves that

there is still plenty of good American sense left in the United States. There was no popular demand for this great Democratic work upon which the Cleveland administration has entered—as an outward and visible sign, presumably, of its inward and Jeffersonian simplicity. But the work will very likely give rise in due time to a popular demand which will cause the profoundest pain to that already large and rapidly growing class of citizens for whose social aspirations a republic is all too narrow. The emhassadors having been created, those who are pleased by the act insist that there should be an increase of salary. It is argued that since seventeen thousand five hundred dollars was too small for a Minister to England, France, or Germany, 't would be absurd to expect a lordly emhassador to worry along on so heggarly a pittance. A minister is usually permitted to confer only with the foreign office of the realm to which he is accredited; whereas an emhassador, under the code of diplomacy, is the personal representative of his sovereign, and may at any time, therefore, demand audience with the sovereign at whose court he is stationed. In consideration of this tremendous privilege, the argument runs, the salary should be raised to at least thirty-five thousand dollars. Even then the pay would be helow the European standard. Sir Julian Pauncefote, while only a minister, has been drawing thirty thousand dollars a year from the English people, with house supplied and perquisites, for his valuable services at Washington. The British Emhassador to France receives forty-five thousand dollars; to Austria, forty thousand dollars; and so on through the list. With infinite iteration, it is pointed out that our representatives abroad "must sustain their social dignity," and that the United States is so niggardly as to make it necessary for its ministers to draw heavily upon their private means for that purpose. It is a reproach to us, these instructors say, that only rich men can afford to become our envoys.

The question which will occur to the popular mind, and, as we have intimated, give pain to a large, wealthy, and eminently respectable class, is this: "Of what earthly use is the diplomatic service to the United States anyway?" It is enormously costly already without emhassadors, and what return do the people get for the outlay? Where is the warrant to be found in either constitution, laws, or the spirit of our institutions for sending a citizen to every kiogly court on earth and filling his pockets in order that he may "sustain our social dignity" there by imitating the resident royal family, nobility, and aristocracy in fashionable display? Say that the Minister to Germany be replaced by an emhassador, and that the wearer of this almost royal title be the Hon. G. Washington Logroller, of Oshkosh, ex-congressman, whose qualifications for diplomacy consist in his baving "swung" the delegation of his State at the national convention for the successful candidate for the Presidency. Will it thrill the national heart with pride and hedew the national eye with tearful joy to behold (through the newspaper dispatches) the Hon. Logroller making gorgeous progress through the streets of Berlin in a gilded coach drawn by six milk-white steeds, with out-riders, postillions, liveried flunkies behind, and a herald ahead hlowing blasts upon a jeweled bugle and roaring out to the awed populace: "Way for the American emhassador! Make way!" What can Emhassador Logroller or Emhassador Bayard possibly have to say to Emperor William or Queen Victoria relative to the affairs of our government that Minister Logroller or Minister Bayard could not say quite as well? The railroad and telegraph having removed the real need for the diplomat, it is absurd to the point of grotesqueness that this young republic should at the end of the nineteenth century become enamored of the solemn pomps and ceremonies of the outworn institution. Common sense dictates not that our ministers should be made emhassadors, but that our ministers should be turned into commissioners, or, better still, agents, with business functions only. Not one dollar of the money taken by the tax-collector from the pockets of the American people should be spent in indulging the taste of the courtier representatives for the gayeties and fripperies of fashionable life. If our representatives—be they agents, commis-

isters, or ambassadors—are ambitious to shine socially, let them do it as private persons at their own expense. But since we have gone in for ambassadors, what are we to do with these august personages when they return to us? Ranking above the highest nobles in the presence of royalty, can it be expected that G. Washington Logroller and Thomas Bayard will be able to stomach association with the common herd of their former fellow-citizens? Really, the only persons in the republic with whom they could feel at home would be Ward McAllister and the editor of *Vogue*. Congress should relieve the terrors of the situation by undoing its work. Embassadors are un-American and, therefore, a mistake.

The Senate of the United States sat in executive session from March 6th until the middle of April to consider executive business, agreeably to custom. The Senate likewise considered the case of Mantle, appointed by the governor of Montana as United States Senator, to hold the place until the next regular meeting of the Montana legislature, January, 1895, as the legislature of this year failed to make the election. The case of Mantle embraced the somewhat similar cases before the Senate of Beckwith, of Wyoming, and Allen, of Washington, both appointed by the governors of their respective States, because the legislature had failed to make election of a senator. The question before the Senate was: "What is the constitutional power of the executives of States in respect to making temporary appointments of United States Senators in cases of the happening of vacancies by resignation or otherwise during a recess of the legislature?" The *Argonaut* has maintained that the State executive has not the constitutional authority to appoint a United States Senator in the event of the failure of the legislature to elect; that only in case of resignation, death, expulsion, or disqualification of the senator chosen by the legislature is the State executive empowered to fill the vacancy until the meeting of the next legislature.

Before the existing senate, Mantle, Beckwith, and Allen presented themselves for admission as senators, bearing certificates of appointment by the governors of the respective States—Montana, Wyoming, and Washington—whose legislatures had failed to make election of a senator. Neither applicant was allowed a seat as senator, but their applications were recognized, and the case of Mantle, of Montana, was put forward for the determination of the Senate as a test and decisive case. The Senate committee of seven, to whom the case was submitted, stood four to three against a favorable report, but to get the question before the full Senate, one of the four, on statement of his views, courteously agreed to the favorable report, which placed the whole subject-matter before all the senators. Had he not done so, the question would have been unfavorably reported, with the immediate result, probably, of the rejection of Mantle, which would have carried likewise the applications of Beckwith and Allen with it, and the rejection of the three appointees of the State executive.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, led the debate in favor of admission, and Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, made the principal argument against the admission of any as United States Senators upon the appointment by the State executive, unless in accordance with the constitution. Other senators took part in the debate, *pro* and *con*, which was continued until the close of the executive session, when little more than half the senators were present. It remains for final determination, therefore, at the next meeting of the Senate. The material point is that the persons appointed by the State executive have not been recognized as senators and were not allowed seats as such. In the several days of debate the official records of the Senate on former occasions upon the main question were adverted to. The particular point of the discussion was upon the correct interpretation and meaning of this clause of the constitution: "And if vacancies happen by resignation or otherwise during the recess of the legislature of any State, the executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies." The "otherwise" is held to mean death, expulsion, or disqualification. Several senators have died; Senator Blount, of Tennessee, Bright, of Indiana, and Simmons, of Rhode Island, have been expelled; Senators Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania, and James Shields, of Illinois, have been rejected as disqualified on account of alien birth and necessary naturalization. In the debate was adduced the records of the first case, in 1793, when Read, of Delaware, resigned, and the governor of the State appointed to the vacancy Kensey Johns. The Senate rejected Mr. Johns as "not entitled to a seat in the Senate of the United States, a session of the legislature of Delaware having intervened between the resignation of George Read and the appointment of Kensey Johns," and the Senate voted upon it, twenty yeas and seven nays. In that Senate were a number who had been members of the convention which drafted the constitution. Again, in 1825, the question

came up, in the case of Lanman, who had served the term of six years as senator from Connecticut, who failed of reelection by the legislature, and whom the governor of Connecticut appointed senator to fill the vacancy until the next legislature should assemble. The Senate refused to admit Lanman, as the legislature did not elect. These cases have since been adhered to as the rule of the Senate. Senator Benton, in commenting upon the Lanman case, said: "With this decision the subsequent practice of the Senate has conformed, leaving the States in part or in whole unrepresented when the legislature failed to fill a regular vacancy." Daniel Webster expressed similar views. In the category of eminent senators and great statesmen who uttered like opinions and cast their votes in approval were Oliver Ellsworth, George Cabot, Frederick Frelinghuysen, James Monroe, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Lewis Cass, William H. Seward, Stephen A. Douglas, James A. Bayard, and, of later years, Matt. Carpenter, Lamar, Conkling, Eaton, Garland, Blaine, and others. The *Argonaut* has adhered to the judgment of this long line of statesmen. It is our belief that the persons now presenting credentials as appointees of governors for seats in the Senate of the United States—Mantle, Beckwith, and Allen—will not be admitted.

The servile admiration of everything English which has been so long characteristic of New York's fashionable society is bearing fruit in a manner which has at last rather scared that queer agglomeration of wealth, stupidity, pride, and ill-breeding. Reared to revere whatever is aristocratic on the British model, it is not surprising that the rich girls of New York, and of other cities socially influenced by New York, should prefer English to American husbands, or that their veneration for a title should be so profound as to amuse even the English, who certainly can not be accused of being wanting in this species of slavishness. The voluntary expatriation of William Waldorf Astor and the marriage of Miss Bradley-Martin, heiress to millions, to the Earl of Craven are the shocks which have caused the Four Hundred to stop dancing for a moment or two and undergo the unaccustomed pain of thinking. Mr. Astor was this country's richest man. He set out on an American career, but tired of it after being defeated for Congress and serving a term as Minister to Italy. Now he has pulled up stakes completely and determined to become an Englishman. It has cost him a lot of money to make the change, but he can afford any luxury that strikes his fancy. Mr. Astor has bought a fine house in London, and, besides that, has purchased for one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars the Duke of Westminster's ancient estate of Cliefden on the banks of the Thames. More, he has bought the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Pall Mall Budget*. The former is a daily whose politics he has changed from Liberal to Tory. The first number of his new monthly *Pall Mall Magazine* was launched this week. It aims at the highest standard, and its list of contributors looks as if it had been selected from "Burke's Peerage." Besides this, he has invested largely in London real estate, like a prudent Astor, and subscribed like a Monte Cristo to charities. It is needless to say that he is an immense social success. No society in the world is more mercenary than the English aristocracy, and no people—not even Americans—so sincerely respect riches as do the British masses.

The fear that Astor's example will be contagious afflicts such of the New York Four Hundred as feel themselves not able to imitate it; but what they may or may not feel on such a subject is a matter of small moment. The American people are interested in this flitting, which is but a conspicuous symptom of a movement that has been long in progress. Year by year the number of Americans who go to Europe to stay increases. The wealth that supports them there is all drawn from this country, every dollar of it. They are our absentee landlords. The people of Manhattan Island who pay William Waldorf Astor rent for the privilege of living there supply him with the means by which he dazzles the British capital. The Martin-Craven marriage is another symptom of the same thing. Politically we are republicans, but the American social ideal remains European. That is why our young women buy husbands with titles. Why our girls are in such request by English patricians is very well explained by Ward McAllister. "Fortunes in England," he points out, "all go to the eldest son. Therefore in no sense can there be heiresses when there are sons in the family. Any Englishwoman with an income of two thousand pounds sterling is regarded as a good match." The same authority tells us that a duke or a prince should have at the very least seventy-five thousand dollars a year to spend, if he would support the dignity of his rank. An earl, perhaps, could struggle through the twelve months on from forty to fifty thousand dollars. When a woman marries an American, her fortune is settled on herself as a rule, but no Englishman will take a bride without being master of her fortune. So his lordship, knowing how few women there are of toler-

able manners that have fortunes in his own country, turns his wooing eyes hitherward, and does the proud American parent the double honor of taking his daughter and his ducats. Mr. McAllister continues:

"One very important reason why an Englishman of noble birth will select an American bride is because there will be no resulting entangling alliances. That is, he will not be bothered by disagreeable relatives of the woman. You see, when he marries an American wife she at once becomes an Englishwoman, and is adopted by the bridegroom's family. He divests himself after the marriage, in nearly every case, of all her kith and kin. This may be selfish, but in a worldly sense it is most advantageous. When an Englishman of rank marries a daughter of a tradesman of some such town as, say, Manchester, he is usually burdewed with his wife's relatives, who will sometimes bother him almost to death in their effort to have him boost them up the ladder of society. In the case of an American wife this inconvenience is avoided by the great distance that separates us from England. The American woman, too, is sure to form new associations after marriage, and to destroy the bonds between herself and her native land. As an equivalent for her fortune she acquires the rank and social position of her European husband."

Social tendencies are not to be stopped by diatribes or satire. So long as the girl who marries a lord is envied by her sex, girls will seek to marry lords. But absenteeism, as represented by Astor and other denationalized Americans, is another matter. That represents a drain of wealth from this country of which the legislator can take some notice. Ownership of land either by aliens or by natives who may live permanently or for a given period out of the United States, should be forbidden by law. And the ingenuity of statesmen might profitably be turned toward devising other disabilities for Americans who sit on the European shore and suck the orange of the land of their birth. But, after all, the whole evil is of necessity transitory in its nature. The future belongs to this republic, this continent, and the time will come when even the rich and fashionable will be proud to be known as Americans—when an anglo-maniac, if one shall survive, will seem as ludicrous a creature as would a white man now who should cork his foolish face and seek to pass himself off for a negro.

The exodus to the World's Fair has begun. Four extra Pullman sleepers have been added to the overland trains, and applicants for berths are finding it difficult to secure them. House after house in the Western Addition is going into brown-holland mourning, and the Chinese servant market is depressed. Quite skillful cooks have been heard to say that they would not despise thirty dollars a month for the summer season, and "second boys" are going a-begging at twenty. Such appalling destitution touches the most callous heart.

It is futile to reason with a mania. When Patti was here, with her reduced register and her high tariff, it was waste time to point out that seven dollars could be better bestowed than for a ticket to the Opera House. People wanted not to hear the diva but to say that they had heard her, and on gala nights they contributed eleven and twelve thousand dollars to the exchequer of Messrs. Abbey and Grau. So now, every one is mad to go to Chicago. It is useless proclaiming that the buildings are not ready and will not be ready for a month, if then. There appears to lurk in the public mind a weird notion that the exhibition buildings and the exhibits therein are likely to take wings and disappear, and that those only who remember the proverb about the early bird and the worm will see them in all their glory. San Franciscans remind the observer of the travelers on river-steamers in the preadamic days, who used to take up a commanding position near the dining-room door, half an hour before the bell rang, in order to be sure of securing a seat of vantage at the table.

The exhibition will be fine, no doubt. But it ought to be fine, to repay the Californian for crossing the plains in the month of May. The man who hired a house at Yuma justified his eccentricity by observing that he had led a wicked life, and he wanted to prepare for the worst. He who crosses Wyoming, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Illinois just as the wheat begins to ripen will have nothing to learn in a lower and a warmer world. He will alternate between moist heat and dry dust, and whichever he tries, he will wish he was trying the other. It will be well for him if, like the wild goose, he is gregariously inclined. The cars will be crowded, jammed, packed. When the Chicago hotel-keepers met in convention and invited the railroad managers to cut rates during the fair time, the railroad managers sarcastically invited the hotel-keepers to cut their own rates. The hotel men have not accepted the invitation up to date, and the railroad rates have been very slightly cut. One hundred and ten dollars for the bare transportation is not low.

But it is after the sight-seers reach Chicago that the real fun will begin. The hotel-keepers long ago agreed that ten dollars a day would be about a fair charge for bare board and lodging. But in the simplicity of their hearts, they imagined that they could keep the whole steal to themselves. Here is where they miscalculated. All other classes demanded their share of the loot. The cabmen and livery-stable keepers

declared that if the hotels were going to charge two prices, they would do the same. Carriage-drivers are a power in Chicago. If the Grand Pacific were to quarrel with them, they are capable of informing travelers that it has been closed in consequence of small-pox in the house. So the demand of the carriage-drivers was suddenly acquiesced in. Then the cooks and waiters struck. If the keepers of hotels were going to fleece the stranger, surely their employees were entitled to a share of the swag. This trouble seems to have been temporarily bridged over; but it appears reasonably certain that the strike will be renewed when the fair is in full blast and everything is running at high pressure. It is quite on the cards that hungry hoarders at hotels will have to do as travelers sometimes had to do in the old days of stage-coaches—get out and hustle for themselves.

What proportion of the visitors to the fair will survive to fight another day, remains to be seen. Overcrowded cities are proverbially unhealthy, especially in hot weather. It would have been a good thing if Chicago had settled her water question before giving an invitation to the world at large to visit her. The special commissioner who was sent by the London *Lancet* to report upon the water which Englishmen attending the fair would have to drink, took four samples, sealed them, and sent them to London for analysis. No. 1 was certified to be wholesome water to drink; No. 2 was slightly tainted with bacterial matter; No. 3 was so loaded with bacteria that it was pronounced unfit for human consumption; and No. 4 appeared mainly to consist of sewage, so that when it was evaporated in the laboratory the effluvia drove the students out of the room. If visitors could be sure of getting No. 1, they would be all right; as it is, those who are prejudiced against diphtheria and typhoid had better drink Milwaukee beer or whisky and Apollinaris.

The quality of the water will, perhaps, not matter so much to those who walk the streets at night. At latest dates there were said to be thirty thousand crooks in Chicago; the papers reported that three men have been "slugged" or "sand-bagged" and "held up" every day, on the average, since January 1st. If three garrotings made the daily average in a normal population of a million, it will be interesting to note the figure to which the average will rise when the city is full of strangers who do not know the streets, are unacquainted with the dangerous places, and are pretty sure to be wandering at night-time in spots which they should not frequent.

But the fair is bound to be a success, and it is truly gratifying to the patriotic mind to see how many people are going to it. It will be an epoch in men's lives, like the outbreak of the war or the last visitation of cholera. In future times men will speak of 1893 as the year when we went to Chicago, slept three in a bed, paid a dollar for a chop, and learned all about the theory of zymosis. Many a man will date his education in mechanics from a visit to the fair, as young ladies will trace their perception of realism in art to their study of the "Downfall of Babylon." To us on this coast, a trip to the Windy City will be particularly instructive, as we shall learn the money-getting uses to which a swamp in the middle of a flat, on the border of a tideless lake, can be put. We can use the knowledge on our own sloughs, and on the border of Lake Tulare. We can also learn something from the smartness of Chicagoans. They have got their fair buildings, for which the people of the United States paid. They have put up thousands of buildings at their own expense, and calculate to get back their whole outlay out of one year's rent. And finally, when the fair closes, and the curtain falls to the cry of "*Nunc plaudite omnes!*" those of them who overreached themselves in the hope of getting rich in a couple of dozen weeks can make an assignment.

Professor Herrmann, who can himself, apparently, set at defiance the laws of the material universe, has surprised, shocked, and scandalized the clergy and laity of the Roman Catholic city of New York by denying the reality of miracles. Indeed, he has had the incredible impiety and insolence to offer a reward of twenty thousand dollars for proof of a miracle that will seem conclusive to the scientific mind. He scoffs particularly at the curative wonders worked by the blessed waters of the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes.

In a long letter to a recent number of the *Herald*, Father Alfred Young, of the Paulist Order, deals properly with this astonishing blasphemer. The *Argonaut* regrets that it has not space for the whole of this sacred production, as nothing more convincing, or curious, has seen the light during the nineteenth century. It ranks with the best efforts of the pious middle ages, when all mankind believed in miracles and the pestiferous modern spirit of doubt and inquiry was unborn. Concerning the facts, Father Young says:

"One tires reading the long list of cancers, tumors, purulent wounds, broken and necrosed bones, caries of the spine, blindness, deafness, dumbness from birth, paralysis, ankylosed joints, bleeding ulcers, lupus, dropsies, consumptions and ataxias in the last stage, and all such horrible, painful, and desperate afflictions, many vainly treated

for years in the best hospitals, vanishing instantaneously at the touch of the divinely blessed water of the Grotto."

As to the proof, this able reasoner is at no loss to present it in a form that can not but carry conviction to every rightly instructed mind. What escape is there from this logic:

"The alleged miracles of the Catholic Church are true, holy miracles, or they are, as Professor Herrmann asserts, the work of fraudulent priestly impostors and their confederates. But, if frauds, they would be true, unholy miracles. For they could not be performed except by means of a superhuman, miraculous, vicious power, by which the impostors successfully deceived millions of the human race of all nations during many centuries, undetected and unbetrayed; not one of the innumerable impostors, priests, or confederates having ever confessed his abominable crime or pretended to expose the manner of his fraud. Be they frauds or not, one must concede the existence of the truly miraculous and of supernatural power, holy or unholy. But the possession by priests of a universal, miraculous, fraudulent, unholy power of the character named, no man of common sense can admit as possible. Therefore the alleged Catholic miracles are true and holy."

Obviously Professor Herrmann is grossly ignorant of history or he never would have done anything so ridiculous as to question cure by miracle. Is it not well known to the informed that the church once drove all Jewish physicians out of Europe, and interdicted the practice of the profession, substituting for nauseous drugs reliance upon the relics of saints? Surely no one can be mad enough to deny the authority of the fathers. St. Augustine tells us that Gamaliel in a dream revealed to a priest named Lucianus the place where the bones of St. Stephen were buried, and that these bones were brought to Hippo, the diocese of which St. Augustine was bishop; that they raised five dead persons to life, and that though only a portion of the miraculous cures they effected had been registered, the certificates drawn up in two years in the diocese, and by the orders of the saint, were nearly seventy. St. Irenæus held that not only dead saints and living priests, but all Christians possessed the power of working miracles—the power to cast out devils, heal the sick, and raise the dead. He records that some who had been thus resuscitated lived for many years and were well known to the brethren. St. Epiphanius has handed down to us the information that in his time some rivers and fountains were annually transformed into wine, in attestation of the miracle of Cana, and he adds that he had himself drunk from one of these fountains. Had Professor Herrmann perused Lecky's "History of Morals" and Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," in which the above and countless other marvels of the same character are noticed, he never would have been led into the astounding folly of gainsaying the church's ability to do as it lists with the living and dead, the sick and well. Let but Leo the Thirteenth signify his will by lifting his infallible finger, and the law of gravitation will go upon its knees in abject terror, so to speak, and howl out its submission to divine authority. And it is passing strange that this Herrmann, who creates rabbits by the fiat of his finite will and drags them into the world's view from the breast-pockets of terrified and embarrassed old gentlemen, should have forgotten that within the year miracles were performed in New York itself by the Wrist of the Grandmother of God—as the church reverently permits a relic of the Blessed Virgin's mother to be called. Can he have forgotten that some forty thousand dollars was taken in by the church where this precious remnant was exhibited, so great was the rush at twenty-five and fifty cents a head? Did he not read how Archbishop Corrigan and Street Commissioner Brennan knelt side by side and adored the Wrist, when, by special favor, out of compliment to Tammany influence, it was placed on private view in its glass case in the pious street commissioner's parlor? Is not Professor Herrmann cognizant of the fact that in the altar of every Roman Catholic church in this favored land is a little hole in which are deposited relics of saints, all warranted to beat him at his own game of conjuring? The *Argonaut* does not enjoy a circulation equal to that of the New York *Herald*; but to the extent of our privilege we join that representative American daily newspaper in giving serious and respectful currency to Father Young's masterly and convincing retort upon the graceless mountebank who has dared to impugn the miraculous puissance of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, which is making such glorious progress in this republic, despite the hostile influence of the godless public schools.

The spectator who has observed within the two past weeks how quickly the ladies of San Francisco have learned to practice the *pollice verso* is seduced into a curious train of thought. The "Circus Maximus" entertainment given by the Olympic Club crowded the Pavilion because it was a reproduction of games which owed their chief charm to the taking of human life. Not only did the chariot-races and the wrestling-matches in old Rome cost lives, but the gladiator combats at the Colosseum were nothing if not fights to a finish. The ladies of imperial Rome frequented the circus less to see horse-racing and displays of human sinew and brawn than to witness the dying agonies of those who were hutchured to make a Roman holiday.

The Olympic Club did not see its way to present San Francisco with a spectacle of quivering corpses. But it did the next thing to it. It showed the *retiarus* engaged in a sham death-grapple with the *mirmillo*, with no departure from Roman precedent, except that the death-grapple was a counterfeit presentment. And it was curious to see how the San Francisco women quivered with excitement when there was an element of danger, as there was in the mounted sword-combats. True, the danger lay not in the swords. But the borsemen, in their headlong charges, ran a chance of breaking their necks, and this gave a zest to the interest of the fair ones. There was a difference between the Roman lady, whose bosom panted with pleasure as a Dacian's life-blood ebbed out upon the thirsty sands, and the San Francisco lady, who thrilled with a delicious excitement while a Presidio trooper was apparently trying to break his neck. Yet the difference was in degree only.

Are we, then, to suppose that the maids and matrons of California could be educated to cry "Well stabbed!" if they saw a sword really driven through the vitals of a man and the gray pallor of death spread over his features? Let us not be in a hurry to answer the question. Only a few hundred miles south of us the bull-fight is a flourishing institution. In every large city of Mexico and Spanish-America the chief entertainment is the bull-fight. And when, as sometimes happens, the bull is feeble, or tired, or cowardly, the ladies protest that they are being cheated. They want the real thing—the fight with all its horrors for horses and all its dangers for *torador* and *picador*. Their gentle bosoms heave with delight when a man's life trembles in the balance; they gasp, not with sympathy, but with excitement, when the man is gored and trampled; they draw long breaths of appreciation when they see a stream of red blood hubble over the sand.

And these people are kin to us. There is a strong strain of Spanish blood in California. Then there is also the climate, which, in the course of ages, will cause appreciable changes. Like Spain, California is the land of arid plains and broken mountains; the land of the orange and the grape; with torrid slopes and bitter cold heights; with bleak expanses where nothing will grow but the cactus, and with valleys deep in rich alluvial soil, fitted to be the garden of a continent. The early dwellers of California have left here some of their habits as well as their familiar words. We call a farm a ranch, a cowboy a vaquero, a ravine an arroyo. In our principles we are, of course, American; but Andalusian and Castilian institutions have left their stamp on us, and diligent search will reveal it.

It is hard to discern what the future is going to bring forth. Who shall say that a return to the blood-thirsty appetites of the people of ancient Rome is a thing utterly impossible?

Sentiment moves in waves which embrace long cycles of years. Periods of humanitarianism are followed by periods of cruelty; eras of vice by eras of virtue. Under the régime of the later Roman republic the laws were tender of human life; as an especial favor, patrician families were allowed to exhibit a gladiator fight between a single pair of prisoners of war over the grave of a deceased relative; three hundred years afterward, emperors exhibited gladiator fights at which ten thousand men fought, five thousand on a side, and one emperor, who was particularly avid of popularity, kept up the fights for a hundred consecutive days. Two hundred years afterward, there was no such thing as a gladiator fight in Europe; people who wanted to give that filip to their emotions had to go to Antioch, Cyrene, or Alexandria. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, bull-fights became popular in Spain. At the close of the century they were only frequented by the rabble, in consequence of Queen Isabella's objection to their brutality. A hundred years after her death they were more popular than ever.

The apparent tendency of mankind toward humanity and gentleness is not to be relied on. It is more apparent than real. It is only a few years since the British held prisoners of war from the mouths of cannon in India, and at this day, when a battle takes place in Tonquin, the French behead their prisoners as a matter of course when the battle is ended. In the centuries to come, there may be a new decadence of the Romans on this far Western Coast, and delicate, white-skinned women may gloat over the dying agonies of dark-skinned men of the sword.

One of the most undesirable exhibits which California will have at Chicago will be Denis Kearney and his reproduction of the "Sandlot." It is not to be supposed that the exposition officials will give any space to this back-number demagogue. But that will not rebuff Kearney. He will exercise that tireless mouth of his anywhere. It is to be hoped that none of the visitors to Chicago will take the creature seriously. He was a morbid growth on San Francisco's skin when her blood was had—a pimple on the body-politic. Now that he has been sloughed off with her diseased skin, he excites only a pathological, not to say pustular, interest. He ought to be put into a large glass jar—in alcohol.

A MAGDALEN.

The Story of Two Women who Loved One Man.

Some one rapped at my door in the early gloaming, and, when I opened, Dr. Auguste stood before me, his expression wavering between confidence and deprecation.

"I—I want—I have come," he said, "to make an appeal to you. Lil is dying down at Sangster's, and it seems pretty hard that she should have no woman with her. Would—would you mind going down there with me? I know you dare, if you only will!"

Astute Dr. Auguste! he had known how to strike the right chord. He might else have put his case on grounds humanitarian, or womanly, or Christian, and so might have put it in vain. For I am only a woman, with all a woman's innate hardness toward the erring of her sex, and calloused, moreover, to suffering and sorrow, by personal experiences. But on a point of pluck, no one appeals to me twice. It struck me that here was a rare good chance to affront and defy the arrogant prejudice and narrow-mindedness of Onyx Gulch. The gudewives of the camp, their flesh would crawl with horror when they should know of my visit to the dying Magdalen.

I wrapped a furred cloak about me, and took up a lacquered box, wherein I carry a little store of drugs and simples that often find opportunity in my vagrant artist life. Then Dr. Auguste led the way down the gulch to Sangster's big rough harm of a place, part saloon, part lodging-house.

"It's uncommonly nice of you to do this thing! I like brave women well," said the little Southern doctor.

"Oh, nonsense! it's shop with me, you know. I've been wanting to paint a Camille, and here's my model in unconscious pose."

Now this, he knew, was the sheerest affectation of hardness, but it silenced him, even the simulacrum of such brutality, as well it might do. No more said he until he pushed open the door of the room where poor Lil was fighting her last hard battle with the forces of a pitiless world.

"I have brought a woman to you, Lilly," he said, "and a true woman you will find her. She can do you more good now than I can. She will listen to the message that has been troubling you. I'll look in from time to time to see if I am needed."

He plucked my sleeve; I followed him out to the passage. "No one will dream of molesting you," he said; "you are as safe in this room now as in a sanctuary. Yet I will remain within call—only just far enough away to lose the confidence she wishes to make you." And with that he was gone.

I drew near the dying girl; she must have been five years younger than I—and I was thirty. I had seen her here about the gulch, made up as are her kind, and I had thought her handsome, with a certain coarseness, lax, animal beauty. Now, as I lifted her head to my bosom, I looked sharply in her face, even whilst shaking up her pillows with a businesslike air that feigned absorption in my nurse's duties. No artist could scan that face unmoved. I saw how artificial adjuncts had misled my judgment, for, divested of these, Lil's face was as fine, as chaste and spiritual, as ever woman wore. Fine lines of thought and patience were on the brow, and about the mouth, full of force and firmness, more was there of depth and strength than of tenderness. It was an earnest face, rather than an eager one. I marvelled that this kind of beauty should have led a woman to shame.

She watched me closely, silently, while I stirred her pillows, and laved her burning face, and gave her cooling drink. When her cheek lay on my shoulder, she pressed close to me, in affectionate gratitude, and then shuddered away, as if she feared a repulse.

"Will you give me more cordial?" she said, huskily; "I want to talk, and I am too weak, without the stimulant."

I made no remonstrance, nor counseled silence; it would have been false wisdom to husband so that failing strength.

"Have you a good memory?" she asked suddenly, when the potent stimulant stirred in her veins; "I am going to tell you a story, that I shall want you to tell again, just as I tell it to you. If you think you will not remember, write it as I speak, for it must be given faithfully to another woman. It is the only atonement I can make for a great wrong—for a great crime."

"My memory is very good," I answered; "but I have here a note-book, and I will take down the names, at least, if names there are in your story."

And so, with her great, brilliant eyes turned full upon me, as if to burn her words into my memory, she told her story. Not continuously she spoke, as I shall set it down here, but brokenly, in the intervals when her fragile body was least shaken and torn by the throes of her malady; but the words that I write are as nearly as possible the words then spoken by Lillian.

"Five years ago," she said, "I lived in Telluride—a little frontier town, dependent on mining interests, and with a population largely ignorant and vulgar, and nearly all grossly immoral."

"I did not realize or understand the full sense of the conditions about me, for before this all my surroundings had been pure and refined, and I was inexperienced, innocent, and ignorant of the world's ways—astoundingly ignorant, incredibly innocent. I can hardly believe myself that I could have been so innocent, looking back as I do from my present dreadful depths of knowledge, across the gulf of these years, with their frightful revelations."

"It was here I met Jack Lake, leader in all the feverish local gayeties. His destiny must have been linked with mine from the beginning—on the night after I first met him, I dreamed that he led a band of people to my brother's house, to fix upon me some dreadful unknown crime, and to drag me away to death in penalty. That dream alone should have made me shun him—such warnings are not sent to us without purpose."

"He was a most anomalous being. At times he appeared a boy, a lad, a mere child, so boyish was his build, so young and tender his countenance; again, his features would harden, and his face take on the look of an old, old man, sin-disfigured. In character, too, he was like that; some of his traits were almost sublimely good and noble, while in others he seemed to sound the depths of baseness. Naturally enough, it was long before I perceived his ignoble side, for, such as he was, I loved him!"

"My heart and my soul went out to him irresistibly. I forgot my self-respect, the dignity of womanhood, everything that a woman ought to remember!"

And as she said these words, this poor broken Lilly, trodden, faded, dying, showed all unconsciously a pretty trait of her woman's nature: her burning eyes avoided mine; a hotter blush flamed through the hectic of her cheeks; her voice stammered and broke with embarrassment and shame; at the recital of her first sinning, all the innate purity of womanhood thrilled with the sense of outrage. The nightmare memories of her magdalen life faded into dimness before the freshened recollection of that first dishonor.

"I think," she went on shortly, "that no one ever suspected what were our relations. The very openness and heedless display of what seemed our mutual infatuation misled those who might have thought amiss. Jack planned all our secret meetings with a tact and an impunity that he tokened long practice in intrigue—at the time, I did not think of this—then I was only full of admiration and satisfaction for the cleverness that secured our meetings free from discovery."

"All at once, without waste of words, abruptly, brutally, he told me that all must cease between us; his affianced was returning to Telluride, and they would marry at once. I had been too drunk with the pleasure of the present to dwell much on the future, but in an indefinite sort of way I had always felt, rather than thought, that marriage would be the outcome of our association. But Jack's decisiveness effectually undeceived me of further hope in that direction. The one loyalty of which he was capable was toward Miss Stuart."

"I had never seen this lady; she had just left Telluride when I went there. But from the few people there capable of appreciating her, I had gathered that she was a sweet, pure, noble woman, as sensitive as a flower, courageous as a hero. Her character was so entirely antipodal to Jack's that it was no wonder I had not dreamed of an attachment between them, until he told me. She was an artist, and her pictures in Eastern magazines, showing the rough and grotesque types and features of the section, were promptly recognized and bitterly resented. Then her Bourbonism, as instinctive as it was unobtrusive, made her countless enemies. One night at a dance where the local barbers and bartenders were present, as well as the governor of the territory and all the best people, she said that she felt quite like the girl in Bret Harte's verses on the hall at Poverty Flat—the damsel who 'once went down the middle with the man that shot Sandy Magee.' She said it without malice, but the man she spoke to—he was from the East, and did not know the conditions—thought it so clever that he went about the hall telling it, and several of the rougher people insulted her there in the hall-room. I really think the people would have liked to mob her. They dared not quite do that, but every contemptible annoyance that they could offer with safety—oh! that is so much to dastards!—was inflicted on her. Then the local papers, shabby little sheets, run by low hounds who were really criminals, used to print insults to her—paragraphs so ribald and obscene that it was past understanding how they could be allowed in a community claiming civilization. But through it all she stayed till her work was done, always calm, dignified, as loftily regardless of their jeers as she was of the snarls of coyotes, wrangling over carrion upon the mesas."

"And now this woman was coming back here—was about to marry Jack Lake—my Jack!"

"I can not explain—I can not understand—the change that came over me at the news. Before this, in spite of my sinning for love of Jack, I had kept the tenderness, the delicacy, the horror of evil of a true woman."

"Do you know?" said this poor Lilly, struggling to sit upright among her pillows, and looking at me with wistful, yearning eyes, "I think that a woman giving way through her first young love is not debased by it, because, till the unbecoming comes, she does not realize that she is doing evil. It is only when the man casts her off that she sees herself as he sees her, a thing degraded and dishonored."

"From that time on, every bad, wicked, ferocious instinct awoke and raged in my soul, revenge of all most potent. I went on through my part in the anomalous gayeties of the place, to all seeming as joyously as ever; people thought it was Jack who was suffering from our evident rupture. And all the time, night and day, I was planning, planning, planning."

"Jack had an odd pocket-flask, given him by a rowing-club, of which he had been captain, at his old home—a great clam-shell of beaten silver. I ordered its duplicate from Eastern jewelers. My own school-girl chum 'at home' was the daughter of a druggist—a spoiled child, who had easy access to her father's stock. I wrote to her that I had discovered a new process of etching, for which I must have hydrocyanic acid of a purer grade than was obtainable in Telluride. She sent it to me without a suspicion."

"Then—I brought Jack to me. I need not tell you how. A woman may always have her will, if she but stoop to play upon a man's baser passions—it is the women who hold themselves apart, pure and proud, who excite in men resistance, opposition, persecution. Jack was smarting under the twits of his associates over my indifference; he could not resist the chance to prove to himself and to me that his power over me still existed—and he condescended to grant me one more meeting! as much of true love and reverence as was in him he had given to Miss Stuart—and yet he could come to my arms on the very eve of her arrival!"

"I steered our course for the base-ball ground up the valley, where there was a wind-break and some benches,

and where, as I had calculated, our foot-prints would not show on the trodden ground as they would in the dusty roadways elsewhere."

"Our talk was very stormy. Jack was resolute in his allegiance to Miss Stuart. At that time it was incomprehensible to me that such a woman should attract, or be attracted by, a man like Jack. Reflection has shown me that her loftiness of soul was just the stimulus needful to what good was in him, and his uplifting may have seemed to her generous heart her one great mission."

"At any rate, as I had expected, he clung to her. I had been only a toy, a makeshift."

"With taunts and sneers I deliberately provoked him into a rage to make my opportunity. As I had foreseen, out came the flask at short intervals. Then I claimed that agitation had made me feel faint, and asked for a sip of the brandy. Instead of returning his flask, I exchanged it in the darkness for my own, part full of brandy, with two ounces of the acid poison."

"When Jack lay dead, I did not even kiss him. I went stealthily home, and a week later, not from remorse, not from need, God knows not from inclination, but like many a disillusioned woman before me, from sheer fierce pessimism and desolation, I plunged into the life that has brought me to—this!"

"Three hours after they found Jack, stretched dead on the rough bench, with his poisoned flask by his side, Miss Stuart arrived in Telluride—arrived to find her lover dead, and, instead of sympathy and compassion for her sorrow, an onset of slurs and scoffing that might have expected from savages, but not from decent humanity."

"The least scurrilous of the insults offered her was the taunt that Jack had killed himself to escape marriage with her. I never saw her, but a man told me that she was like a frozen woman. Not a word of resentment for her outrageous treatment, not a bitter tone, not a complaint for her wrecked happiness, only an unspeakable sorrow for her dead lover—for that traitor who had been false to us both."

"But that is not what I wish her to know: the sharpest sting of her loss was that Jack died by his own hand. All these years I have tried to force myself to be generous—no! honest enough to undeceive her; never until I lay dying could my sense of justice overcome my jealousy."

"This is why I have told you the story, purge it of its poison for her—tell her, not that Jack was faithless, but that I was furious at his preference of her—and that he did not take his own life—that I murdered him. Write it to her—Diana Stuart, in care of the *Continental Magazine*. That will be her comfort. Oh, I could almost die in peace if I could ask her forgiveness! My wrong to her lies heavier on my soul than the rest of my sins together!"

She sank back gasping. Her breath was rattling—it went no lower than the hollow of her throat. She could not swallow the stimulant. Her eyes held mine piteously.

"Oh! God!" I cried in my heart, "let her live long enough to hear and understand me!"

I would not take the instant of time to cry out for the doctor.

"You can die in peace," I said, "sure of her full forgiveness. She sorrowed for the lover she believed in—she scorns and abhors the memory of the traitor! He deserved his fate—it is only *you* I pity—yes! yes!" for the question in her eyes was the very cry of a soul in torture—"believe me! see! I kiss you again—again—like a poor loved sister! I am Diana Stuart."

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1893.

The French fashion of spring flower markets is gaining ground in New York. Between Thirty and Thirty-First Streets in Broadway, one-third of the sidewalk is occupied by displays of longform lilies nearly as tall as a man, dainty spiraea, rich red cyclamens, pink, white, and purple hyacinths, daisies, lilies of the valley, Scotch heather, maiden-hair ferns, azaleas, pinks, so that the promenade seemed to be walking through an odoriferous flower-garden. In the north end of Union Square is a flower market which reminds one of the *Marché de la Madeleine*, and which is rich in geraniums of every color—fuchsias, heliotrope, mignonette, hyacinths, pansies, many colored tulips, daffodils, fragile spiraea, violets, and English ivy. Yet a third market, chiefly for cut flowers, is at Thirty-Fourth Street and East River. Here the small dealers get their supplies, and here prices are set for the day. It is not nearly so interesting a market as the one on Union Square where the lady of fashion is to be seen jostling the little working-girl, the one in quest of a rare plant worth its weight in gold, the other gravely studying the problem whether the length of her purse will permit her to treat her tenement-house window to that modest flower-pot.

Mrs. Jenness Miller made some statements to a Kansas City reporter for which her sex may feel inclined to take her to task. "Don't you know," said the fair dress-reform enthusiast, "that a woman can be better reached through her good looks than through her intelligence? Don't you know that the average woman in society cares more for her appearance than for her soul's salvation? Why, I have known hundreds of women who would rather commit suicide than become *passé*. I know this, for I have made women a study." Even the cynical Schopenhauer said nothing severer about the fair sex than that.

The sea cast up a unique hit of treasure-trove before an alderman of Leeds, England, who was walking on the shore at Bridlington. He saw a neat package coming toward him on the crest of a wave, and, on securing and opening it, discovered that it contained a promissory note for fifteen thousand sand dollars and bank-checks for twice that amount, all drawn in the year 1815. The papers were valueless, but an interesting as souvenirs.

It is said that there are over ten thousand applicants for postmasterships in the State of Georgia.

A CALIFORNIA NIGHTINGALE.

"Sibylla" writes of Emma Nevada-Palmer—Musical Training and Debut—Her Home and Some Souvenirs of her Successes.

It seems scarcely necessary to recapitulate to the American reader the various stages of Emma Nevada-Palmer's successful career, that lovely-voiced, dark-eyed daughter of California. Giving evidence at a very early stage of being the possessor of a rare voice and great musical capacity, her father yielded to her entreaties and brought her to Paris, where she was educated for the lyric stage by Mme. Mathilde Marchesi. She first charmed the world with her interpretation of the rôle of Amina, in "La Sonnambula," which she sang twenty-one nights successively at La Scala, at Milan.

After her brilliant success in Italy, she was engaged to sing for three years at Paris at the Opéra Comique—which, allow me to add in parenthesis, does not mean comic opera, but simply French opera, given in a smaller house and with less outlay of *mis-en-scène* than at the Grand Opéra. Many an artist, unfit for a larger stage, is perfect at the Opéra Comique, where French singers generally start, and which true artists often prefer to the generally less critical and more worldly atmosphere of the Grand Opéra, whose public seems as much attracted by the hallet as by the music.

Nevada "created" in England, at a musical festival given at Norwich, Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon," as well as Gounod's "Redemption"—a great honor for so young an artist. Another brilliant feather in her cap is the fact that, in a grand *tournée* with Patti, in America, she was engaged to alternate with this star of stars.

In Portugal and Spain, where she has almost uninterrupted engagements for several years, Nevada has always been a favorite. Madrid society—the most exclusive in the world—is always anxious to have the bird-like singer in its drawing-rooms, let alone on the boards of its splendid opera-house.

During Nevada's various brilliant *tournées* in Spain, she had more than one curious adventure. On one occasion a famous *torero* insisted upon killing his bull in her name, a very much prized honor among Andalusians, but our tender-hearted American diva declined the renown. On another occasion, having gone to Oporto for a fortnight's engagement, Nevada had the novel experience of witnessing a revolution, which, however, did not interfere with the opera, the house being crowded every night she sang.

When in Naples, Emma Nevada became the spoiled child of Francisco Florimio—Bellini's inseparable friend for more than half a century. Florimio was so delighted with Nevada's singing that he presented her with the pen with which Bellini wrote "Norma," and which the latter had given to him; also with a lock of Bellini's hair, and finally with the manuscript of one of Bellini's first operas. The city of Naples itself conferred on Nevada the honor of choosing her as the fit representative of Bellini's Amina, in a bas-relief, where, in the costume of the Sonnambula, she may be seen on the monument raised in that city to the great composer's memory.

Within the last few years, since her marriage with Dr. Palmer, an English physician, who has now given up his practice, Nevada has made Paris her home, where she comes for short intervals of rest between her various *tournées*.

She has a charming home, situated in the Avenue Wagram, not far from the Arc de Triomphe. Among the various oriental draperies ornamenting the antechamber of her apartment is a remarkable collection of Spanish trophies and weapons, as well as some curious specimens of Arabic workmanship in the form of curious ivory cabinets, and, also, a fine collection of antique Spanish combs, such as the women of the peninsula wear, with their picturesque mantillas and a red rose or carnation placed low down behind the ear. But the artistic collections of the Avenue Wagram are by no means limited to Spanish treasures. Mme. Nevada has interesting souvenirs from all parts of the world: Limoges, enamels, and miniatures vie in the cabinets on her walls, with autograph paintings and drawings from celebrities.

In speaking of Nevada's collections, special mention must be made of some artistic treasures she guards jealously in a valuable and well-fastened glass-case. I will simply enumerate them, as the greatest interest is in the associations and souvenirs they recall, from the rank or genius of their donors. First our eyes are caught by a superb bracelet set with diamonds and pearls, a gift from the Queen-Regent of Spain. Then comes a portrait of the Comtesse Girgenti, Infanta of Spain, with this inscription at the bottom: "Isabella de Bourbon, à Madame Nevada, incomparable Amina!" On the occasion of Mme. Nevada's being asked to sing at Marlborough House, the Princess of Wales sent her a brooch designed in pansies—Nevada's favorite flower—and wrought in with pearls and diamonds. During her last engagement in Rome she was received by Pope Leo the Thirteenth—being the only *artiste* who has ever been received by the present successor of St. Peter—on which occasion Leo presented her with a silver medal bearing his effigy. A novel and artistic souvenir came from the Spanish students, in the form of a solid gold visiting-card, inclosed in a rich casket, and engraved thereon is an inscription recording the love, gratitude, and admiration of the donors for Emma Nevada for the generous help she rendered to the sufferers from the disastrous floods in Almira Consuegro.

But there is another jewel which Nevada prizes above all these, and that is her only child. The latter is five years old, with long, abundant golden hair and dark-brown eyes. She is dressed in the style of Van Dyke's portraits of the daughters of Charles the First, and looks as though she had stepped out of one of the old gilt frames in the Palazzo Brignole at Genoa. The child sings all her mother's most difficult airs from such operas as "Lakmé," "Carmen," and "Traviata," and acts the parts with charming *naïveté*. She has not been taught, but has caught it all up from hearing her mother sing, and she does it out of a child's mimetic tendencies. She is a born actress, of whom the coming

generation will certainly hear. She is named Mignon after Ambrose Thomas, her godfather and the celebrated composer of the opera of that name.

During the past London season, Sir Augustus Harris risked this spring the revival of "The Barber of Seville," because he counted on the exquisite voice and execution of Nevada. The London papers were unanimous in their compliments to the gifted singer.

Emma Nevada's voice is very high, pure, of great volume, and of sympathetic sweetness, and, added to its charming natural qualities, it is a perfectly trained organ. She has already a great amount of stage experience. She is pretty, *mignonne*, with soft, brown eyes, full of feeling, and dark-brown hair. Her figure is small and slight, and she is particularly graceful on the stage.

No fewer than twenty-eight operas comprise her repertoire, and she is constantly learning and adding new ones to her list. Her favorite ones are "Sonnambula," "Traviata," "Lakmé," and "Hamlet." She is fond of early rising, and takes a long walk every morning. When she has a vacation during the summer, she repairs either to Marienbad or to Aix-les-Bains to take a cure, the waters of both places being excellent for the throat and for general building up.

Her visits to Paris are few and far between, as she is always off fulfilling some engagement. After the close of her last one in London, she came home expecting to enjoy a few weeks' rest; but no sooner had she unpacked her trunks than there came a demand from her Spanish devotees to go down to them and open a new opera-house at Oviedo; and no sooner had she fulfilled that task than a splendid engagement was offered to her at Kroll's Theatre at Berlin, where at the present moment she is having a tremendous success in "Lakmé" and "La Traviata," and where she will "create" the rôle of Mireille, in Gounod's opera of that name. On her return to Paris, Mme. Nevada will probably accept an engagement at the Grand Opéra.

PARIS, March 31, 1893.

OLD FAVORITES.

"Ave, Faustina Imperatrix, Morituri te Salutant."

Lean back, and get some minutes' peace;
Let your head lean
Back to the shoulder with its fleece
Of locks, Faustine.

The shapely silver shoulder stoops,
Weighed over clean
With state of splendid hair that droops
Each side, Faustine.

Let me grow your good gifts
That crown you queen;
A queen whose kingdom ebbs and shifts
Each week, Faustine.

Bright heavy brows well gathered up:
With gloss and sheen;
Carved lips that make my lips a cup
To drink, Faustine.

Wine and rank poison, milk and blood,
Being mixed therein
Since first the devil threw dice with
God
For you, Faustine.

Your naked new-born soul, their stake,
Stood blind between;
God said, "Let him that wins her
take
And keep Faustine."

But this time Satan throve, no doubt:
Long since, I ween,
God's part in you was hattered out;
Long since, Faustine.

The die rang sideways as it fell,
Rang cracked and thin,
Like a man's laughter heard in bell
Far down, Faustine.

A shadow of laughter like a sigh,
Dead sorrow's kin;
So rang, thrown down, the devil's die
That won Faustine.

A suckling of his breed you were,
One hard to wean;
But God, who lost you, left you fair,
We see, Faustine.

You have the face that suits a woman
For her soul's screen—
The sort of beauty that's called human
In hell, Faustine.

You could do all things but be good
Or chaste of mien;
And that you would not if you could,
We know, Faustine.

Even he who cast seven devils out
Of Magdalen,
Could hardly do as much, I doubt,
For you, Faustine.

Did Satan make you to spite God?
Or did God mean
To scourge with scorpions for a rod
Our sins, Faustine?

I know what queen at first you were,
As though I had seen
Red gold and black imperious hair
Twice crown Faustine.

As if your fed sarcophagus
Spared flesh and skin,
You come back face to face with us,
The same Faustine.

She loved the games men played with
death,
Where death must win;
As though the slain man's blood and
breath
Revived Faustine.

Nets caught the pike, pikes tore the
net;
Lithe limbs and lean
From drained-out pores dripped thick
red sweat
To soothe Faustine.

She drank the steaming drift and dust
Blown off the scene;
Blood could not ease the hither lust
That galled Faustine.

All round the foul fat furrows reeked,
Where blood sank in;

The circus splashed and seethed and
shrieked
All round Faustine.

But these are gone now: years entomb
The dust and din;
Yea, even the bath's fierce reek and
fume
That slew Faustine.

Was life worth living then? and now
Is life worth sin?
Where are the imperial years? and
how
Are you, Faustine?

Your soul forgot her joys, forgot
Her times of teen:
Yea, this life likewise will you not
Forget, Faustine?

For in the time we know not of
Did fate begin
Weaving the web of days that wove
Your doom, Faustine.

The threads were wet with wine, and all
Were smooth to spin;
They wove you like a Bacchanal,
The first Faustine.

And Bacchus cast your mates and you
Will grapes to glean;
Your flower-like lips were dashed with
dew
From his, Faustine.

Your drenched loose hands were
stretched to hold
The vine's wet green,
Long ere they coiled in Roman gold
Your face, Faustine.

Then after change of soaring feather
And winnowing fin,
You woke in weeks of feverish weather,
A new Faustine.

A star upon your birthday burned,
Whose fierce serene
Red pulseless flame never yearned
In heaven, Faustine.

Stray breaths of Sapphic song that
blew
Through Mitylene
Shook the fierce quivering blood in you
By night, Faustine.

The shameless nameless love that
makes
Hell's iron gin
Shut on you like a trap that breaks
The soul, Faustine.

And when your veins were void and
dead
What ghosts unclean
Swarmed round the straitened barren
bed
That hid Faustine?

* * * * *

But the time came of famished hours,
Maimed loves and mean,
This ghastly thin-faced time of ours,
To spoil Faustine.

You seem a thing that hinges bold,
A live machine
With clockwork joints of supple gold—
No more, Faustine.

Not godless, for you serve one God,
The Lampasene,
Who metes the gardens with his rod;
Your lord, Faustine.

If one should love you with real love
(Such things have been,
Things your fair face knows nothing of,
It seems, Faustine);

That clear hair heavily bound back,
The lights wherein
Shift from dead blue to burnt-up black;
Your throat, Faustine,

Strong, heavy, throwing out the face
And hard bright chin
And shameful scornful lips that grace
Their shame, Faustine,

Curled lips, long since half kissed away,
Still sweet and keen;
You'd give him—poison shall we say?
Or what, Faustine?

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Honorable Sam Josephs, author of that stirring song known as "Grover," wants four years more in clover as United States Marshal of the Southern District of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Morgan has had her name changed by a court in New York to Matt Morgan. This was the name of her deceased husband, and she wanted to assume it for the more convenient protection of rights against persons who were attaching his name to pictures and theatrical scenery that were not painted by him.

Mrs. Marion Crawford is a daughter of the late General Berdan, the inventor. She is a tall and graceful woman, with the golden hair and light complexion of a blonde, but with black eyes. In addition to her accomplishments as a musician and linguist, Mrs. Crawford is said to be as enthusiastic a sailor as her husband.

Mr. George Lizotte and Mrs. Lizotte, a niece of Justice Harlan, have been on a wedding tour ever since their marriage in June, 1891. They like the life, and say they may continue it as long as they live. Thus far they have traveled fifty-seven thousand miles and have visited almost every town of any size in North America.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, has just celebrated his eighty-third birthday. Mr. Morrill has been in Congress continually since 1855—twelve years in the House and twenty-six in the Senate. Should he live to the close of his present term, he will be able, like Thomas Hart Benton, to write his "Thirty Years in the United States Senate."

At a recent party at Biarritz, Mr. Nigel Bellairs, son of the British consul there, electrified the assembly by dancing a skirt-dance, appeared in the regulation mazes of filmy gauze and lace petticoats. He looked like an ordinary slim and good-looking young girl, and was recalled again and again by the delighted audience, until he nearly fainted from exhaustion.

Lieutenant Guillot, a French officer, has left Constantinople on a bicycle en route for Paris. He will be protected as far as the Turkish frontier by an escort of two *gendarmes* on horseback. The authorities in Bulgaria and Serbia have promised the same facilities. In Austria and Switzerland he considers he will be on more generally civilized territory, and will need no escort.

Andrée Forrester, a celebrated *demoiselle*, recently gave a very original hall at her house in Paris. The rooms were all decorated with soft yellow silks and brown serpentines, and the guests of both sexes wore garments entirely made of paper. There was a very novel arrangement made across the ceiling of long pipe, carefully concealed, from which descended at intervals very fine rains of different scents, now of White Rose, Royal Houbigant, then Verveine, Jockey Club, etc.

Mrs. Potter, the independent candidate for mayor of Kansas City, Kan., seems to have fallen into one of the pitfalls that lie in the path of inexperienced office-seekers. She showed an appreciation of the requirements of campaigning by engaging two brass bands to parade for her, but made the fatal mistake of riding about in an elegant equipage, attired in a fashionable gown of expensive satin, and wearing gold-rimmed eyeglasses, through which she smiled persuasively on her little band of retainers. Had she donned a Populist poke-honnet of the style of prairie-schooner days and incased her generous figure in faded calico, perhaps she might have added another dozen to her two dozen votes.

The once celebrated Paris actress, Alice Ozy, of whose investments in a mine of Gruyère cheese and other credulous doings mention was made at the time of her death a few weeks ago, was once the principal in a curious lawsuit. At an elaborate supper in a Paris café after the play one evening, one of her comrades, to tease her, declared that her splendid solitaire ear-rings were nothing but paste. In proof of their genuineness, the indignant actress took one of the brilliants from her ear, and with it drew a deep line across the costly mirror suspended above the mantel-piece. The proprietor of the restaurant sued the giver of the supper for the damage done; but that gentleman insisted that Mlle. Ozy should be held responsible. The court decided after due deliberation that the host must pay the bill. Mlle. Ozy, in her prime, was a woman of dazzling beauty. She was a blonde, and with her shining hair, laughing azure eyes, delicate features, and faultless figure, she was without question the loveliest actress of her day on the Parisian boards.

The "Turkish Talleyrand" is dead. Decades ago, Lord Beaconsfield, still the untitled Disraeli, applied those words to Edhem Pasha, then looked upon rightly as one of the most astute politicians of the Eastern Empire. As representative of the Sultan in Vienna, he was for years one of the most popular members of the diplomatic corps. Edhem was the son of Christian parents, and was born on the Island of Chios almost eighty-three years ago; but he was educated in Paris by the Sultan's command, and subsequently became a Mohammedan. Edhem had the reputation of being the greatest wit in Paris. While minister of commerce, the questions of the establishment of the Ottoman Bank and new railway routes through the empire came up for discussion in the imperial council. He opposed the measures. "Vous voulez des banques et des routes," he remarked, dryly, to his co-advisers; "eh bien, vous aurez la banqueroute." At another time he received a young Austrian count, a member of the embassy, and the wife of the ambassador in the imperial harem. As Madame the Embassadress stepped across the threshold of the room, whose door no man dare open, the dashing nobleman attempted to follow her. "Pardon, M. le Comte," said Edhem, bowing politely to the attaché and closing the door in his face, "vous êtes seulement accrédité auprès de la Porte." This play upon "door" was capital.

CALIFORNIA AND THE CORN STATES.

How the "East" Appears to the Eyes of a Californian.

Forty years of active life in California disposes the mind to note certain matters in the Eastern and Western States as curious, which to the residents of those States seem to be in due course and in accordance with the inevitable.

All the Eastern and Western States have their individual peculiarities, favorable and otherwise, which distinguish them from each other and which furnish the grounds for a general jealousy among the narrow-minded of the population as mean and as acrimonious as disgraces the same class in the several counties of California. Detesting this common and cheap habit of adverse criticism of neighboring counties or States, I will here disclaim all intention of disparaging any part of our country, and will frankly and cheerfully acknowledge that I found in Nebraska, Iowa, and other Western States a degree of prosperity, enterprise, and intelligence that not only appealed to my pride as an American, but induced in me the wish that some of this grand persistence against obstacles, this noble hopefulness against adversity, this grateful contentment in face of severe difficulties, might slop over into California.

And right here I make the declaration that the average Californian is ungrateful, does not fully appreciate his State, and that the conditions under which he lives in California are vastly more favorable than he deserves. People who find fault with Nebraska are stigmatized there as "calamity howlers." In California such people should be treated differently. If men, I should say shoot them; if women, take away their chewing-gum.

One of the conditions which is widely prevalent throughout the West and a large part of the East, and which amazes a Californian, is the wonderful footlooseness of the people; no matter whether they are farmers, mechanics, or professional men. In California, notwithstanding the aforementioned ingratitude, the proposition to pull up stakes and move thousands of miles would be entertained only by an occasional resident, and under peculiar circumstances. But throughout the Middle and Western States such a proposition is favorably entertained by a very great proportion of the people. In Iowa and Nebraska, land is very rapidly rising in value. The crops are generally satisfactory. Large numbers of people are pouring into the Western country from Illinois and more Eastern States. An extraordinary number of Catholic farmers are buying farms in Northern Iowa and Nebraska. The towns are building up and prospering. And yet the mass of the population seem to be constantly thinking of moving away. The reasons for this very general desire to emigrate may be seen in certain other peculiarities which strike the Californian as curious.

Throughout the West, and even as far east as the Middle States, where enterprise is of the pushing sort and prosperity has the aspect of exuberance, wealth among the farmers seems to express itself in mere comfort, the extent of which stops short of luxury. We approach the farm of a wealthy farmer with anticipations of enjoying the sight of an earthly paradise, only to be disappointed by being confronted by a big house extravagantly painted, a big barn ostentatiously ornamented, and a big orchard of the solitary apple, weeping for his absent brother fruits that died in the long ago. The inclosure about the mansion silently and tearfully tells the sad story of desperate endeavors at flower gardening and the relentless cruelty of the climate.

How vastly different is the aspect of the home-farms of our own State. We need not seek the estates of the wealthy to illustrate the contrast. Any ordinary little farm of any valley in California will answer the purpose. The house may be a mere cottage, and all the buildings may cost less than the porch of the mansion of the West; but the California surroundings of the cozy cottage present a scene of rural elegance and beauty which even the hankers of the thrifty corn-belt can not afford to pattern after. The palms, pomegranates, yuccas, and other evergreens; the rosebuds, oleanders, and other flowers perennial in California; the ripening oranges, Japanese persimmons, and horticultural curiosities possible to our climate endow the humblest California farm with an air of wealth and luxury which makes it quite reasonable to express the contrast between the East and California in the two words, Siberia and Paradise. And the contrast is still sharper and wider between the respective orchards. A family orchard of apples, pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, cherries, quinces, figs, oranges, almonds, walnuts, grapes, blackberries, and strawberries may well justify an Eastern farmer in hunting a little further through the orchard in expectation of finding bananas, coconuts, and pine-apples.

From a purely reasonable business point of view there is no evading the acknowledgment of the fact that an average poor farmer of California is as much better off than is a wealthy farmer of the East or West as the pleasures of luxury transcend in commercial value the demands of comfort; and in a restricted way this fact was tersely expressed by a Dakota farmer, who, in a letter of inquiry concerning California, closed by saying: "I want to go to some country where, if I must starve, I needn't freeze."

To a petted, spoiled, and ungrateful Californian, the hopefulness, ambition, and energy of these Eastern and Western farmers must seem to be heroic. On the California home-farm the mother and her girls call their chickens up in January with the same interest that actuates them in July. But what interest ought a Western farmer's wife to be expected to take in a yard covered with ice and snow for months and devoted to poultry whose natural habitat is the jungles of torrid India?

The California farmeress can have her garden-plats laid off to her taste whenever the men folks can spare time during the year, and those squares, circles, triangles, and crescents of the flower-garden are available for some kind of floral planting and culture nearly every month in the year. But when the frozen ground of the Eastern farm is

finally released from its icy fetters, and the desirable plot becomes a possibility, just then the necessary farm work asserts its most imperative demands upon the farmer's time, and relentless necessity drives all thoughts of flower-beds from his mind till frost comes again; for he must make the best of a short summer to prepare for a long winter.

In Nebraska, a farmer's wife received a letter, dated November 8th, from her sister on a small farm in California, in which occurred the sentence, "Our winter garden is just coming up." The Nebraska sister laughed as she tried to peer through her frozen window-panes, and said: "A vegetable-garden just coming up would do us very little good here." But although the farmer women and girls of Nebraska and Iowa have little to do with vegetable-gardening, many of them may be seen working in the corn-fields, especially at husking. In fact, it is not an unusual thing for farmer girls in Iowa to take jobs at husking corn in their neighbor's fields at four cents per bushel, which rate yields them a daily wage of about seventy-five cents.

A Californian who has obtained all his ideas of the great wealth of the wonderful corn-belt from reading, is apt to be severely disappointed when he becomes acquainted with the ordinary life of the average farmer in that fertile country. He is likely to look for more prolific corn-fields than he is accustomed to in California, for we do not claim it to be a corn State. His imagination has pictured to him an ordinary Iowa farm piled up with garnered corn till it was in the way; overrun with droves of fat hogs too numerous to be restricted to ordinary pens; with a conspicuous smoke-house filled up with luscious hams, jowls and slabs of fat bacon; with cellars crowded with kegs of pickled pigs' feet; with pork-chops for breakfast, pork-tenderloins for dinner, ham and eggs for supper, roast pork for Sunday, and roast pig for Christmas. The reality is far below the exuberant expectations of a mind accustomed to twelve months of planting, and, considering double and triple crops, to fifteen months of harvesting each year. The Californian will look with surprise on thousands of acres of excellent corn on rich soil growing not more than two-thirds as tall as the average corn he is familiar with at home. The hogs are fat, but there are few of them, and each individual hog seems to be known and counted. Smoke-houses are as rare as in California, and pork, whether fresh or cured, is not any more abundant on the farmers' tables than where it is bought out of the large cities. In fact, the butcher shops in all the small towns import their sausage in variety from Chicago or Omaha, just as might be expected in a fruit country.

Of course other products are raised also. Many farmers raise small patches of wheat. Each farmer has several cows, and the poultry is universally of the finest breeds. The clover hay is far inferior to our alfalfa hay, and the prairie hay is nearly worthless. Timothy hay is the strong hold, but the stacks of it are very small and far apart.

"You can't live on climate," is a remark of Eastern visitors frequently heard in California. A study of other countries by a Californian will convince him that you can live on nothing but climate. The soil of Iowa is as rich as that of California; the soil of Dakota is as rich as that of Iowa; and the comparison may be extended from Dakota through Manitoba to Iceland. Why is Manitoba a better country than Iceland? And so on through Dakota, Iowa, Ohio, to California. Iowa has a cruel climate, and yet it is because it has not so cruel a climate as Iceland that it is a better country. The climate of California means more milk, more eggs, more meat, more flour, more wool, more potatoes, more fruit to the square yard of the same soil than is possible in any other climate, not excepting that of the warm States. As to those other matters which, in combination with climate, affect the happiness of people, such as winds, flies, fleas, snakes, insect pests, irrigation, etc., it may be truly said that California has everything good, including lovable women and children, that other States have, only more of it; and it has everything bad, including political bosses, that other States have, only not so much of it.

Throughout most of the Western country, as far east as Illinois, many farm-houses have near them each a cellar, which is entered by means of steps dug into the ground. But the farmers do not call them cellars; they call them caves, and the innocent use to which they are put in the way of storing potatoes, etc., is only incidental to the main object of their construction, which is as a refuge from cyclones and tornadoes.

Fuel is as scarce as it is indispensable in the Prairie States. Many farmers shell their corn for the one purpose of reserving the cobs to burn. They hover over a cob-fire all day; but when night comes, or when the mercury falls below the cob-fire degree, then they sacrifice the wealth-giving corn to the heartless ice-king of the northern climate. They reluctantly stuff the rich and beautiful ears of golden corn into the rapacious stove, and figure out the problem as to whether or not the difference between the price of corn and that of coal will pay for the labor and discomfort of hauling the corn one way and the coal another.

But the most curious result of the thoughtlessness and improvidence of nature in not distributing three-fourths of the timber of Oregon and Washington over the Prairie States is the burning of bay as fuel, both for cooking and heating purposes. The first house of the settler is generally constructed of sods. The main room—frequently the only one—is divided into two by a sod partition. One room is pressed full of hay, and near the doorway in the other room, as a matter of convenience, the stove is located. While the cook is frying the pan-cakes on one side of the stove, a helper is feeding the fire with hay from the other side. In other cases, the hay is twisted into skeins of about two feet in length, like skeins of yarn or plugs of tobacco. These are then piled up near the stove, and, as the family sits around it, those who sit on opposite sides alternately stuff in the wads of hay, and thus keep the stove warm. An improvement on this mode of burning hay for fuel is the construction of two sheet-iron tanks, which are filled with hay well compacted and alternately placed over the open hole on the stove while the other is being filled. Hay-burning

stoves have also been patented, and are probably as efficacious as the straw-burning engines in California.

The smaller capitalists of the country are buying up the land and leasing it to tenant farmers. The number of renters is amazing. The villages are largely inhabited by the owners of the surrounding land, each resident owning one or more small farms, and living at ease in the village on the rents received. Corn land that can be counted on to pay six dollars per acre per annum above expenses and taxes as an average, is accounted good property at sixty dollars per acre.

The general intelligence and morality of the people are of a high order. This fact is attested in various ways, and in none more surely than in the fact that all over the country the school-houses are only four miles apart every way. These buildings are plain, but they are well finished, painted, and neat in appearance. Many of the teachers get as little as twenty-five dollars per month, and nothing during vacation. Organs are found in very many of the farm-houses, and the weekly and monthly publications abound. Art is not neglected, and many an unpretentious parlor is ornamented with the creditable handiwork of the young daughters of the North and West. The churches and public buildings in most of the towns and villages are a surprise and a delight to American eyes. It would be good policy to fill our State with people from the North-Western and Middle States, and let them recuperate their depleted population with the hardy pioneers of Scandinavia and other countries which nature huilt while in an unkind mood and angry at mankind.

B. MARKS.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20, 1893.

A gentleman who is at the head of one of the largest corporations in California, but who evidently takes an interest in human as well as corporate matters, has sent us the following interesting paragraph:

Having read with interest the remarks in your issue of the twenty-fourth, about the contribution of Mrs. E. Lynn Linton to the April number of an English review comparing the manners of the present *fin-de-siècle* period with those of the days "when Plancus was Consul," a century ago: in this connection, the following extract from Mackenzie's "History of the Nineteenth Century" may not be devoid of interest. It relates to the so-called better classes. If statistics concerning illegitimacy in England be consulted, they will indicate a distinct gain in social morality for the present period as compared with that at the beginning of the century:

"They were a hospitable people, the men who flourished during the earlier years of the century; but their exercise of this excellent virtue was not according to knowledge. When they received their friends, it was deemed indispensable that every friend should mark his appreciation of the good fare which he enjoyed by becoming intoxicated. The host claimed it as his due that every guest should drink till he could drink no longer. The supreme crowning evidence that an entertainment had been successful was not given till the guests dropped one by one from their chairs, to slumber peacefully on the floor till the servants removed them."

"A general coarseness of manners prevailed. Profane swearing was the constant practice of gentlemen. They swore at each other because an oath added emphasis to their assertions. They swore at inferiors because their commands would not otherwise receive prompt obedience. The chaplain cursed the sailors because it made them listen more attentively to his admonitions. Ladies swore orally and in their letters. Lord Brasfield offered to a lady, at whom he swore because she played badly at whist, the sufficient apology that he had mistaken her for his wife. Erskine, the model of a forensic orator, swore at the bar. Lord Thurlow swore upon the bench. The king swore incessantly. When his majesty desired to express approval of the weather, of a handsome horse, of a dinner which he had enjoyed, this 'first gentleman in Europe' supported his royal asseveration by a profane oath. Society clothed itself with cursing as with a garment."

"Books of the grossest indecency were exhibited for sale side by side with Bibles and prayer-books. Indecent songs were sold without restraint on the streets of London, and sung at social gatherings by the wives of respectable tradesmen without sense of impropriety. Sir Walter Scott relates that he once sent to a very old lady the works of a female novelist of some reputation in her day. The old lady returned the volumes with the remark that they were much too coarse for her perusal now, although she remembered hearing them in her youth read aloud to admiring audiences of fashionable ladies and gentlemen."

"Many causes have conspired to bring about the remarkable improvement which has taken place in the moral tone of British society. Among these, the influence exerted upon public morals by the pure domestic life of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert forms no inconsiderable place. The queen and prince lived conspicuously blameless lives in the earnest and effective discharge of the family and public duties which their position imposed. Their example confirmed and powerfully reinforced the influences which at that time ushered in a higher moral tone than had distinguished previous reigns."

It is yet a long way to ideal excellence in the human race, but the morals of the close of the nineteenth century are better than those of the beginning—probably throughout the world. A LAYMAN.

The highest point attained by a railroad in the United States is in the Rocky Mountains, 9,027 feet above the sea. Trains on the Callao-Oroya line in Peru are now ascending to a height as far above this great elevation as the total height of Mount Washington. In other words, when a train on the Oroya line enters the Galera tunnel to cross from the western to the eastern slope of the Cordilleras, it is more than a mile higher above the sea than the loftiest bit of railroad track in this country. At present the Galera tunnel is the highest elevation attained by any railroad in the world. It was on September 28th last that the first train from Callao passed through the tunnel to the eastern side of the mountains. Twenty years elapsed after the line was started at the sea before the Cordilleras were conquered; and trains have scarcely a foot of level grade for 106 miles until they pull into the Galera tunnel, 15,638 feet above the sea, and emerge upon the eastern face of the Andes. This tunnel was driven through the rock a distance of 3,855 feet. The melting snow that crowns the mountain summit above it filters through to the excavation. Two channels are cut in the rock to carry the water out of the tunnel. One of them leads to the head stream of an Amazon tributary and the Atlantic; the other to the Rimac River and the Pacific.

Yvette Guilbert has been engaged at La Scala (the Parisian music-hall, not at Milan) for the period of eight months, beginning on October 1st. She is to receive one hundred and twenty dollars an evening, which is twenty dollars more nightly than she has ever received. An annual sum of forty-three thousand eight hundred dollars is a very respectable amount to be made by what the Paris correspondent of the *Sketch* calls "an ugly young woman, with no more voice than a tin-kettle, and whose sole talent, incomparable certainly in its way, is the singing of the broadest songs with the air of a simpering ingénue."

The preliminary interest, so to speak, which Chicago people take in the Columbian Exposition is indicated by the fact that ten thousand persons paid fifty cents apiece to see the sights at Jackson Park on a recent Sunday.

THE LOST PEARL.

How Truth was Found, not at the Bottom of a Well.

"Pooh! pooh! my dear," said Pujol, teasingly, "why seek to dissimulate? Why not admit at once that you have a lover in the Arab town?"

His wife responded with an angry shrug of her shapely shoulders.

"A lover—black as a stove," said she.

"Very black," said Pujol, "but very handsome and very rich. The biggest coffee-dealer and vender of the purest mocha in Aden. We'll go there to-morrow and see. Such rugs! Such cakes, sweetmeats, and gewgaws! A regular bazaar, you know. My wife spends hours there, and Mouloud, good soul, if I did not stop him, would literally strip his house for our benefit, under the plea that the objects that adorn it so much please madame here."

"Nonsense, how you exaggerate!" Mme. Pujol returned, more and more indignant. "Not a word of it is true. The idea that I affect the company of that negro! I haven't been at his shop for more than a fortnight!"

The consul laughed with fresh amusement at the storm he had raised.

"My wife is cross to-day," said he, explainingly, turning to me, "because of a jewel that she lost this morning."

"I am not cross at all, but very much grieved. All day long I have sought it, too—one of the two black pearls that my husband bought for me in Ceylon. You can see by the one remaining how superb they were."

She leaned toward me smilingly. I examined the jewel and satisfied myself of two things—that my friend's pretty wife used violet perfume and that she had a singularly well-shaped ear. Then we talked of other matters, drank our coffee, and I dropped into a nap on the roof of the house, according to the after-dinner custom prescribed by Oriental manners and temperature. Next morning, as arranged, we set out—the consul and I—to pay a visit to the native quarter and also to Mme. Pujol's dusky admirer.

Mouloud Ben Said, as his name indicated, was a full-blooded Arab, a coffee-merchant by trade, several times a millionaire, and venter—barring the grocers of Paris—of the finest and best mocha in all the world. With us on the trip was a fellow-traveler and compatriot of mine, whose name I have forgotten, but who had just been around the world, or nearly so—a savant by trade, a great taker of notes and inscriptions, and scribbler of treatises for the French Academy.

Mouloud Ben Said, who spoke French like a native and was truly a superb specimen of the genuine Arab race—the handsomest in the world, perhaps—received us cordially, and royally did the honors, not only of his shop but also of his dwelling, which pleased us still more. The visit over, he wound up his hospitality with a cup of coffee—the coffee of the Orient, that fragrant beverage resembling ours as champagne resembles soda—and accompanied, as usual, with the inevitable *chibouque* and jar of fresh water.

Water bottled up in a skin and carried for seven leagues on camel-back was not to me an ideal refreshment, but I was dying of thirst, had once drunk worse in the Chinese rice-fields, and—oddest of all—this water did not, as usual, smell of goat-skin. It could not be called irreproachably, crystally limpid, but it certainly did have a rather agreeable taste. I took another sniff—violet beyond a doubt—violet in an atmosphere of Abyssinia! The savant, too, had noticed it. He sniffed, tasted, sniffed again, and demanded of me in the most judicial of tones if I did not observe a special flavor about the water.

"Yes," said I, sipping again; "violets, it seems to me."

"Just so, violets. This water, then, sir, I dare assert, has come in contact with layers of coal. Coal, sir, coal here at Aden, where every lump is worth a fortune and must be brought here all the way from England! Eh? How so? You do not believe me? You do not know then, sir, that numerous derivatives of the valuable black diamond family are certain products, the odor of which is not unlike that of the flower in question? So well, however, do perfumers know it that they freely use it to cheapen and falsify their wares."

And he fairly swamped our host with questions as to the precise location of the spring that furnished the camels with their daily loads, and, in spite of the distance, would have gone there at once to see for himself, but the packet sailed that evening, and he was booked, like myself, to sail with it. At any rate, he could and must have a vial of it to carry away with him for analysis at the School of Mines—a statement, or discovery, I was unable to decide which, that seemed, I wondered why, to throw the worthy Mouloud Ben Said into a peck of trouble.

But the wonder was passing, we were just going to leave, and I was pouring out for myself a parting glassful, when I heard in the tankard the rattling clink of a hard substance that passed into the goblet at the same time as the liquid. I looked—great heavens! it was a pearl—a great black pearl—the mate, or I'm a falsifier, of that shown me by Mme. Pujol the day before!

And that odor—violets! I recalled it now fully. Had I not smelled it, with a certain agreeable sensation about the operation, as I gazed at the pearl and the ear—the tiny little sea-shell ear of my friend Pujol's wife? That savant was a clever man; he knew a great deal; but the discovery that I unwittingly had just made—well, it did not pertain to the mineral kingdom.

The case, too, was painfully clear. At the house of that young, handsome, rich, and luxuriously installed Arab, I had found a pearl, the pearl, there could be no possible doubt of it, fallen from the ear of my friend's wife, and even, to make still surer the crime, the scent of her favorite perfume! Poor Pujol!

But what could be done about it? Nothing, absolutely. Mouloud was watching me with an eye that I did not much like, and the presence of Pujol himself, the party most inter-

ested, would considerably hamper me in a further examination or questioning of Mouloud—had I dared to try it. However, while the savant was filling and corking up his precious vial, I succeeded, under pretext of pouring some water over my hands, in getting possession of the pearl without being seen. Pujol, if I could help it, should not lose everything. Then we made our adieux, and took our departure.

The savant went at once to the ship's dock; I, to the consulate, being under the necessity of restoring the pearl to its rightful owner. Fortunately, Pujol had another errand to transact in the lower city, and allowed me to make my way back alone. Mme. Pujol received me.

"Madame," said I, in a severe tone, "permit me to return to you this jewel," and I laid the wretched little tell-tale in her outstretched hand. She uttered a cry of joy.

"My pearl!" she cried. "What luck! Where did you find it?"

"At—the—house, madame," said I, pausing on every syllable, "of—the—Arab, Mouloud—Ben—Said. I myself found it there. Pujol, thank heaven, knows nothing of my discovery."

And as she was evidently profoundly touched and moved at my words, I continued, still more severely:

"More than this, madame, I do not know—do not desire to know. But I am a gallant man; it is needless, therefore, to add that I shall conduct myself as one, and speak to no one of this affair. Madame, adieu!"

And I took my leave without touching the hand she extended me, and concentrating upon her in one final, flaming glance all the pain and reproach—entirely for my friend's sake—boiling within me. At the corner Pujol met me and went with me aboard the vessel, where I embraced him and bade him farewell, with an effusion and warmth that must have amazed him. Tender, unsuspecting soul! An hour later, under a full head of steam, my back was turned upon Aden.

Months passed on. The other day, as I was strolling down the boulevard, a voice from the crowd suddenly hailed me. I turned about, and there was Pujol, his wife on his arm, and seemingly, both of them, more tenderly united than ever. The two black pearls, too, were swinging in madame's rosy ears. Of course we dined together, and of course talked of Aden.

"And talking of Aden, Armand," said the consul to me presently, "you little know the problem and worry you plunged us into by your 'find' at the house of that worthy and too generous Mouloud Ben Said. You were puzzled yourself, I daresay, were you not?"

Puzzled? I? Not at all, but so embarrassed by the question that I stammered out a response with neither head nor tail to it.

"In fact," pursued Pujol, "it was an unsolvable problem to everybody for three whole months. My valet—you saw him, the rascal!—imagine the trick he had devised to increase his savings. He sold to the Arab water-carriers the water that had served my wife to bathe in. The pearl had doubtless fallen into the bath-tub and passed thus to the house of Mouloud Ben Said. But how did you come to discover it there?"

"How?" exclaimed I, with a glance at madame that turned her pink to the ears, "parbleu!"—and flavor or no flavor, I quailed as I thought of it—"I nearly swallowed it!"

Which is more than the Academy did with the mineralogical savant's treatises on the coal-fields of Aden.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Donzere by E. C. Waggener.*

The following extracts from a personal letter written from Naples, and by a person in whom we have implicit confidence (says *Life*), impart a bit of news which is of some interest to the American public:

"The doctors sent here from the United States to look after the shipment of rags and emigrants from this port are in a state of despair. They have sent cablegram after cablegram to the home authorities stating that the regulations are not being observed. From different ports that they have inspected, there are now being shipped to the United States rags which contain bandages bearing the Hamburg hospital mark, and used during the cholera season there; rags from Jerusalem that have come from the leprous patients, and rags from Egypt that have been used by people suffering from that dreadful ophthalmia, which is so contagious."

The doctors have just come from the examination of a ship about to sail for the United States with eleven hundred of the most miserable class of Italians, with all kinds of skin diseases and covered with dirt and vermin. The people say they are going to Mulberry Street, New York, which to them means America. On Wednesday eight hundred more go out, and on Saturday another lot.

"The rag shippers have a way of marking the bales of rags 'disinfected' when no inspector has ever been near them, and shipping them to England, whence they are reshipped to New York."

It is, perhaps, too late now to avoid the results of the criminal lethargy on the part of our government officials in dealing with these matters; but the state of affairs described certainly calls for immediate energetic action.

Dr. Telyafus, of Tiflis, has a project for the total extermination of the cholera bacillus. The habitat of this bacillus is the delta of the Ganges. This delta is polluted by the remains of the dead cast into the sacred waters, and among these remains the bacilli are generated. It would not be easy to induce the people to give up their ancient custom of disposing of the dead; but Dr. Telyafus believes that the British Government possesses the power to compel them to adopt cremation under condition that they be allowed to cast the ashes into the Ganges. Then, by draining the delta and planting eucalyptus-trees in it, he thinks that the dreaded bacillus might be wholly destroyed, so that it would never again ravage the world.

The Lebaudy pack at Fontainebleau recently ran their stag right into the town itself, where it dashed down the Rue Royale, bounds and huntsmen in full cry, and was eventually killed in the court-yard of a house on one of the principal boulevards.

NOBLES AND NOBODIES.

"Flaneur" says an Opera-Box is the New York Patent of Nobility—Plebeians are Excluded—Our Plutocratic Peers.

On the distant horizon, the eye can detect a cloud no bigger than a man's hand which may be the precursor of a social cyclone. When it was resolved to raise money for the construction of the Metropolitan Opera House by selling boxes outright for thirty thousand dollars apiece, doubts were entertained whether New York contained thirty-five people—there were just thirty-five boxes—who were willing to pay the price of an ordinary house for a luxury like an opera-box. But now that the rebuilding of the temple of music and fashion is a fixed fact, it turns out that the demand for boxes is in excess of the supply. This has induced the committee in charge to mount a very high horse, indeed. It has issued a *pronunciamento* declaring, first, that the property in the box is not absolute, but restricted, so that no man can sell his box until he has offered it to the committee, which has the right to take it at what it cost; and, second, that no one shall be allowed to buy a box until his name has been submitted to and approved by the committee. These new departures were brought to public notice by the announcement—secretly whispered at first, but now town talk—that three undisputed millionaires had been refused boxes, because, as was naively stated, their society would not be agreeable to the other box-holders.

The Metropolitan Opera House thus becomes an aristocratic club, in which the use of the blackball is going to be cultivated. Society intends to assert itself; to hedge itself round with a fence which outsiders are not to scale. Thirty-five families, such probably as the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Rhinelanders, the Van Rensselaers, the Schuylers, the Livingstons, the Schermerhorns, the Tays, the Roosevelts, the Fishes, and others of like nobility, are to monopolize the opera-boxes, and to protect their monopoly by the methods used in clubs. Other people may be rich, refined, cultured, gifted. They can not get one of those thirty-five boxes by money, or favor, or address, or popularity; and unless they own one, they can not claim to be the real cream of society. Fashion and aristocracy, floating here from Europe, will naturally look to those boxes for their counterpart; their ownership will constitute a patent of nobility. It will be said of a New Yorker, "he owns an opera-box," as it might be said of a Londoner that "he is a member of the House of Lords." So we drift into the beaten path of our English cousins.

Members of the American *haute noblesse* justify their exclusiveness by the recent influx of rich vulgarians. Men turn up here every winter of whom no one ever heard the name; on inquiry, it turns out that they have a million, two millions, five millions, though, as to their manners, they are worthy to have sat at the table of Attila the Goth. New York fathers and mothers awake to the matrimonial availability of the progeny of these *nouveaux riches*; it would suit them very well to have Alfred or Matilda marry a million. Thus they take up the Westerners, introduce them into their circle; and so, my dear," as a lady of the purest blood remarked the other day, "I have actually seen in one of the best houses in New York one of these creatures blow his nose with his fingers. He will be at the Patriarchs' next, if some limit is not set to his aggressions."

The Metropolitan Opera House is to be the limit. On the solid foundation of that edifice a barricade is to be erected which no unknown person, though he have millions in silver in Colorado, or millions in pork at Cincinnati, or tens of millions in wheat at Chicago, can cross until society has given him the countersign. Wealth may be king in other places; there will be one spot in New York where it will yield the *pas* to ancient lineage, high breeding, and aristocratic connection. The growth of civilization and development have rendered an American aristocracy not only inevitable but desirable. In order that it shall last and be a credit to the country, the plebeian must wait two or three generations in the cold before he can take a place in the equestrian order.

If the object of an opera-house was to dispense music, the plebeians could snap their fingers at the haughty patricians of the Metropolitan. They could build an opera-house of their own, could hire Patti and Tamagno, and could give as fine entertainments as those of the aristocracy. But in our day opera-houses are temples, not of music, but of fashion. Ladies and gentlemen do not go to the opera to hear sweet sounds, but to see each other and to mingle with the great. When, a few years ago, the nobility undertook to exclude the plebeians from the Academy of Music, the rejected ones built the Metropolitan Opera House, which was burned down last year. It gave splendid opera. But one did not meet there the American belted earl or the American Lady Clara Vere de Vere; and consequently ladies who, like the Peri, wandered round the gate of Paradise, were not half grateful to be offered a box there.

We are growing in this city an exotic which will presently be classed among the native plants of the soil. An American aristocracy bids fair to differ from European aristocracy in the essential particular that the latter renews its vigor by constant intermarriage with the commonalty, while the tendency here is toward inbreeding. One hears the word "misalliance" much oftener than one did. Fathers more frequently than they did discard children for having married "beneath them." When a young man of one of the great families marries the daughter of a nobody, he finds it difficult to get his wife into society. There are exceptions, of course. Mrs. Bradley-Martin's father was a cooper. When Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt was plain Miss Smith, she was grateful when any one asked her to dance, and she gushed over a shilling bouquet of violets. But the world has moved since then, and everybody is now educated to distinguish between the porcelain clay of human kind and common kan.

NEW YORK, April 22, 1893.

FLA

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The keen interest which M. Taine took in literature is illustrated by a story that, on his deathbed, he sent for the proof-sheets of M. José Maria de Heredia's new volume of poems, because he did not expect to live until the volume was published.

The current number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains an article by a king, the ruler of Sweden and Norway.

The action of Judge Gary, before whom the Chicago anarchists were tried, in contributing to the *Century* an elaborate defense of the jury's verdict, leads the *London Daily News* to remark:

"It would be hard to imagine Lord Coleridge contributing to the *Nineteenth Century* or the *Fortnightly*, say, a history of the Lefroy murder, with an impassioned apology for the writer's own share and that of the jury in bringing that notorious malefactor to justice; but in the United States, if we may judge from Mr. Gary's article, no breach of judicial decorum would be held to be involved in such a step."

Mr. Walter Besant is one of the English authors intending to visit the World's Fair at Chicago this summer. He will attend the literary congress to be held there.

Baedeker, the guide-book publisher, has in the press a book on the United States.

William Winter has in press a second series of papers, to be issued with the title "Shadows of the Stage," in which he writes of the elder Booth, Miss Rehan, Lawrence Barrett, Richard Mansfield, Bernhard, Ristori, and Modjeska.

Mrs. Oliphant's "Victorian Age of English Literature," which has been looked forward to with so much interest, will be ready for publication by the end of the current month. The two volumes furnish an exhaustive history of English literature during upwards of half a century, and include an analysis of the character and writings of fully five hundred eminent writers, from the time of Macaulay down to the death of Tennyson.

The widow of Sir Richard Burton has completed her biography of her husband, but no publisher has yet announced it. It is known that Burton was an agnostic; but Lady Burton, it is said, has portrayed him in her book as a devout churchman.

The table of contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for May is as follows:

"Japanese Home Life," by Dr. W. Delano Eastlake; "The Inadequacy of Natural Selection,"—II, by Herbert Spencer; "The Oswego State Normal School," by Professor William M. Aber; "Decay in the Apple Barrel," by Prof. B. D. Halsted; "Discovery of Alcohol and Distillation,"—I, by Dr. W. Delano Eastlake; "Tribute to the French Academy to American Geology,"—I, by Dr. W. Delano Eastlake; "How Science is Helping the Farmer,"—I, by Dr. W. Delano Eastlake; "Dietary for the Sick,"—I, by Dr. W. Delano Eastlake; "Sketch of Samuel William Johnson" (with portrait).

Two more Balzac books—"A Great Man of the Provinces" (the second part of "Lost Illusions") and "The Brotherhood of Consolation" ("L'Envers de l'Histoire Contemporaine")—have been prepared by Miss Worneley.

Zola's "Docteur Pascal," which has gone to a second French edition, is said to have sold to the extent of one hundred thousand copies in the first.

Word comes from Boston of a change in the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Thurlow Weed Barnes retires, and Mr. Houghton's nephews, Messrs. O. R. and A. F. Houghton, are admitted to the partnership. Mr. A. F. Houghton for fifteen years or more has had the management of the New York branch.

The *Sketch*, a new English illustrated weekly, was started some weeks ago by the publishers of the *Illustrated London News*, doubtless because they found that *Black and White*, the illustrated weekly founded a year ago, was making inroads on its circulation. The *Illustrated London News* is a news publication, and is run on hard and fast lines, while *Black and White*, tending more to lightness of touch, has met with a decided success. But the *Sketch* bids fair to be the most popular of the three. It prints sixty-odd pages, and its specialties are interviews with theatrical celebrities of the day, full-page cartoons by Dudley Hardy, René Bull, and others, and excellent photographic reproductions of the notable pictures in the London galleries.

The author of the recent stories "A Mere Cipher" and "Cross Currents," Mary Angela Dickens, is a granddaughter of Charles Dickens. She lives in London, and is the oldest of several children.

Concerning Marion Crawford's proficiency in nautical lore, the *London Times*, in a review of his latest romance, noted the fact that the yachting terms and sea phrases used there are absolutely correct, and could not be criticised by the most capacious of sailors.

The new *Standard Magazine*, the periodical which, it is announced, Mr. James Clarence Harvey is to edit, is on the press and will soon present itself. The new monthly to be brought out by Mr. S. S. McClure will appear about the same time.

There are magazines that are prosperous, and there are magazines whose editors hope they will be. Editors and contributors of periodicals of the latter class are not burdened with wealth. The *New York Sun* says:

"Two monthly magazines published in this city are edited by men who do not charge a penny for their ser-

vices, and whose work is largely done with a pair of shears. Of course it is understood that if they succeed in putting the publication on a basis of paying popularity, they shall begin to draw salaries."

With the May number, the *Century* is to have a new cover, designed by Mr. Stanford White, who was, by the way, the designer of the cover which replaced the old purple cover of *Scribner's Monthly* in 1880.

The Southern writers of fiction are condemned by the *Baltimore Sun* on the ground that they have too often found their profit in "catering to Northern prejudice." It says:

"This class of writers make their money by misrepresenting the real people of the South, describing imaginary classes of 'poor whites,' 'crackers,' 'mountain whites,' etc., as if they really existed, and pandering to the desire of unfriendly readers to see old enemies put in an unfavorable light. Exceptional monstrosities are held up as Southern types, to the great glee of the untraveled Northerner, who is led to hold the writer and his fellow Southerners in equal contempt."

The new novel by H. H. Boyesen, entitled "Social Strugglers," which will soon be brought out, describes the experiences of a Western family of obscure origin, but possessed of wealth, striving to obtain social eminence in New York.

New Publications.

"Shandon Bells" is the latest issue of the reprint of William Black's novels published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 90 cents.

"Simplicity and Fascination," by Anne Beale, and "Lost in a Great City," by Amanda M. Douglas, are the latest reprints in the Good Company Series published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents each.

"Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa" is the latest issue in the Black and White Series. It is enough to say that it is from the pen of Henry M. Stanley to indicate the author's knowledge of his subject. The illustrations, which are many for so small a book, are wash drawings by Frederic Remington. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents.

A series of ten sermons by William Alexander, D. D., Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, being discussions of which the greater part were delivered before the president, faculties, and students of Columbia College, in New York city, have been published in a volume entitled "Primary Convictions," which is issued in the Columbia College Lectures on Subjects Connected with the Evidences of Christianity. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

"Tiny Luttrell," by E. W. Hornung, is a novel with an Australian girl for its heroine. She is a very charming young woman and has a lively time in England, whither she goes with her brother, a Melbourne larrikin, whose ambition it is to punch an Englishman's head. The story presents a good contrast of London and country life in England, and the dialogue is clever and sometimes witty. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Colossus," by Opie Read, is a newspaper man's novel, with a newspaper man for a hero and Chicago for the scene of his heroics. Taking the place of long-lost son to a Chicago plutocrat—by means that are more creditable to the hero than to the author's ingenuity—he scorns the life of leisure that his supposed father's great wealth offers or the privilege of entering the old gentleman's emporium, and prefers to buy and manage a newspaper. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"The Fate of Fenella," a novel of which the first chapter was written by Helen Mathers, the second by Justin H. McCarthy, and others by Joseph Hutton, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, Mrs. Hungerford, H. W. Lucy, Adeline Sergeant, Conan Doyle, F. C. Phillips, Clement Scott, G. M. Fenn, "Tasma," and others, F. Anstey furnishing the last; and "The Snare of the Fowler," by Mrs. Alexander, have been issued in the Sunshine Series published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"A Study in Temptations," by "John Oliver Hobbes"—under which pseudonym is concealed the identity of Mrs. Craig—is a short story in which dire results follow the concealment of the marriage of a Royal Academician to an actress because she thinks announcement of the fact would hurt his social standing. She grows jealous, flirts with a youth of twenty, and elopes with him—as far as the railway station, whence she returns repentant and destroys the letter of confession she had left for her husband. The story is a lively one, and abounds in bright sayings. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"How to Know the Wild Flowers," by Mrs. William Starr Dana, illustrated by Marion Satterlee, is an admirable book of its kind, and it seems to the Westerner a pity that its scope is not more extended. It describes chiefly the flora of New England, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania, and a few flowers found as far West as Chicago, but makes no mention of so typical a Californian flower as the eschscholtzia. It explains the technical terms of botanical science, enumerates the notable plant families, and gives descriptions of the various flowers,

grouped under their predominant colors. The illustrations are many and good, and there are indexes to the Latin names, the English names, and the technical terms used. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Statistician and Economist" for 1893-4, compiled by L. P. McCarty, has just been issued. It is a volume of six hundred and seventy-two pages, each of them crowded with valuable information. The character and scope of this standard work are too well known to require rehearsal here: for years workers in almost all fields of intellectual activity have found it a most convenient storehouse from which to draw information as to the political, social, and industrial condition of the nations; to look up dates, especially of very recent events; to find curious facts recorded; and for a thousand other purposes. Such works are printed in England, France, Germany, and elsewhere, but "The Statistician and Economist" is particularly useful to Americans—those of the Pacific Coast especially—and this issue makes an especial point of giving the very latest facts about the South American republics, which are now assuming greater importance for our merchants. Published and for sale, post-paid, by L. P. McCarty, San Francisco; price: red cloth, \$4.00; black leather, \$5.00.

A fortnight ago we took occasion, in our "Stage Gossip," to deny the authorship of several notices of a well-known lecturer, printed in Seattle papers and credited to the *Argonaut*. For some time past, too, we have noticed in various papers stories credited to the *Argonaut* which we had never read, much less printed. One, which turned up with persistent frequency, was "A Tragedian." Some vague inkling of an explanation of these mysterious phenomena was afforded by the following paragraph, signed James R. Noland, in a recent issue of the *Journalist*:

"A few days ago the *New York Mercury* published a story entitled 'A Tragedian,' and credited to the *Argonaut*; the author is given as J. W. Preston. Whether the *Argonaut* referred to is the San Francisco weekly or the English publication of that name, I know not, but I do know that the story is a word-for-word copy of one written about a year ago by Arthur C. Grissom for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*. Mr. Grissom's title was 'Gilbert Treadwell, Tragedian.' It is little wonder that a story so good should be copied and imitated, but it is remarkable that a man with a sense to recognize its merits should deliberately affix his name to it as the author. J. W. Preston, whoever he may be, is worth cultivating, for scientific reasons."

To us "J. W. Preston" is equally a mystery. We have never heard of him, and never read "A Tragedian," or "Gilbert Treadwell, Tragedian," until our attention was drawn to it by finding the credit "San Francisco *Argonaut*" appended to it. So it is with "A Flash in the Pan," so it is with "The Mountain Heroine," so it is with "A Daughter of the Gods," and two or three other tales that are floating about the press credited to the "San Francisco *Argonaut*." We have not printed them, and can explain the mystery only by the hint afforded by Mr. Noland's letter to the *Journalist*, that there is a London publication of the same name—of which we have never seen a copy.

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VANITY FAIR.

"Teynham," who signs a letter published in the *London Times*, is a lord and unattached. In this letter he gives this proposition of marriage, such as lords frequently receive:

DEAR MY LORD: Your name was mentioned to me first about three months ago by a gentleman of high family, whose name I will give you when you desire it. As the subject was not then in the market regarding which I wrote, the death of the uncle being then recent, I thought no more of it, but when the heiress's interests came on the tapis, I called on a titled friend of mine, a lady, and, without mention of names, confidentially asked her if she knew a gentleman suitable, and who then mentioned you, and requested me to offer you the marriage opportunity should you desire to worship at the altar of Venus, Minerva, and Pluto; then the gentleman above referred to arose to my mind.

The father, though of no family, was one of the handsomest and most highly-cultivated men I ever met, and the daughters in culture and beauty were strikingly like him.

The lady above mentioned, your friend, I presume, knowing the initial facts, wished you to benefit by them, if you desired it, if the matter were susceptible of arrangement with the young lady, agreeably to both parties.

This matter is no silly, ill-conditioned jest. To its truth and accuracy I pledge myself as a man of honor and a gentleman, and to the repute of the lady, but without the remotest desire to press it upon you. I have the honor to be, my lord, yours faithfully, W. BARRON, Colonel.

What is chiefly interesting in the matter is the colonel's well-tempered and serious reply to Lord Teynham's rallery. He insists that such negotiations as he has endeavored to set in motion have proved to be great blessings to noble houses of England and the continent, and proceeds to point out that the only child of an American millionaire is at that moment with a family of position in England then endeavoring to contract for her such a noble marriage. A ducal marriage was some time ago similarly arranged, and the colonel mentions some Lady Blank, who is doing an admirable business as a marriage broker with the transatlantic heiresses. Many thousands for expenses and commissions thus annually change hands. The colonel replies that he can not pretend to rival Lady Blank, but in his humble way hopes to succeed.

The Spanish Club in Havana has several thousand members. It occupies a magnificent palace, formerly the residence of a Spanish duke. This building is three stories high. The second floor is given up to billiard-playing. On the third floor there are a reading-room and a long hall-like apartment filled with card-tables. Every evening finds these tables surrounded by players, and the same is true of the billiard-rooms. Ices and drinks are served to members, but there is no restaurant. The most remarkable thing about the club is the absence of noisy conversation or loud laughter. There may be a couple of hundred men in the card-room, drinking and playing, yet the place is almost as quiet as a church. Ladies, if escorted by a member, can inspect the building at any time. Oddly enough, it is about the only place in Cuba where the men do not stare women out of countenance.

As nothing has yet been said in defense of the "theatre hat," we reprint the following statement of a young woman to a New York *Sun* reporter: "You can't roll 'em up in your mackintosh with your goloshes and have 'em come out all right, or put them under the seat in the frame, or have them stuffed into little pigeon-holes of boxes and checked like storm-cloaks. What would you have us do?" "But what's the matter with a dressing-room?" queried the injured. "If you had ever been a girl, you would know exactly what was the matter. If you had ever shared a mirror with any other girl, you would know just how perfectly selfish and unprincipled the best woman in the world is with a mirror. Until some considerate manager could provide as many dressing-rooms as his theatre would seat ladies and sell a mirror coupon with every ticket, there's no use asking a woman to take off her hat and see the play the same evening. If the men are really so annoyed as they pretend, why don't they petition managers to attach a mirror to every seat on the nickel-in-the-slot plan, and allow a lady to satisfy herself as to the condition of her locks before the curtain goes up. There isn't a woman in the world strong minded enough to sit through a play, and know a word of the play, when she is not perfectly sure of her bang. In damp weather, the management might have to furnish curling-irons and an alcohol lamp with every mirror to have the thing complete. And even then the problem still remains as to where a woman shall put the discarded hat. Of course she can hold it in her lap, and have one more thing to drop when every man in the row, between every act of the play, promenades out over her feet, wiping his wet boots on her smart gown. For every woman knows that when she goes to the play she will be expected to wear her newest, freshest gown and perfectly immaculate gloves. She has no pocket, of course, or, if she has, she has no idea where it is located; so her programme, her handkerchief, her opera-glass and bonbonniere are all in her lap, anyway, and, with the natural depravity of inanimate things, go tumbling to the floor every time she rises, which is twice between each act and any number of times before the audience is seated. Now, if any man thinks he could keep track of all these things and forty dollars' worth of millinery, besides the veil and pins to hold it all in place, and not go crazy, he should be permitted to try it."

"La Famille Française" is an insurance company, the ingenious invention of some excellent gentlemen

who wish to augment the notoriously low rate of increase of the population of France, and to add modestly to their own incomes. They propose, in return for a proportionate payment, either at one time or in annual premiums, to secure for any female child insured in their company either a fixed sum, not over four hundred dollars, when she shall become a mother; or a dowry of not over two thousand five hundred dollars when she shall marry; or an annual sum for education. Naturally (says *Harper's Weekly*) the statistics for calculating these "risks" are not the most complete, but they are believed by the founders of the company to be adequate for safe operations. One feature of this novel insurance company is that the greater the business it does, and the more it realizes the benevolent purpose of its founders, the more sure it is to have to pay the sums it promises, because the more marriages and mothers will arrive. But this contingency is very remote, and may safely be disregarded during this generation. Probably it is in France only that an institution of this sort could prosper at all. It is agreed that in other countries, and notably in England, the birth rate is highest among those least able to support a family. The only class particularly economical of offspring is that of the very rich, whose self-indulgence takes a different direction. In France, however, the equal division of property after death is believed to exert a distinct restraint on the growth of population. If this be so, "La Famille Française" will contribute only a slight counteracting influence.

The idea of wearing dresses made of glass may, at first sight, appear in the light of an impossibility, and yet the great novelty of this season is a material made of spun glass, and which is as bright and supple as silk, with a peculiar sheen reminding one of the sparkle of diamond-dust. In Russia, there has, for a long time, existed a tissue manufactured from the fibre of a peculiar filandrous stone from the Siberian mines, which by some secret process is shredded and spun into a fabric which, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of so durable a nature that it never wears out. This is probably what has given an enterprising manufacturer the idea of producing the spun-glass dress-lengths above mentioned. The Muscovite stuff referred to is thrown into the fire when dirty, whence it is withdrawn absolutely clean and ready for use; but the spun-glass silk is simply brushed with a hard brush and soap and water, and is none the worse for being either stained or soiled. This material is to be had in white, green, lilac, pink, and yellow, and bids fair to become very fashionable for evening-dresses. It is an Austrian who is the inventor of this material, which is rather costly. Table-cloths, napkins, even window-curtains are manufactured thereof, and *Vogue's* correspondent was shown by the Parisian agent a court train in a very delicate hue of pale lavender, shot with pink, which made him think of the fairy tale which we call "Peau d'Ane," where the princess orders from the gnomes three dresses, one the color of the sun, one the color of the moon, and the third the color of the weather.

Apropos of the statement that a convoy of French young ladies who are to appear in "true Parisian style" at Chicago, the *London Telegraph* says: "The true Parisian style has long since been acclimated on the other side of the Atlantic; and we should say that a far larger number of fascinating costumes from the ateliers of Worth, Félix, and their competitors are purchased by American ladies during their visits to Europe than are bought by English customers. Paris, in the halcyon days of the Second Empire, was defined as the place where good Americans went to when they died; but our transatlantic kinsmen have not ceased to flock to the Gay City since France has been under the sway of the third republic, and fashionable female society in the great cities of the States is certainly as radiantly attired as are any of the dames in equipages which embellish the Bois de Boulogne in fine weather, or who are to be met with at official receptions and diplomatic soirées. To a great extent likewise the Parisian fashions are set by the leading actresses on the French stage; and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has already shown transatlantic audiences to what a pitch of perfection theatrical dress for the fair sex can be brought."

Among new toys for grown-up people that may be seen in the shops are groups of German figures in toilets of lace, sets of Pompadour strewed furniture, sedan-chairs, and Watteau groups of fine people in French faience, Dresden shepherdesses, homely Delft cows, milkmaids, beer-drinking hughers. Even more interesting than these have been the packs of foxhounds, the gates, and huntsmen in pink; the groups of cattle, the horses and colts, whole families of bronze cats. Then the grotesquerie: the orchestra of frogs and monkeys, dogs at card-tables, and animals masquerading at human occupations in mongrel garments. These trifles are of the finest sort of workmanship, and, as works of art, come to have a place in the gilded cabinets that belong to the white and gold drawing-rooms of the day. In Paris, these little figures and mimicry in bronze and porcelain serve another purpose. When a *grande dame* gives a dinner, she arranges her table into a scene. The table represents, perhaps, a meadow. This meadow is of moss on a mirror plateau. In the meadow is a Dresden shepherd, in

an apple-green waistcoat and rose-colored knee-breeches, with a lamb on his knees. A shepherdess peeps from behind a tall hyacinth, in a flowered petticoat and a straw-colored gown. Sheep are nibbling at the grass or drinking in the mirror lake. From among the cyclamens and camellias, that represent trees, come other shepherds and shepherdesses dancing, carrying baskets of eggs or fruit, and leading animals. The Duc d'Aumale, says an entertaining French chronicler, is fond of astonishing his friends at table with these pretty pictures. He prefers hunting scenes, and huntsmen in Sévres chase stags in forests of orchids, or roses, perhaps. The imagination will suggest numerous scenes that can be thus arranged—classic scenes, the triumphs and loves of gods and goddesses, with nymphs and swans. A dinner after the races would have a steeplechase, with hurdles, and jockeys, and horses; a hunt-dinner would have hounds, hedges, and men in pink; a Chinese dinner would have pagodas, and mandarins, and ladies in kimonos and chignons pierced with large pins promenading on a plateau of lacquer.

The hostess at a luncheon-party (says the *Tribune*) is apt to look rather dowdy with her uncovered head beside the smart honnets of her guests, and it has become more or less the custom for her to don a hat herself. At a recent luncheon, however, the giver of the feast hit upon a better plan—which was to wear a little head-dress composed of a lace butterfly bow stuck on with a jeweled pin and a twist of velvet matching her dress around her coiffure à la Grecque. This little arrangement gave the needed emphasis to her toilet, and yet preserved her individuality as the lady of the house.

The manufacture of imitation jewelry in Paris dates from the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the luxury of dress, both for ladies and gentlemen, at that epoch, making imperative the wearing of an immense number of trinkets (writes Lucy Hamilton Hooper in the *Ladies' Home Journal*). The coat and dress-buttons, and the hat and shoe-buckles, manufactured in false diamonds, during that reign and those of Louis the Fifteenth and Louis the Sixteenth, remain the most perfect specimens of that kind of trinket in existence. The fine finish of the settings and the brilliancy of the stones leave nothing to be desired, and very fortunate is the Parisian helle who has inherited from her ancestors any of these beautiful and artistic ornaments. Modern imitation jewelry is of an infinite number of grades, beginning with the ordinary stage-trinkets, in unmistakable glass and gilt brass, made only with a view to effect and glitter behind the footlights. Yet, though without any claims to deception as regards their real quality, they are often interesting as being accurate reproductions of antique or historic jewels. Such were the ornaments designed and executed for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's impersonation of Theodora, and of like quality are many of the ornaments manufactured for the wardrobe department of the Grand Opéra.

Capes are almost the only comfortable protection that can be worn with the abnormally large sleeves; and the short, full ones that are now the accepted thing are particularly pretty with their delicately tinted linings. It is an extremely pleasant reflection, moreover, when buying a spring cape, to contemplate the fact that it will make an excellent summer wrap as well. As for getting a jacket over these modern excrescences, it is quite an impossibility unassisted, and no knight of old was ever more helpless in buckling on his armor than is a lady of to-day in donning her coat.

The proprietor of the famous London book-shop, "Hatchard's," notes a marked advance in bookishness among English women. Asked to what he attributes this, he answered that he thought it to some extent a result of the American woman in English society—the fair American leading her English sister. "I take it as generally accepted," he added, "that the average American woman of education is the more bookish—cares more for books as books—than the average educated English woman, although she does not, it may be, read more."

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SOCIETY.

The Shreve-Watson Wedding.

A wedding of much interest to society people took place last Wednesday evening in St. Luke's Church. The contracting parties were Miss Jennie Leonie Watson, daughter of Mr. M. V. B. Watson, and Mr. George Rodman Shreve, son of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Shreve. The young couple are well known and very popular in society circles, and their friends turned out en masse to witness the wedding. Every seat in the church was occupied, and many were obliged to stand. Prior to the ceremony they were entertained by selections from the organ, and admired the exceedingly pretty decorative effects in the chancel, where potted plants and beautiful flowers were tastefully arranged as a setting for the bridal party.

At half-past eight o'clock the "Bridal Chorus," from "Lohengrin," was played, and every head was turned toward the entrance to obtain a glimpse of the cortège as it passed down the central aisle. Leading the way were the choristers chanting the melody of the "Bridal Chorus," and then came the four ushers, Mr. Jerome W. Watson, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Harry B. Houghton, and Mr. E. L. Jacobs. Following them were the bridesmaids, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Bernice Bates, Miss Dutton, and Miss Ver Mehr. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Bessie Shreve, slightly in advance of the fair bride and her father. They were met in the chancel by the groom and his best man, Mr. George F. Davidson. The dresses worn by the young ladies in the bridal party were very attractive, and are described as follows:

The bride wore a handsome robe of heavy, white-corded silk, made with a long court train, over which she wore a white tulle, which was fastened to the coiffure by a white aigrette, fell like a fleecy cloud. The corsage was cut square, and was finished with a hertha of point lace. The sleeves, which were bouffant, ended in a fall of point lace over the ungloved hands. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley.

Miss Bessie Shreve wore a gown of white silk with an over-dress of white mull. The corsage was cut square, and a sash of moiré encircled her waist. The elbow-sleeves were very bouffant, and were met by long gloves of white undressed kid. She carried bride roses.

The bridesmaids wore becoming gowns exactly like that of the maid of honor, except that Nile green silk was used instead of white silk. They also carried bouquets of bride roses.

When all were properly grouped in the chancel, the marriage service was performed impressively by Right Rev. Bishop William F. Nichols, assisted by Rev. W. W. Davis. Then, when the ceremony was finished, the party left for their carriages. They were driven to the residence of the bride's father, 2440 Pacific Avenue, where the reception was held, to which about eighty intimate friends were invited. The rooms were beautifully decorated with bridal wreath, Lady Banksia roses, lilacs, and other flowers of the season, making them very attractive. After the young couple had received the congratulations of their friends, an elaborate supper was served under Ludwig's direction, and the remainder of the evening was most pleasantly passed. The presents were numerous and very elegant. One in particular that was highly appreciated was a handsome silver fruit-dish that the employees of George C. Shreve & Co. presented. Mr. and Mrs. Shreve left on Thursday to pass a month at Santa Barbara, and when they return they will occupy their new residence on the corner of Broadway and Steiner Streets.

The Drake-Wilcox Wedding.

St. Mary's Cathedral was crowded last Wednesday at noon, when Miss Francesca Amelia Wilcox, daughter of Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, was united in marriage to Lieutenant James Calhoun Drake, U. S. N., who has just been detached from the *Alliance* after a three years' cruise, and is now on a leave of absence. It was what is generally termed a naval wedding. The best man and ushers were all former class-mates and ship-mates of the groom, and appeared in the full-dress uniform of the service. The organist gave several selections from "Tannhauser" while the guests were being seated, and promptly at noon played the "Wedding March" from "Romeo and Juliet," by Gounod. Then the bridal party appeared.

First came the six ushers: Captain O. C. Berryman, U. S. M. C., Lieutenant A. C. Almy, U. S. N., Lieutenant W. B. Dunning, U. S. N., Naval Constructor A. W. Stall, U. S. N., Ensign Leland Davis, U. S. N., and Ensign Horace Macfarland, U. S. N. The maid of honor, Miss Acacia Oreña, was next, and then came the bride, leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. Alfred Hendry Wilcox. They were met at the sanctuary-rail by the groom and his best man, Lieutenant E. K. Cole, U. S. M. C. Occupying front seats were the near relatives of the bride—her mother, Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, her sister, Mrs. C. Tyler Longstreet, and her aunt, Mrs. W. H. Hubbard and Miss Arguello. The toilets of the ladies in the bridal party are described as follows:

The bride's robe was of white satin, made with a long court train. The round corsage was trimmed with point appliqué lace, and there was a girle of orange-blossoms encircling her waist. A jabot of point lace was draped from the left side of the waist down to the right side of the skirt, and was caught up with clusters of orange-blossoms. The sleeves were very bouffant, and were trimmed with point appliqué. The flowing veil of white-silk moline was gracefully draped, and was adorned with orange blossoms. She wore gloves of white undressed kid, and carried a bouquet of orange-blossoms and lilies of the valley.

Miss Acacia Oreña's gown was of white faille Française, en demi-train. The corsage was cut round, and was filled in and trimmed with white guipure lace. The sleeves were high and puffed. She wore a veil of white tulle, extending to the knees and fastened to the coiffure by an

aigrette of three feathers. She carried *Perle du Jardin* roses.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox's robe was of black velours de Lyon, embroidered in feathers. The sleeves were profusely trimmed with jet passementerie. Her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. C. Tyler Longstreet's gown was of ashes-of-roses colored silk, brocaded in satin and trimmed with wine-colored velvet and point lace; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. W. H. Hubbard's dress was of bronze-colored silk, trimmed with oriental-colored silk; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Arguello's toilet was of mauve-colored silk and velvet, trimmed with point lace.

The sanctuary was ablaze with the light shed from hundreds of waxen tapers and the rays of sunlight that filtered through the stained glass windows. To this was added an effective decoration of potted palms and large clusters of St. Joseph's and callalilies and lillium grandiflorum. As the bride and her maid of honor in their white dresses, and the naval attendants in their handsome uniforms, bright with gold trappings, stood there, the spectacle was one that was thoroughly harmonious and pleasing. The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. Father Prendergast, assisted by Rev. Father Gente and Rev. Father Montgomery. Afterward, Father Prendergast gave the bride the Papal benediction. Then the organist played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and the cortège left the cathedral.

A reception was held afterward at the home of the bride's mother on Bush Street, to which about a hundred intimate friends were invited. Roses of red, white, pink, and yellow formed the decoration of the residence, and the display of these fragrant flowers was profuse. The young couple received the congratulations of their friends in the bay-window of the parlor, which was arranged to represent the porch of a Japanese tea-house. All of the fittings were brought from Japan by Mrs. Wilcox, and the illusion was perfect. The porch was raised a few inches above the canvased floor, and covered with fine matting. The pillars and frame-work were of carved wood, and were ornamented with clusters of wisteria, producing a very pretty effect. The background was of Japanese silk, elaborately embroidered in gold. A sumptuous breakfast was served under the direction of Ludwig, and the Hungarian band played concert selections at intervals. The wedding presents were of great beauty and very costly. In the evening, Lieutenant and Mrs. Drake left for a brief visit to Monterey, and will soon leave to visit the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. After that they will go further East and to Europe, and will travel for about a year.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Jennie Griffith, daughter of Captain Millen Griffith, will be married to Mr. Taylor Dickson, of Philadelphia, at one o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon in the chapel in Ross Valley, opposite the Kittle residence. An informal reception will be held afterward at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Griffith.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Curtis and Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan is announced to take place next Thursday in London. The bride's sister, Miss Helen Curtis, will be the maid of honor.

Miss Frances Tudor Olmstead, daughter of Mrs. Frances Tudor Olmstead, will be married to Mr. Frank B. Marks, youngest son of Mr. Bernard Marks, at ten o'clock next Tuesday evening in the First Unitarian Church. Rev. Horatio Stebbins will officiate. The young couple will go south for a few weeks immediately after the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, of Sao Mateo, to Mr. Frederick Silsbee Whitnell, of Boston.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mamie Cone, daughter of Mrs. J. S. Cone, of Red Bluff, to Mr. E. Warreo Runyon, of Philadelphia. The wedding will take place in Red Bluff on Wednesday, May 10th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Hartzell, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. Wesley Hartzell, to Mr. Francis Pratt Britton, son of the late Winchester Britton, of New York. The wedding will take place within a few months.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Joseph Livingston, of this city, and Miss Clara Shiffer, of New York city. The bride-elect, who is the daughter of a well-known member of the Cotton Exchange, is a beautiful and stately brunette. Mr. Livingston is a member of the Concordia Club and the San Francisco Verein, and at one time was connected with the firm of Castle Brothers. Through the death of his father, he was left a fortune of more than a million of dollars. During the past four or five years he has passed most of the time in the East and abroad. The wedding will take place some time in May, and the honeymoon will be passed in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vincent Wright, *nde* Davis, will give a reception this (Saturday) evening at their residence, 521 East Santa Clara Street, in San José.

Last Thursday evening at their Van Ness Avenue residence, Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill gave an elaborate dinner-party at which twelve sat down.

Mrs. George Hyde gave a delightful lunch-party at her residence, 719 Geary Street, last Tuesday in honor of Mrs. James Irvine. The decorations were very pretty and the luncheon was made enjoyable to every way.

Mrs. J. S. Hager gave an elaborate dinner-party at her residence on Friday evening, and afterward her younger children had a party, to which a number of their friends were invited.

Miss Lizzie Carroll gave a delightful lunch-party at

her residence, 1520 Van Ness Avenue, last Saturday, in honor of Miss Virginia Fair. At the conclusion of the luncheon, the young hostess took her guests to attend a *matinée* at one of the theatres.

Mrs. F. M. Smith gave a very pleasant reception at her home in Oakland last Saturday afternoon, in honor of the Archery Club. The attendance was quite large, and the guests were entertained most hospitably.

The entertainment of the Crocker Auxiliary, which was postponed on April 10th, will take place on Monday evening, May 1st.

The celebrated Frau von Stein was once entertaining some guests at dinner, when a servant entered the room bearing aloft in magnificent style a fine saddle of venison. Owing, however, to a lack of dexterity on the fellow's part, the meat, greatly to the consternation of all present, slipped off the platter from its elevated position and fell upon the floor. But the lady of the house, the least disconcerted of all, calmly remarked: "Take it away and bring in the other piece." When the "other piece," which, as may be surmised, was the same redecored, appeared, and the Duke of Weimer, one of the guests, was asked if he might be served to some, he was unable to refrain from the joke, and replied: "No, thank you. I prefer some of the other piece." How the quick-witted hostess met this blow is not stated by the chronicler.

Mr. M. Clark, proprietor of the Hotel Mateo, has offered a gold medal as the first prize for a handicap bicycle road race from Sao Francisco to San Mateo, which is open to all clubs in the California Associated Cycling Clubs. The race will take place at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, May 13th. A dance will be given in the hotel in the evening. The race will be run under the auspices of the San Francisco Bicycle Club.

The digestibility of various kinds of cheese has been carefully tested by a German chemist. Chester and Roquefort cheese took four hours to digest; genuine Emmenthaler, Gorgonzola, and Neufchâtel, eight hours; Romadour, nine hours; and Kottenberger, Brie, Swiss, and ten other varieties, ten hours.

The Third Annual Bench Show of the Pacific Keenel Club, for which a fine list of dogs has been entered, opens at the Mechanics' Pavilion next Wednesday and continues through the week.

A marble statue of Barry Sullivan as Hamlet is soon to be erected over the actor's grave in Glasnevin Cemetery, in Dublin.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-à-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 1252, Knights and Ladies of Honor, will give a party in Union Square Hall next Thursday evening.

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SOCIETY.

The Scott Reception.

Mr. Irving M. Scott gave a reception last Thursday evening at his residence, 507 Harrison Street, in honor of Mr. William Keith, the artist, who will leave soon on a trip to Europe. Several hundred friends were invited to meet the honored guest of the evening, and they were hospitably entertained. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Keith, Miss Scott, and Miss Brown received the guests, and accorded to them a hearty welcome. The Hungarian Orchestra played concert selections during the evening as the guests wandered through the rooms viewing the many celebrated paintings that adorn the walls. The particular attraction was Mr. Keith's latest painting, "Through the Oaks," which was displayed in the billiard-room. It was the consensus of opinion that the artist had excelled his previous efforts in this painting, and the praise for it was unstinted. The reception continued for about three hours.

The Schmiedell Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell gave a charming lunch-party last Thursday at her residence, and delightfully entertained eleven of her friends. The dining-table was a picture of beauty. It was lighted by a large gilt lamp in the centre, flanked by candelabra at either side, all having yellow shades. Set around the tables were crystal receivers and vases containing clusters of Gold of Ophir, Papa Gontier, Bon Silene, and other lovely roses, fringed with lovely ferns. The menu was bounteous, and was admirably served. A couple of hours were very pleasantly passed at the table. Those who enjoyed Mrs. Schmiedell's hospitality were:

Mrs. Charles R. Peters, Mrs. Charles E. Green, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, Mrs. B. H. Baird, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mrs. A. D. Holman, Mrs. S. G. Buckbee, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Palache, and Miss Ida Palache.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford, who are passing a week in Chicago, are expected to arrive here next Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon are expected here from New York in a few weeks, and will pass the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard will leave this month to pass the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mackay and Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, who are traveling in Southern California, will go to Monterey for a few weeks when they return.

Mrs. Louis E. Parrott will leave for the East last Monday, and will be away about four months. Mr. Parrott will join his wife later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Helen and Ethel Smith will pass the summer in their cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Mr. Harry M. Holbrook will leave in a few days to occupy their villa in Menlo Park during the summer.

Miss Laura McKinstry returned last Tuesday after visiting Mrs. Moses Hopkins at Monterey for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Charles L. Fair is at the St. James Hotel, in New York city.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin are staying at the Windsor House, in New York city.

Mrs. H. B. Lockwood is at the Hotel Hygeia, at Old Point Comfort, Va.

Mrs. Drury Melone is staying at the Hotel Windsor, in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson are at the Hotel Waldorf, in New York city.

General R. P. Hammond will occupy a cottage in San Mateo during the summer.

Mr. E. F. Preston is at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York city.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry T. Staats have returned to their home in Pasadena, after passing a week at the Hotel del Coronado. Mr. William R. Staats is so much improved in health that he will remain at the seashore indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. de Golia and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Carothers, of Oakland, are passing a fortnight at the Hotel del Coronado.

Dr. Albert Knill, of this city, has arrived in New York en route home from Bremen.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have been at the Hotel del Coronado during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Huber sailed from New York last Saturday on the *Ethe* for Bremen.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder are expected to return from Germany about the middle of June, and will pass the season at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Leocadia Acosta, Mr. and Mrs. L. Thomenen, and Miss Clotilde Acosta have returned to the city after passing six months in Mazatlan, Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McMulleo have been visiting the Hotel del Coronado during the past week, while on their southern tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sanford Taylor left on Friday to

visit the Hotel del Coronado and other resorts in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan left last Wednesday for Chicago, where they will reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne will go to Menlo Park soon to occupy their villa during the season.

Mr. A. E. Williams and Mr. John Lawson have taken a cottage in San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus D. Boruck and Miss Florence Boruck have been visiting the Hotel del Coronado and other southern resorts.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy was broken last Saturday by the advent of a little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Mrs. J. R. Deane are at the Auditorium in Chicago. Miss Mamie Deane will join them in June.

Mrs. Camille Martin will pass the summer in Chicago as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Garceau, *né* Hyde.

Major and Mrs. J. W. McCune have removed to 2412 Webster Street.

Mrs. George Hyde and Miss Mamie Hyde are now occupying their residence, 719 Geary Street.

Mr. A. B. Spreckels left last Tuesday to visit China, and will be away about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Miss Alice Scott, and Mr. Laurence Irving Scott will be at Castle Crag during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson and Miss Davidson will leave on Monday to pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael. This will be their tenth season in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson will go to San Mateo soon to occupy the Barbollet villa during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair will leave on May 10th to visit the Columbian Exposition for a few weeks, and will then return to New York.

Mr. J. M. Livingston and the Misses Alice, Gertrude, and Florence Livingston will pass the summer at the Hotel Mateo.

Mr. Louis McLane arrived from Baltimore last Tuesday, after an absence of several years, and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Zimmermann and Miss Mamie Dooly will be at the Hotel Mateo during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, the Misses Clara and Bessie Huntington, and Miss Mamie Masten left for Chicago last Tuesday. After inspecting the Exposition they will travel in the East for about four months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy will pass the summer months at the Hotel Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks will go to the Hotel Rafael on Monday to remain during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington and Miss Minnie Hennessey have returned from a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Judge and Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne will pass the summer at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Richards are occupying their cottage in Ross Valley.

Hon. and Mrs. John Boggs and their youngest son will leave for Chicago on Monday, and, after viewing the Exposition, will go to Bar Harbor to pass the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacNugle will pass most of the summer at the Corbett villa near San Mateo.

Mr. James Otis has returned from a two months' visit to Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart will occupy Boyd Lodge in San Rafael during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Seligman and Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Lillenthal have taken the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Parrott in San Rafael, and will occupy it during the absence of the latter in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page are occupying their home in San Rafael, where they will remain until the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard and Miss Howard have left the Palace Hotel, and are at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will go to the Hotel Rafael to-day, to remain there during the summer.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Mr. O. Shafter Howard have taken rooms at the Hotel Mateo for the season.

Mrs. Lewis Gerstle is passing a couple of weeks at Paso Robles.

Mr. Jesse Triest will leave for the East on Monday evening, and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. Samuel Hort and Mrs. George C. Boardman will pass the season at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Deolcke are enjoying the beautiful weather at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adele and Ethel Martel will pass the summer at the Hotel Mateo.

Mr. N. G. Kittle has returned from a pleasant visit to Santa Barbara and the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Sara Gamble is passing a couple of months in Algiers, and will visit friends in Scotland and then return to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote are occupying their residence in San Rafael.

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen and Miss Alice McCutchen will return from the East early in June, and will occupy their cottage in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Ira Pierce and Miss Pierce will be at Castle Crag during the summer.

Mrs. F. H. Smith and Mr. Martin H. Smith, of Sacramento, are staying at The Colonial.

Mr. James Brett Stokes has returned to the city after passing several weeks at the Hotel del Coronado, Santa Barbara, and other southern resorts.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill and Miss Hill have secured rooms at Castle Crag for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Harrison will leave next Wednesday on a month's visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Miss Lillian T. Eggers will leave to-day for Chicago, and afterward will visit her sister, Mrs. Hampe, in New York city.

Mrs. W. J. Van Schuyver, Misses M. C. and Helen Van Schuyver, and Mr. W. D. Van Schuyver, of Portland, Or., are at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Berry, of Fresno, are visiting here and are staying at The Colonial.

Dr. and Mrs. Roy T. Lewis, of Duluth, Minn., are visiting this city and are staying at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kilgariff, Mrs. E. Stanley, and Miss Garber will pass the summer, as usual, in Napa Valley.

Mr. Andrew Jackson has been visiting here during the past week.

Hon. and Mrs. A. C. Hiestler, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Marguerite Hiestler, and their baby boy, will leave this evening for the East and Europe. They will pass considerable time at Carlsbad, whither Mr. Hiestler goes to benefit his health.

Mrs. A. B. Carlock and Miss Carlock, of Fort Jones, Cal., are at The Colonial.

Mr. Frederick Griffith returned to Los Angeles on Friday after a pleasant visit here. He will go to Chicago on May 13th, and, after seeing it thoroughly, will go to Utica, N. Y., where, on June 1st, he will be married to Miss Ella Hurd, of Utica.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe and Miss Millie Ashe, who have been passing several months in Washington, D. C., are expected to return home to-day.

Colonel and Mrs. E. A. Belcher, *né* Walthall, are occupying their residence, 635 Haight Street, and will receive on Thursdays.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis left for New York last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCune have removed to 2412 Webster Street.

Mrs. George Hyde and Miss Mamie Hyde are now occupying their residence, 719 Geary Street.

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hand, Lieutenant Sewell, U. S. N., who is on the flag-ship *Lancaster* at Yokohama.

Lieutenant J. H. C. Coffin, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island navy-yard and ordered to the *Boston*.

Passed Assistant-Paymaster J. S. Carpenter, U. S. N., formerly attached to the *Albatross*, has gone to his home in Washington, D. C. He was relieved by Assistant-Paymaster E. D. Ryan, U. S. N.

General W. S. Rosecrans, U. S. A. (retired), who is visiting Los Angeles, will remain there until June before returning to Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Charles F. Nordin, U. S. N., will come from the New York Navy Yard to the *Adams* to relieve Lieutenant Charles A. Adams, U. S. N., who has been ordered to the *Lancaster*.

Ensign H. E. Parmenter, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to the *Lancaster*. He will be assigned to the staff of Rear-Admiral John Irwin, commanding the Asiatic Squadron.

A worthy gentleman, a staid bachelor, was sitting in his office in Twenty-Third Street one day (says *Harper's Weekly*), when a very respectable-seeming woman came in and sat down. He turned to her and bowed, when she said that she had thus and so the matter with her. He expressed polite regret, and she went on with a prompt category of symptoms and ill-effects, together with information as to what had been attempted so far for her relief. He said he was very sorry to learn of her ailment, and wished that he could do anything to abate it. "But can't you?" she asked, with visible astonishment. "I think not," he said; "why don't you see a physician?" She started to her feet. "Why, isn't this the dispensary?" "No, madam! The dispensary is on the other corner. This is the National Academy of Design."

A "dealer in art" in Great Britain is advertising portraits of the queen, done in colors, for half a crown and five shillings apiece, and sending to his dupes postage-stamps, which are printed with the queen's head. It is thought he may not be within the reach of the law, as the stamps fill the description. An earlier genius sold pennies at a crown apiece, advertising them as "bronze medallions, with portrait of the sovereign in bas relief."

A quaint illustration of French prudence and delicacy and of prevailing or approaching French fashions is contained in the notice recently issued to the police, who patrol the bathing-beach at Dieppe, for their guidance in the coming season. It reads: "The bathing police are requested when a lady is in danger of drowning to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp."

At one of the famous Lamoureux Concerts in Paris the other day, the audience did something that is said to have had no parallel since the war with Germany, in insisting for full twenty minutes upon a repetition of a *ked* from "Die Meistersinger," sung by Van Dyck. It has been the invariable rule at these concerts never to give encores, but M. Lamoureux was this time compelled to break it.

New York is now not only on speaking terms with Chicago over the telephone, but also on singing terms. A concert given recently in the former city was distinctly heard and applauded in Chicago, and a cornet solo given in that city met with as favorable a reception in the metropolis.

The Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City is the most perfect whispering gallery in the world. It beats the domes of St. Paul's and the Washington Capitol. The dropping of a pin into a silk hat at one end of the huge structure is distinctly heard by persons at the other end.

German dentists now make false teeth of paper. They are said to be a very natural imitation of the real article and last for years.

Another Tribute to Pommery Sec. At one of those *petit soupers* for which London society is so celebrated, and which are attended by the English royalty and the flower of London aristocracy, the following clever acrostic on Pommery was recently read:

Pour out the Pommery, wine of Elysium,
Only its sparkle care's sad pulses still;
Mark in its bright depths, a host of sweet visions,
Making each dull soul we meet easy thrill.
Ere the night wends, we'll drink to its glory.
Roll out its pleasures in rhythmic story,
Youth is renewed in each bumper we fill.

—*Court Journal*.

To the World's Fair. Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

—MIHRAN BEY, THE WELL-KNOWN IMPORTER of Oriental rugs and art goods, will exhibit a fine collection at the Real Estate Exchange next week, and will offer them at auction, the sale commencing May 1st and continuing till May 5th. There is so much deception in offering spurious Eastern wares now-a-days, that it is a pleasure to the connoisseur to see such genuine articles as Mihran Bey imports.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, Entrance, 806 Market Street.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

MANLY PURITY

To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or otherwise, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unailing as the



CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and cleanser,

and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier and greatest of humor remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every humor and disease, from eczema to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unailing success. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston. "How to Cure Blood Humors" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



RHEUMATIC PAINS

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 25c.

Hotel Rafael

San Rafael, Marin Co., Cal.

WILL RE-OPEN MAY 1st

For accommodations apply to CHAS. PETERSEN, 124 Sansome Street, Or, O. M. BRENNAN, Manager, San Rafael.

REOPENING.

HOTEL BEN LOMOND.

This hotel will be reopened for the reception of guests on or about May 5, 1893, under entirely new management. Situated ten miles from Santa Cruz, in the heart of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Climate perfect. Lovely walks and drives, good hunting and fishing. Three hours and a half from San Francisco. Four trains daily to Santa Cruz. Trains stop near hotel grounds. For terms, etc., apply to

G. L. A. SMITH, Manager, (Late of Hotel Pleasanton).

I will open my new Gallery on Thursday, May 4th, with an Exhibition of fine Water Colors.

W. K. VICKERY,

224 POST STREET,

Bet. Grant Avenue and Stockton Street.

When You Go to Chicago

LEAVE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

—OF THE—

First National Bank

Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

Office Hours, 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

CLARKE'S ABSOLUTELY PURE.

The purity—age and elegant bouquet of Clarke's Pure Rye has won for it the title—

PURE RYE

The Finest Whiskey in the World

and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity.

Nonsensical without trademark C. B. & Co., on label. Price per Bottle, \$1.00; per Doz. \$12; per Gal. \$14; per 2 gal. \$35.00, securely packed. We ask trial order. For sale by all druggists or COLBURN, BIRKS & CO., Sole Agents, 314 N. 5th St., Peoria, Ill.

IMPROVED HALL TYPEWRITER.

The best and most simple machine made. Interchangeable Type into all languages. Durable, easiest running, rapid as any.

Endorsed by the Clergy and literary people. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Agents wanted. Address N. Typewriter Co., 611 W. 4th St., Boston, Mass.



That the longest pole does not always knock the persimmon (especially should the long pole lie in innocuous desuetude while the short one is being vigorously wielded), is most forcibly illustrated in the art of advertising.—*Southern Live Stock Journal*.

GEO. H. FULLER DESK CO.

MANUFACTURERS. BANK OFFICE

AND CHURCH FURNITURE

638-640 M St.



Makes more and better food than any other

DISILLUSION.

CAPTAIN VERNON, tall, lean, brown, thirty-five.
SIR ROBERT CARSTAIRS, same age, pink and white, exquisite. MR. EZEKIEL LAMPSON, florid, be-furred, be-diamonded, age—more than fifty.

SCENE AND TIME.—The Blenheim Club, St. James's. The smoking-room, four P. M.

SIR ROBERT—At last! I knew I should drop on you soon. Where do you hide? I'm forever meeting your wife, you know, but never come across you anywhere.

CAPTAIN VERNON—No? that's not surprising. I have been in India—and other places—[yawning]—for which consult the back numbers of the Army List.

SIR ROBERT—Of course, yes. I heard you were abroad, you know, or in the country, or something. Lucky beggar! London's been very dull the last year or two.

CAPTAIN VERNON—Indeed! have you found it so? The papers have reported it much as usual, and you as having been present at most things.

SIR ROBERT—Yes? Well, I live, you know. All I mean is that it is not so amusing as it was.

CAPTAIN VERNON—What isn't?

SIR ROBERT—Why, going round, you know.

CAPTAIN VERNON—Bobbie! if you say "you know" to me again, I'll get up and punch your head, exactly as if we were at school. "Going round," I suppose, means dances, club-suppers, jewel-robberies, and other society pastimes. Then Cowes, Scotland, Melton, and so on. And it's beginning to pall, isn't it? [MR. LAMPSON enters the smoking-room.] Stop! I don't answer. There's some fellow just come in, and he's dodging about behind you, and I think he's listening, or trying to.

SIR ROBERT [looking round]—My dear fellow, don't talk so loud. It's Old Lampson.

[MR. LAMPSON, who had been hovering behind them, retires again.]
CAPTAIN VERNON—And who's Old Lampson?
SIR ROBERT—Who's Old Lampson? Well, you are out of the movement. Doesn't Mrs. Vernon ever tell you things? That's Lampson. He's the richest man in Europe, and always growing richer. Just now he is making millions out of some electric company. Every one says there's a swindle in it somewhere, but it's a tremendous big affair, you know.

CAPTAIN VERNON [warningly]—Bobbie!
SIR ROBERT—Well, you don't know. The thing's a company, called the Aladdin Illuminating Syndicate. It's a sort of gratuitous electric supply. They put you in an installment of their stuff for nothing, if they may take away all your old gas-fittings and oil-lamps. You've seen the advertisement, "New Lamps for Old," all over the town?

CAPTAIN VERNON—What do they make by it?
SIR ROBERT—No one knows. But the shares are at a tremendous premium. My idea is that when all this part of the town depends on the Syndicate for light, the supply will give out, and gas and oil will go up; and it will be found that old Lampson owns all the gas-works, and has the oil-shops in the hollow of his hand.

CAPTAIN VERNON—H'm— Does everybody think as highly as that of Mr. Lampson?

SIR ROBERT—Every one thinks a good deal of him. I tell you they say he's the richest man in Europe.

CAPTAIN VERNON—And he is a member here—of the Blenheim?

SIR ROBERT—Yes, of course.

CAPTAIN VERNON [thoughtfully]—A member of the Blenheim! You're right. I'm clean out of the movement. By the way, how's your wife?

SIR ROBERT—She's very well, indeed, thank you. She's in the country.

CAPTAIN VERNON—This country?

SIR ROBERT—Of course. What do you mean?

CAPTAIN VERNON—Oh, I thought it might be "India, or abroad, or somewhere, you know," as you put it just now. For, curiously enough, though everybody I meet has always just seen you, and all the papers say where you were yesterday, and where you will be to-morrow, I never come across any mention of Lady Carstairs.

SIR ROBERT [after a moment's silence]—My dear fellow, she never goes out anywhere. She hates it.

CAPTAIN VERNON—She has my best sympathies.
SIR ROBERT—You see, she led such a quiet life at home before I married her, and, between us, got rather dropped on by her elder sisters, so that somehow things frighten her. She won't go out anywhere.

CAPTAIN VERNON—So you have to go out for both?

SIR ROBERT—Well?

CAPTAIN VERNON—Well?

SIR ROBERT [a little sulky]—I think that'll do, Vernon.

CAPTAIN VERNON—Do you mean that we should not talk over our wives in a club? Good Lord! What does it matter? If you go into the Imberbis or the Peterborough you'll hear lots of fellows talking about my wife.

SIR ROBERT [indignantly]—There isn't a word against Mrs. Vernon.

CAPTAIN VERNON [dryly]—Really! She doesn't deserve a word against her; but that's hardly the

same thing. Isn't it odd, though, how things turn out? Here's Lady Carstairs renouncing society because she has been quietly brought up, while my wife—who could have been brought up in a quieter fashion than my wife? She lived all her girlhood asleep in a country house. Literally asleep! And every one round her was asleep. Her mother slept because she belonged to the school of old ladies who do not open their eyes for fear they should be shocked; and her father slept—mentally and physically—from over-eating. The servants slept from old age, and she herself slept from ignorance. Yet no sooner does she get away from her home, than—well, she wakes up with a vengeance.

SIR ROBERT—Yes; it's curious. But we are better off than many men.

CAPTAIN VERNON—I am not complaining. I have no cause; and if I had, I hope I shouldn't come and whine to you. I only say that it is odd that we two, who were certainly more careful than most men in our choice, and who both married from love, do not seem to have got quite what we wanted.

SIR ROBERT—Don't let's talk about it. But, do you know, there was one girl who would have suited us both, I believe. Do you recollect how mad we were on her? By Jove, Vernon, you hated me in those days.

CAPTAIN VERNON [flushing a little]—You mean Barbara Wardour?

SIR ROBERT—Yes, Barbara Wardour, the Princess of China.

CAPTAIN VERNON—Yes; I was very fond of her. But that was ages ago. Why that absurd nickname?

SIR ROBERT—I will promise to leave off saying "you know" to you, for you know nothing. Everybody calls her that since her father's death. You remember, he was always thought a lunatic for buying all those teapot things. Well, I give you my word that at his auction the British Government, two rajahs, America generally, and a Stock Exchange Syndicate were all bidding against each other, and green with jealousy. They took seventy thousand pounds for pots and pans alone, and a lot of medallion rubbish fetched nearly as much the next day. Why didn't you go to the sale? Oh, I remember, I met your wife there, and she said—

CAPTAIN VERNON [interrupting]—Yes, that I was "in the country or somewhere." But about Miss Wardour. Do you ever see her? Is she Miss Wardour still?

SIR ROBERT—Yes. There's no one good enough for her.

CAPTAIN VERNON—Is she so proud?

SIR ROBERT—No, not proud. But she knows her value.

CAPTAIN VERNON—As every good woman should. And how clever she was!

SIR ROBERT—Awfully! And so good with it!

CAPTAIN VERNON—Yes. Most unworldly girl! Well! whoever gets her will be a lucky man. [MR. LAMPSON is seen approaching.] Hush! Don't mention her in front of this—this thing.

SIR ROBERT—He's coming to ask us to dinner. What a bore!

CAPTAIN VERNON—You can refuse.

SIR ROBERT—H'm! he's rather a big man in his way, you know. [Looking up at the intruder.] How do, Lampson?

MR. LAMPSON [heartily]—How are ye, Sir Robert? Beautiful as usual! What a button-hole! I want you to come and have a little dinner with me to-morrow. Excuse short notice. Amphitryon—and I'll see to the wine myself. So you can't do better.

SIR ROBERT—Well, you know—

MR. LAMPSON—I don't know. I only know you're coming. You always do. Er— [Looking at CAPTAIN VERNON.] Perhaps you've some engagement with your friend? [Pause, and SIR ROBERT at length introduces them to each other.] If so, why not bring him? May I count on you, Captain Vernon?

CAPTAIN VERNON—Well, you see—

MR. LAMPSON—I don't see. I never see what I don't want to see. You must come. It's rather a great occasion for me. Don't tell every one, though I suppose it will be in all the papers soon enough, but the dinner will be one of my last bachelor entertainments. I'm going to be married.

CAPTAIN VERNON [very languidly, and looking out of the window]—Indeed! Er— fortunate lady!

SIR ROBERT [looking Mr. LAMPSON up and down, and curling his mustache]—Who on earth is going to marry you, Lampson?

MR. LAMPSON—Miss Barbara Wardour, the Princess of China.—Black and White.

For Sick Headache

USE HOGSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. M. W. GRAY, Cave Spring, Ga., says: "I have used it with perfect success in habitual sick headache."

Consul Newson reports that in Malaga, workmen are allowed fifteen minutes' leisure in every hour to smoke cigarettes.

—ON THURSDAY NEXT, BALDWIN & HAMMOND will sell at their salesrooms some choice residence property situated on Devisadero, Scott, and McAllister Streets, and Golden Gate Avenue. This property is situated in the most desirable part of the city, easily accessible from several lines of cars, and offers a peculiarly favorable opportunity to purchasers.

WILLIE'S EXPERIENCE ON THE STAGE.

Willie Van Wyck, formerly a journalist, decided to go on the stage a few weeks ago. One day, Business-Manager McDonough discovered in Van Wyck just the talents he had been searching for. Until there was a favorable opening on the stage the young man was to act as the business-manager's secretary, with privileges to use the stage mornings. A week later, Van Wyck abruptly ceased his dramatic instructions.

"I don't think I was treated quite right," he explained. "I came here to be prepared for the stage, and my training did not agree with me. I didn't mind posting lithographs, writing bright paragraphs for the press, getting the manager's old-fashioned silk hat pressed, showing ladies to the boxes, sweeping out the office, bringing the stage-manager chewing tobacco, sitting in a chair for the strong fakir to hoist me with his teeth, washing bottles in the bar or working the growler for the soubrettes, but when it came to shoveling coal in the boiler all night, then I quit. I wouldn't have cared so much for the work, but the way Mr. McDonough tried to jolly me was insultingly original.

"I came here to act," I pleaded, 'and not to shovel coal.' McDonough had the nerve to look me squarely in the eye and say:

"I'm a little disappointed in you, my boy. You are an ingrate. You are learning the rudiments of a noble profession at the expense of my experience and patience. I simply have you toss a little coal in the boiler now and then so you will appear natural, should you ever be cast in the part of fireman."

And they have not seen him since.—Evening Sun.

A Cheeky Midshipman.

On board of a man-of-war bound home from China was a young midshipman named Jones. The midshipmen on board stood their watch forward, and every hour it was their duty to come aft and write up the weather columns of the ship's log, showing the readings of the barometer, thermometer, and to heave the chip-log for her speed.

The captain, in company with the officer of the deck, was conversing when Midshipman Jones came aft to write up the log. The barometer, a mercurial one, was hung in the captain's cabin, and Jones, after having read it, helped himself liberally to the captain's sherry on the cabin sideboard. In walking the poop, the captain happened to glance down the cabin skylight and saw the midshipman's proceedings. When Jones came up on the poop to heave the log, the captain addressed him as follows:

"How is the barometer, sir?"

Jones saluted, and said: "Steadily rising, sir; steadily rising."

The captain then asked: "And how is the de-canter, sir?"

Jones was taken aback, but with a steady voice replied: "Steadily falling, sir; steadily falling."

This reply was too much for the captain, and, bursting out laughing, he said: "Young man, it is a long way to 'Frisco, so hereafter I beg of you not to consult the decanter as often as you do the barometer."—Detroit Free Press.

When on the High Seas,

On the rail, on a steamboat, aboard a fishing smack, or yachting on the coast, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will be found a reliable means of averting and relieving ailments to which travelers, mariners, and emigrants are peculiarly subject. Sea captains, ship doctors, voyagers, or sojourners in the tropics, and all about to encounter unacclimated, and unaccustomed or dangerous climate, should not neglect to avail themselves of this safeguard of well ascertained and long-tried merits.

Ole Bull is reported once to have said to Dr. John A. Broadus: "If I quit practicing on my violin for a day, I notice the difference; if I quit for two days, my friends notice the difference; if I quit for a week, everybody notices the difference."

Ripans Tabules cure all liver troubles and disorders of the stomach and bowels.

Herr Krupp is spending \$1,500,000 on his exhibit at Chicago. Freight and insurance amounts to no less than \$250,000.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—

Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIESTED.

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Valued Indorsement

of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profession speaking of its gratifying results in their practice.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites can be administered when plain oil is out of the question. It is almost as palatable as milk—easier to digest than milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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LAROCHE'S INVIGORATING TONIC, CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, and Pure Catalan Wine. Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, as the Best Remedy for LOSS of APPETITE, FEVER and AGUE, MALARIA, NEURALGIA and INDIGESTION.

An experience of 25 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroche to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark (a result not before attained), and to concentrate them in an elixir, which possesses in the highest degree the restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of other remedies. 22 rue Drouot, Paris.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., 30 North William street, N. Y.

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WE WANT YOU to try Golden Sceptre. All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost PERFECTION. We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address, 1 lb., \$1.50, 1-4 lb., 40 cts., postage paid. Send for Catalogue giving list of dealers who handle our goods. SURBRUG, 1159 Fulton St., N. Y. City.

If you have not the time or patience to elaborate a delicious soup, you can avail yourselves of the services of an experienced chef by purchasing any of

COWDREY'S SOUPS.

They are skillfully blended from the best materials into flavors that always delight, though they vary with the kind of soup.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS; HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS; DRAPER and WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28 1/2-Inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

General Grant, who was fond of children, was introduced to a little girl four years old. She gazed at him with an expressive half incredulous. "Are you the General Grant that fought in the battles?" she asked. "Yes, I was in a good many battles," said Grant. The little one looked at him in wondering silence, and then said: "Let's hear you holler!"

Kenoy Meadows, the artist, was the author of a well-known studio pun. There had been one day a long talk about fresco and the palette necessary for it, and the repeated remark that it needed a palette of earths quite tired him out. "You talk of ochres," he said, "but the worst of all you haven't named, though it's the commonest. That's the mediocre!"

A good deacon, in a small New England town, who is on intimate terms with the Almighty, and believes that good deeds should be promptly recognized, gave this encouraging assurance, the other evening, while "leading in prayer": "And, O Lord, if Thou wilt move the heart of any young man to enter Thy service as a missionary, we will show our approval in a way which Thou wilt appreciate." Whether this offer has been accepted is not yet known.

This story is at present making the round of the German musical press: When the composer Schulze was captured by brigands in the Abruzzi, they demanded one of his own compositions from him, with the result that he sang an aria from his latest opera. But before it was ended, the entire band burst into tears, and their captain, offering his hand to Schulze, released him with the words: "So you, too, steal? I never exact anything from a colleague!"

A recent sudden death necessitated the breaking up of a well-known establishment in London, and the eldest married daughter of the house, in spite of her grief, was worldly-wise enough to remember at the funeral that her father had a treasure of a cook which it would be well to secure. After the funeral, therefore, she set for the chef, who, with many regrets over his inability to oblige madam, informed her that her younger sister had engaged him immediately after the death of "ce cher et bon monsieur, son père."

An impetuous man stood at the corner of one of the Jersey City cross-streets during the recent bad weather, watching a brakeman as he helped to shunt a freight-train into one of the great car-yards. The roofs of the cars were slippery and wet, the brake-wheels looked cold, the brakeman had a red nose, watery eyes, and a general appearance of discomfort, and he looked as if he had been out all night. Turning to a by-stander, who was also waiting for the train to pass, the impetuous one remarked, as he looked up at the dejected and grimy figure, "On the whole, I think I'd prefer to be a banker."

Some years ago, a Rochester clergyman, in baptizing an infant, paused in the middle of the service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound courtesy, replied: "Shady, sir, if you please." "Shady?" replied the minister; "then it's a boy, and you mean Shadrach, eh?" "No, please your reverence, it's a girl." "Aod pray," asked the inquisitive pastor, "how happened you to call the child by such a name?" "Well, sir," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as bow he should like her to be called Shady, because Shady Bower sounds so pretty."

One of the professors in Cambridge (says the Boston Budget) has a little boy named Christopher. The sayings and doings of the son have passed into college history. It seems that one day the professor was lying on his sofa after a hard day's work in philosophy, and while in a state of unconscious cerebration, suddenly caught sight of Christopher on the floor. The professor gazed at the boy in deep silence. Then he said: "What would you do, Christopher, in case your father should die?" Christopher thought for a moment. Theo he lifted his eyes. "Ob, don't worry, father, there's time enough to think about that when you're dead."

Mr. Chittendeo, in his recent volume of personal reminiscences, records that he saw Van Buren at his Liodenwald home and passed a night there, taking dinner and breakfast with the ex-President and his son, and he tells a pleasing story of a fine plate which a servant placed at his place during the dinner. Vao Bureo's son, "Price Jobo," observing Mr. Chittendeo's interest in this plate, remarked that it had been made originally for the King of Italy. He had purchased it in Paris and presented it to his father, and he added, slyly, that his father ought to be grateful for so magnificent a gift. "Indeed I am grateful," broke in the ex-President; "perhaps more grateful for this than for another present you made me about the same time—a bill of exchange for acceptance for more than the cost of the china." Price Jobo, not to be outdone by

this retort, promptly replied: "I intended that the entire transaction should represent a beautiful case of filial and paternal affection. I presented you with the china; that was filial. You paid for it; that was paternal. Could anything be more complete?"

A wooden leg and a dog nearly changed the course of European history. In 1865, just prior to the war between Prussia and Denmark, Bismarck was staying at Biarritz. One morning, accompanied by a huge dog, he was walking along a road which runs along a cliff, protected by a low wall, when he met an old French oval captain with a wooden leg, but powerfully built, and of a quick temper. The dog became unduly attentive to the captain's leg, and the Frenchman struck at the animal with the butt of his fishing-rod. Bismarck used a round German oath, and the sailor followed with nautical emphasis. From words the two came to blows, and in a few minutes Bismarck found that, strong as he was, the Frenchman was lifting him bodily upon the top of the sea-wall. Another moment and he would have been in the sea below, and the whole course of history would have been changed. At the critical moment came help—by the irony of fate—in the shape of an equerry of Napoleon, who rescued the German from his terrible opponent. If that equerry could only have known for what he had saved him!

A few days ago a party of Texas congressmen (says the Washington Post) called upon the President to introduce Judge Jacob Hodges, who is a candidate for the attorneyship of the Eastern District of Texas. "Oh, yes," said the President, instantly, "you are the man who divided time with the negro who was burned." Judge Hodges was naturally surprised that the President should have read so closely the account of the terrible vengeance which was wreaked upon the Texas negro, but thinking that the President had not heard the whole story, he said: "I thought that I would prevent the tragedy if I could, and so I rode over into the crowd with the air of a field marshal. I ascended the platform which was already prepared for the negro, and looked out upon the angry mob. 'Fellow-citizens,' I began, 'you are about to commit a crime that will bring disgrace upon our fair and growing city. It will return to plague our children's children, and will redound to the discredit of our State. It will—' Just at that moment some one in the crowd whipped out a revolver, pointed it at me, and shouted: 'Shoot the—' Instantly it seemed to me as if every man, woman, and child had revolvers leveled at my unprotected breast. My wits did not desert me. 'But!' I exclaimed. 'BUT!' I again shouted, still louder, 'if we are to lay aside the slow processes of law and resume our sovereignty as individual men, let us do so in an orderly and quiet manner.' That simple word 'but,' said Judge Hodges to the President, 'saved my life.'

Twenty Years' Experience.

C. D. Fredricks, the well-known photographer, 770 Broadway, New York, says: "I have been using ALLOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for 20 years, and found them one of the best of family medicines. Briefly summing up my experience, I say that when placed on the small of the back ALLOCK'S PLASTERS fill the body with nervous energy, and thus cure fatigue, brain exhaustion, debility, and kidney difficulties. For women and children I have found them invaluable. They never irritate the skin or cause the slightest pain, but cure sore throat, coughs, colds, pains in side, back or chest, indigestion, and bowel complaints."

Valuable but not Costly.

It may save you a great deal of trouble in cooking. Try it. We refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, regarded by most housekeepers as absolutely essential in culinary uses, and unsurpassed in coffee. All grocers and druggists sell the Eagle Brand.

—THERE HAS BEEN A GROWING INTEREST in real estate lately, and the sale announced by Easton, Eldridge & Co. for Tuesday next has already attracted considerable attention. The property offered for sale presents admirable residence sites on Pacific Heights, and those contemplating building a home could not do better than to examine into the opportunity here offered.

—THE PACIFIC COAST AGENCY OF THE REMINGTON Arms Company is at 418-420 Market Street, where a full line of the celebrated Remington Cycles can be seen.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist. Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effective relief is found in the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

—GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER STREET, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

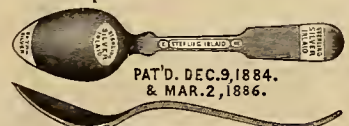
—Californian babies have used Steedman's Soothing Powders for over twenty years.

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Silver laid on will wear off; Silver *inlaid*—never.

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Spoons and Forks have the wearing qualities of solid silver. Ask your jeweler for them.

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Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—May 5th, SS. City of Sydney; May 15th, SS. Acapulco; May 25th, SS. Colon.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco at noon on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.

Way line sailings—May 3d, SS. San Blas; May 18th, SS. San Juan.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:

Peru..... Saturday, May 13, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro..... Thursday, June 1, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking..... Thursday, June 22, at 3 P. M.
China..... (via Honolulu)..... Monday, July 3, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.

Belgian..... (via Honolulu)..... Thursday, May 23

Oceanic..... Tuesday, June 13

Gaelic..... Tuesday, June 13

Belgian..... Thursday, July 13

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For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

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WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers. Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Germanic..... May 16th Germanic..... June 7th
Majestic..... May 17th Majestic..... June 14th
Britannic..... May 24th Britannic..... June 21st
Teutonic..... May 31st Teutonic..... June 28th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Jan. 27, Feb. 10, 24, April 15, 30.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	FROM APRIL 22, 1893.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, etc.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	6:15 P.
* 7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.	* 6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	9:45 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	* 8:45 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	* 7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite), and Fresno.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.	10:15 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

* 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.	* 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:10 P.
12:05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

THE PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

Was newspaper advertising a success with you last year? If not—why not? It pays others. It ought to pay you; and will, if wisely done.—*Ayer's Newspaper Annual.*

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 16, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:20 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave SAN FRANCISCO. DESTINATION. Arrive SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS. DESTINATION. SUNDAYS. WEEK DAYS.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Petaluma and 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 9:30 A. M. Santa Rosa. 6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Fulton, 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Windsor, 10:30 A. M.

Healdsburg, 6:10 P. M.

Cloverdale, 10:30 A. M.

Peta, 6:10 P. M.

Hopland, 10:30 A. M.

Ukiah, 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Guerneville, 7:30 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 9:30 A. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Sonoma, 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. and 6:05 P. M. 8:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Sebastopol, 10:40 A. M. 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Petaluma for Healdsburg, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Winter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Chato, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

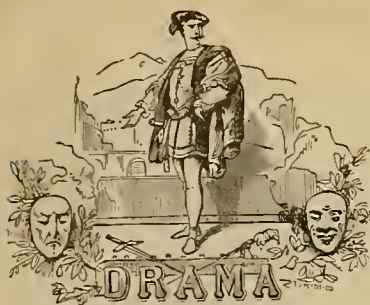
EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays: To Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only: To Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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The exhibitions of the modiste's art that have lately dazzled the Bush Street Theatre audiences have been unrivaled in the theatrical history of San Francisco.

It was supposed at the time of the Baroness Blanc's appearance that her set of costumes was the most triumphantly gorgeous that had ever swept the boards. The Queen of the Speckled Peaches wore a different dress in every act, and, toward the end of the play, in order to give the whole wardrobe a chance, had to crowd two or three gowns into every act, and get the opera-cloaks and outdoor wraps in by wearing them during balls and parties.

Now Mrs. Florence casts the glamour of her antique splendor over the play-house. The most important parts of the cast are the four Félix costumes in which Mrs. Florence is incased. The lady herself is not as fresh as she was thirty years ago, but the gowns are new, with a crisp and sparkling newness. They quite throw Mrs. Florence in the shade. It is to be doubted, even if the late gifted and lamented W. J. Florence himself were in the cast, whether he would not be overwhelmed by their crushing splendor.

That they are designed to play an important part in the performance may be inferred from the long and elaborate notice they receive on the programme. The one in the first act is treated at length with a wealth of description and a scarcity of grammar. This is "a superb gown of faintest willow-green bourette silk." It is subsequently stated that "full Henri the Second sleeves compose the brocade"—which, if you come to think about it, is a very clever thing for the sleeves to do.

Reading further, you learn that the solitaire earrings worn with this regal garment are "of flawless lustre" and are valued at four thousand dollars. There are also three necklaces, all worn at once and all thickly diamonded. The value of the jewels is estimated at fifteen thousand dollars. It would be worth some enterprising burglar's while to steal Mrs. Florence while arrayed in her "faint willow-green bourette silk." Fifteen thousand dollars' worth of jewels and a willow-green bourette silk, not to mention "Henri the Second sleeves that compose the brocade," would be a princely haul.

The most remarkable adjunct of this dazzling get-up is the coiffure. "The à la Grecque coiffure," the programme goes on to state, "is of Queen Elizabethan tinge." What is Queen Elizabethan tinge? There is some discussion about the color Hannibal was, and there are cruel people who say Othello was as black as a crow. The Queen of Sheba, according to the libretto of Goldmark's opera, was no more nor less than a lady of color, as Assad alludes to her "ebony neck," and in the song of Solomon, the singer says, "I am black, but comely." But never before has any one stated that the great Elizabeth was other than an ordinary, plain, red-and-white Caucasian. "Queen Elizabethan tinge," as illustrated by Mrs. Florence's coiffure, is a deep coppery red. It is not surprising that Elizabeth remained unwed if she were that color. Even the ambitious Earl of Leicester could hardly have tolerated a bride whose copper-colored visage would have made a red Indian's look pale by comparison.

Mrs. Florence's other costumes are too superb and elaborate to be described by any but the connoisseur who has written up their glories on the programme. He—or she—alone can do justice to "a heavy Rose de Noël satin, brocaded in white, garnished with a peculiar shade of apple-green velvet." In dilating on the costume that makes the hit of the third act, this wielder of the facile pen becomes quite poetic, and speaks of "that rare shade which hovers between cameo pink and faintest mauve." This masterpiece is "scattered over with bow-knots in gold and silver point Duchesse lace." As for the fourth act, it is one radiant apotheosis of peacock's feathers and iridescent spangles, with a touch of "side panels of ecrú" and "a front breadth of electric blue," while "a train of vivid green" brings in a gleam of the fashionable color.

In the midst of all this millinery, Mrs. Florence is dimly described. Mrs. Florence has begun life over again with a new husband, and a new company, and a new set of costumes. This somewhat elderly bride is one of the few actresses now on the stage who are a link between the stage of to-day and the stage of the day of John Brougham and Mrs. Hoey, the elder Wallack and the statuesque Laura Keen, Mrs. Florence, as Mlle. Malvina, danced a *pas seul* at the opening of the theatre that John Brougham managed as "The Lyceum," when it passed into the management of the Wallacks. She has known Mrs. Vernon and the Placides, two generations of Wallacks and of Booths.

Mrs. Florence, instead of trying to resuscitate a dying play that only her late husband's genius kept alive, ought to occupy herself in writing the memories of her forty years on the stage. Forty years ago she and "Billy" Florence were married, and from that time to his death, a little over a year ago, she and he have played in many countries, to many audiences, meeting and knowing all the great and small dramatic lights that have been kindled and extinguished in that time. They made a good deal of money and a great success. "The Mighty Dollar" took in London as few American plays have ever taken. Bardwell Slote was not more appreciated than Mrs. Gilflory. But when the one and only Bardwell Slote was gathered to his fathers, and a great gap left in the dramatic ranks, it was not just the thing for some stranger to come by and try to step into the great Bardwell's empty shoes. If ever actor—to quote Oliver Wendell Holmes's expression—"rattled round" in a character, it is Hubert Covey as Bardwell Slote. That part died with Billy Florence, as Colonel Sellers died with John T. Raymond, as Rip Van Winkle will die with Joseph Jefferson, and Triboulet with Edwin Booth. For a new actor to try to enact a part so identified with a dead actor, is a form of grave-robbing.

Bardwell Slote was Florence's masterpiece. It belonged to him as Davy Crockett did to Frank Mayo and as Mathias, in "The Bells," does to Henry Irving. Bardwell Slote is dead—peace to his ashes! His creator was as popular a gentleman as ever trod the boards, and as richly humorous an actor. For fifty years he had known everybody on the stage worth knowing. He bridged the period from Charlotte Cushman and the elder Booth to Richard Mansfield and E. H. Sothern. He had acted with the beautiful Catherine Sinclair Forrest when she played an engagement in "The School for Scandal," and with Joe Jefferson, Mrs. John Drew, and Viola Allen, in the revival of "The Rivals" a little over a year ago. He was Sir Lucius—the gayest, jolliest, most captivating Sir Lucius who ever made love to Lucy and courted "Dahlia." He acted with Julia Dean—said by many to have been the finest Julia in "The Hunchback" that ever was on the stage, and who came to San Francisco in the early fifties, made a fortune, married, and was the idol of Golden Gate swiftness in the golden days—and with Mrs. Mowatt, the first of the Mrs. Potter tribe, and the first American "society lady" to quit the real drawing-rooms of the fashionable world for the sham drawing-rooms of the mimic world across the foot-lights.

In the famous benefit given for Edwin Adams, he played Iago to the Othello of E. A. Sothern, the Desdemona of Lotta, and the Emilia of Mrs. John Drew. In the Lester Wallace benefit, given at the Metropolitan Opera House some five years ago, he played the Second Grave-digger, Joe Jefferson being the First. That was the greatest gathering of dramatic talent ever seen in this country—Edwin Booth as Hamlet, Lawrence Barrett as the Ghost, Frank Mayo as Claudius, John Gilbert as Polonius, Herbert Kelcey as Bernardo, Mme. Modjeska as Ophelia, and Rose Coghlan as the Player Queen. Years before that he made his first hit in the famous "Row at the Lyceum," one of the most successful theatrical hoaxes ever practiced. Florence, dressed as a fireman, sat in a corner of the third gallery. When the row took place in the theatre below—an old Quaker in the audience crying out that Mrs. Brougham on the stage was his wife—the fire-laddie joined in the fray, announcing from his airy height his desire to come down and punch the heads of the combatants. He finally did come down, joined forces with the old Quaker, fought his way to the stage, and as the whole theatre seethed into an uproar of tremendous excitement, and it seemed as if a panic might ensue, the players broke into laughter, and the audience realized that they were the victims of a theatrical hoax.

Beside Joe Jefferson, Mrs. John Drew, and a few lesser lights, Mrs. Florence is the only survivor of that past theatrical epoch still on the boards. She is always clever, and Mrs. Gilflory with her good heart and her bad French, her frank affections, and her fondness for "long-tong," is as humorous a figure to-day as any on the stage. That after acting the same part for years, Mrs. Florence should still be able to instill into it vivacity and gaiety is unusual and astonishing, and proves her a comedienne of the highest class.

But why should Mrs. Florence, well on in years, return to the scene of her former triumphs? Why should she not, having money and the memory of her great days to dwell upon, be content to retire into that peaceful seclusion which should be the reward of a life of toil? There is no need for Mrs. Florence to return to the stage—she is quite wealthy. To have acted Mrs. Gilflory—her husband personating Bardwell Slote—before packed houses in New York and London; to have been praised by the most celebrated critics of the two cities; to have won fame and fortune; to have risen from the humble position of a dancer to that of one of the most successful comedienettes of her day—was to have made a brilliant success of life. And after all this Mrs. Florence appears at the Bush Street Theatre, and, before a half-empty house, goes through the old part, her late husband's great character personated by her present husband, who can not act any more than he can fly. It was a somewhat saddening sight.

DDCI. — Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, April 30, 1893.

Purée of Asparagus.
Fillet of Sole, Tartar Sauce, Parisienne Potatoes.
Chicken Patties.
Green Peas. Macaroni à la Neapolitaine.
Roast Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce.
French Artichoke Salad.
Strawberries and Vanilla Ice-Cream.
Fancy Cakes.
Coffee.

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At the theatres during the week commencing May 1st: Richard Mansfield in "The Scarlet Letter"; Mrs. Florence in "The Old Love and the New"; the Tivoli Company in "The Yeoman of the Guard"; Oliver Byron in "Ups and Downs of Life"; and the Howard Athenæum Company in their specialties.

The famous jubilee shot fired from a 22-ton gun in Queen Victoria's jubilee year to ascertain how far a shot could be carried, remained in the air 69½ seconds, and the highest point reached in its flight of 12 miles was 17,000 feet.

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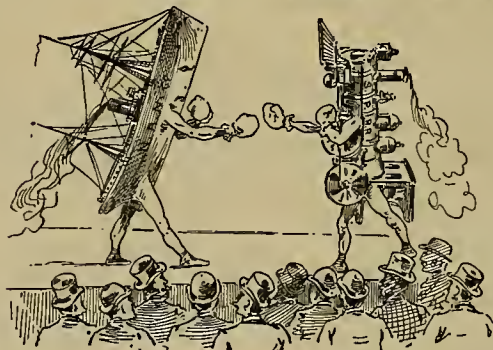
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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Remyeny Concert.

Edouard Remyeny, the renowned violinist, gave his first concert here last Thursday evening in Metropolitan Hall. He was assisted by Miss Minnie D. Methot, soprano, Miss Florence Sage, solo pianist and accompanist, and Mr. James W. Marshbank, baritone. The audience was a large one, and it was interested from the beginning to the end of the programme, which was as follows:

Vocal duet, from "La Traviata," Verdi, Miss Methot and Mr. Marshbank; song, "The Two Grenadiers," Schumann, Mr. Marshbank; violin solo, "Othello," Ernst, E. Remyeny; soprano solo, aria, "Barber of Seville," Rossini, Miss Methot; violin solo, (a) Choral Nocturne, Chopin, (b) Zapateado, Sarasate, E. Remyeny; piano solo, "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12," F. Liszt, Mlle. Sage; selection, "Ave Maria," Gounod, Miss Methot, soprano, baritone, piano, and violin, Miss Methot, Mlle. Sage, Mr. Marshbank, and Mr. Remyeny; violin solo, caprices by Paganini, E. Remyeny; vocal duet, "May Song," Reinecke, Miss Methot and Mr. Marshbank.

The Waltz Concert.

Mme. Alice Waltz, the soprano, gave a concert last Thursday evening, which was very successful. The following excellent programme was presented: Trio, violin, 'cello, and piano, dramatic, Rosellen, Mr. A. Harold Kayton, Dr. A. Regensburger, and Signor Martini; soprano solo, "Palace of Light," Batkin (with obligati for violin and 'cello), Mme. Alice Waltz; guitar and mandolin, "Caprice Heroique," De Kontski, Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood; baritone solo, "Bedouin Love Song," Pinsuti, Mr. S. J. Sandy; piano solo, sixth rhapsodie, Liszt, Signor S. Martine; soprano solo, "When the Heart is Young," Buck, Mme. Alice Waltz; dramatic reading, "King of Denmark's Ride," Norton, Miss Refena Owens; violin solo, (a) nocturne No. 2, Chopin, (b) "Danse des Gnomes," Bazzini, Mr. A. Harold Kayton; duet, "I feel thy Angel Feet," Hoffman, Mme. Alice Waltz and Mr. S. J. Sandy; guitar and mandolin, "La Traviata," Verdi, Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood; trio, "Moonlight," Weber, Messrs. Kayton, Regensburger, and Martine.

The Loring Club.

The Loring Club gave its fourth concert of the sixteen season last Thursday evening, under the able direction of Mr. David W. Loring. The club was assisted by Miss Edna Groves, Miss Ruth W. Loring, and an orchestra. As usual the hall was crowded and the concert was a success. The programme was as follows:

"Morning in the Woods," Reinhold Becker; solos, "I never complain," R. Schumann, and "Love Song," E. A. McDowell; "Harold's Bridal Voyage," H. Hoffman; "Awakening of Spring," Th. Gouvy; "The Haunted Mill," Templeton Strong; "Evening Song," Dregert; "Pilgrim's Chorus," Wagner.

The Goldmann Concert.

Miss Ernestine Goldmann gave her second piano recital on Friday evening in Kohler & Chase's Hall, and attracted a large and fashionable audience. The following programme was well presented:

Thirty-two variations, Ludwig von Beethoven; seuer monique a rondo le reveille-matin B. Francois Copquerin; allegro, fantasia, "George Frederic Handel; bourree, (1) English suite, bourree (2), J. S. Bach; momento capriccioso, Carl Maria von Weber; chant sans paroles, Felix Mendelssohn; pederal studies, No. 5, der vogel als prophet, R. Schumann; ribericas del rio, A. Jensen-Dendel; impromptu, Franz Schubert; etude, Paganini-Liszt.

The final concert of the series will be held on Friday evening, May 19th.

A concert will be given in Odd Fellows' Hall next Thursday evening by Master Harry Samuels, assisted by Miss Anna Selkirk, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Guillaume Sauvlet, Mr. Frederick Knell, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, Mr. F. S. Gutterson, Mr. F. Spiller, Mr. H. Susman, and Mr. A. Logan. Master Samuels, who is a pupil of Mr. Henry Heyman, will soon leave for Europe for the purpose of completing his musical studies. The programme, which is an excellent one, will be presented under the direction of Mr. Heyman.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will be the recipient of a testimonial benefit concert on Friday evening, May 14th at Metropolitan Hall. The assisting artists will be the most prominent in local circles, and some very interesting novelties will be presented. This will be practically the winding up of the seventh season of "Ballad Concerts," which under Mr. Wilkie's direction have been so successful and popular during the season, and it is to be hoped, will be resumed next fall.

Miss Ella Partridge has issued invitations for a musicale which will be given by her pupils, Miss Laura Pugh and Miss Marie Wilson, at half-past three o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon at the home of Mrs. Rosenstim, corner of Sutter and Hyde Streets. They will have the assistance of Miss Elizabeth Gill.

A piano and song recital will be given by Miss Eleanor Briggs, pianiste, and Mrs. Henry B. Rathbone, vocalist, assisted by Miss Maude Wellendorf, in Berkeley next Saturday afternoon.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "Yeoman of the Guard" will be sung at the Tivoli next week, with the following cast:

Sir Richard Cholmondely, M. Cornell; Colonel Fairfax, Arthur Messner; Sergeant Meryll, George Olmi; Leonard Meryll, Edward Torpi; Jack Point, Philip Branson; Wilfred Shadbolt, Ferris Hartman; Headman, George Roman; Elsie Maynard, Grace Plaisted; Phoebe Meryll, Fanny Liddiard; Dame Caruthers, Grace Vernon; Kate, Irene Mull.

"La Fille de Madame Angot" will be revived on Monday, May 8th.

Chicago's police salary list foots up \$3,561,130.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"She is a poem." *The poet*—"Why? Does no one want her?"—*Life*.

"Do you have Dr. Dudel, Mrs. Hawkins?" "No, indeed; he's too much of a lady-killer."—*Bazar*.

"How did you happen to marry him? Were you in love with him?" "Oh, no; but another girl was."—*Life*.

"When we don't spend our money, we are economical; when other people don't spend their money, they are stingy."—*Life*.

"But, papa, you said you were in no hurry to have your girls married." "Yes, my dear, but that was ten years ago."—*Bazar*.

"Ten dollars for stealin' dat chicken?" cried Rastus; "why, jedge, hones' now, I could 'a' bought dat hen for two dollars."—*Bazar*.

He—"I don't believe you'll ever marry me! Why, you've already been engaged to nine men!" *She*—"Yes; but I never married any of them, George."—*Life*.

Aunt—"Karl, you never come to see me except when you want money." *Karl*—"But, my dear auntie, could I come oftener than I do?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"If I should propose to you, Maud, what would your answer be?" "I am sure I do not know, Mr. Remsen. Women are very foolish at times."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Mrs. Bingo—"What does a silent partner meao, dear?" *Bingo*—"That's a term, my love, that I don't think it would be possible to explain to you."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Jimmin's wife has run away and left him. He says he never will forgive her." "Neither will any one else. She ought to have taken him along."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Governess—"Why do we pray for 'our daily bread'? Why don't we ask for four or five days' or a week's?" *Clever child*—"Because we want it fresh, I suppose."—*Judy*.

Cholly (throwing away a half-made cigarette)—"I wonder why the last half of a cigarette isn't fit to smoke?" *The major*—"Perhaps for the same reason that the first half isn't."—*Life*.

Van Dyke—"As the boat left the dock I waved my handkerchief, and then a most curious thing happened." *Forney*—"What was it?" *Van Dyke*—"The ocean waved back."—*Truth*.

Perdita—"I saw Dicky kiss you last night—rather timidly, I thought." *Ella*—"Yes; but you should have seen us where it was absolutely impossible for any one to have seen us!"—*Truth*.

"I understand that your well is dry," said Cololoe Kyarter's next-door neighbor. "Yes, sab, and I don't wonder at it. That well hasn't had anything but watab for the last six months."—*Washington Star*.

"This parrot I can recommend. He has only one fault; he makes a terrible row if he does not get his dinner promptly." *Widow*—"I shall take him. He will remind me of my late husband."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Our mamma is very kind to us. Every time we drink our cod-liver oil without crying we get five cents each." "And what do you do with the money?" "Mamma buys some more oil with it."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Jack—"How are you going to spend the summer?" *Tom*—"I'm going to put it in traveling from one summer resort to another, until I find a girl worth a million or two who wants to be loved and married for herself alone."—*Truth*.

Governor of jail (in a passion, to warden)—"I say, Huher, the scoundrel has turned refractory once more; put him on bread and water for two days a week." *Warden*—"But, governor, he is already doing a couple of fast days." *Governor*—"Then give the fellow a cookery-book to read on those days."—*Ueber Land und Meer*.

Miss Allhere—"Men have no taste in woneio's dress." *Mr. Fargone*—"I'm sure I always find something to admire in every dress of yours." *Miss Allhere*—"Then you are an exception among men." *Mr. Fargone*—"I mean—when you have the dress on." *Miss Allhere* (with a little sigh)—"Ah, you are like all the others!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty." "No, you are not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." (*A pause*.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink? I'm so thirsty!" "If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and spank you!" (*Another pause*.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to spank me?"—*Ex.*

Revivalist—"Is it possible that you dance?" *Fair sinner*—"Oh, yes, often." *Revivalist*—"Now tell me, honestly and fairly, don't you think the tendency of dancing is toward sin?" *Fair sinner*—"I must confess that sometimes while dancing I

have very wicked thoughts." *Revivalist*—"Aha! I feared so. When is it that you have wicked thoughts?" *Fair sinner*—"When my partners step on my toes."—*New York Weekly*.

—A BOOK OF "CHOICE RECEIPTS," BY MISS Maria Parloa, the authority on the cuisine, will be sent, free of charge, to any lady who will write for it to Walter Baker & Co., makers of the well-known chocolate, at Dorchester, Mass., mentioning this paper.

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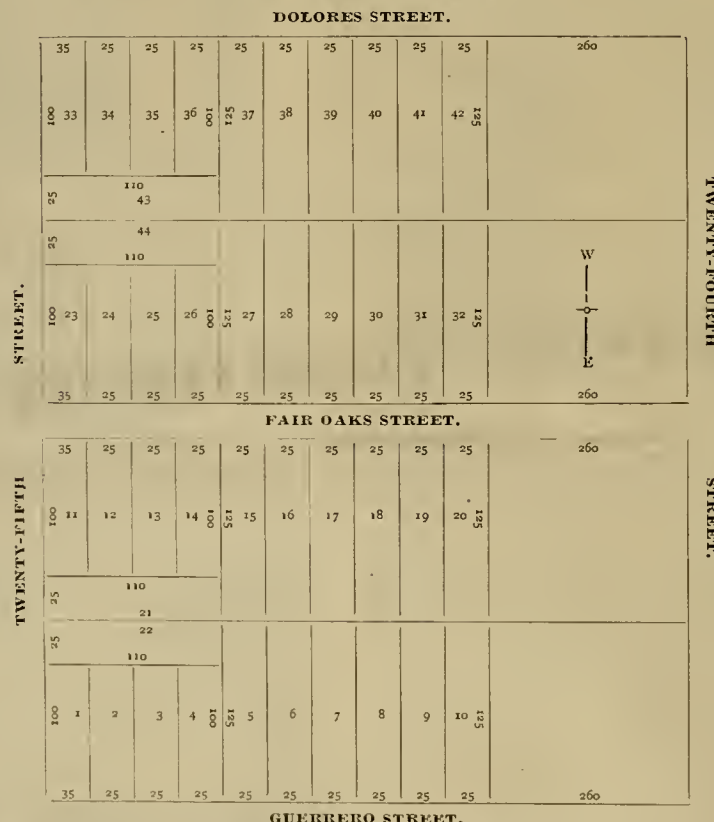
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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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A Washington dispatch under date of May 2d says that the Department of State has issued less than one-half the number of passports in April, 1893, that it issued in April of last year. This indicates a marked falling off in European travel. There is one point of view in which the World's Fair at Chicago is to be commended. It will be the means of keeping in this country a great deal of money which otherwise would have gone abroad. The drift of pleasure travel will head for Chicago instead of Liverpool or Havre. That vast crowd of Americans who save money all winter to spend it on their summer holiday will this year spend it in the United States. Even that richer class of Americans, who make a point of crossing the pond once a year, will this season postpone the excursion and do their sight-seeing on the American continent.

It becomes interesting to inquire how many American tourists usually go to Europe every summer and return in the fall, and how much money they spend on their travels. Just a year ago, the Argonaut collected statistics on the subject, which we published at the time of the spring hegira to Europe, in order to give point to an argument in favor of

domestic travel. It appeared that about eighty per cent. of the cabin passengers arriving at New York from Europe were Americans returning from a foreign tour; in other words, the total arrivals of cabin passengers at New York being 100,000, that 80,000 Americans visited Europe in the course of a year, mainly on pleasure bent. It further appeared that these traveling Americans spent for their voyage across the ocean an average of \$100 each, or \$200 for the round trip, which would give \$16,000,000 for ocean transportation for the whole. As all the passenger steamships were sailing under foreign flags, this sixteen millions went into foreign pockets. How much American travelers spend in traveling through Europe varies so much that it is difficult to strike an average. College professors, young ladies traveling alone, young men of limited means but bent on seeing the world, often make a hasty tour of Europe covering fifty or sixty days for \$500 a head. Men who have means, and want to enjoy themselves, rarely find that they can cut down their expenses below \$20 a day. And rich men, of whom there is a prodigious number in Europe every season, put their minimum expense at \$10,000 for a four months' trip for a party of three. If we say that the average expenditure of American travelers in Europe is \$15 a day per head, and the average length of the trip four months, or one hundred and twenty days, we arrive at the result that the aggregate expenditure of the tourists amounts to the enormous sum of \$144,000,000. Add to this \$16,000,000 for ocean transportation, and the total outlay of money by Americans in Europe each season is \$160,000,000.

It takes away the breath to think of such a sum, and it paralyzes the mind to think of it being diverted from one channel into another. So long as it was flowing to Europe, it helped to furnish that continent with the means of paying for Europe's consumption of our cotton, our breadstuffs, and our provisions. Now that it is withdrawn, Europe will have to pay in goods or money. In the fiscal year 1892, the United Kingdom took from the United States \$499,315,000 worth of American produce. About one-third of this was paid for by the money spent by traveling Americans in Europe, whose credits were generally on London. We gave Europe, in exchange for the pleasures to which it introduced us, enough coin to pay for one-third of the cotton and food which it could not dispense with. It seems pretty clear that when that remittance is stopped confusion will arise in the exchanges. Commercial exchanges are a delicate machine, which even a small disturbance throws out of gear. When a crop failure occurs in Europe, it needs careful financial management to prevent the money market being convulsed by withdrawals of coin to pay for American food, and in like manner, when cotton rules low in this country, and general prosperity causes an increased consumption of foreign goods, a drain of gold from New York terrifies the financial world. It makes a marked difference whether sixty-day bills in New York are worth \$4.85, or \$4.80, or \$4.90.

Where a nation sends its coin abroad for the purchase of merchandise, the operation involves no danger. The shipper of coin gets a *quid pro quo* for his money. He merely exchanges one form of property for another. But where a nation sends its coin abroad to pay for pleasures and luxuries, it gets nothing in exchange but a transitory enjoyment, which has no commercial value. We in this country have been in the habit of presenting Europe each year with coin exceeding in amount the total exports of the United States in 1850; and we have got nothing in exchange but a delight which was as evanescent as the flavor of a glass of champagne after it is drunk. Now there seems to be a prospect that the drain will be checked, for this year at all events. What will be the effect on the money markets at the European centres?

The fair will not only tend to keep at home an enormous sum of money which, but for its occurrence, would have gone abroad, but it will probably stimulate a tendency on the part of Americans to do a larger proportion of their traveling at home. Americans, when they get money, make a bee-line for Paris, and of those who are met at the

Grand Hotel or on the boulevards, only a few have seen Niagara, still fewer have crossed the Rocky Mountains, hardly any have visited the Yellowstone or the Yosemite. Yet these natural beauties are as well worth seeing as the ruins of antiquity or the splendors of modern art. The American who visits Italy with no knowledge of the language and a limited acquaintance with the history of the spots to which his guide takes him, comes back very little wiser than he was when he left. But no human being can contemplate the wonderful work of nature on this continent without feeling his mind enlarged, nor can he analyze the work of man without requiring a new and just appreciation of the normal working of free institutions. The fair will teach the best class of Americans that their country is worth seeing—that American travel may not be as fashionable as European travel, but is quite as interesting and possibly more instructive.

Newspaper men who have some pride in their profession as well as personal self-respect have read with satisfaction of the action of the St. Paul Board of Aldermen, in resisting one of those press-club attempts at blackmail, which have so often been practiced by such organizations as to make them appear characteristic. The International League of Press Clubs is to hold a convention in St. Paul this month, and the local club had the impudence to ask the aldermen to grant it two thousand dollars from the public treasury, the money to be used in entertaining the visitors. The request was refused. San Francisco had the doubtful honor of this same convention last year, and begging committees went around the city raising funds to defray the cost of the event. Not one in ten of the visitors was a journalist. Most of them were drummers and hangers-on of such great journals as the *Haberdasher*, the *Ready-Made Clothiers' Gazette*, the *Hand-me-Down*, and the *Weekly Shroud*. But even had they all been what they pretended to be—working journalists—why should the general public have been taxed for their board, and lodging, and drink? These "conventions" and "press excursions" disgrace the calling. Behind their bald mendicancy lurks the implied threat of hostile pens. The same begging spirit is manifested annually by nearly every press club in the country in the custom of dragging actors, actresses, and managers to give the club a "benefit." But the New York Press Club has gone beyond all cadging precedent in demanding that the public shall build it a club-house and a home for superannuated journalists. Committees are out asking alms for these purposes and letting it be understood, of course, that those who do not drop something in the hat may expect to be unpleasantly remembered. The membership of this club, the *Sun* avers, is "composed in large part of men who have no connection with active and reputable journalism whatever." But were it otherwise—were the members all journalists in good standing—what better right would they have than an equal number of lawyers, doctors, merchants, or bod-carriers to ask the public to present them with a club-house? This old legend of literary poverty and mendicancy—the Grub Street tradition—ought to die. Capable newspaper men make good incomes, and reputable newspaper men pay their bills, like other honest people. It is the ne'er-do-weels, the hangers-on of the press, that are responsible mostly for the general distaste in which journalists are held. The ordinary citizen usually regards them as a species of semi-licensed beats and brigands. A press club that can not pay its own way has no more title to existence than any other insolvent institution.

The latest phase of the labor question is the strike of hotel and restaurant waiters at New York and Chicago, and the consequent migration of waiters from San Francisco and other points to fill the vacuum. The Eastern strikers seem to have had no grievances worth mentioning. Their motive was a desire for higher wages. The waiters at the Hotel Waldorf, in New York, are getting two dollars a day, or sixty dollars a month; this they consider insufficient. The waiters who get twenty-five dollars demanded thirty dollars

and got it. Both at New York and at Chicago, the strike was timed so as to inflict the greatest possible annoyance on employers and the public. At New York, it took place while the banquet to the Duke of Veragua was going on; at Chicago, it was simultaneous with the opening of the exposition, and was inspired by a not unnatural desire on the part of the waiters to share in the loot of strangers which Chicagoans have been planning.

The controversy is complicated by the fact that, unlike other workers, waiters derive their income from two sources—the pay-roll of their employer and the tips which they receive from guests. At a meeting of the International Hotel Employees' Society, held at New York, it was contended that employers had no right to take tips into consideration in adjusting wages, and much eloquence was expended on the contention. Unfortunately, hotel and restaurant-keepers do and always will consider the revenue from tips in fixing the pay of waiters. They say to their men: "You ought to earn sixty dollars a month; you will take in thirty dollars from tips; therefore I shall be treating you fairly if I pay you thirty dollars." In leading establishments, like the Café Anglais and Bignon's at Paris, or Delmonico's in New York, the tips given to the head-waiters yield so large a revenue that it is entirely disproportionate to the normal value of the men's services, and they have to pay a round sum for a license to work as waiters.

This present strike appears to be an ill-considered proceeding, engineered by German socialists, and sprung upon the public at a time when it was thought it would cause the most inconvenience. Unhappily for the strikers, the labor of removing plates or changing knives and forks is not skilled labor; any man may become proficient at it in a couple of days. Thus a waiters' strike naturally brings the strikers into competition with idle men in all callings; and not only with men, but with women likewise. The intelligence offices in Chicago are overrun with applications for places as cooks and waiters by German, Swedish, and Danish girls who want to see the fair, and propose to work their passage. They ask from three to four dollars a week, and stipulate for half a day or a day each week to attend the fair. They are described as clean, good-tempered, good-looking girls who profess to be well able to wait on table, wash, cook, and iron. Such neat-handed Phyllises might obtain the preference at equal wages over German, French, Irish, or Italian waiters; and they ask less than half as much.

Meantime, with their customary fatuity, the central labor organizations of New York are taking a hand in the fight. The Central Labor Union proposes to boycott the hotels and restaurants where the waiters have struck; it was not till it was pointed out that the shoemakers and tailors were not in the habit of patronizing the Hotel Waldorf or Delmonico's café that this measure of retaliation was abandoned as ineffectual. Under the auspices of Mr. Gompers and his co-adjutors, however, a Hotel and Restaurant Waiters' Alliance has been formed, and some two thousand three hundred waiters are said to be enrolled therein. Mr. Leckeh, a Bohemian socialist, is the moving spirit. Other labor organizations indorse the alliance, and have passed at a mass-meeting a resolution declaring that the attempt of the hotel proprietors to have their waiters clean-shaven was "un-American."

While these French, German, Italian, and Irish knights of the napkin are teaching us what are American and what un-American methods, the alliance has formed a coöperative hotel, a syndicate which proposes to run hotels without landlords, the waiters being bosses and proprietors. The theory of this undertaking is that if they were their own employers the waiters would do better work, and as Mr. Leckeh and his friends assume that the success of a hotel depends exclusively on the quality of the service therein, the Waiters' Hotel would drive its rivals out of the field.

Thus the servant question has advanced one more step toward a solution. Up to the present time, especially in this meridian, it is the servant who has been aggressive and the employer who has stood on the defensive. Biddy and Ah Lee maintain their empire by threatening to leave if they are thwarted, and the housekeeper, trembling for the smooth working of the household, concedes everything rather than be left servantless. Now the Waiters' Alliance goes a step further, and proposes to inaugurate constitutional government in the kitchen, under an organic instrument which the master of the house shall be bound to respect. Of this uprising, the natural sequel will be a corresponding endeavor of housekeepers to emancipate themselves from servant thralldom by extending the usefulness of the dumb-waiter. Mr. Jagers, whose only domestic was a murderer prone to homicidal outbreaks, had a dumb-waiter so ingeniously contrived that it served his dinner as conveniently as any servant could have done; it is easy to conceive how the system could be developed so as to inaugurate mechanical bed-making and carpet-sweeping. Perhaps the house of the future will be supplied with machinery which will do all the

work for which we now hire servants, except the cooking, which may be done outside.

In the meantime, the waiters of the world are flocking to Chicago. So are the servant-girls. It is a hard time for waiters' "unions" and "alliances." They will ignominiously fail. Before the fair is over, the wages of waiters in Chicago will be very low, and the number of idle waiters very large.

It is, of course, a high privilege to be an Irishman, but with the distinction go some disadvantages. Among these is a peculiar liability to be insulted. It is astonishing how the rest of the world will persist in malignantly devising affronts to this proud and sensitive race. When the Irish are few in number and not powerful by reason of their wealth, they submit with a sad, a touching resignation to the foulest offenses, but when they are numerous and have political power, they rise as one man in defense of Irish dignity. A noble instance of this delicate concern for their rights as equal citizens of the American republic has recently occurred in New York. A mass-meeting of Ireland's exiled sons was held to protest with indignation against the custom of bestowing Irish names on animals in the Central Park menagerie. The metropolitan press mounted grandly to the occasion, as it always does when the Irish fellow-citizen announces that his finer feelings have been hurt. The park commissioners at once formally resolved to put a stop to the outrageous practice, and hereafter the chimpanzee, heretofore known as "Mr. Crowley," will entertain visitors as simple "George Washington Smith." No other race has the high-minded, self-respecting sensitiveness of the Irish. Americans, poor-spirited creatures, look unmoved at an aged Central Park ape, with white throat-whiskers, who answers when hailed as "Horace Greeley." Frenchmen gaze without angry emotion at "General Boulanger" and "Sarah Bernhardt" swinging by their tails in the same cage with "Bismarck," whose presence there affects not at all the stolid German spectator. Englishmen inspect, with a dull, indifferent stare, a snake called "Rudyard Kipling" and a tigress christened "Princess Beatrice," after Queen Victoria's youngest daughter. Italian and Portuguese citizens behold with calmness a bear called "The Dago." It appears, in fact, that there are comparatively few beasts in the park which have horne Hibernian patronymics; there are none at all now, for, out of deference to the mass-meeting, the press, and Democratic sentiment generally, the intolerable wrong has been righted, and other nationalities not so susceptible to insult have been made to assume the burden. That these nationalities will, in imitation of the Irish, rise in their might, we have no expectation. For some occult reason, only an Irishman is incensed when he sees a gorilla, or any other simian, wearing the name of a descendant of the Irish kings. And another peculiarity of the race is that, proud as the Irish are of being Irish, to call one of them an Irishman infuriates him worse than the sight of an ancestor in a menagerie cage. An Englishman does not get angry at being called an Englishman, a German a German, a Frenchman a Frenchman. The colored brother alone shares the proud and haughty Irishman's peculiarity. Even the gorillas and chimpanzees seem to bear up calmly under their Milesian names.

In reply to an article which appeared lately in this column, we have received the following letter from Seattle, Wash.:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In a recent issue of your journal there appeared an interesting editorial upon the desirability of women enjoying equal freedom with men in offering themselves in marriage. I should like to suggest a view of the question which seems to have escaped the notice of those who have written upon the subject, and which must ever rise up as a barrier to most women claiming such a right or privilege, even in our free America where the intercourse between men and women is so free and untrammelled.

Except, perhaps, in a passing exaltation, no man imagines he is asking a favor at the hand of the woman he would wed; but a proposal of marriage from a woman, without a dowry—which is the unfortunate position of the average American woman—would at once place her under an obligation which no woman of spirit or self-respect could tolerate for an instant.

There seems to be no apparent reason why a woman of independent means should not be free to propose marriage, and with perfect propriety, should she so desire; and in the future, when dotes and dowers shall have become as universal with us as they are in Europe, there is no doubt the American maiden will claim the right to woo as well as to be wooed. Yours respectfully,

SPINSTER.

"Spinster's" point is well taken. When a man proposes to a girl, he says in effect: "Give me yourself, and I will not only love you, but will clothe, feed, and shelter you and your children, till death do us part." Whereas if a penniless girl proposed to a man, she would say in effect: "Please to accept me as your wife, and in return for the love I bear you, give me not only your love, but likewise your support, and one-half of what you can earn by your work." A man may think a good deal of a girl, and yet hold that she would come dear at the price. Therefore, "Spinster" says no

woman of spirit or self-respect would expose herself to a rebuff under such circumstances.

Where the relative positions of the parties are other than normal—as where the woman has money and the man none, or where the woman has rank and the man is a plebeian—women can and do propose. Every one has read the story of Queen Victoria proposing to Prince Albert. Most readers remember the sweet simplicity of Florence Domhey's proposal to her hoy-lover, Walter. Miss Burdett Coutts undoubtedly proposed to the young man whom she married in her old age. Californians can recall another case in which the offer must have come from the lady. These cases were exceptional. They will not be so exceptional when, as our fair correspondent predicts, these States pass under the dotal régime, and no girl need plead for a husband *in forma pauperis*. But the indications of the early adoption of that régime are not encouraging.

Our contention in the article to which "Spinster" replies was that girls very often know better what is good for men than the men do themselves. A man floats through a ball-room or a hotel piazza and sees a hevy of girls prinked for the chase. How is he to tell which of them would make him a good wife? It is odds he is captured by some silly fool, with a pretty face and a well-turned figure. Even where he is permitted to kneel at Dulcinea's shrine and to indulge in general conversation with her, how many men are perspicacious enough to discern from a girl's opinions on the last novel, or the last new play, or the latest event in society, whether she would be brave under the trials of life, tender in the day of suffering, sympathetic in hours of care, forgiving to the blunders which the brightest men are always committing?

Women, on the other hand, are keener judges of character than men. As nature has gifted all animals with some weapon of self-defense, it has imbued the weaker sex with an intuitive insight into the male mind and heart. They know, far better than a man does, just the kind of woman with whom he should mate. They possess the faculty of analyzing his nature, and resolving it into its constituent elements. The analysis completed, a girl can tell which of her sex—herself or some other—would be most likely to make him happy. But what is the good of her gift of rare perception? She can not take her courage in both hands, trip over to a man, and say with Artemus Ward's old maid: "You air my affinity; clasp me to your huzzom!" She must wait to be asked; and the man who is dying to find just such a girl as she is, but can not divine her under her cloud of nun's veiling, walks away, and throws himself into the arms of a girl who is sure to make him miserable.

It was against this incongruity that the *Argonaut* raised its voice in protest. To us it seemed that if leap-year came every two years, and the privileges which it concedes to the sex were a reality, there would be more happy marriages than there are.

There are objections to such a plan besides the one which "Spinster" has specified. Most well-bred men are brought up with the notion that it is rude to refuse a lady whatever she asks. Probably no young man in the world ever refused to kiss a girl, if she testified a desire for the embrace. If the sexes were placed on a footing of equality so far as offers of marriage are concerned, would not the same feeling prevent a man from declining an offer? Girls reject men every day in gayety of heart; they do so quite often because they have not ripened to the joy of having some one who is their very own; and when they reflect that they have inflicted pain, they console themselves with the thought that the woods are full of delightful girls, and that the rejected swain will find consolation elsewhere. But if the cases were reversed, and a really nice girl were to offer a man her heart, with transparent earnestness in her voice and the limpid light of love in her eye, how, in heaven's name, could he be brute enough to say no? He would have to say yes; and, when the rule was established, every man would be caught in his first season.

While the late board of supervisors was experiencing that access of energy incidental to the last hours of such a body, a franchise for a street railway was granted and promptly vetoed by the mayor. There the matter rested until Supervisor Rogers made public his views regarding the non-participation of the mayor in fixing water rates. Then the street railroad company thought it saw an opportunity to profit by Mr. Rogers's suggestion, and, ignoring the mayor's veto, proceeded to build its road. The superintendent of streets promptly stopped the work, and there the matter rested for the present. The mistake of the railroad company was perhaps natural, in view of the outcry raised by the politician and some of the newspapers when Supervisor Rogers first expounded his views on the water-rate problem. These self-elected triunes of the people cried out that the mayor was to be deprived of his power to veto all ordinances and the legislative machinery of the city was to be overturned

The outcry of the alarmists might well have startled the community had the real facts not been readily accessible. The point Mr. Rogers made was that the board, when fixing water rates, was not acting as a board of supervisors, but as a special commission created by the constitution for that particular purpose. The fact that the constitution vested the powers of this commission in the same body that exercised the powers of a board of supervisors, did not change the legal status of the question. Acting as a board of supervisors, under the powers granted by the city charter, or Consolidation Act, their ordinances required the approval of the mayor, because the Consolidation Act expressly so declared; acting as water-rate commissioners, under the powers created and vested in them by the constitution, the approval of the mayor was expressly omitted by the constitution. In fact, the approval of the mayor would be surplusage. The granting of a street-railway franchise is an exercise of the powers vested in the board of supervisors by the Consolidation Act, and requiring, by the express provisions of that act, the approval of the mayor; or the passage of the franchise by a vote of two-thirds of the supervisors over his veto. There is no analogy whatever between it and the fixing of water rates. Whether Supervisor Rogers is correct in his views or not will soon be decided by the courts; but, under any circumstances, the decision will have no bearing on the right of the mayor to veto a street-railway franchise.

Chicago is angered against the McAllister. The McAllister is not very able, he is not very wise, and it is not known that he has talents of any sort. Why, then, should he be able to enrage a whole city, set its press by the ears, and cause the World's Fair to be forgotten for the moment by the inhabitants? Merely because the McAllister, being a somewhat vacuous, very garrulous, and entirely self-satisfied old gentleman, gifted with a noble belief in his own powers and gentility, has elected himself leader of and spokesman for New York's Four Hundred. And the election has been ratified by the brilliant beings before whom he stands with all the aplomb of a drum-major. "We are the best, and he is greatest among us," is the judgment of the metropolitan plutocracy, whose revels this combination of Major Pendennis and Beau Nash superintends. Every big city breeds men of this type. They are cockneys—self-centered little egotists, to whom their town is the world, and who both pity and scorn unfortunates whom fate condemns to live beyond the gates of the beloved town. But Mr. McAllister recently disclosed to the Four Hundred his discovery that in Chicago there are many exceedingly wealthy people, some of whom use handkerchiefs and others who do not, even in the drawing-room. If very careful in choosing their hosts, it would, he thought, be quite safe for fashionable persons to endure the strain of a few days or weeks among the porkocracy.

Mr. McAllister, with a large liberality, addressed a Society good advice to the aborigines who roam the shores of Lake Michigan. Young men in New York, he flatteringly announced, had heard of the beauty and wealth of the squaws, and it might be hoped by the latter that the New York young men in increasing numbers would show a willingness to exchange their social knowledge for the Chicagoan dollars, even as European nobles bestow their titles upon the daughters of Eastern millionaires. To be sure, the visiting Four Hundred must expect to undergo hardships, that being the lot of all pioneers. The rich of Chicago, Mr. McAllister noticed with pain, tempered with kindly resignation, had a deplorable tendency to let Aunt Sally do the cooking and to permit the same colored worthy to put the wine on the ice, and *frappé* it to an intolerable degree. Yet a New Yorker might still attend the fair with a reasonable prospect of not being deprived of the necessities of life, if the Chicago pork-packers would but listen to counsel and hire French chefs for the occasion.

Instead of being grateful for these outgivings from on high, Chicago is wild. If we may judge from the press of the locality, the whole town has risen in rebellion, animated by a fierce desire to land with both its ample feet on the venerable person of the First Gentleman of New York. The *World*, of the larger city, has been at the pains of collating the terms of opprobrium applied by the ungrateful and incensed Chicagoans. Here they are, hot from the Chicago presses:

Modern Sir Andrew Aguecheek,	Mouse-colored ass,
Singular personage,	Chief flunkey,
New York oracle,	Popinjay,
Dear friend,	Great American snob,
Alleged leader of society,	Damn fool,
Head butler,	New York Beau Brummell,
Fat chuff,	Ring-master of New York circus,
Chap,	Bland ass,
Fellow,	Smug-faced mentor,
Prize donkey.	Premier of Cadsville.

Why should Chicago be wroth with the McAllister? If its society were not aiming at what he represents, what would

it matter to Chicago whether he approved of it or not? His arrows have found the target because he shot true. London is New York's model socially, and New York is Chicago's apparently. New York society is a blurred, an envious, and an abject copy of a society beyond the Atlantic, which condescends to marry its rich daughters and does not hesitate to snub its men. Chicago society, prideless and rich, has formed itself on the ignoble imitation, and gets a double snub. Its principal triumph and solace is that when one of its pork-packed daughters marries a titled fortune-hunter abroad, after a hard chase by the lady, she can come back and shed the lustre of her diamonds and dear-bought dignities on New York. But Chicago, being still somewhat American in its upper circles, does not take out of this occasional reprisal the plenary satisfaction that it should. It appears to be in this World's Fair year of '93 quite as raw and sensitive to ridiculing criticism as the whole of the United States was in the '30's, when the velvet-coated king of cads, Charles Dickens, conferred the honor of his presence and insolence upon us.

The *Argonaut* is only an undisturbed and slightly amused observer of this joust between New York arrogance and patronage and Chicago's resentment, and, therefore, is in a position to advise calmly. Chicago should bulwark herself behind her pork, and her millions, and her diamonds, and tell New York—with the radiant McAllister leading the forces—to go to the deuce.

The pangs of Chicago have awakened womanly pity. Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, of New York, to whom even the McAllister unbosoms, contributes a two-column letter to the strife-compelling *World*. She ventures to rebuke the McAllister gently, and, raising her eyes to heaven, says: "All of life is not in eating." Then, by way of comforting assurance, she adds for the great man's behoof:

"In Chicago he will find his champagne *frappé* perfect and his claret warmed to a velvety softness, his ducks done to a turn, blushing like a Jacqueminot rose. He will find the Hollandaise and Béarnaise sauce also good, for nearly every one in Chicago has a French chef, an English butler, and several footmen to serve the table."

There is a town to live in! A town where almost everybody has a French chef, an English butler and footman, is good enough for us. But although Mrs. Sherwood (to whom, of course, we take off our hat) is one of New York's Four Hundred, she is evidently a woman of some sense and humor. She advises Chicago to get even on the McAllister by applying the London test to New York—to place the British plaster upon the back of American assurance. The advice is given in good faith; and what a revelation it is of social serfdom, though we have been politically free for a good deal more than a century. She lifts her voice and sings with sweet unconsciousness of wrong:

"How different a town is London after you have been presented at court, introduced to the best people, and invited to an English home!"

Now, this is a true voice. Mrs. Sherwood is right. Society in these free States copies English society—and submits to the necessary humiliation. Nothing could be more mercenary than English society; but its love of money springs from its needs, not its desires. Over here we invite its patronage, and we get it, at the market rates. Dukes and lords are as well known in the market as eels and prawns. The British mother—most admirable of females—looks for a settlement for her female child. In our simple republican way, we have our eye out for the title only. On that altar we lay our maidens, offering them to the first bidder. Chicago has been imitating New York, and is getting her recompense. The instant an American community grows rich, at that same instant it seems to place an inordinate, a grotesque value upon the gauds of title and the accident of birth—which was not valued by Jefferson and Madison. Yet we have to face the fact that Chicago, and every other American city that develops a rich class, reaches with both hands for these things that republicans should be ashamed to possess. Titles, ribbons, garters, the approval of the McAllisters of the earth—these are the matters which engage the attention, the ambition, of the successful. One would think that a man who had made his fortune in America—in pork, mines, or otherwise, all of which are honorable—would learn new standards. But it is not so. Chicago is as old as Paris in its aspirations, and is as prone on its stomach before a title. The "society" of the New World, at the opening of the World's Fair, is groveling like a peasant on his knees before a lord.

Telegraphing from Chicago under date of April 30th, the *Examiner's* correspondent there said:

"Twenty thousand people, mostly women and girls, are down on their knees in the big World's Fair buildings, demonstrating the powers of work over dirt. Buckets, scrub-brushes, soap, and water are their equipments, and on their knees they will stay all this night working to give an appearance of cleanliness to the rough, blackened floors. It is not an inspiring sight to see women doing such hard, menial work, but in this great city of Chicago out of a million and a quarter of people, there are only about two hundred thousand Americans, and part of the foreign ways that the immigrants from Europe brought with them is the

rule that the girls, as well as the boys, work for a living as soon as the law will let them."

Californians who go East are always struck by the sight of women toiling, and their "sympathy" never fails to go out to the women whom they behold doing "menial" work. The sentiment is more nice than wise. Neither nature nor the industrial conditions of civilization fit all women to be idle ladies any more than they fit all men to be gentlemen of leisure. Moreover, the sentiment is utterly un-American. Honest work should disgrace nobody in this republic. If there were more women scrubbing floors and door-steps in California it would be better for the State, and the women, too. Such work having been left to the Chinese has made it "disgraceful" here for a woman to scrub. That is to say, a brand has been put upon decent, willing women who prefer industrious poverty to shameful idleness. Not one servant-girl in ten in San Francisco will condescend to scrub the front steps of the house in which she is employed. Nowhere in the United States is the false chivalry that deems woman degraded by labor more prevalent than in California. It is a heritage from pioneer days when women were so scarce among the gold-hunters that an inordinate value was set upon them. Like the Crusaders of old, who were similarly denied the advantage of chaste women's society, our Argonauts, instead of regarding the other sex as fellow-creatures with duties to perform, acquired the habit of worshipping them as divinities and made pets of them. Whether this view of woman was due to the superior spirituality of the Crusaders and pioneers, the thoughtful person can decide for himself. The sooner we Californians rid ourselves of the notion that woman should be freed from the primal decree that bread is to be earned by labor, the sooner will woman reach her rightful place as the helpmate and companion of man, and be emancipated from a protecting, insulting patronage that is essentially Turkish, and not Christian. There is very much dirtier work for women to do than scrubbing, and the California prejudice against scrubbing often sets them at it.

There seems to have been a groundless scare in Washington over the Chinese registration law. President Cleveland and his Cabinet evidently believed that some sort of an armed attack upon the Chinese was premeditated. Nothing was known of such an attempt here; but dispatches were sent to the governors of the Pacific Coast States and Territories, all of a similar tenor. The dispatch to the governor of Oregon ran as follows:

"Governor Sylvester Pennoyer, The Capitol, Oregon: Apparently reliable reports indicate danger of violence to Chinese when the Exclusion Act takes effect, and the President earnestly hopes you will employ all lawful means for their protection in Oregon. W. Q. GRESHAM."

To this dispatch the governor of Oregon sent the following reply:

"W. Q. Gresham, Washington, D. C.: I will attend to my business. Let the President attend to his. SYLVESTER PENNOYER, Governor."

This language may seem rude. Some may consider it insulting. But Governor Pennoyer claims to be the offended person, and says that the Gresham telegram is "an insult to Oregon." He further says that he will enforce the laws of his State, and suggests that Cleveland had better carry out instead of suspending the exclusion laws of Congress. It is rather amusing to Republicans to witness this rebuke to a Democratic administration. The Democrats profess to believe in States' rights. Yet here is a Democratic President interfering in the governing of a State, and receiving a slap in the face from a Populist governor. It is to be hoped that Cleveland's courtiers will keep him ignorant of the language of Pennoyer's dispatch. If he reads it, he will most assuredly have an apoplectic stroke.

There is rather a noticeable fact about the *San Francisco*, the American cruiser which made a complete sweep of the honors in the rowing regattas of all the nations in Hampton Roads. First she won the six-oared gig-race over the English *Blake*, a Russian crew, and our own *Philadelphia* and *Chicago*; the twelve-oared cutter-race over the British *Tartar* and our own *Chicago*, *Atlanta*, *Newark*, *Charleston*, and *Philadelphia*; the six-oared whale-boat race over the English *Australia* and *Partridge* and our own *Atlanta* and *Charleston*; finally, the four-oared dingey-race over our *Baltimore*, *Chicago*, and *Philadelphia*. Then she won another race over the Britons, the Frenchmen, and some American crews. A finer crew never manned a ship of the new navy; it is estimated that about eighty per cent. of her crew are native-born Americans, while the remainder, to a man, have declared their intention of becoming citizens. The *San Francisco* is the fastest cruiser we have in commission to-day, and it is fitting that her boats, too, should be the fastest. She has done well in her first visit to Atlantic waters.

The Franklin Sugar Refinery, of Philadelphia, has obtained permission to establish a hospital near the refinery, for the prompt treatment of any of its employees who may be seized with cholera next summer. Ominous.

Benjamin Franklin died in 1790, and the vault in which he lies has only just been established.

AFTER VICTORIO.

Being the Last Expedition of Private George Tockes (Colored).

Victorio's camp had been located, in a general way, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, about due south from the little supply camp of the American troops stationed at Eagle Springs, Tex. Because the river could not be crossed by United States forces, there could be no special location of the Apache bivouac—simply Victorio was "around there," at about such a place. General Gresham, Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment United States Cavalry (colored), determined that a reconnaissance of a more special nature was necessary to try and decide if the "infernal devils," who were bound to get over somehow, would cross the river opposite the Alamo, between Eagle Springs and Bass's Cañon.

By reason of "fancy duty" and other "soft details"—all "fancy," however—there was only a single officer to each mounted organization, counting one cavalryman to command the Pueblo Indian scouts. It was necessary, therefore, to send a non-commissioned officer in command of the reconnoitering party. Corporal Asa Weaver, of Troop H, was recommended by his captain, and the general told Beatty, the adjutant, to give the detailed orders—seven cavalrymen from the different troops, besides the corporal and four Indian scouts.

The roster of his troop showed that Private George Tockes of Troop C was to represent that troop in the Alamo expedition. Tockes was not a bad man. He was young, and possessed many of the follies of youth, if not most of them. He was a colored Kentuckian, and posed, or tried to pose, as a lover of spirited horseflesh, as well as of other Kentucky institutions. He was not a bard character in any sense, and did not get drunk oftener than every pay-day, at that time once every two to four months, and sometimes he would even miss that indulgence. All in all, young, reckless boy as he was, he was an efficient, bright, neat soldier. Nothing pleased him better than at guard-mounting to take orderly away from Caucasian confrères who happened to be serving at his post, and he usually did it. Like most of his race, he was an excellent rider. Like most of the Southern representatives of his race, he sought to secure for his own riding the worst-tempered horse of those assigned to his troop. His present horse was a restive, vicious, bucking beast, which few of his comrades cared to back, but of which Tockes seemed to be particularly fond. There was no man in the troop who suffered more, during the process of grooming, from occasional kicks, even bites, than Tockes suffered, and few who, in riding, were dropped oftener than Tockes was dropped; but no horse in the troop received kinder, more gentle, more rational treatment than Tockes's mount received from Tockes.

It does not take long when in camp for a small scouting outfit to get ready. Lieutenant (and Adjutant) Beatty gave his orders at half-past nine o'clock P. M., and, as was his custom, gave very simple orders:

"Two days' saddle pocket rations; you are not sent out to do any fighting unless you have to—bear that in mind; you know the country; go to the Alamo; watch close; use your Indian scouts as best you can; get word to us as quickly as possible if you discover anything; and if you are jumped or seen, come back quick with your outfit."

Before ten o'clock, Corporal Asa Weaver reported that he and his detachment were ready to start.

After reporting and receiving his last instructions, Weaver saluted and gave the command to mount, and "by file, by the right flank, march," and the little band, Tockes along with the rest, followed Weaver on the trail from the Eagle Springs Overland Stage Station, near which was the supply camp, into the arroyos and hills to the south-east.

It was the night of August 1, 1880. The Alamo, so called from the small cluster of cottonwood-trees near by, is by trail about thirty miles a little east of south of Eagle Springs. The trail trends nearly south-easterly at first through the rough country bordering the eastern slopes of Eagle Mountains, and then turns toward the south. Difficult country—rocks, loose stones, steep inclines and declines, cacti in every conceivable (except giant) variety abound. It was a starlight night, but at that hour there was no moonlight. The moon would scale the horizon at about two o'clock.

There was no chance for fast riding. A steady walk was the extreme possibility. Drawn out in single file, trying to follow the narrow trail, the men scattered frequently at considerable distances. One behind the other, there was little opportunity for coherent conversation. The noise of the horses' hoofs, climbing and sliding, up and down, through the rocks and loose stones, up one arroyo, down into another, deadened most articulate sound. Each man had to look squarely out that he did not get an ugly fall, and that feature depended on how each individual soldier could guide, as it were, at first in the darkness, later in the almost as treacherous moonshine, each individual horse. Pitched to an extremely high key, undesirable for continuous talk, many a choice oath could have been distinctly heard when a horse made a false step or a rider caused his horse to do so. Doubtless Mr. Bergh or a garrison court-martial, could either have secured evidence, might have convicted six out of the eight cavalrymen for absolute cruelty to dumb and United States beasts. But the outfit rode along just the same, Tockes and his vicious mount keeping up first rate.

Corporal Asa Weaver was an old and good soldier, and knew his business. He thoroughly understood not only the letter, but the spirit of his orders, and, also, their responsibility. Way down in his big African heart he thought of those New Mexican ranchers, Caucasians most of them, but still his countrymen, dwelling now in fancied security, but to whom would come dire desolation and ruin, of the approach of which they could receive no possible warning should Victorio get ahead of the Fifteenth Cavalry and make the evidently desired break from Mexico toward the old battle-fields near the Mesquero Apache Reservation. Weaver's

chief plan was to make as much distance as possible during the night and to lie hidden during the day. He hoped to get by morning within the shadow and concealment of the trees of the Alamo.

But the rough trail, and the darkness during the first hours, rather upset Weaver's calculations. When the sun began to rise on the morning of August 2d, he was, despite hard, persistent, almost marvelous riding—considering the circumstances—quite twelve miles away from the group of cotton-woods that marked the Alamo. He camped his detachment in the first convenient small cañon, where a little fairly good grass regaled his horses, and where a small tank of rain water, held by rocks in the bed of the little cañon, gave, by economic but not stingy use, sufficient drink for stock and men. Weaver had camped in the same cañon before, during previous months, when on hunting trips from the then cantonment of his troop at Viejo Pass, and now considered himself in great luck, as well he might in arid Western Texas, to find water still there. The men, by using branches of scrub live oak-trees to be found there, cooked breakfast without overmuch smoke. There was no flour. Army hard-tack was the human grain provender. The meat ration—can fried the bacon right enough, and the army tin-cup served neatly to boil the coffee in and to drink the coffee from. There were no other luxuries. There had not been even a drop of mesquite at Eagle Springs, of which fact the corporal, after diligent inquiry, was personally aware. After breakfast, the four Pueblo scouts were sent to the front on foot in slightly different directions toward the Alamo. The rest of the detachment remained in bivouac, with videttes posted.

The Indian scouts returned an hour or two before sunset. As usual with the Pueblos, they had seen nothing, although they claimed to have worked down as far as the Rio Grande. The Pueblos have never been star actors as scouts. They have always meant well enough, perhaps, but their interpretation of correct meaning has invariably fallen far short of correct action. The Apache himself, the one of the friendly order, has been the only Indian scout, or scout of any race, from whom General Crook or the government ever received at any time any practical benefit in any campaign against the Apaches. And General Crook was, really, the only American officer of high rank who ever seemed to appreciate that fact—newspaper highly-colored anecdotes, as to other strategical planners of the sort, to the contrary notwithstanding. General Crook, during his life-time, never utilized newspaper reporters or newspapers to any great extent.

Corporal Weaver decided to wait until the moon rose, at about three o'clock A. M., and then to march toward and beyond the Alamo with his entire command. He ordered two Pueblo scouts to precede the outfit a reasonable distance, and placed Tockes in charge of these scouts. The two other scouts he assigned as flankers to his little column, to the right and left. No definite distances, of course, by reason of the ground, were ordered in either instances.

The advance was begun not much after three o'clock and moon rise. The march was quite slow, everybody keeping a strict lookout. There were many halts on account of bad ground, and for consultation and consideration. Before day-break the Alamo was passed, and by sunrise the river was close ahead.

It was just about this time that Private George Tockes galloped back to the corporal.

"I sees 'em, Weaver!" he cried; "the whole damn outfit! Must be the whole of one hundred, but they looks like a thousand. They're right in front of us and on this side of the river. Don't know if they've seen us yet, but there they am, anyhow."

But the hostiles had made out Tockes and his two scouts. They came at first quite warily, until they recognized the weakness of the force opposed to them. Then they developed extreme bravery. Scattering in every direction, but each direction convergent on Weaver's small command, shooting, yelling like demons, they tried to surround and take in the detachment.

Weaver had only twelve men, all told, against Victorio's one hundred warriors. Armament was in efficiency a stand-off, not counting numbers. The Apache renegades had quite as good fire-arms as the soldiers had. The four Pueblo scouts gave the game up from the very first. Some mounted, some dismounted, they all struck immediately, of their own instinctive accord, for the mountains. The Pueblos were lost to Weaver for all time and eternity. There were only eight cavalrymen then, all of the colored variety, to face all of Victorio's braves.

Of course Corporal Weaver was obliged to make a run toward Eagle Springs. It was sunlight now, and he could see and use his way. His minor tactics, although perhaps intuitive, were splendid.

"All I could think of, lieutenant," he said, in afterward narrating his experiences, "was to make the next highest rise on the back trail. There I'd halt, dismount, and shoot into the hostiles, and I'd stop them a little every time. Then I'd mount and strike out for the next back rise."

These tactics were continued for more than twenty miles. When he arrived at Eagle Springs, at half-past two o'clock P. M., August 3d, Weaver himself and two of his men had bullet-holes through campaign hats and flannel shirts, one of them actually hit through the ball of his foot, and more than one horse was badly wounded.

It was during one of the retreats, after one of the last halts on one of the "rises" mentioned by Corporal Weaver, that Private George Tockes left the detachment. As Tockes was in the act of mounting his horse, the animal was grazed or hit by a hostile bullet. His comrades noticed the fact, even in their hurry, and called out, knowing the temper of the brute: "Look out, Tockes, your pony has been hurt!" Tockes swung into the saddle; but he soon saw that it was impossible for him to follow his retreating friends. His horse, maddened by pain and by the noise and excitement, began to buck from the outset. The hostiles were crowding up from the rear. Their bullets whistled by him. His horse refused to go ahead. "Damn you!" yelled Tockes,

so loudly that his companions heard him, "turn the other way, then, you infernal devil," and, wheeling around, he spurred his insubordinate charger direct toward the enemy.

The last view the detachment had of Private George Tockes alive was that of a man, with reins loose on his horse's neck, riding at a dead run, shooting right and left with his carbine into Victorio's Apaches.

About six months afterward, on the trail of Corporal Asa Weaver's gallant running fight, the skeletons of a man and horse were found, and a broken piece of saddle, the latter bearing the stamped mark "C. 15."

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1893. LEWIS FERGUSON.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Sailing of the Autocrat.

ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "CEPHALONIA," APRIL 26, 1886.

O Wind and Wave, be kind to him!
So, Wave and Wind, we give thee thanks!
O Fog, that from Newfoundland Banks
Makes the blue, bright ocean dim,
Delay him not! And ye who snare
The wayworn shipman with your song,
Go pipe your ditties elsewhere
While this brave vessel plows along!
If still to tempt him be your thought,
O phantoms of the watery zone!
Look lively lest yourselves get caught
With music sweeter than your own!

Yet, soft sea-spirits, be not mute;
Murmur about the prow and make
Melodious the west wind's lute.
For him may radiant mornings break
From out the bosom of the deep,
And golden noons above him bend,
And fortunate constellations keep
Bright vigils to his journey's end!

Take him, green Erin, to thy breast!
Keep him, gray London—for a while!
In him we send thee of our best,
Our wisest word, our blithest smile—
Our epigram, alert and pat,
That kills with joy the folly hit—
Our Yankee Tsar, our Autocrat
Of all the happy realms of wit!
Take him and keep him—but forbear
To keep him more than half a year. . . .
His presence will be sunshine there,
His absence will be shadow here!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the May Harper's.

"The White City." *

Greece was; Greece is no more.
Temple and town
Have crumbled down;
Time is the fire that hath consumed them all.
Statue and wall
In ruin strew the universal floor.

Greece lives, but Greece no more!
Its ashes breed
The undying seed
Blown westward till, in Rome's imperial towers,
Athens reflowers;
Still westward—lo, a veiled and virgin shore!

Say not, "Greece is no more."
Through the clear morn
On light winds borne
Her white-winged soul sinks on the New World's breast.
Ah! happy West—
Greece flowers anew, and all her temples soar!

One bright hour, then no more
Shall to the skies
These columns rise.
But though art's flower shall fade, again the seed
Onward shall speed,
Quickening the land from lake to ocean's roar.

Art lives, though Greece may never
From the ancient mold
As once of old
Exhale to heaven the inimitable bloom;
Yet from that tomb
Beauty walks forth to light the world forever.
—R. W. Gilder in May Century.

"With the Tread of Marching Columns."

With the tread of marching columns the forests and hills are stirred,
With the dust of marching columns the smiling fields are blurred,
With the swing of marching columns the air is vibrant and warm,
The listening waters shiver, as if at a coming storm.
And the bridges that span the rivers bend to oppressive Fate,
With the burden of marching men, and the cannon's murderous weight.

The waters shiver, the bridges shudder, and groan, and sigh,
With the rhythm of marching columns, and horse and foot hurry by.

With the thunder of cannon and shouting the valleys are flooded
With sound,
Till the church-bells are silent with terror, the peals of the organ
are drowned:

Hushed is the life of the village, stricken and palsied with dread;
Dumb are its dwellers as those of the city named for the dead;
Closed are the shutters and doors—the village has closed its eyes,
Like the helpless quarry when sudden and pitiless foes surprise!
There is none to be seen, there is none to be heard—there is death,
while the feet

Of marching columns resound through the emptied and desolate
street.—S. R. Elliot in May Century.

* The Columbian Fair Buildings at Chicago have thus been named by Mr. H. C. Bunner.

The Chicago Times says that the famous bi-chloride of gold cure for drunkenness will pass out of the hands of the Leslie E. Keeley Company. The price is ten millions of dollars, and a New York syndicate of capitalists is the purchaser. The sale not only includes the formula and the Dwight plant, but all the institutions in the United States are included in the transaction.

Mr. Henry Furniss remarked, the other day, that he very seldom caricatures a woman. Mr. Furniss went on to explain that, on two or three occasions when he had succumbed to the temptation, he had raised a great deal of ill-feeling. From his experience he had arrived at the conclusion that most women lack the sense of humor. Men, he says, rarely resent being quizzed.

A YANKEE' LORD OF THE MANOR.

"Piccadilly" writes of Mr. Astor in England—His Purchase of the Duke of Westminster's Country-Seat—The Beauties of Cliveden.

All boating men on the Thames retain pleasant memories of Cliveden Woods, and the announcement of the sale of the Duke of Westminster's river retreat to Waldorf Astor has attracted more than passing attention in London circles. American millionaires are, of course, nowadays rather more common in this country than English dukes, and it is almost impossible to attend any fashionable gathering in the season without encountering a very fair sprinkling of the sons, the wives, and daughters of gentlemen who have "struck oil," or something else equally profitable, out West. Not a few have indulged their desire for notoriety and display by the acquisition or temporary occupation of the town houses of our nobility, and many there are as comfortably settled in Mayfair as ever they could have hoped to be in New York, San Francisco, or Chicago. Others again—like Winans, Bradley-Martin, and Carnegie—have paid huge rents for Scotch moors and deer forests, while the canny owners pocketed the filthy lucre, and cheerfully accepted their exile from their native beath, to content themselves with cheaper and much superior sport in Norway; but, although transatlantic names have been associated with the purchase of Houghton, Stoke Park, and most great estates recently in the market, negotiations have up till now always fallen through, so that the sale of Cliveden claims notice as the first instance of one of "the stately homes of England" being purchased outright by one who having made his money on one side of the Atlantic elects to spend it on the other.

Mr. Astor has long been known as a great admirer of English ways and customs, and from the interest he has shown in English affairs by the purchase and reconstruction of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, added to the fact that he now takes his place among the landed gentry, it may reasonably be inferred that henceforth he contemplates a permanent residence in this country. Such a course seems to be fast becoming the fashion for the American millionaire, for when he has built his marble palace, with silver railings, and furnished it inside with Louis Seize cabinets, Meissoniers, Corots, and the latest devices of Whistler; when he has bought a bigger steam-yacht than his rival or a faster team of trotters; when he has erected a small fortress, with cannon and armed guards, for his jewels and securities—then there is nothing for him to do but betake himself to Europe, and particularly to Great Britain, to qualify for a position in that wealthy leisure class which has here a regular place in society. With his income, say, of half a dozen dollars a minute, he does not find this a very difficult task, while his reckless expenditure in his endeavor to eclipse in "style" his own fellow-countrymen or "make the Britisbers stare," helps further to pave his way in the much envied sphere.

It must be allowed, however, that if the American throws about his money here very freely, he lays it out mainly in the acquisition of beautiful things, and Mr. Astor's latest purchase illustrates most fully this tendency in our rich and cultured cousins. Cliveden—or, as it is sometimes written, Cliefden—is truly such a charming abode that any man might desire to own it, and the choice Mr. Astor has made in his country house does the greatest credit to his taste and judgment. At the same time, he must be congratulated in obtaining the property—the more so as several were in treaty for it; but Mr. Astor, having for some time past tenanted the place during his lease, became so fascinated with it that he resolved to secure it at any cost, with the result, it is argued, that the Duke of Westminster consoled himself for the loss of his river-side mansion by the acceptance of an exceedingly heavy price, as land sells now. The exact figure has not yet transpired, and speculation is rife as to the amount. Twelve years ago, the duke was willing to sell the estate for one and one-quarter millions of dollars, and actually refused the offer of a level million; but land-values have rattled down since then, and the price paid by Mr. Astor may turn out considerably less than that the duke refused a dozen years ago. However that may be, any one who knows the Thames can easily understand why the American was only too glad to do business, for there are few estates within the four seas that would better suit a cultivated taste and well-filled clived-box.

Cliveden has not, perhaps, the feudal magnificence of Savernake or Alnwick, with their parks, and forests, and miles of broad champaign; nor can the comparatively modern house vie with the historic memories of Blenheim, Warwick, or Welbeck, or many of our other great castles and mansions. Yet it has its place both in history and poetry, and no lover of literature can think of the name without annexing hackneyed passage or threadbare quotation. The original Cliveden was built for that George Villiers—Duke of Buckingham—who lives not so much in history as in the poetry of Pope and the prose of Hamilton and Scott. It was this dissolute favorite of Charles the Second—the Zimri of Dryden's satire—who lived

"In Cliefden's proud alcove,
The abode of wanton Shrewsbury and love."

The "Shrewsbury" of the lines was the countess, "that air frail one of evil fame," who, disguised as a page, held her lover's horse while that unprincipled scoundrel killed her husband in a duel. The Duchess of Buckingham naturally objected to the presence of the inconstant lady, and was, accordingly, packed off home. The duke's rejoinder on her saying that she and his leman could not live in the same house, was, so Pepys tells us, only the cool remark: "Madam, I think so, too, and have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father." But Cliveden has more creditable, if less romantic, memories. It was at this house—not the present mansion, but a big, red-brick building, with long colonnade and square wings—that Frederick, Prince of Wales, the son of George the Second and father

of George the Third, in his character of patron of the arts, witnessed Thomson's "Masque of Alfred" and listened to our national song of "Rule Britannia," which, composed by Arne, was sung before him for the first time on August 1, 1740.

The chief glories of Cliveden are not those of history or tradition, however, for its greatest titles to fame are the notable terraces which overlook the dales and groves of Bucks and Berks, the exquisite woods which wave above the Thames, and the hanging gardens which make the beauty of the most beautiful reach on the river. There is no part of the waterway, indeed, between London and Reading, better known or more famous for sylvan charm, and few spots are more familiar to boating men, who rank its beauties above all others of the Thames—the Quarry Woods at Marlow and the Plantations at Nuneham making with it a trio of characteristic riverain scenes. Looked at from a distance, the woods appear to form a dense mass of foliage, but in reality there are numerous gaps formed either by the winding pathways or by exposed tracts of chalk. Magnificent yew-trees hang from the cliffs, with their twisted roots exposed to the air, and there are luxuriant wreaths of wild clematis suspended from the tops of the trees, while all kinds of flowering plants grow plentifully in the shade. The loftiness of the ridge opposite the Berks side gives every advantage to the hanging woods, bringing their effect into contrast with the surrounding level land through which the Thames, in its subsequent course, has for many miles to run, and where, in summer or in autumn, the variety of tints in the trees form a picture of forest loveliness probably unrivaled throughout the length and breadth of England. The house itself is the only discordant feature. It was designed by Barry in 1849, and being a great, heavy mass of masonry, with its centre a revival of Inigo Jones's design of old Somerset House, the effect unfortunately is far from picturesque, but the visitor soon forgets architectural monstrosities in the gardens, which have been brought to a rare pitch of perfection, and in the view from the terrace across to Windsor Castle.

The mansion has twice been destroyed by fire, and on being rebuilt after the fire of 1830, passed from the Duke of Sutherland to the Duke of Westminster, only comparatively a short time ago. Local people, I hear, are not altogether sorry that the place has again changed hands, for the Duke of Westminster rarely visited his seat, except at the time of the Ascot races to entertain annually a large party, when a whole host of notabilities could be seen afloat on the Sunday on this most fashionable reach of the Thames. It was, however, a much coveted place for boneyomming, and the duke often lent it to distinguished newly married couples, while on one occasion royalty made use of the mansion in that manner.

Apropos of honeymoons, it is rather a coincidence that the Duke of Westminster should have disposed of it only a day or two before the marriage of his eldest surviving son, Lord Arthur Grosvenor, who with his bride have gone to Eaton Hall instead. It is needless to say that this marriage created some stir; but it was by no means the brilliant event that was expected. The whole ceremony was dreary in the extreme. The authorities at Holy Trinity, in Sloane Street, where the marriage took place, seem to have no idea of the happy medium between overcrowding of the most unseemly kind and keeping the church almost empty. On this occasion there were a row of vacant chairs, not only in the aisles, but in the body of the building, looking very dismal. The bride—who, by the way, arrived before her time and before her bouquet—is a fairly handsome brunette, and is a daughter of the late Sir Robert Sheffield, whose son now represents the extinct Dukes of Buckingham—his ancestor, a natural son of the first duke, succeeding to the estates on the death of the former owner of Cliveden.

LONDON, April 14, 1893.

PICCADILLY.

The first meeting at Longchamps took place on Sunday, March 26, amid radiant sunshine, which brought out the spring toilets with a rush. The feminine portion of the *grand monde* (says the correspondent of *Sketch*) were noticeable, or, rather, unnoticeable, for the quietness of their attire. Some of the *masculins*, however, were quite wonderfully turned out, and very pleased with themselves apparently. The palm for *chic* was awarded to "Margot de Gèverè, a young lady well known in Paris, and of whom the white-haired, eye-glassed Prince de Sagan is evidently a great admirer. Mlle. Lender, who is at present playing the *cocotte's* part in the screaming farce at the Variétés, wore a very pretty dress of gray and white, in which her celebrated tiny waist was more remarkable than ever, owing to her enormously wide sleeves, which bordered almost off the grotesque.

A man entered the police barracks in Melbourne, Australia, several weeks ago, and asked the officer in charge if the police could tell him who he was. It was found that the man had completely lost his memory. The physicians examined him, tried to treat him, and hundreds of people came to see him, but the man could remember nothing before the day he entered the police station, and no one could identify him. In default of his real name, which he did not know, the keepers, who, it is explained, had read "Looking Backward," named him "Edward Bellamy," and by that name he was known up to last reports, when his mind was still blank as to his history. The only sign of returning memory he has shown is that he played many tunes on the barracks church-organ after hearing the first few notes of each.

Among the Mi-Carême festivities mentioned by the Paris correspondent of the *Sketch*, a most amusing skit was that of the "Armée du Chahut," a caricature of the "Armée de Salut" (Salvation Army). On the car were about forty young women dressed in the "lasses'" costume, selling a paper, entitled *En Arrière*, a travesty of the Salvation Army's paper, *En Avant*.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Thomas A. Edison recently said: "I never carried a watch in my life. I never wanted to know what time it was."

Lord Shannon, who, before his succession to the title, served on a ranch in Manitoba, is now known among his friends as the "Cowboy Peer."

Emperor William did not telegraph congratulations to Bismarck on his birthday, though the Empress Frederick and several princes of the Prussian royal house joined with the thousands of royal, noble, and notable persons who did so.

Among the four hundred candidates already announced for the eighty seats in the Paris municipality is Mme. Paula Mink, the Polish wife of a French anarchist. She enters the lists as "woman, mother, socialist, and republican." She is best known as the mother of a child named "Lucifer Satan Vercingetorix Mink."

Miss Helen Dun, daughter of the new Minister to Japan, is described as closely resembling her mother, the beautiful Japanese woman whom Mr. Dun married while he was secretary of legation at Tokio. Miss Dun, whose mother died three years ago, is now at school in the United States; but will go to Japan to reside over her father's household.

Mr. Gladstone actually applied in vain for a seat for his own son in one of the galleries of the House of Commons last week. This experience of the prime minister and leader of the House of Commons is probably unique. As a rule, cabinet ministers do not experience great difficulty in getting a single order for one of the galleries, but the rush for seats of late has been almost without precedent.

Lucy Larcom was the patron saint, so to speak, of the New England factory girl of the last generation. Though a factory girl herself for ten years, Miss Larcom became a cultivated and well-read woman. She was a refined product of the New England rural society, in which during the early half of the century there was more genuine cultivation than in the mercantile society of many ambitious cities.

Frau Cosima Wagner, the composer's widow, who recently had a severe attack of apoplexy, is the third child of Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult, the "Daniel Stern" of literature. She was the first wife of Von Bülow, the pianist. Her marriage with the pianist being annulled, she married Richard Wagner, and since his death she has been the indefatigable manager and director of the Bayreuth festivals.

A prominent New York Republican, who had a long conversation with General Harrison a week after he left the White House, is reported as saying that he appeared like a broken-hearted man—broken-hearted not by his defeat for reelection, but by the domestic afflictions which had overtaken him. The White House life had, he said, killed Mrs. Harrison, and all the honor and the renown of being President were no compensation for that tragedy.

Robert Louis Stevenson has found frequent occasion to criticize strongly and adversely the actions of the white rulers in Samoa. Recently a proclamation against seditious persons, aimed directly at him, was promulgated in the island. The governor of Fiji, and high commissioner of the Western Pacific, Sir John Thurston, has been drawn into the squabbles, and he announces to the British press that he is not in any way hostile to Mr. Stevenson, but that he considers that "peace and good order are unattainable in Samoa owing to the unnecessary interference of meddling and irresponsible persons."

The father of Comte Jean de Madre, co-respondent in the Howard de Walden divorce case, was originally a small notary, who by means of great industry and perseverance amassed a very considerable fortune, and whose title of comte was bought by him from the Italian Government for the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars. Comte Jean de Madre is very unpopular in Paris at the present moment, as everybody thinks that the least he ought to have done was to go to England to refute personally the unfounded charges brought against Lady Howard de Walden in connection with himself, instead of being content with denying them merely on commission.

The bull-fighting season in Spain opened with more than usual enthusiasm. Frascuelo, for several years the favorite *torador* of Madrid, has been supplanted by the new hero of the ring, Reverte. The latter's reign was brief, for he fell a fortnight ago in a manner which gratified to the full the popular thirst for blood. In a desperate encounter, the bull caught his daring tormentor and drove his horns deep into his side. The furious beast dragged his impaled victim some moments about the ring before the attendants rescued him. The men and women of the vast arena watched the dreadful spectacle in breathless enthusiasm. The almost lifeless body of the great *torador* was finally carried out, sawdust was sprinkled on the pools of blood, and the audience settled down to the tamer sport of the day.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, is now traveling on the continent, accompanied not only by her husband but also by Lord Ronald Gower, brother of the late Duke of Sutherland and a man whose artistic and literary attainments are vastly superior to his moral reputation. Indeed, the peculiar character of his shortcomings is such that there is not a single regimental mess in London or at Windsor which would consent to receive him as a guest, and both his name and appearance are familiar to the policemen and keepers on duty in St. James's Park, Green Park, and Hyde Park. It is no secret in London that the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland regards as one of the principal arms which she possesses against the present duke and his relatives this knowledge of Lord Ronald's indiscretion, which she threatened to render public if driven to extremities.

FAUSTINE.

An Artist's Studies of a Woman's Head.

"*La Bohème, c'est le stage de la vie artistique; c'est la préface de l'Académie, de l'Hotel-Dieu, ou de la Morgue.*"—HENRI MURGER.

It was Gamboe who was speaking. After midnight he was always reminiscent—and always sentimental. It was his excuse for his vulgar success; for his luxurious studio, his enervating wines, his elaborate negligé, and the visits of his manicure. We always despised what we called "the pay-streak" in Gamboe, and we visited him Saturday nights as a discipline owed to him and to art. The head of his last plutocratic portrait glared at us out of the encircling smoke, and, to our hating comments, the voice of our host succeeded, like the honey of Hymettus hill:

"Speaking of heads, can either of you recall that winter, some years ago, when, quite suddenly, the shops were full of a woman's head—in oil, in water-color, in chalk, and in a hundred piquant poses? They were all of a certain Faustine, and they bore the imprint of truth and of genius. Yes! I knew who he was—the artist. He might have been famous to-day, only that he happened to die first—of starvation, it is said. These sketches were found in a corner of his studio. Everything else had gone to the pawnshop, I suppose. It is easy to make out the story. I know one or two of its facts for a beginning. It was like this, perhaps:

"He was an American, of course, from some forgotten town on the coast of Maine, I think. The sea, that cold, stern, blue, northern sea, had caught him in her net. His father had been a sailor, but the child feared the great watery mass, as one might fear a sentient thing. He fled far, but only to return, and when at last he got here to New York, it possessed him. He had no money to spend in waiting upon its moods or its smiles; to make friends with his Frankenstein, in caves or on headlands, or long solitary stretches of warm beach. He was swept off with the crowd to Coney Island, where his mistress, the Sea, was cheap of access, and brought home what sketches he could out of its dirt, its tawdry elegance, its sophistication. They were very bad—the sketches. The idea, the haunting sight and sound of the water, was in his brain day and night, but it never got into his finger-ends. And yet the boy had genius—every line of Faustine's head showed it.

"He found her on the beach, too, lying at full length on the sands, so close to the spent foam of the last breaker that one might well believe her born of it and of the summer. She had the long, dark eyes, the pure, clear tint, and the heavy, reddish gold hair that one sees in a mixed race, and she was born somewhere in the south of France, under its hot, white skies and among its primitive folk, the 'love-child' of some woman of the country and a wandering painter.

"Isolated by chance from the noisy crowd, they seemed at once to belong together; the first sentences of the boy were full of the awe of the girl's beauty, but when he found her only naively human—and thirsty—his heart was at her feet. And still he saw the goddess of all Love laugh in her eyes, masquerading in the guise of a child, who coquetted with him over her glass; Anadyomene rising from the foam of a mug of Anheuser."

The voice of Gamboe ceased its monotone suddenly. For a long moment he seemed to dream. The clouds of smoke rolled thickly; it was so still that one heard the fall of the feathery gray ash in the grate. From out the cloud, the voice came again, regretful, almost complaining:

"We were young then! Youth—it is all in that one word. The gold of a woman's hair; the red curve of her lip, half-open; the sight of the sunlight on a patch of grass; the rain falling across a gray sky; the swelling of the heart in the spring; the tears that burn hot under the lids in the brown autumn—are all in one word—Youth. She has gone, quite gone, but I drink to her!"

Gamboe emptied his glass. Then, rising, he tossed fresh fuel on the dying fire, and leaning there, one arm against the carved chimney, continued his story:

"That night, as they sat in a corner of that invertebrate monster, the train, the boy held in his, clasped nervously as one holds a captive, the girl's brown, roughened hand, and they were both quite silent. They had already told one another everything, these children of Bohemia. She knew that he had a hare, cold studio at the top of a tenement, where daily he starved for an impossible ideal, and he heard all about her garret, and the nightly songs and dances, innocently vulgar, at a dingy hall down-town.

"After this the Sundays were all alike; to be together by the water, that sufficed. Sometimes, during the week, she sat for him while he despaired over that knot of gold, drawn up from the supple nuque with some cheap barbaric bit of brass, or he went at early dark to walk with her to her concert-hall, carrying her package of meagre finery, and then slipping into the crowd to listen and praise a new song or step.

"Alike unregarded and unregarding, this boy and girl passed through the streets of this great city, touching its evil on every hand, themselves as yet untouched.

"One night—when, by some chance, the girl was free—they went far uptown, among the brilliant lights and the fortunate idle, and hid themselves away in an upper gallery of the opera-house. The place was comparatively empty, and, in the close, mysterious darkness, they sat isolated, the girl leaning against his shoulder, her warm breath coming in little excited puffs upon his cheek.

The curtain rose upon the story of Marguerite, and fell upon her apotheosis. The girl did not stir when the play was over, and when the boy lifted her to her feet, whispering her name softly, she turned her eyes to meet his, and in them was a spark like buried flame. Silently they climbed the long, ill-lighted stairway to the very top of the tenement. As he turned toward the stair again, the light of a sinking moon shone through an open window upon her face. What he saw in her eyes and upon her lips submerged thought and will alike. The door shut sharply to behind them."

Gamboe smoked for a time in silence, and then:

"They had loved each other a whole year—and another winter was coming on, a bitter winter it was, too. Nothing was left in the artist's studio but the easel, his fingers were blue all day, and the paints congealed in their tubes. But to the painter of would-be marines all the woes of the day were forgotten when, carrying two or three meagre parcels in a vile brown paper, he cleared, two steps at a time, the stairs to his sky heaven. Here he soon got warm enough, busy cutting the rye loaf, or spearing the long, thin sausages, as they bobbed up and down in the pot of hot water, and balancing the bottle of beer outside on the roof. To-night, as he sat down beside her after his labors, he took her hand and carried it to his lips. His own were rough and cracked from having been so long uncovered. He looked down at the small one lying within his; it was as white and soft as any fine lady's, the slender wrist losing itself in a ruffle of deep creamy lace.

"Lace! Why such lace was costly, and they had no money! He had even insisted that she give up going to that rough hall. She could have nothing, poor little girl, nothing but what he— Suddenly he saw it all. Her strange, moody silence when luxurious women rolled by her in the park, her preference for the streets and the shop-windows, the cold greetings, the colder kisses! That evening when he was so cruelly denied entrance to what was for him his own home! That other night when he could have sworn that some one brushed by him stealthily on the dark stairs! He pulled the girl roughly to her feet and looked at her. There were dainty slippers on her feet and her face rose like a flower from folds of some bright silk.

"He flung her hand from him as he would have shaken off some deadly reptile. A vile word struggled to his lips, but choked in his throat.

"The girl met his look with eyes that cut like steel.

"'Pauper!' she cried. 'Go! I am tired of you!'"

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1893. DOROTHEA LUMMIS.

Some interesting details about the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, who was recently sentenced to six months' imprisonment for contempt of court in hurling an important paper, as given by the *Sun's* London correspondent:

"If the contents of that scrap of paper which the duchess threw into the burning coals before the eyes of the assembled lawyers were made public, they would make the most tremendous sensation in the history of modern English society. The duchess risked much in resorting to the high-handed expedient to gain her object, but without her knowledge the duke's papers, including one she would have sacrificed almost life itself to keep from mortal eyes, had been previously examined by certain lawyers. The paper was, in a word, a statement signed by the duchess before her marriage to the duke, setting forth what she knew about the death of her first husband, Lieutenant Blair. Mrs. Blair made the acquaintance of the Duke of Sutherland while the first duchess and her own husband were living. She was for some time a guest in the duke's household. She was there a part of the time during the interval of less than four months after the death of the duchess and before her marriage to the duke in America. One day the dead body of her husband, Lieutenant Blair, was found in the duke's grounds. He had been shot. The local coroner and a jury of the duke's retainers made a brief investigation and returned a verdict of suicide. The Duke of Sutherland was not a man of good morals, but it is not suspected that he was in any way concerned in the murder of Lieutenant Blair. It should also be said that the present Dowager Duchess did not fire the shot which made her a widow. The duke, however, as a precaution against possible revelations, required Mrs. Blair before their marriage to draw up and sign the paper which she has so dramatically destroyed. The question now is whether the knowledge of the contents of that document will lead to a compromise of the contest over the will. If not, the startling facts which I have beld back will probably come out in court with consequences which can hardly be guessed."

The French police are arranging a curious exhibit to be held within the great exhibition at Chicago. It will take the form of curiosities relating to criminals in France. Burglars' implements and weapons that have been used in the commission of notorious murders will form an important part. An *aperçu* of French criminal procedure will be given in a series of wax-work tableaux, depicting the "history of crime," somewhat in the same manner as at the Grévin Museum in Paris. Then the morgue will be represented in facsimile, curious documents will be exhibited, and M. Bertillon, the chief of the anthropometric service, who laughs at aliases, will furnish a complete set of accessories by which the identity of criminals is established. Four detectives and four policemen will accompany the whole collection to Chicago, where it will remain under their charge while the exhibition is open.

Last month the good people of Melbourne regaled themselves, in what is described in the language of the turf, as "The Third Grand National Baby-Show," and it startled them in a way which was not altogether anticipated. Between two and three hundred babies had been exhibited for three long and weary days, and all went merry as an ordinary nursery until the close. Five doctors were appointed the judges. They put in a bill for fifteen dollars each for their three days' work. The fee was modest, but the director had not the wherewithal to meet it. There and then the doctors, after the manner of dockers, struck work by declining to hand over the record of judging.

Alfred Dupont, the representative of one of the largest firms of wine-growers of Bordeaux, speaking, a few days ago, of American wines, said: "After awhile you will be able to make just as good clarets in California as we do in France—a good long while, say one hundred years. Before that it will be impossible, owing to the newness and richness of the soil. The Californians are good judges of wines, and we sell more in San Francisco than in New York."

A philosophic observer professes to have noted a touch of selfishness in clergymen when traveling, and that, too, without regard to denomination. He finds explanation for this in the fact that clergymen, like women, are accustomed to be treated with special consideration, and so acquire the habit of exacting courtesies usually yielded as a mark of respect to the cloth.

DISAGREEING DOCTORS.

"Flaneur" tells of a Strange Poisoning Case—Two Famous Experts Confused—The Difficulties of Detecting Morphine—Modern "Borgia Wine."

In legal and scientific circles, the excitement of the hour is the Buchanan trial. Dr. Buchanan is a young man who started in life as a drug-clerk in Halifax, Nova Scotia, went to Chicago to study, graduated from the college of physicians and surgeons, returned to Halifax, married, and shortly afterward procured a divorce from his wife. Seventeen days after the divorce, he married a woman who was twenty years older than himself, and who kept an establishment in Newark, which was not exactly the usual kind of young ladies' boarding-school. Eighteen months after the marriage, Mrs. Buchanan, who had saved money, made a will in her husband's favor and died. A few days after her death suspicions arose, Dr. Buchanan was arrested on his way to the West, his wife's body was exhumed, and Dr. Witthaus and Professor Ogden Doremus, the well-known analytical chemists, discovered, or said they discovered, traces of morphia in her stomach. Her husband was accordingly put on his trial for murder. The case has lasted nearly a month.

The startling feature in the case is the defense, which was planned by a young lawyer entirely unknown to fame, named W. J. O'Sullivan. The district attorney, Nicoll—who usually tries cases of this magnitude—was ill, and had to put the case in the hands of his assistant, named Wellman. He showed himself a relentless cross-examiner of the old bullying school. One of the witnesses was a Dr. Scheele, of the University of Bonn. Scheele was an old *schläger* duelist, his face bearing thirty-six scars. He was so irritated by Wellman's cross-examination that he attempted to assault him in the court-room, and was only prevented from challenging him by being told that he was not a gentleman. Wellman was no match for O'Sullivan in fence. O'Sullivan contended that there was no evidence of the administration of morphia to the deceased woman, and utterly denied the soundness of the conclusions to which the scientific experts had come. He held that the poison which they claimed to have detected by their tests was not morphia, but the well-known cadaveric alkaloid called ptomaines, which is present in all corpses after mortification has set in.

Some seventeen or eighteen years have passed since this defense was first interposed in a poisoning case in Nebraska. The contents of the stomach were handed to Professor Vaughan, of the State University of Michigan. He tested them for morphia, but finding no pure white crystals of morphia, he reported that though there was poison in the stomach, he could get no evidence that it was morphia, and the accused was acquitted. Since then, in 1885, Professor Vaughan published a book on the poison which he did find in that case. He described it as a cadaveric alkaloid, to which he gave the name of "ptomaine," and he announced that it was to be found not only in the corpses of human beings, but in decaying milk, cheese, fish, and game. Mr. O'Sullivan put Dr. Vaughan on the stand, and he politely but firmly denied the soundness of the conclusions to which his brother chemists had come. The scene when he performed his experiments before the jury was dramatic.

He took two vials containing an opalescent liquid, and told the jury that one of them contained a solution of ptomaines without any morphia in it, and the other the same solution with one-tenth of a grain of morphia infused. He refused to tell the jury which was which. Then he tested both, first, with the ferric chloride test, which was one of the tests by which Witthaus and Doremus had detected morphia in Mrs. Buchanan's stomach; in both cases, the same color appeared. Then he tried the iodic acid test; the same precipitate appeared in both vials. One after another, each of the tests on which the State's experts had based their opinion was applied to the two vials; and in each case the result was the same. After each test, Dr. Vaughan turned triumphantly to the jury, and asked: "Which vial contains the morphia?" By way of extinguishing his antagonists, Dr. Vaughan, with mock politeness, asked Dr. Doremus and Professor Witthaus whether they could now undertake to say which vial contained the morphia. They were silent.

The case is not closed, and the result is uncertain. All Dr. Vaughan's science does not disprove the fact that this young doctor, seventeen days after obtaining a divorce from his first wife, married a woman of disreputable character, who was twenty years older than himself, and who had money which she forthwith bequeathed him by will. That is the ugly feature in the case, and it is likely to be considered by the jury independently of the question whether the chemists did or did not find morphia in the dead woman's stomach. But it is not to be denied that the value of expert testimony has received a shock from which it will not easily recover. If men of the eminence of Professor Witthaus and Dr. Doremus can not for a certainty detect poison in the stomach of a corpse, autopsies and analyses will go out of fashion.

It is curious that ptomaines, which are new to unprofessional people here, should have been known to chemists two or three hundred years ago. The famous "Aqua Tofana," which the Borgias used, was an infusion of ptomaines in a solution of arsenic, and must have been quite effective. It is quite possible that their use may be revived by the notoriety they have attained in the present case. They would be quite as deadly and less easily detected than the arsenic or arsenite of copper which is generally employed by poisoners or suicides. Their effects are so easily confounded with certain forms of cholera, that in Asia epidemics of ptomaine poisoning from the use of rotten fish are often reported as outbreaks of the dread disease, against which we are now trying to barricade the port—the real Asiatic cholera.

NEW YORK, April 29, 1893.

FLANEUR.

[NOTE.—Since the above letter was written, the jury have found Dr. Buchanan guilty. They were not swayed by Professor Vaughan's scientific theories.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

YOUR CHICAGO COUSIN.

Do you Expect to be his Guest during the Fair?—If you do, you will Get Left—"Calumet's" Notes on the Eve of the Exposition.

I submit to the uninitiated that those who come to see the fair before balmy June has been ushered in will be sorry for it. It has been said that many will come early to avoid the rush. Be it known by these presents that such a course will prove most unsatisfactory. First, no matter how hard they try to get the buildings and exhibits in readiness by the first of May, they really can not do it. Moreover, many things will be lacking in the way of transportation facilities; and it is safe to say that not everything will be in shape much before May 15th, at which time, however, the fair will, no doubt, be itself. The second, and more potent, reason for people to stay away until the first of June, at least, is, that Chicago's weather, never at any time to be spoken of in words of praise, shows no signs of trying to be decent for hospitality's sake, and it is more than likely that during May it will be as disagreeable as New York might wish.

The Wild West Show of one Buffalo Bill is the first one of the fair's outside adjuncts to begin active business. William has been so kind as to send me a special invitation to attend his initial performance on Wednesday, April 26th. He also sent tickets for the same, which was kind of him. I think I shall go. Almost everybody who is anybody intends going, and it would not do to miss it, when Vanity Fair is turning out *en masse*. Besides, though I have seen Lo upon his native heath, and have spent a portion of my glad young life among cow-people and their kind, it will be quite a new sensation to see them performing at so much a performance.

Mr. McAllister, of New York, has spoken. We of Chicago are not cultured. We are not refined. We do not know how to cook canvas-backs or *frappé* champagne. In which latter count of the indictment, Mr. McAllister exposes his own ignorance—but we will let that pass, for now nothing, not even an argument on the question of *frappé* champagne or not *frappé* it, can save us. The fiat has gone forth—we are savages, we are boors, we don't know how to eat. We bow in humble submission to our fate, and ask only that the lordly New Yorkers we may entertain this summer will not make disparaging remarks about us at our own tables. We have made the mistake of giving Mr. McAllister the retort uncourteous, when we should have smiled and passed his remarks over as we would those of any other touching ass. But the mistake has been made, and now the whole world will watch to see whether we permit the neck of the bottle to come in contact with the ice—that is, if we are so ignorant as to *frappé* our champagne at all.

Great preparations are being made to entertain the President, Vice-President Stevenson, the members of the Cabinet, and the Duke of Veragua and his party.

The President, I have always maintained, has a long head, and he is demonstrating it in his plans for his visit here. He does not intend to remain after the opening of the exposition, to be feasted, and stared at, and bored to death. Very properly, he will make his escape on the night of Tuesday, May 2d, to return to the patronage dispensary at Washington. The Duke of Veragua, on the other hand, may be considered out of luck. He and the duchess, their son and daughters, and the rest of the unfortunate descendants of Columbus, are "spoke for" nearly every afternoon and evening during the fortnight of their visit, and if the ducal party do not learn what American hospitality and Chicago society are, it will not be our fault.

The foreigners who visit this year will return home with some very new impressions of us. Some of the impressions will not be favorable, sad to say. They will gather some information on the servant problem that will perplex them somewhat, and make them bless the day that they were not born under the stars and stripes. M. Georges Lamaille, secretary of the French committees, is the victim of a new experience with servants. He rented a furnished house in Hyde Park, and among the other fixtures was a cook-lady of the kind peculiar to our latter-day American civilization.

He discussed the servant question with me, coming up on a suburban train the other day. He has some clearly defined views on the subject, but he can not find words to express them.

"Ve mofe into ze house ve haf rented," he said, mournfully, "and ve find evairysing vair nice, vair nice, indeed, except zey haf leafe us no nice lin-en. Ze napkins, ze sheets, zey haf holes in zem, but we mind not zat. Eet iss ze cook. Oh, ze cook! Nevaire, no, nevaire, haf I seen anysing like her. She did not come and ask, 'Vat is your plaisir, m'sieur et madame?' But she say, 'Ven do you expect to haf your me-als?' And ven ve say ve vill haf our dinnaire at half aftaire seven o'clock, she hold up her hands and say she can gif us no dinnaire at zat time, eet iss too late an hour! And, gor-r-r! she vill haf four efenings off in ze week! Did you evaire hear ze like?"

I assured him that his experience was so ordinary as to be hardly worth telling.

"Yes, yes, so zey haf told me," he went on, despairingly, "but lis-ten—listen. Ve sit at dinnaire ze next efening, and ze tel-e-phone bell ring, 'br-r-r-r!' I go to ze tel-e-phone, and one voice ask eef Mees Feeneegan ees zere. I say I know not who Mees Feeneegan iss, when ze cook come up ze stair. 'Oh!' she say, 'some one iss calling for me,' and she come herself to ze tel-e-phone, and begin to talk. Ze pairson at ze othaire end iss curious, I sink, and ask what ve do. 'Oh!' says 'Mees Feeneegan,' 've are at dinnaire.'"

"Vee!" And M. Lamaille, who was bound for Randolph Street, got off at the Van Buren Street Station, in his agitation.

The servant problem is a serious one. If the young ladies who have been looking after our kitchens have been independent heretofore, they are autocratic now and dictate their own terms. It is the same with the gentlemen engaged in

household occupations. We are at their mercy. There are thousands and thousands of unemployed persons in Chicago—but they are all ladies and gentlemen, you see, and just as good as we are.

God bless the absolute monarchy! Let us have, under the stars and stripes, for one brief year, at least, a social system that will permit us to "sass," "cuss," and otherwise abuse the domineering cook-lady or wait-gentleman—and we shall not have lived in vain.

There are some persons coming to the fair who are going to get left. They think they are going to come here and stay with the distant cousins they may or may not have noticed in all these weary years when the d. c.'s had less money than they have now. This is a mistake, however. Some of these distant cousins are brighter than the other branches of the family have given them credit for being, and they are going to decamp and let their relatives struggle for hall cots at the hotels. I know quite a number of persons who are going to do this. They will simply let their houses, furnished, at an exorbitant price for the season, and seek the comparative rest of a boarding-house, where they will not have to wait on an unappreciative mob of visiting relatives; or else they will hie themselves to the country for the major part of the season.

One little woman, who presides over an eight-room flat, said to me the other day:

"Have you any idea how many of our 'friends' have suddenly discovered us, and 'know we will be glad to have them visit us' this summer? Well, if we took them all in, we would have seven and three-fourths people each week during the fair, each for a week's visit only. N-no, I don't think we care to be discovered. I really believe we prefer to remain in respectable obscurity. So we have rented the flat to some people we know, and will shift for ourselves in some boarding-house the small portion of the time we spend in town this summer."

There is an ominous silence on the subject of Sunday opening. Unless I am greatly in error, it means that the gates of the World's Columbian Exposition, cranks and Congress defied, are going to be wide open on the day formally known as the Sabbath, and that the management will fight on the points of law involved up to the court of last resort—and that will take some time. It will be a wise and popular action on the part of the management, and—it is hoped—may keep the courts busy even up to the first of November.

CHICAGO, April 24, 1893.

CALUMET.

At a recent meeting of the New York Twilight Club, the question for debate was "How Do You Keep Well?" and twenty members of the club gave their answers to it:

- No. 1—Keeps well by taking Turkish baths.
- No. 2—By horseback exercise.
- No. 3—By resisting disease and avoiding doctors.
- No. 4—By keeping clear of colds and never working when tired.
- No. 5—By obeying all the laws of hygiene.
- No. 6—By open-air exercise and oatmeal porridge.
- No. 7—By keeping the mind content and taking a month's rest every summer.
- No. 8—By boating.
- No. 9—By never thinking about illness.
- No. 10—By athletic exercise and refraining from overwork.
- No. 11—By moderation both at work and play.
- No. 12—By daily sponge-baths and outdoor enjoyment.
- No. 13—By horseback riding, cold baths, and discreet dieting.
- No. 14—By thorough mastication of all food and by genial companionship.
- No. 15—By heeding the doctor.
- No. 16—By guarding the health in such a way as to give promise of a hundred years of life.
- No. 17—By avoiding extremes, eating carefully, and sleeping as long as possible.
- No. 18—By dieting.
- No. 19—By all-around development, virtue, exercise, temperate living, the Turkish baths, agreeable society, and a fair share of hard work.
- No. 20—Can't keep well, anyhow, and always ill.

The absence of Queen Victoria in Florence has spared her the pain of reading in the London newspapers the ungrateful declaration of a man employed as carter on her Windsor private estate. The man was defendant in a civil action involving the payment of money, and pleaded poverty. The queen, he said, paid no better than other people, and her people had to work harder. His wages were ten shillings a week and lodgings found, which did not leave him much to spare after feeding himself. "Ah," said the magistrate trying the case, "you should think of the honor." The defendant sturdily replied, to the amazement of the court, that there was not much honor to be got out of ten shillings a week. It would seem from this case that the queen pays her farm-laborers and workmen generally on her private estate from two to four shillings a week less than average wages in the district.

A correspondent writes to learn how it was that a negro was put up at auction in Missouri and his services for six months sold to the highest bidder, despite the thirteenth and fourteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States. It will be observed that the thirteenth amendment of the constitution merely provides that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude" shall exist "except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted"; and the fourteenth amendment provides that "no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." The negro in question was convicted of a crime by "due process of law," and the State of Missouri sold his services "as a punishment" for the crime, which it had a perfect right to do.

A manufacturing concern in Birmingham, England, drives something of a trade in crowns. They are real ones, of solid gold, with cap of crimson velvet, incrustations of garnet, topaz, and other kinds of cheap but showy stones, and are supplied to the kings of Africa, of whom there are several hundred, at a highly satisfactory return of ivory and other merchandise. The time has gone by when an ancient plumed hat, adorned with turkey feathers, sufficed to impart a halo of magnificence to Ethiopian royalty.

A GLIMPSE AT PISA.

What a Young San Franciscan Admired in the Old Italian City.

[The following interesting extracts are taken from a private letter written to friends in this city by a young lady now traveling in Europe.—EDS.]

"Faithful 'Baedeker' in hand, we have done Pisa. We have stood in the Duomo, listening to the sweet music of the organ, gazing at Galileo's lamp, Michael Angelo's font, and Andrea's St. Agnes, and loved the old edifice because it expresses so well the religious sentiment which one naturally seeks everywhere in Italy. We climbed to the top of the 'Leaning Tower' and looked down upon the red house-tops, the graceful bell-towers, and the grand old city walls, over which the gay Florentines used to throw donkeys in derision—when they happened to hold the winning hand in the game of war—and then, out and on, over fields and vineyards to the mountains, blue in the distance. All lay bathed in a golden glow of sunlight, for even at mid-day the lights and shadows seem to fall as at sunset, and it is such a soft, warm, yet brilliant light as belongs to Italy alone. Escaping as best we could from the guide, whom we called 'Mille Fleurs,' we descended and visited the ancient Campo Santo and looked at the Etruscan vase from which Niccolò caught inspiration for his work. It is a graceful thing, with willowy, dancing figures fit to flow off into an artist's dream.

"Then to the Baptistery, where, it being nearly four o'clock, we were received most coldly by the guardian. Merely glancing at the pulpit, we hurried out, resolving to return.

"The three structures, Duomo, Baptistery, and Campanile, are impressive and wonderfully beautiful, lifting themselves majestically from the bright green sward, and their old yellow marbles, carved with such fineness and skill, make the sky look even bluer than blue in contrast. To finish this day we followed a funeral outside the gates to the new Campo Santo. We were convulsed with laughter at the candle-bearers, in their shiny black cambric gowns, with even cambric hoods (I suppose to suggest that their hair was in mourning). But the scene was pitiful enough when, in the dreary chapel, we stood by and heard the priests and bired monks rattle off the service in an off-hand, rhyming fashion that was as cruel as it was indifferent.

"We were kept awake most of the night by *morra*-players under our windows. Their continuous repetition of *una-due* and the consequent discussions that ensued, did not soothe us; nevertheless we sallied forth, all gayly, the next day, intent upon 'seeing with our eyes and hearing with our ears' all that Pisa had to show or tell.

"It was Epiphany, and off we went to the church erected by the crusading Knights of Malta to the glory of themselves and San Stefano. The building has an unprepossessing exterior, and is of the packing-box order of architecture within. The ceiling is very fine, being flat and divided into patterns by moldings and ornamental designs of shields, helmets, and weapons of gold and blue, which form frames for descriptive paintings of the Crusader triumphs. In every space not otherwise appropriated is emblazoned either the cross of the order or, with their usual effrontery, the Medici 'pills.' On either side of the entrance-wall is the prow of an old Pisan war-ship, the one bearing a lion holding a ball with *fleur de lys* in high-relief, the other a dragon with the head of a Turk. Both are replete with life and purpose, and seem ready to dart forth through the curling waters toward the hated foe. The side walls support the galleons of, perhaps, the same ships, covered with life-sized figures of Arabians, Ethiopians, and Mohammedans, each man in the throes of death-struggle. The captured flags are beautiful, long, three-cornered ones of well-contrasted eastern tints and colors. These all hang in soft falling folds from poles arrow-headed or tipped with the crescent, a star, or a flat plate of copper, pierced with texts from the Koran. These flag-groupings are supported, some by carvings of eagles and others by Saracen lamps, quaint old contrivances surmounted by the crescent. On either side of the altar hang the white flag and blood-red cross of the Knights; above is a heavy carving of their beautiful cross, with 'D. O. M.' on it, instead of the anticipated pills, and cherubs are bringing palms and laurels. The altar is splendid, with its columns of purple porphyry and gold tracings, and the subtle charm of music added a glory to the whole. We sat down to sketch the fantastic flags, but in a few minutes we had so diverted the congregation that one woman was praying at —'s feet, two more were leaning over my shoulder criticising my noble efforts, and three men stood in front of us twirling their hats and every time looking where we looked, wondering what we could be seeing in those old rags, and the people sitting below us almost stretched their eyes out of their heads in our direction, while the solemn little bell rang unheeded for the elevation of the host.

"Once again in the narrow streets we felt that in no place could the contrast have been so impressive between the former Pisan glory, as shown in that church of the old Pisan warriors, who, in their might, thought nothing of carrying off entire pillars from pagan temples, and the Pisan of to-day, who, in his misery, has no hesitation in asking you for a franc and getting a soldo, raises his ragged old hat with a smileful 'Grazie.'

"Our next quest was the church in the cloister, of which is a stone marking the grave of Ugolino of the 'Tower of Famine' and his sons and grandsons. Arriving there, we pulled a promising string which dangled at the side of an old gate in a high wall. In response to our summons a small, red-checked, smiling damsel, with snapping eyes, drew back the bolt, and we (with the aid of our *cocher*) told her our errand. But, no; the cloister was shut and no one could get in. 'But we must see it!' The little maid kept on smiling and denying in her fascinating way. At last she said we could look into the inclosure through a window if we were minded to climb a ladder. So we trooped after her in paths bordered on either side by flowers and shrubs, she telling the while that it was the abandoned garden of the Frati. The ladder was in a little shed full of infirm Chianti bottles and flower-pots. We mounted, and, pulling aside a grass curtain, looked through a little iron-bound window into a white cloister, so still and quiet, so overgrown with weeds, so guarded by a tall, red Campanile, that our desire was only augmented, and we determined to get in. At last the secret came out—the key of this enchanted place was held by the municipality, and off we went to the municipality. The *cocher* was our spokesman, and, after five minutes' delay, he returned waving a written order for another branch of this august body. There he was informed that in twenty minutes the representative of authority would be at the Church of San Francesco. The Tower of Niccolò Pisano being very near, we decided to climb it in the meanwhile. We admired its octagonal shape and its row of columns at the top, supporting a pointed roof. We rang the bell, and, much to the surprise of the cook who opened the door, some small school-boys, and an old priest, we made our request. It was granted, and we soon went into raptures, for Niccolò had turned the famous 'outside in,' like the true artist that he was, preferring inward perfection to outward show. Charming open arches wound round and round, supporting steps to the very top, and, looking either up or down, one was impressed with the graceful, well-poised whole.

"We went back to our cloister of San Francesco, and though we had been more than twenty minutes, our 'municipality man' did not materialize. But at last the doors were opened and we entered. Up we went to the very end of the long walk, and above the side-entrance to the church was the stone bearing a rough engraving of the Tower of Famine and the names of the unfortunate Therascas—and there, forming the threshold, was the long, flat slab with its Latin inscription and the date 1288.

"It was just twelve, so we drove hurriedly to have another glance at Niccolò's pulpit in the Baptistery. We saw it at a most favorable moment and under conditions, I imagine, that few people see it, or its fame would be more noised abroad. The sun so slanted through the windows that a brilliant ray shone even through the heavily wrought marble and glorified the carved Crucifixion and the beautiful, strong faces of the three Marys and St. John. I have never seen anything in marble that has moved me more—each face has its meaning and purpose, each body throbs in sympathy, and the golden background adds a radiant and mellow light. We sat down on a step and gazed and gazed at the Annunciation and Nativity, and marked the incompleteness of the Virgin's face in the one and her triumph and awe in the other. The more we looked the more we became entranced—we might echo the words of Robert Browning:

"My sculptor is Niccolò the Pisan."

FIRENZE, 1893.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The following extracts are taken from a circular which has been issued by the Western Authors' Publishing Association, of which G. A. Danziger is business manager and W. C. Morrow literary manager. It will be read with much interest by authors:

"The Western Authors' Publishing Association, with headquarters at San Francisco and New York, has been formed for the purpose of publishing the works of Western authors on a cooperative plan, under which an author becomes a partner with the association in the publication of his book, and will have access at all times, in person or by agent, to the association's vouchers and accounts which concern his book. It will publish a book every three months or oftener, making a series, to be called the 'Western Authors' Series.' The author will pay to the association, in advance, an amount sufficient to cover the actual cost of manufacturing and marketing his book; this amount will be repaid to him from the first sales of the book, and he will be furnished with a statement of expenses. The remaining volumes (less those sent to book-reviewers) will be the joint property of the association and the author, the net receipts from their sale to be divided equally between them. For the first edition (one thousand copies) of a paper-covered book, the cost will be about two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars."

It is to be hoped that the association will succeed. There will be no opposition to it, however, for there are no book-publishers on the coast to combat it.

Mr. Marion Crawford has an article on "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown" in the May *Century*, based upon advance-sheets of a biography of Joseph by M. Georges Bertin. An article by Mrs. Van Kessel in the same number tells how best to see the World's Fair. The originals of Castaigne's illustrations for this paper will form a part of the *Century's* exhibit at Chicago. Another article describes an old note-book in which Artemus Ward made many quaint entries, on his journeyings here and there. A special cover has been designed for this number by Mr. Stanford White.

Mr. Henry B. Fuller's Chicago novel, the "Essay in Realism," will be published during the summer months in one of the magazines and appear in book-form in the fall.

Another book on Japan is in press in London. It is called "Japan as We Saw It," and has been written by Miss M. Bickersteth, a daughter of the Bishop of Exeter, with whom she made her tour. They were at Osaka during the earthquake, and among the illustrations are some photographs taken during that upheaval.

D. Appleton & Co. have in preparation, under the title of "Wanderings by Southern Waters," a volume of piquant sketches of life in the valleys of the Dordogne, the Tarn, and the Lot, in Southern France, by Edward Harrison Barker, author of "Wayfaring in France."

Captain Charles King's new story, "Foes in Ambush," is in the press. Captain King has lately written his first boy's story, which will soon appear. It is a tale of cadet life.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris is writing a novel which he has named "Aaroo," and, at the same time, he is engaged upon a play and several short stories. This imaginative work is done in the moments snatched from his journalistic duties.

The table of contents of the *Century* for May is as follows:

"At the Fair," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "Decorative Painting at the World's Fair," by W. Lewis Fraser; "Sweet Belts Out of Tune" (conclusion), by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Recollections of Lord Tennyson," by John Addington Symonds; "An Embassy to Provence" (conclusion), by Thomas A. Janvier; "Benefits Forgiven," by Walter Balesier; "Personal Impressions of Nicaragua," by Gilbert Gaul; "The Cavalier de Resseguer," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown," by F. Marion Crawford; "Leaves from the Autobiography of Salvini," by John Addington Symonds; "The Queen and the Duchess," by M. O. W. Oliphant; "John Muir," by John Sweet; "Mr. Gadsbury's Brother," by M. Frances Swann Williams; "Relics of Artemus Ward," by Don C. Seitz; "An Inside View of the Pension Bureau," by an employee of the bureau, A. L. Caselman; "Writing to Rosina," Part I., by William Henry Bishop; and verses by N. W. Gilder, Aubrey de Vere, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Ellen M. H. Gates, Henry Morton, H. J. Stockard, S. K. Elliot, Edgar Fawcett, C. B. Loomis, F. D. Sherman, H. S. Huntington, and C. W. Coleman.

Mrs. Henry Norman (the "Girl in the Karpathians") has just finished a story called "Waldslaw's Advent," which will run through one of the English monthlies.

Among novels by Americans recently reprinted in London is "The Return of the O'Mahony," by Harold Frederic.

Says the Paris correspondent of the *Author*:

"M. Taine always led a most healthy life, being a great believer in exercise, fresh air, and regular hours. He had a huge pair of dumb-bells in the antechamber of his fine apartment in the Rue Cassette, and told me that he practiced with them regularly every morning and every evening. He had also the English habit of the daily tub of cold water. When down at his country-house he used to take long

walks. He has always been a man of a very sober, temperate life, though an incessant smoker of cigarettes. One day I had an hour's conversation with him, and during that period we emptied a box of Khedives between us."

Besides "A Great Man of the Provinces," Miss Wormeley has completed a translation of "The Brotherhood of Coosolation" for the Balzac Series.

William Black has written a new novel which is to be called "The Handsome Hunies," and is understood to be a love-story. The first chapters will be published in the next number of one of the magazines.

The Century Company have in preparation a collection of the writings of Abraham Lincoln, edited by Colonels John Hay and Nicolay.

A new novel by Spielhagen has been announced. It is to be called "Das Sonntags Kind."

The advertisement of Mrs. Frank Leslie's new book, "Are Men Gay Deceivers?" states that "few writers are so ably fitted to discuss this subject."

Mr. Augustus Daly has engaged new plays from two distinguished authors, Mr. Henry James and Mr. F. Marion Crawford. Both of these comedies will be tried upon a London audience before they are produced in New York.

New Publications.

"In a Promised Land," a novel by M. A. Bengough, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Stories in Black and White" is the title of a volume of short tales by Thomas Hardy, W. E. Norris, Mrs. Oliphant, Grant Allen, J. M. Barrie, W. Clark Russell, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, and James Payn. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Comedy of Elopement," by Christian Reid, and "In the Sunshine of her Youth," by Beatrice Whitby, are the latest novels issued in the Town and Country Library published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Six Cent Sam's" is the title of a volume of short stories by Julian Hawthorne and also the title of a little New York restaurant where the stories are told. They show a healthy imagination in the author, and, while of no great literary merit, will serve to amuse a summer reader. Published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul.

"The Philosophy of Singing," by Clara Kathleen Rogers, is divided into three parts: "The Philosophy of Singing," in which are considered the purpose of expression in art, the emotions in singing, and so on; "Mechanism and Technique"; and "Application and Elucidation of the Philosophy of Singing." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Molly Elliot Seawell, who proved herself a delightful biographer in a small way in "Little Jarvis," is not so successful in her new novel, "Children of Destiny." The scene of the story is Virginia in and about the third decade of the present century, and there are some interesting episodes in which by-gone customs are revived; but the plot is complicated, and it is not made very clear in the end. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Earl of Aberdeen," by the Hon. Sir Arthur Gordon, is the latest volume in the series of Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria now being published under the editorial direction of Stuart J. Reid. It is a worthy fellow of the other volumes in this excellent series of historical biographies, and its authority must stand until the author has prepared and published Lord Aberdeen's correspondence—a duty entrusted to him by his father's will. A portrait serves as frontispiece to the book, which is carefully indexed. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

Ralph H. Caine—who is a brother of Hall Caine, the novelist—has made an excellent selection in his "Love-Songs of the English Poets." The period covered is from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century, and the poets range from John Skelton to Thomas Hood and Charles Jeremiah Wells. As the compiler intimates in his preface, there are some admirable love poems not included in this collection; but his purpose has been to make his book representative of the wide field of authors, instead of filling it with many poems from a few poets. More than

one hundred poets are represented, generally by two or three poems, Ben Jonson, Herrick, and Shakespeare enjoying the lions' share of space. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The hero of "Dr. Paull's Theory," by Mrs. A. M. Diehl, is a physician who believes that the soul of his dead wife is re-incarnated in the person of the Princess Mercedes, and, as she is willing to take that view of the case, all would be happy, if it were not for an obstacle in the person of the princess's husband, Prince Andriocchi. On this idea Mrs. Diehl has written a story that does not outrage one's respect for the possible, and is so well told as to hold the reader's interest to the end. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Island Nights' Entertainment" is the title Robert Louis Stevenson has chosen for the volume in which he prints his three latest stories: "The Beach of Falesa," "The Bottle Imp," and "The Isle of Voices." The first is the narrative of a South Sea trader, the last is a Hawaiian legend, and "The Bottle Imp" is an old idea—taken from a drama of the early part of the century, Mr. Stevenson says, and remarkably similar to an old German tale, "The Crazy Half-Heller"—retold, with a Hawaiian hero. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson and The Bancroft Company.

The series of papers on "Homes in City and Country" that have been appearing in one of the magazines has been collected and now appears in a handsome and well-illustrated volume. The titles and authors of the half-dozen articles are: "The City House in the East and South," by Russell Sturgis; "The City House in the West," by John W. Root; "The Suburban House," by Bruce Price; "The Country House," by Donald G. Mitchell; "Small Country Places," by Samuel Parsons, Jr.; and "Building and Loan Associations," by W. A. Linn. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

The "Collection Guillaume," that dainty series of French books, illustrated in wash-work by Myrbach, Rossi, and other noted artists, which began with Daudet's Tartarin stories and has since included several novels by writers whose books, while they are yet alive, are almost considered classics, has found a successor—and not an entirely worthy one—in the "Collection Guillaume et Lemerre," in which Pierre Loti's newest novel, "Matelot," has just been issued. The innumerable delicate vignettes and thumb-nail sketches that were so pleasing a characteristic of the "Collection Guillaume" are replaced, in "Matelot," by a few full-page pictures—by Myrbach, it is true, but reproduced in cheap woodcuts instead of in the more effective process-work of the earlier series. As for the story, "Matelot" will delight those who enjoy Loti's dreamy fancies. Published by Alphonse Lemerre, Paris; price, \$1.20; for sale by J. Taub & Co.

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Illustrating Mrs. Van Rensselaer's article "AT THE FAIR," "Decorative Painting at the World's Fair," by W. Lewis Fraser, and "The White City," a poem by R. W. Gilder, also appear in this number.

OTHER CONTENTS INCLUDE:

An Inside View of the Pension Bureau, by an employee of the Pension Office, with the poet and concerning the administration of the Pension Office, by John Addington Symonds.
Recollections of Lord Tennyson: An evening with the poet and his conversation, etc. by John Addington Symonds.
Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown, with portrait. Napoleon's Gladstone, an interesting article by F. Marion Crawford.
A Story by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, complete in this number, and Part I. of a two-part story by William Henry Bishop. Illus'd.
Reminiscences of Artemus Ward, with new portrait; John Muir, the California Naturalist; first of an important series on the American Workingman; Personal Impressions of Nicaragua; "The Queen and the Duchess," by Mrs. Oliphant; "Salvini's Reminiscences," etc.
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The late Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, said that catarrhal affections were almost unknown among the Quakeresses whom he attended, and he ascribed it to the fact that the Quaker bonnet protects the back of the head and the nape of the neck from cold air. He might have gone further and added that the Quaker women have come nearer than any others of their sex to discovering the perpetual bloom of youth. One meets in and about Philadelphia scores of Quakeresses who retain in old age fresh, unwrinkled faces, clear eyes, and erect figures. The peace and health of their spirits seem to improve face and figure.

London's population at present exceeds that of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Chicago combined.

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VANITY FAIR.

There have been great days for the girls at Old Point Comfort (says *Harper's Weekly*), and some rather elderly women, whose belledom is largely a matter of tradition, have had a very good time. The exuberance of the American woman has been abundantly manifested. There have been social festivities, conducted by the American girl, and, if the truth must be told, her somewhat frivolous caperons. The girls have done very much as they pleased, and, after the manner of American girls, they have had a thoroughly good and wholesome time. They have danced to the uttermost of their hearts' desire; they have seen not only a large number of fine uniforms, but more different kinds of uniforms than have been before seen together in this country; they have tied about their hats the ribbons of the ships of all nations; they have flirted in Russian, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Dutch, and real English; they have tried to teach foreigners their own peculiar method of speech; they have been courted, flattered, pursued with attentions—and misunderstood. This is the only sad part of it all. Our young girls never learn that the foreigner is unable to understand why all young girls are not so prone to wickedness that they need constant watching. They go on, therefore, notwithstanding the warnings and horrors of prudish, to dance, and walk, and talk with the young foreigners, and the young foreigners are just as incapable of unlearning their social traditions as the American girls are of learning them. It pains the wiser male relatives of the young girls to know that their frankness and innocence will be misinterpreted.

Concerning the same festivities, a correspondent of the *Sun* says: "The leave-taking between the officers and the ladies at eleven every night is one of the striking institutions of this place, and forms a novel daily picture. The scene has the full splendor of a court function, the gold lace of the officers lending a metallic lustre to the effect, while the dark-blue background of their coats shows off the gorgeous dresses and beautiful bare necks of the women. Tens of thousands of dollars have been spent upon the toilets of velvet and silk, and the most celebrated dressmakers of Paris, London, and America were their designers. Full dress prevails to an extent equal to that at grand opera in New York, and bare necks and bare arms of beautiful shape and tone are very numerous. At five minutes to eleven o'clock there is a great bustle. The officers are running about to find one another, to say good-night to everybody, to gather up letters and packages, and to have a last sweet word with their fair partners. At eleven they are gone. A few ladies and late drinkers linger down-stairs, but the majority at once seek the bedrooms, and such a babel and clatter as they kick up for the next half-hour is beyond belief. They seem to crowd in one another's rooms, half a dozen at a time, and then, with almost paroxysmal excitement, they tell one another all that has happened during the evening. It requires no eavesdropping to hear this. No man who is above stairs trying to sleep can help hearing it: 'What did he say?' 'What did you say?' 'Did you see Jack?' He is fairly captured by that Baltimore girl.' 'Did you see how that Washington woman behaved? I wouldn't believe it.' 'Did you get an invitation to Mr. Blank's ship? Isn't he splendid?'"

The same correspondent says: "The crack ship, the *San Francisco*, captures the biggest crowds of visitors and creates the greatest host of admirers. She is not quite so big as the *Chicago*, but she has twice the *Chicago's* horse-power, and she is a better sailer and fighter than any ship here, being faster than any and as easy to manage as a steam-launch. She came all the way around from the Pacific, fifteen thousand miles, and needed no repairs or work of any kind done upon her when she got here. She is commanded by Captain John Crittenden Watson, a heroic sailor and courteous gentleman. He it was who, as Farragut's flag lieutenant, carried up the rope with which the great admiral was lashed to the mast in the second most famous naval engagement during the War of the Rebellion. The officers of the *San Francisco* have been together two years and a half, and are a splendid set of young men. They are noted entertainers, their ward-room and state-rooms are beautiful to see, and they like to unite in entertaining one another's friends. The ship is pronounced as elegant as a great yacht by all naval and yachting men who have been aboard her. She has a great deal of bright brass work where the other ships show paint, and her cabins are fitted with beautiful California woods that suggest the idea that the Pacific Coast folks spent almost as much enthusiasm on her as our government spent money. A magnificent service of silver plate, containing seven thousand five hundred dollars' worth of silver, and presented by the people of San Francisco, is displayed in glass cabinets in the ward-room and in the captain's and the admiral's cabins. Each covered piece of the plate is surmounted by a bear, fashioned out of solid gold. The neatness and cleanliness observable all over the ship are her most remarkable characteristics. She looks as new and fresh as if she were only a month old. It is a pretty sight to see this finest of our war vessels when she is all astir inside with bevy

of pretty girls. A picture of her then would make as pretty a symbol of peace as ever painter conceived. To one of the tiny state-rooms of the officers one may see a bewitching girl in a white flannel gown, wearing an officer's belt and sword; in another, a lovely brunette, captivatingly dressed, has climbed upon an officer's berth and is listening while he sings to her in concert with the notes of the guitar that rest upon his knee. In the library, in the very stern of the ship, a pretty woman leans against a great rifled cannon while an officer reads softly from a book of poems. But all over the vessel, down deep in the engine-room, upon the bridge, on the poop, and in the mysterious lanes of steel that lead to the massive bow, the ladies are encountered—all pretending to be studying the ship. To wear the sailors' ribbons from the *San Francisco* is to be envied here at Old Point Comfort, and the ladies make a point of securing these favors whenever they get aboard the vessel."

We are now informed on all sides (writes the Paris correspondent of the *Bazar*) that wide skirts of, say, six to eight yards in width have ceased to be the fashion. It would be rather more exact to say that they have never been the fashion. Notwithstanding all that has been talked and written in the last few months of the wide skirt, practically it has never existed, except in the few rare examples seen on persons whose vocation it appears to be to launch eccentric novelties. It is now met with any popular success whatever, it is now withdrawn by the makers with an assumed air of having fulfilled its mission. For the present, skirts remain bell-shaped, fitted closely about the top and moderately flaring at the bottom. The width varies from four yards to five yards and a quarter. They are worn over any style of petticoat one may prefer, but without exaggeration and without recourse to reefs or hoops of any kind. As regards the trimming, although the graduated trimmings extending high up on the skirt are more novel, the majority of the gowns now in preparation for spring have still a low skirt-trimming, and this is more especially the case with handsome and elaborate gowns.

"In the case of an old bachelor, I consider marriage to be a blunder which is worse than a crime," said Mr. Cynicus Cælebs. "By an old bachelor, I mean a man of middle life, that is, over forty. Marriage for a man whose habits are fixed, who has become used to living alone, means misery to him and to the woman he marries. He can not adapt himself to his changed condition. The introduction of another life into his seems an intrusion. To be obliged continually to consult another's wishes, to be forced to yield his to those of a person of different tastes, makes his existence a slavery. With his life thus circumscribed, he feels himself in a prison, of which his wife is the jailer. Prisoners ordinarily have little affection for their jailers, and he forms no exception to the rule. In time, he will attempt to break jail by resuming his bachelor habits, and by allowing himself, as much as he can without an open rupture, his old-time liberty. When he goes further and a rupture results, it is obvious that his marriage is a failure. For one marriage which is thus proved a failure there are doubtless a hundred whose failures are only known to the quondam old bachelors and their unfortunate wives."

A new profession—that of the "cutter-out"—is thus discussed by the *Saturday Review*: "The world is over-populated with amiable, good-looking young men, highly educated, healthy, and wholly incapable of earning their livelihoods. No ingenuity can provide berths for all of them; but some might be employed as 'cutter-outs.' This is a new profession. The duties of the cutter-out are few, simple, and agreeable. He or she has merely to make love and to ride away. Thus, put it that some one's daughter, niece, or, it may be, favorite cousin, has become engaged to a man who is not liked or approved by the family. To resist her choice is futile. Opposition merely fans the flame of passion. So you send a note or telegram to the central office of the 'Society for the Utilization of Johnnies,' and they dispatch a cutter-out. He is young, handsome, agreeable, perhaps a lord or an honorable, a baronet very likely. His duty may be explained in a word—he is to cut out the young lady's affianced lover, to make her out of conceit with that disagreeable person, and then to retire gracefully to some outlandish part of the globe. The scheme is peculiarly valuable to parents, but any one may make use of it. Of course there may also be, and should be, female cutter-outs, to be slipped at young men who have entangled their affections undesirably. Lord Algernon is fond of the rector's daughter, of the gardener's daughter, of whom you will. Instead of crying, if you are his lady mother, or swearing, if you are the duke, you send up to the central depot for a really first-class cutter-out, married lady preferred. In a very few weeks the rector's daughter, or the gardener's daughter, is as disconsolate as Calypso, and then the cutter-out disappears, carrying with her the respectful homage of the family whom she has rescued."

Here are some interesting bits of information in the aftermath of the marriage of the Earl of

Craven to Miss Bradley-Martio, collected by the New York *Times*: "Disgraceful scenes followed the opening of the side-doors of Grace Church at the wedding of the Earl of Craven and Miss Cornelia Martin. Ladies and gentlemen, whose dress and bearing showed a certain amount of refinement and good breeding, disregarded every rule of etiquette in their mad desire to see the inside of the church. The people outside of the church did not break in the doors, as was reported in one morning paper. The rush did not take place until the assistant sextons of Grace Church had turned the locks. Then men, women, and children, who could not force their way through the gates of the church-yard, jumped over the fence, and, in many instances, left portions of their clothing on the pickets. Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger started out with the other guests. When she found out that she would have to wait a long time for her carriage, she sat down in the nearest pew to wait. Just at that time the bolt from the outside had set in. 'The people utterly ignored the fact that they were in the house of God,' Mrs. Cruger said; 'they talked in loud, vulgar voices. Ladies forgot the modesty of their sex in elbowing their way to the front. Men forgot manliness in pushing others aside, and even used the backs of the pews as a highway to reach the front, and in the crush my dress was nearly torn from me.' A Knickerbocker Club man said: 'It was the most disgraceful scene witnessed in New York at a church wedding. The police were admitting their friends through side doors, while people who had tickets were not able to get in at all. The entrance to the church was a solid block of women, through which it was impossible to pass, and, in the sudden admission of the crowd, the backs of pews were broken and gowns torn.' The fact that all the ushers at the wedding wore pink shirts, with one exception, has created a good deal of comment among the elect at the clubs. Frederick Martin, who was one of the ushers, drove up to the entrance, where the narrow tunnel of awning, guarded by two policemen, served as the only means of entrance into the church. He was denied admission, and waved off haughtily with a club."

The registrar-general has reported upon the statistics of marriage during the past year in Great Britain, and it is seen that the age of marriage continues to rise; that the time of life whereat despair becomes the proper emotion of the unwedded grows annually more mature. But, above all, we are told, young men marry later now than of old, because they are vastly more prudent than their fathers were. Many a life (they say) has been altogether ruined, because two young people, accustomed to comfort and a reasonable extravagance, have found themselves confined in a small house, with a small income and the need of rigid economy. And so our wise youths, as the statistics demonstrate, will work until they have made a position of some sort, and can offer to their wives at least an imitation of the comforts they had in their fathers' houses. Most young men could marry with small delay, if they were content to have all the necessities and most of the comforts of life; the modern young man postpones marriage, because his soul is set on luxuries.

When wealthy Americans induce English noblemen to marry their daughters by throwing in with the girl a million or so of dollars, they gratify a very ignoble ambition of their own (says *Life*), and at the same time play a cruel practical joke on the daughter. If the nobleman is honestly in love with the girl, there is, of course, less cruelty in the trade. But it is a very unpleasant fact that the American damsels capable of arousing love among the nobles always happen to possess innumerable shekels. That the nobleman of limited income should be willing and ready for such a bargain is easily understood. That American parents, however, with any pretensions to the finer sentiments should be capable of such a commerce, is a thing some other Americans are unable to understand. Perhaps those parents think they are looking out for the happiness of the daughter. Perhaps.

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SOCIETY.

The Dickson-Griffith Wedding.

Ross Valley, in Marin County, was the scene of a pretty wedding at noon last Saturday, when Miss Jennie Griffith, daughter of Captain Millen Griffith, of this city, was united in marriage to Mr. Taylor Dickson, of Philadelphia. Rev. C. L. Miel, of Sausalito, performed the ceremony in the little chapel, which was beautifully decorated with flowers and foliage. A limited number of relatives and friends were present. After the ceremony a breakfast was served at the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Griffith, in Ross Valley, and the wedding was quietly but pleasantly celebrated. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson left last Wednesday for Philadelphia, where they will reside permanently.

The Marks-Olmstead Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place last Tuesday morning in the First Unitarian Church, when Miss Frances Tudor Olmstead, daughter of Mrs. Frances Tudor Olmstead, was united in marriage to Mr. Frank B. Marks, youngest son of Mr. Bernard Marks. A number of relatives and intimate friends of the young couple were present at ten o'clock, when Rev. Horatio Stebbins performed the marriage ceremony. The bride looked charming in a Nile-green traveling gown, and her sister, Miss Alice Tudor Olmstead, who was the maid of honor, appeared in a heliotrope-colored gown. Mr. Theodore Solomon acted as best man. After a wedding breakfast, the newly wedded couple left on the steamer *Corona* for Southern California, where they will travel for several weeks. They will reside at Dos Palos.

The Hager Dinner-Party.

Mrs. Hager gave a dinner-party at her residence, last Tuesday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. It was conceded to be one of the most brilliant affairs of the kind ever given here. The menu was sumptuous, the service admirable, and the decorations exceedingly beautiful. A special feature of the table ornamentation was an immense oblong bank of Captain Christy roses. A string orchestra gave concert selections during the service of dinner, and afterward when the drawing-rooms were sought. Those present were:

Mrs. Hager, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ryuter, Miss Emeline Hager, Miss Virginia Fair, Miss Nellie Hillier, Miss Anna Head, Miss Beth Sperry, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. J. William Byrne, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, and Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg.

The Robbins Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robbins, of Philadelphia, gave an elaborate dinner-party, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Dickson, nee Griffith, last Tuesday evening, in the tapestry room at the Palace Hotel. The decorations were in exquisite taste, and the affair was pleasurable in the extreme. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Page, Mrs. Everett E. Wise, Miss McAllister, and Mrs. Thomas Berry.

A Coaching-Party.

A moonlight coaching-party was given in honor of the Misses Elise and Florinne Meyer, last Saturday evening, by a number of their friends, as a farewell compliment to the young ladies prior to their departure for New York. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern, and enjoyed a drive through the Golden Gate Park and to the ocean beach. When they returned an elaborate supper was served at a downtown hotel, and the Hungarian band played for dancing for a couple of hours. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Miss Elise Meyer, Miss Florinne Meyer, Miss Triest, Miss Irma Triest, Miss Brandenstein, Miss Alice Greenbaum, Miss Flora Walter, Miss Viola Heyman, Miss Gerstle, Miss Victoria Lilienthal, Miss Helen Schweitzer, Dr. L. Neumann, Mr. Joseph Friedlander, Mr. R. B. Hochstadter, Mr. E. Hochstadter, Mr. Jesse E. Triest, Mr. L. Simon, Mr. A. L. Langermann, Mr. M. Cahn, Mr. B. Hart, Mr. I. W. Hellman, Jr., and Mr. Benjamin Arnhold.

The University Club Election.

The third annual election of the University Club took place last Tuesday, with the result that the following directors were elected:

Mr. John Garber, Mr. Thomas R. Bacon, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Frank P. Deering, Mr. Samuel H. Knight, Mr. Pelham W. Ames, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, and Mr. William Thomas.

The committee on admissions elected was as follows: Mr. Louis Janin, Mr. Clinton Day, Mr. Hall McAllister, Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. F. J. Symmes, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. John Chetwood, Jr., Mr. Duncan Hayne, Dr. Beverly MacMonagle, Dr. W. F. McNutt, Mr. Francis Michael, Mr. Charles Page, Mr. Alfred Stillman, Mr. James E. Tucker, and Mr. John A. Wright.

Baldwin & Hammond sold at auction Thursday thirty-two residence lots, bounded by Devisadero, Scott, McAllister, and Golden Gate Avenue. The sale netted \$118,875. The prices received were fair, and the sale was a very successful one. Corner lots sold as follows:

McAllister and Scott, 37½x87½, \$6,700; Devisadero and McAllister, 25x100, \$6,350; Devisadero and Golden Gate Avenue, 25x100, \$5,275.

Lots on McAllister Street, north side, 25x137, brought the following prices: \$3,450, \$3,575, \$3,650, \$3,675, \$3,675, \$3,675, \$3,725, \$3,850, \$3,850, \$3,350, \$3,350. These last lots were only 87½ feet deep.

Lots on Devisadero, 25x125, sold as follows: \$3,600, \$3,600, \$3,600, \$4,175, \$4,175, \$4,175, \$3,650, \$3,650, \$3,650. It is on Golden Gate Avenue, south side, 25x137, brought \$2,000, \$3,200, \$3,200, \$3,150, \$2,875, \$2,800, \$2,800. Two lots on Scott Street, 25x87½, brought \$2,650 apiece.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Samuels Concert.

Master Harry Samuels gave his farewell concert, prior to his departure for Europe, last Thursday evening under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. Odd Fellows' Hall was crowded with a fashionable and appreciative audience, which was well entertained by the following excellent programme:

Serenade, op. 82, for string and flute, Jadssohn, Messrs. Henry Heyman, F. Knell, B. Jaulus, F. S. Gutterson, F. Spiller, and A. Logar; Lied, "Trompeter von Sakkingen" (string quartet and flute accompaniment), Nessler, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; concerto in D minor, op. 22 (piano and string quartet accompaniment), Wieniawski, Harry Samuels; song, "Summer Night," Coring Thomas, Miss Anna Selkirk; adagio from concerto No. 9, op. 55, Spohr, Harry Samuels; song, (a) "Au Rossignol," Gounod, (b) "Dis moi donc," Tosti, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; fantasia brillante, "Oello," op. 21, Ernest, Harry Samuels; song, "The Better Land," Cowen, Miss Anna Selkirk; serenade, op. 82, for strings and flute, Gouvy, Messrs. Henry Heyman, F. Knell, B. Jaulus, F. S. Gutterson, F. Spiller, and A. Logar.

The Harmony Choral Union.

The members of the Harmony Choral Union, assisted by Miss Millie Flynn, soprano, Mrs. John Madden, alto, Mr. Frank Coffin, tenor, Mr. Charles Parent, basso, Mr. F. Dellepiane, organist, and Mr. J. H. Doane, pianist, gave an interesting concert last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. Robert Lloyd. The following programme was presented:

Organ offertorio, Batiste, Mr. F. Dellepiane; chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," from "The Creation," the trio by Miss Grace Gladwin, Mr. Frank Coffin, Mr. Charles Hoeg; solo, "Come Unto Him," from "The Messiah," Miss Millie Flynn; chorus, "The Last Chord," Sullivan, Miss May Cook; chorus, "How Lowly are the Messengers," from "St. Paul," solo, "Deeper and Deeper Still Wait Her, Angels," from "Jephtha," Mr. Frank Coffin; solo, "Sound the Loud Timbrel," from "Deborah," Mrs. John Madden; solo and chorus, "Inflammatus," from "Stabat Mater," solo by Miss Flynn; solo, "My Soul Attend to My Words," from "The Prodigal Son," Mr. Charles Parent; chorus, "Babylon's Wave," Gounod.

The Partridge Musicales.

Miss Ella Partridge's two pupils, Miss Laura Pugh and Miss Marie Wilson, gave a matinee musicale last Saturday at the residence of Mrs. J. Rosenstirn on Sutter Street. Quite a number of their friends were present and enjoyed the following programme:

Concert-stück, F minor, larghetto ma non troppo, allegro passionato, tempo di marci, assai presto, Weber (with accompaniment of second piano), Miss Laura Pugh; gavotte, Bruno Oscar Klein, Miss Marie Wilson; (a) "My True Love hath my Heart," Randecker, (b) "Die Bekehrte," Max Stange, (c) "Rose Fleur," F. Lacome, Miss Elizabeth Gill; sextantanz, McDowell, Miss Laura Pugh; concerto, A minor, allegro affettuoso, intermezzo, allegro vivace, Schumann (with second piano), Miss Marie Wilson.

Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, and Miss Florence Doyen will sing at Alfred Wilkie's complimentary benefit concert, which has been unavoidably postponed to Friday evening, May 19th. Miss Doyen will make her debut at this concert. Mr. Victor Carroll will probably sing, and Mr. Brewer, the organist of St. Luke's Church, will contribute an organ solo. Mr. H. B. Pasmore will be represented by a triple quartet, who will sing three part songs written by him.

Miss Neamita Vermont Van Pelt, a promising young pianiste who is soon going to Berlin to complete her musical education, will give a concert in Metropolitan Hall on Tuesday evening, May 9th. She will have the assistance of some of our best local artists. Tickets and seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Rose Block, soprano, a graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Vienna, will give a concert at Metropolitan Hall on Wednesday evening, May 17th, at which she will have the assistance of Mr. Nathan Landsberger, violinist, and others.

A piano recital of his own compositions was given by Hugo Mansfeldt to the Euterpean Circle, of Stockton, at the residence of Mrs. Charles E. Owen, last Tuesday evening, which was successful in every way.

A piano and song recital will be given in Berkeley this (Saturday) afternoon by Miss Eleanor Briggs, pianiste, and Mrs. Henry B. Rathbone, vocalist, assisted by Miss Maude Wellendorf.

The Polyphonic Club will give its third concert on Wednesday evening, May 10th. Professor R. A. Luchesi will be the director and Mme. Emelia Tojetti will be the soloist.

Miss Ernestine Goldmann will give her third concert in Kohler & Chase's Hall, on Friday evening, May 19th.

When it became possible for Victor Hugo to marry his friend of long standing, Mme. Drouet, he refused to do so, because to go through a marriage ceremony would seem an avowal that he and she were in the wrong.

Mr. R. H. Pease has returned from Portland, Or., where he has made arrangements for opening a store for the Goodyear Rubber Company.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-a-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Patrick Nicolson Mackay, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate is valued at \$250,000, consisting in part of real estate in Solano County, valued at \$50,000, and shares of the stock in various corporations. Testator's brother, Duncan Cameron Mackay, and nephew, Robert Gray Mackay, are nominated as executors without bonds, and are authorized to sell any or all the property without any court order. The sum of \$75,000 is bequeathed to the executors in trust to invest, the income to be paid to Hattie Schenck, housekeeper, during her life, and at her death the principal is to be distributed between testator's brothers and sisters, shares alike. The remainder of the estate is bequeathed in equal shares to his sister, Anne Gray, residing in England; John Mackay, Barbara Kendall, Mary Ann Powditch, Robert Mackay, residing in Chile; Duncan C. Mackay, of San Francisco, and Mary Jane Davy, residing in Scotland. The will is dated in San Francisco, September 11, 1890, and it provides that in case of the death of one of the legatees, said share shall be distributed to other general legatees.

By the will of the late Henry C. Hyde, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate consists of real and personal property in San Francisco, Marin, and other counties, of unknown value, but it is supposed that it is worth over \$100,000. Testator bequeaths his estate to his wife, Margaret A. C. Hyde, who is appointed executrix, and his two children. The instrument is holographic and is dated February 13, 1888. A portion of the estate consists of assets of persons declared bankrupt by the United States District Court, wherein deceased was appointed assignee in bankruptcy, which assets were assigned to deceased and his heirs forever, in trust.

By the will of the late Adrien G. Chauché, of Oakland, the following testamentary provision was made:

The estate is valued at \$100,000. Testator bequeathed \$20,000 to his niece, Neire Ardel, of Bordeaux, France, one-half of the residue to his wife, and the remaining one-half to the child or children that may be born as the issue of the union. Mr. Chauché was married to Miss Bon, of Oakland, seven hours prior to his demise, when he was on his death-bed, and his will was executed soon after his marriage. Mrs. Chauché is the executrix of the will.

In the French capital, a young married lady, Mme. de Wilke, lives, separated from her husband, against whom she has commenced divorce proceedings. She belonged to a very good Russian family, and met her husband first at Baden-Baden. They were shortly afterward married, and as shortly after separated, she alleging that it was for her fortune of one million dollars that M. de Wilke married her. The day before Mi-Carême, Mme. de Wilke received several letters from him, imploring her to see him, if only for a moment, and filled with the most passionate protestations of love, which she did not even open, and resolutely refused to see him. About eleven o'clock at night, after she had retired to bed, she heard a ring and then her maid telling somebody that "Madame had gone to bed and could not be disturbed." She recognized the voice of her husband imploring to see her, and soon after was horrified to hear the report of a revolver. The unfortunate man had shot himself in the abdomen. He was taken to the doctor's, suffering the greatest imaginable agony, which he bore with the utmost fortitude, expressing his radiant happiness as his wife accompanied him. Mme. de Wilke visits her husband twice daily, as a rule, but persists in proceeding with the divorce motion. The very day after the shooting incident, when her husband was enduring unspeakable torture, Mme. de Wilke calmly left him to go to the Opéra Ball. She moves in very good society, and entertains largely. M. de Wilke is only twenty-six, and his wife a few months older.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Alice-Condit Smith, of Washington, D. C., to Mr. Cyrus Field Judson, of New York. The bride-elect, who is a beautiful and accomplished girl, and heiress to a considerable fortune, is a step-niece of Justice Stephen J. Field. She visited this city a couple of years ago, and was extensively entertained. Mr. Judson, while he is not related to Miss Smith, is a grandnephew of Justice Field and grandson of the late Cyrus W. Field. He is a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School, of Yale College, and is associated in business with Mr. Cambridge Livingston, in New York. He is a popular club man, and is reputed to be quite wealthy.

Miss Mamie Cone, daughter of Mrs. J. S. Cone, of Red Bluff, and Mr. E. Warren Runyon, of Philadelphia, will be united in marriage next Wednesday at Red Bluff.

The wedding of Miss Susie G. Meek, daughter of the late William Meek, of San Lorenzo, and Mr. E. L. Doran, of San Bernardino, will take place in San Lorenzo on Wednesday, May 18th.

The wedding of Miss Louise Morse, daughter of Mr. S. B. Morse, of Portland, Or., and Mr. Harry Melvin, of Oakland, will take place on Wednesday, June 14th, at the home of the bride in Portland, Or.

Miss Carrie M. Hall and Mr. Arthur H. Breed, both of Oakland, will be married next Tuesday in the First Congregational Church in Oakland. Their wedding tour will comprise a visit to the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States.

Hon. and Mrs. Valentine Goldsmith Hush, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. William A. Magee will give a reception next Wednesday afternoon and evening at their residence in Fruitvale.

Mrs. H. N. Cook will give a matinee tea this (Saturday) afternoon at her villa in Belvedere.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa gave a delightful dinner-party recently at her beautiful home in Piedmont, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair. After dinner some musical selections were given by Mrs. Batchelder, Miss Amy Requa, and Mr. Mark Requa, and at a late hour the guests returned to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis gave a delightful dinner-party at their residence last Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair.

The members of the Crocker Auxiliary gave a pleasant entertainment, last Monday evening, at the Crocker Old Ladies' Home, which was greatly enjoyed by the aged inmates and many guests of the auxiliary.

The Class of '93 of the Van Ness Young Ladies' Seminary will give a reception in the seminary parlors this (Saturday) afternoon from two until five o'clock. The class comprises Miss Mae R. Davis, Miss S. Gotea Dozier, Miss Mary C. Dozier, Miss Grace F. Holt, Miss Ella E. King, Miss Ethel M. Kittredge, Miss Marie E. McMurry, and Miss Ada May Williams.

A *punch d'honneur* will be given in La Cercle Français this (Saturday) evening, in honor of M. A. de Lalande, the French Consul.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford returned last Monday from the East in their private car, *Stanford*, and went immediately to their home at Palo Alto.

Judge W. C. Van Fleet passed several days in Sacramento during the week.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and family have been in Chicago during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Shreve, *née* Watson, are in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradford, *née* Badlam, have been in Chicago during the past two weeks.

Justice R. C. Harrison has been in Sacramento during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe left on Monday for Chicago and the East, whence they will proceed to Europe. It is probable that they will spend two years in travel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Babcock, of the Hotel del Coronado, have gone to Chicago to visit the exposition.

Mr. William S. McMurry will leave for Europe on May

21st, and, after visiting there a couple of months, he will return to view the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wildie have removed to 1208 Leavenworth Street.

Mrs. Walter D. Witham has returned from a five months' visit to Honolulu, and is at her residence, 2410 Washington Street.

Dr. Raphael Lorini, resident physician of the Hotel del Coronado, who has been hunting and fishing recently in the San Bernardino Mountains, will soon visit this city en route to the Columbian Exposition.

Miss Addie Pollock is expected home in a few days after a prolonged visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Keys, of Stockton, have been visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Miss Jennie Hobbs will visit the Columbian Exposition in the fall.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. James A. Robinson, and Mrs. J. B. Crockett will return from Japan on May 20th.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo have gone to the Columbian Exposition, and will be away six weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Cluness and Miss Mabel Cluness have returned from a visit to friends in Sacramento.

Hon. Truxton Beale returned to New York on the *Ten-tonic* on April 25th, and is in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Albert Gallatin has been enjoying a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Robin, in Sacramento.

Mr. W. S. Thorne and Miss Grace Thorne went to Baltimore a week ago, via Panama.

Miss Gertrude Goewey and Miss Susie Wells have returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Frank Vincent Wright, in San José.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis did not go East as was expected, owing to ill health.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott is occupying her villa at San Mateo. Countess and Countess Festetics will pass the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Sanford Taylor are enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson and Miss Davidson are at the Hotel Rafael, where they will remain during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair will leave for Chicago next Wednesday, en route home to New York.

Mrs. M. L. Soule and her son, Mr. W. F. Soule, who have been passing several weeks at the Hotel del Coronado on account of Mr. Soule's ill health, left there last Monday for a Jolla for a still further sea change before returning to Alameda.

Mrs. William S. Tevis will go to Bakersfield to-day to remain a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Hulse are visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robbins, *née* Naglee, left last Wednesday for their home in Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Dickson, *née* Griffith, accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Martin have been at the Hotel del Coronado during the past week.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Mrs. William G. Irwin have returned from the East, and are at the Palace Hotel. They will leave for Honolulu next Wednesday.

Hon. Paul Neumann arrived from Honolulu last Wednesday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Harry R. Simpkins and Miss Alice Simpkins will pass the summer near St. Helena.

Hon. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin returned from Washington, D. C., a week ago.

Miss and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, and Mrs. A. J. Pope have returned from a month's visit to the Pope villa near St. Helena.

Mrs. James F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton have been visiting San José during the past week, and will remain there until Mrs. Houghton's health improves.

Hon. and Mrs. John Boggs left last Monday to visit the Columbian Exposition, after which they will pass several months in the Eastern States.

Mrs. James Irvine and her son, Mr. Callaghan Byrne, have been passing the week in San José. Mr. J. William Byrne went there on Friday for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Doggs and the Misses Delmas are occupying their villa at Mountain View.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair are in Nice. They will remain abroad until next September.

Dr. and Mrs. Bowditch Morton, *née* Smith, of Washington, D. C., are here on a visit to Mrs. Russell B. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd, who have been visiting Santa Barbara and other points down the coast, are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Zook will leave for San Rafael early in June to reside there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sheldon, Mr. Joseph A. Sheldon, and Miss Kate Sheldon have returned from a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher are visiting Salt Lake City.

Mr. A. J. Johnston, of Sacramento, has returned from a trip to Salt Lake City.

Mr. Edgar B. Badlam left last Wednesday for Chicago and New York and will be away a month.

Mr. John D. Vest returned to the city last Friday, via Panama, after passing a couple of years in Cambridge, Mass., where he has been studying medicine.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Misses Clara and Bessie Huntington, and Miss Mamie Masten are visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. Jesse Triest left for Chicago and New York last Monday, and will be away a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Harrison left last Wednesday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe and Miss Millie Ashe have returned from a prolonged visit to Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens, of Oakland, have been entertaining Miss Wickham, of New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hughes, of Sacramento, were visitors recently at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus D. Boruck and Miss Florence Boruck have returned from an extended tour of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Macdonough left last Wednesday for Europe, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Moorehouse have returned to San Leandro after a pleasant visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. George Loughborough is rapidly improving in health after a prolonged illness. He will pass the season in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hebborn and Miss Hebborn, of Salinas, have been enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, president of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, and her daughter, Miss Harriet Cooper, will leave for Chicago on May 8th. Mrs. Cooper is to speak before seventeen different national and international congresses and assemblies at the exposition during the months of May, June, and July.

Mrs. William H. Avery has returned to her home in Alameda after a pleasant visit to Pleasanton, and is greatly improved in health.

Mrs. John H. Jewett is passing a few weeks in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have gone to Grass Valley for a couple of weeks.

Colonel William Macdonald and Miss Hilda Macdonald were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. John E. Cazes will leave to-day on a pleasure trip of several days duration to Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and Coronado.

Last week there left for the Yosemite Valley a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, Mrs. Livingston, Dr. Herxheimer and daughter, of Frankfurt, Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Havens. They intended to stay in the valley ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigne have gone to San Mateo for the season.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Hager will go to Alaska on June 2nd, after which they will go East.

Miss Jennie Catherwood is visiting Judge Simrall's family in Louisville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitlaw Reid have been in Chicago during the past week.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Admiral and Mrs. John Irwin, U. S. N., Miss Irwin, Mrs. Lydia Spalding, Miss Grace Taylor, and Lieutenant Farmer, U. S. N., will leave next Saturday for Japan and China.

Lieutenant Leonard A. Loyer, U. S. A., who was

formerly stationed at the Presidio, is here on a visit and is staying at the Cosmos Club.

Captain William Thompson, U. S. A. (retired), has returned to Tacoma, Wash., after passing several months in Los Angeles.

Captain E. G. Armstrong, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on a three months' leave of absence, owing to continued illness.

Troop I, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will leave the Presidio next Tuesday en route to the Yosemite National Park, to attend to the yearly military duty of guarding the property from depredations and fire.

THE THREATENED FAD.

By Will Carleton.

[The good old lady in "Farm Ballads" who did not like the new church organ speaks again.]

There'll come an awful judgment, Sue,

Upon this land, I fear,

If half the doleful things is true

That riddles in my ear.

The women think there's no escape

From ill their mothers bore,

An' hoops of different size an' shape

Is comin' round once more,

Oh, if this world, as some avow,

Grows smaller each day through,

Why should folks try to take up, now,

Three times the room they do?

I recollect when first it came,

Some thirty years ago,

Though who or what was then to blame

I never got to know;

But spite of all the men folks said,

An' called their sister fool,

The boob distemper seemed to spread

Like measles in a school;

An' gals that vowed, an' stamped their foot,

They wouldn't be drove or won

By such a style, went straight an' put

The queer contraptions on!

Miss Polly Get-there strode ahead,

An' braved the village wrath;

But, goodness mercy! I didn't she spread

Destruction in her path?

What furniture she chanced to strike,

Disaster sure would greet,

An' children learned to dodge her like

A cyclone in the street!

An' while the people frowned and laughed,

'Twas good part of a year

Before she learned her pirate craft

Appropriate to steer!

Then six young sisters, blithe an' gay,

The banners spread in view;

Their father went to church that day

An' hired an extra pew.

Then sin' lar gals—we couldn't condemn—

Felt Fashion's widenin' touch,

An' people also laughed at them,

But didn't laugh so much;

An' soon, in spite of all the fings,

The han'ful grew a host,

An' them that didn't wear the things

Got hooted at the most!

An' long I vowed that I would take

My path unhooped an' free,

An' meant that Style should never make

A barrel out o' me;

But bitterness was in the cup

From which I quaffed the right,

An' juveniles would chase me up,

An' show me for a sight;

An' finally the deed was done;

My pride was headlong cast;

I wasted to a skeleton—

Then put one on at last!

But I am all untrammelled now,

No longer bein' young;

An' Thought is throned upon my brow,

An' Candor trims my tongue.

An' Candor trims my tongue.

I know Frivolity is just

A steppin'-stone to Sin.

I'll fight 'em both, an' beat I must,

For Right is bound to win.

But, Sue, when next in town, if such

A step isn't labor lost,

Drop in the store, an' learn how much

Hoop-skirts is goin' to cost!—*Bazar.*

In a recent lecture in London, Sir John Lubbock gave some interesting reminiscences of mixed metaphors perpetrated by speakers in the House of Commons, by which he showed that Scotchmen are able at times to wrest the laurels from Irishmen in the matter of Hibernicisms. He recalled one speech by a solemn Highlander, in which he gravely informed the House that a certain appropriation of two millions of pounds for the Afghan War was a "mere flea-bite in the ocean"; while another Scotch member remarked that "you may depend on it, sir, the pale face of the British soldier is the backbone of the Indian army."

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN

Cleaned and purified of every humor, eruption, and disease by the celebrated

CUTICURA REMEDIES

These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, no-failing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. **FOTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston.** "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES!

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.

Hotel Rafael

San Rafael, Marin Co., Cal.

WILL RE-OPEN MAY 1st

For accommodations apply to CHAS. PETERSEN, 124 Sansome Street, Or. O. M. BRENNAN, Manager, San Rafael.

REOPENING.

HOTEL BEN LOMOND.

This hotel will be reopened for the reception of guests on or about May 5, 1893, under entirely new management. Situated ten miles from Santa Cruz, in the heart of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Climate perfect. Lovely walks and drives, good hunting and fishing. Three hours and a half from San Francisco. Four trains daily to Santa Cruz. Trains stop near hotel grounds.

For terms, etc., apply to G. L. A. SMITH, Manager, (Late of Hotel Pleasanton).

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The leading family hotel, located on the beach, with the finest land and marine view on the coast. Electric cars connect the hotel with the cliffs and all parts of town.

Strictly first-class. For terms address JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

I will open my new Gallery on Thursday, May 4th, with an Exhibition of fine Water Colors.

W. K. VICKERY,

224 POST STREET,

bet. Grant Avenue and Stockton Street.

When You Go to Chicago

LEAVE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

—OF THE—

First National Bank

Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

Office Hours, 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

CLARKE'S ABSOLUTELY PURE.

The purity—age and elegant bouquet of Clarke's Pure Rye has won for it the title—

The Finest Whiskey in the World

and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity. None genuine without trademark G. B. & Co., on label. Price: per Bottle, \$1.50; per Doz. \$15; per Gal. \$14; per 2 gal. \$28, securely packed. We ask a trial order. For sale by all druggists or **COLLIER, BIRKS & CO., Sole Agents 31 Ash St., Peoria, Ill.**

PURE RYE

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

By F. Anstey, Author of "Vice Versa."

SCENE.—A village school-room. A juvenile treat is in progress, and a magic-lantern, hired for the occasion, "with set of slides complete—to last one hour"—is about to be exhibited.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER [suddenly recognizing the new curate, who is blinking unsuspectingly in the lantern rays]—Oh, Mr. Tootler, you've just come in time to help us! The man with the lantern says he only manages the slides, and can't do the talking part. And I've asked lots of people, and no one will volunteer. Would you mind just explaining the pictures to the children? It's only a little nursery tale—"Valentine and Orson"—I chose that, because it's less hackneyed, and has such an excellent moral, you know. I'm sure you'll do it so beautifully!

MR. TOOTLER [a shy man]—I—I'd do it with pleasure, I'm sure—only I really don't know anything about "Valentine and Orson!"

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER—Oh, what does that matter? I can tell you the outline in two minutes. [She tells him.] But it's got to last an hour, so you must spin it out as much as ever you can.

MR. TOOTLER [to himself]—Ought I to neglect such a golden opportunity of winning these young hearts? No. [Aloud.] I will—er—do my best, and, perhaps, I had better begin at once, as they seem to be getting—er—rather unruly at the further end of the room. [He clears his throat.] Children, you must be very quiet and attentive, and then we shall be able, as we purpose this evening, to show you some scenes illustrative of the—er—beautiful old story of "Valentine and Orson," which I doubt not is familiar to you all. [Rustic applause, conveyed by stamping and shrill cheers, after which a picture is thrown on the screen representing a village festival.] Here, children, we have a view of—er—[with sudden inspiration]—Valentine's native village. It is—er—his birthday, and Valentine, being a young man who is universally beloved on account of his amiability and good conduct—[To the VICAR'S DAUGHTER—"Is that correct?" THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER—"Quite, quite correct!"]—good conduct, the villagers are celebrating the—er—auspicious event by general rejoicings. How true it is that if we are only good, we may, young as we are, count upon gaining the affection and esteem of all around us! [A YOUTHFUL RUSTIC, with a tendency to heckle—"Ef 'ee please, zur, which on 'em be Valentine?"] Valentine, we may be very sure, would not be absent on such an occasion, although, owing to the crowd, we can not distinguish him. But, wherever he is, however he may be occupied, he little thinks that, before long, he will have to encounter the terrible Orson, the Wild Man of the Woods! Ah, dear children, we all have our Wild Man of the Woods to fight. With some of us it is—[he improves the occasion]. Our next picture represents—to ASSISTANT—"Sure this comes next? Oh, they're all numbered, are they? Very well!"]—represents a forest—er—the home of Orson. If we were permitted to peep behind one of those trunks, we should doubtless see Orson himself, crouching in readiness to spring upon the unsuspecting Valentine. So, often when we, etc. The next scene we shall show you represents the—er—burning of Valentine's ship. Valentine has gone on a voyage, with the object of—er—finding Orson. If the boat in the picture was only larger, we could no doubt identify Valentine, sitting there undismayed, calmly confident that, notwithstanding this—er—unfortunate interruption, he will be guided, sooner or later, to his—er—goal. Yes, dear children, if we only have patience, if we only have faith, etc. Here we see—[an enormous bison is suddenly depicted on the screen]—eh? oh, yes—here we have a specimen of—er—Orson's pursuits. He chases the bison. Some of you may not know what a bison is. It is a kind of hairy cow, and—[He describes the habits of these creatures as fully as he is able.] [THE YOUTHFUL RUSTIC—"Their baint naw one a-erntin' of 'un, zur."] What? Oh, but there is, you know. Orson is pursuing him, only—er—the bison, being a very fleet animal, has outrun his pursuer for the moment. Sometimes we flatter ourselves that we have outrun our pursuer—but, depend upon it, etc. But now let us see what Valentine is about—[Discovering, not without surprise, that the next picture is a scene in the Arctic regions]. Well, you see, he has succeeded in reaching the coast, and here he is—in a sledge drawn by a reindeer, with nothing to guide him but the Aurora Borealis, hastening toward the spot where he has been told he will find Orson. He doesn't despair, doesn't lose heart—he is sure that, if he only keeps on, if he—er—only continues, only perseveres—[Aside. "What drivell I am talking!"] To ASSISTANT—"I say, are there many more of this sort? because we don't seem to be getting on!"]—Well, now we come to—[a moonlight scene, with a cottage in winter, appears]—to the—ah—home of Valentine's mother. You will observe a light in the casement. By that light the good old woman is sitting, longing and praying for the return of her gallant boy. Ah, dear children, what a thing a good old mother is! [To the VICAR'S DAUGHTER—"I really can not keep on like this much longer. I'm positively certain these slides are out of order!"] THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER—"Oh, no; I'm sure it's all right. Do please go on. They're so interested!" THE YOUNG HECKLER—"Ow 'bout Valentine, zur?—where be 'ee?"]

Ab, where is Valentine, indeed? [To ASSISTANT—"Next slide—quick!"] (Recognizes with dismay a view of the Grand Canal.) "No—but, I say—really, I can't—"] Here we have Valentine at Venice. He has reached that beautiful city—well called the Queen of the Adriatic—at last! He contemplates it from his gondola, and yet he has no heart just now to take in all the beauty of the scene. He feels that he is still no nearer to finding Orson than before. [THE YOUNG HECKLER—"Naw moor be we, zur. We ain't zeed nayther on 'em zo fur!"] Tumult and a general demand for the instant production of Orson or Valentine. Now, children, children! this is very irregular. You must allow me to tell this story my own way. I assure you that you will see them both in good time, if you only keep still! [To ASSISTANT—"I can't stand this any more. Valentine and Orson must be underneath the rest. Find them, and shove them in quick. Never mind the numbering!"] (The screen remains blank while the ASSISTANT fumbles.) "Well, have you got them?"

THE ASSISTANT—No, sir; I'm rather afraid they ain't here. Fact is, they've sent me out with the wrong set o' slides. This ain't "Valentine and Orson"—it's a miscellaneous lot, sir!

[Collapse of curate as scene closes in.]

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Both Get the "Dust."
"Only a feather-duster;
But I worship it," she said,
"For its fascinating likeness
To Paderevski's head."—Puck.

A New Nursery Rhyme.

Sing a song of shakels,
A rounder full of rye,
With four-and-twenty lamp-posts
Marching slowly by,
And when the lamps were past him,
He tumbled down kerflop;
Wasn't that a pretty sight
To set before a cop?—The Hotel.

A Freak of Pegasus.

'Twas on a Santa Fé express,
In Kansas, one bright day,
A curly head quite snugly
On a manly shoulder lay;
The situation was, it seems,
Too tempting to resist,
So when no one was looking, they
Each other slyly kissed.
Just then the brakeman shouted out:
"Eudora!" Quite enraged
And blushing scarlet, Dora said:
"What of it? We're engaged."
—Kansas City Journal.

At a Disadvantage.

A mermaid sat in her pearly cave
And sighed, as she combed her hair;
"What conquests I could make if I
Could sliden stockings wear."—Life.

Like the Other Men.

Delighting in a courtship new,
They stood with no observer near;
The maiden to his side he drew—
"Just one," he whispered in her ear.
"Well, if I thought you'd take no more—"
She answered him, with cheeks aglow;
"No; after one, you'll want a score,
Just like the other men I know."
—New York Press.

What they Sat On.

They saw the young leaves on the trees,
They saw the violets pushing
Their modest heads up through the grass,
They saw the fountains gushing;
They saw the happy little birds,
Among the branches flitting,
They rose and saw the sign, "Fresh Paint,"
On the seat where they'd been sitting.
—Kansas City Journal.

The Pugilist's End.

The boasts of sluggers and the pomp of power,
And all the fistic art our thoughts engage,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The path of bruising leads but to the stage.
—Puck.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
MAKES DELICIOUS LEMONADE.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

Edison likes to have women machinists to do all the finer work of his electrical inventions. There are two hundred women in his employ, and he claims that they are far more reliable than men would be.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Ismail Pasha, the ex-Khedive of Egypt, is said to be worth twenty-five millions of dollars, and resides on the shores of the Bosphorus in a palace of great splendor.

Ripans Tabules banish pain and prolong life. Your druggist will supply them, if asked.

Europe annually consumes upward of three million dollars in gold and silver for plate, jewelry, and ornaments.

"THE ADVERTISER'S SHAKESPEARE."

This is the age of advertisement (says the *Gentleman's Magazine*). The man who finds a new method of attracting public attention earns the gratitude of all commercial men. Such a method has been devised by a syndicate who are about to publish, through an eminent firm of publishers, "The Advertiser's Shakespeare." The scheme of the work is, by judicious emendations of the text, to include in the body of Shakespeare's plays (which are read by thousands annually) advertisements of well-known wares. Every one is familiar with the sentence, "What say you to a piece of beef and mustard? X's mustard is the best.—Shakespeare." We propose to develop and systematize this idea; and we invite tenders for the blank spaces in the accompanying list of passages. As an example of our method, we adduce one or two illustrations:

I.—DIGESTIVE PREPARATIONS.

MACBETH—
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both; and for digestion first
And good health afterward, there is no stuff
Like A's pepsine. Fall to, now! —Macbeth.

II.—MARKING INKS.

LEONATO—
Oh, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And wonder small—the ink is W's!
—Much Ado About Nothing.

III.—COCOA.

ELY—
This would drink deep.
CANTERBURY—
'Twould drink the cup and all,
As if 'twere X's cocoa.—"Henry V."

IV.—NIGHT LIGHTS.

PORTIA—
How far Brown's little night light throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
—"Merchant of Venice."

The Opening of the Campaign.

To open the campaign with any hopes of speedy success, attack the enemy, malaria, before it has a chance to intrench. An obstinate foe 'twill prove if you don't go right at it. If you are prudent, too, you will have fortified, upon the first intimation of its presence in your neighborhood. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the medicinal ammunition that you require. Every form of malarial fever yields to this fine preventive and remedy.

Thomas A. Edison has over thirty-six thousand men in his employ in various parts of the world, while two million dollars represents his invested capital. His inventions are numbered by the hundreds.

To Large Advertisers.

We do a general newspaper and street-car advertising business throughout the United States and Canada. Write us for estimates before placing your business. Also send for our catalogue of "Special Offers," of papers covering every State in the Union. The '93 edition of the Eureka Newspaper Guide is now out and will be sent anywhere, carriage paid, for \$2.00 cash. A book of 600 pages, neatly bound in leather and cloth. Contains a complete census of the newspaper business of the United States, Canada, and Australasia. Address, Eureka Advertising Agency, Binghamton, N. Y.

Your Mother Raised You,

And your grandmother raised your mother on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It's the oldest brand, it's the richest brand, it's the most reliable brand of condensed milk ever offered to the public. Grocers and druggists.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

ORANGE AND FRUIT CULTURE.

A responsible land-owner, having a large improved estate in the Placer County foothill region, adjoining the Central Pacific Railroad, where orange and fruit culture is attended with a success only equaled in a very few sections of the State, and having a tract of about 250 acres, already largely cultivated, and containing about 2,000 choice orange-trees now in successful bearing, desires to meet with a gentleman of means who desires to establish a pleasant country residence, and who would be willing to engage in fruit-growing under the most favorable conditions, and would go forward and engage in the cultivation of the particular tract. The tract has a nursery of over 20,000 young orange-trees budded to the choicest variety of oranges, of which about half would be suitable to plant out in orchard next winter. Peach, Cherry, and other varieties of fruit-trees can be planted in the tract to large and speedy profit. The tract is supplied by an abundance of water, and connected with the best built roads to be found in the State. The tract can be leased, purchased, bonded, with an option of purchase, or otherwise favorably arranged for by a suitable party. In the vicinity is a most prosperous Country Club, with Cricket and Tennis Clubs and a Football team. The surrounding society is of a cultivated and superior class.

Ten and twenty-acre adjoining tracts, with abundant water, are also offered for sale at moderate prices, where residence and cultivation is intended. Such tracts will be sold upon a cash payment of ten per cent., with deferred payments for a period of years, at six per cent. interest.

Address, F. P. McLENNAN, 652 Fifth Street, or
FRUIT-GROWER, Rocklin, Placer Co.

AGENTS making from \$5 to \$15 per day—
Sample knife and particulars sent for
60c. to any one wishing to act as agent.

Made FROM THE FINEST OF STEEL.

THE CHRISTY KNIVES ARE PATENTED: Any one setting an imitation will be prosecuted.

THE WONDERFUL CHRISTY KNIVES CUT Bread and Cake without Crumbs, Meat without Shreds, Fruit without Waste. They are called "Edge Cutters" because they cut so perfectly, artistically. Cut this slice as well as that. Cut hot bread and cake as well as stale. Keeps sharper longer than any other knife in the world, and can be re-sharpened by regular method or whetstone. Sold everywhere.

THE CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Fremont, O.

A Powerful
Flesh Maker.

A process that kills the taste of cod-liver oil has done good service—but the process that both kills the taste and effects partial digestion has done much more.

Scott's Emulsion stands alone in the field of fat-foods. It is easy of assimilation because partially digested before taken.

Scott's Emulsion checks Consumption and all other wasting diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists,
New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

QUINA-LAROCHE'S
FERRUGINOUS TONIC
CONTAINING
Peruvian Bark, Iron and
Pure Catalan Wine.
GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of
16,600 FRANCS.
Used with entire success in Hospi-
tals of Paris for the cure of
ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DIS-
EASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE,
and POORNESS of the BLOOD.
Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIPE.

This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle, in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

22 rue Drouot, Paris.
E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U.S.,
30 North William st., N. Y.

QUINA-LAROCHE

A good soup
delicately takes the
edge off appetite and leaves it
with a satisfaction

COWDREY'S
SOUPS.

that lends itself
to the remainder of a dinner.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once made a crushing reply to a man who asked him whether the people in Boston did not feel alarmed. Said Emerson: "What about?" Said the man: "Why, the world is coming to an end next Monday." Emerson replied: "I'm glad of it. We can get along a great deal better without it."

Scene: a Parisian restaurant. Enter a fussy old gentleman, who, after choosing his table, hecons to the waiter and says, confidentially: "I want a really good dinner. Here's your tip beforehand. Now, what do you recommend?" Waiter (looking cautiously round and whispering in the client's ear): "Go somewhere else!"

A Scottish gentleman had a dispute with a London cabman over an eighteen-penny fare. He had offered a shilling only, and the cabman had remonstrated with him. Drawing himself up with dignity, he said: "Eh, mon, but I think ye dinna ken whom ye're speaking to! I'm the MacIntosh!" The cockney was not properly impressed; he retorted sharply: "I don't care if you're the Hummerella; I mean to have that sixpence!"

Dr. F. C. Wines, founder of the National Prison Association, had been formerly the principal of a boy's school. One day he had occasion to "trounce" a boy, and it is to be supposed did the work thoroughly. The lad took his revenge in a way that the doctor himself could not help laughing at. Dr. Wines's front door bore a plate on which was the one word "Wines." The boy wrote an addition in big letters, so that the inscription ran: WINES AND OTHER LICKERS.

Jean Nicolas Bouilly, a now-forgotten dramatist, although a sentimentalist in matters literary, was keenly practical in some respects. When they brought him an article falling foul of him, he quietly went to his writing-table, took from one of its drawers a pocket-hook bound in green morocco, and began to add up the profits derived from his dramatic works during the year. "When the writer of this article shall have earned as much as that, I will believe in his remarks; until then, I prefer to believe in the public and in the cashier of the theatre. It is not a question of self-respect, it is a question of figures."

A robust German woman was before Judge McAdam, of the superior court of New York, recently, asking for a separation from an evidently hen-pecked husband. While the husband was timidly giving evidence that showed the true state of affairs, the wife scowled ominously. As he left the stand she went for him. A court attendant, who was about to restrain her, was called back by Judge McAdam. The woman, who charged cruelly, hit the little man a blow that knocked him over a chair. "That will do, madam," said the judge; "your physical evidence is much stronger than the oral testimony. Your case is dismissed."

At a meeting of Sorosis, some time since, the wife of Paul Blouet, better known as "Max O'Rell," was present, and every one was anxious to see her. It is the custom when distinguished strangers are present for them to rise for a moment, in whatever part of the room they are sitting, as they are introduced to the society. When Mrs. Blouet's name was announced, in the desire to see the wife of the fascinating Frenchman, almost every woman in the hall rose to her feet and looked into the face of her neighbor to see if she might be that delightful woman. There was a general ripple of amusement, and, as seats were retaken, the president remarked that "Max O'Rell" had but one wife, and if the other ladies would remain seated, she would rise that they might see her.

Black Sammy is a noted hoy in the Sunday-school (says the Boston Budget). His teacher one day was trying to make the class see the advantage of living a good life. These moral remarks were occasioned by a strong wave of chewed paper that happened to strike the benevolent superintendent on the cheek. Sammy was evidently the culprit, although his black skin showed no sign. "Now, children, you must be better. Such actions as those tend to drag you downward, and if you do a bad deed once, the second time you do it more easily. It does not pay to be bad, for you can not go to heaven." Then Miss Goode straightened her glasses and looked into Sammy's shining eyes. "Sammy, what kind of boys go to heaven?" Sammy shuffled his feet. "Dead boys," he said.

A landed proprietor from the provinces put up at a hotel in Berlin. In course of conversation he asked the landlord how business was prospering. "Just middling," was the reply. "The fact is, the Berlin folks seem to have got no money left," said the visitor, as he produced his purse, from which he took two hundred-mark notes, folded them into a lighter, and lighted his cigar with it. The landlord and the company present looked on in mute astonishment. Meanwhile the hour of departure had arrived. Our

country Croesus once more took out his purse, paid his bill, and counted over his bank-notes. It was now his turn to be astonished, for he found himself still in possession of a dozen hundred-mark "flash" notes, which he kept by him for the purpose of playing off his little joke; but he had burned the only two genuine notes he had with him.

The following story is told by the *Broad Arrow*: "The reported invention of a bullet-proof 'plastron' recalls the anecdote connected with the Duke of Wellington and a somewhat similar invention. The inventor, having obtained an interview with the duke at the Horse Guards, was requested to put on the armor, which was stated to be of some light material worn beneath the clothing. The duke having expressed his approval of its appearance, the inventor, highly pleased, dilated on its perfect qualities warmly, until the commander-in-chief quietly asked one of his staff to order the attendance of a file of the Guards, with a few rounds of hall cartridge. Needless to add, the inventor made a hurried exit, and nothing more was heard of this invulnerable armor." Some of our readers may think they have read this anecdote in this column before, but they are in error. The last time we printed it, the grim general was Napoleon, and the time before that Gustavus Adolphus.

A hot-headed, warm-hearted physician was Doctor Dougal, who practiced in Scotland in the last part of the eighteenth century (says the *Youth's Companion*). One day a man, in an agony of pain, came into his drug-shop, and asked to have his tooth drawn. "Man, you're not needing a tooth drawn," said the doctor. "Gae awa' hame and pit a poultice to it." An argument ensued, during which the sufferer, driven to desperation, cried out: "I dinna suppose ye can draw teeth!" At this the doctor seized his forceps and jumped over the counter. "I'll draw every tooth in your heid!" he shouted, and started in pursuit of his patient, who rushed through the Market Square of Keith vainly shrieking for aid. He was finally outrun by the doctor, who got him down on his hack, and triumphantly took out two of his teeth on the spot. The remarks of the doctor were always short and sharp, and yet they contained a deal of homely wisdom. "I've a deal to suffer with my een, doctor," said a patient. "Better suffer with them than without them!" replied the doctor. "Doctor," asked a talkative wife, "what's the matter wi' my tongue?" "Just needing a rest," replied the doctor, soothingly.

A Wonderful Machine.

There is no doubt that man is a fine mechanism, but like every other machine he wears out by friction. It is said that he is born again every two or three years. His body is virtually re-made from food. To retard this making over is radically wrong, as a man loses so much vitality in the delayed process that it takes a long time to recuperate. The process of making a new man is accelerated by purging with BRANDRETH'S PILLS that a new man, as it were, may be made in two or three months, and the change in the mechanism is such that the worn-out part is replaced by the new without the usual running down of the entire machine. You don't have to stop for repairs. Purge away with BRANDRETH'S PILLS the old, diseased, and worn-out body. They are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers. Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

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Majestic.....May 17th.....Majestic.....June 14th
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Germanic.....June 7th.....Germanic.....July 5th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
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SOLID TRAINS Equipped with Pullman Buffet Sleeping-Cars, Free Reclining-Chair Cars.

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Connecting with Direct Routes to

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The Only Line Reaching the Celebrated ARKANSAS HOT SPRINGS.

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Pac. Coast Agent, 132 California St., S. F.
H. C. TOWNSEND,
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City of Peking.....Thursday, June 22, at 3 P. M.
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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.

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Oceanic.....Tuesday, May 23

Gaelic.....Tuesday, June 13

Belgie.....Thursday, July 13

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From April 23, 1893.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.....	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.....	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	7:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.....	9:45 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite), and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Croville.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.....	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	6:20 P.
2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:10 P.
12:05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	10:40 A.
3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 16, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:35 P. M.

From Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco, DESTINATION, Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.....	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	7:30 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, Pieta, Hopland and Ukiah.....	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.....	7:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.....	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.....	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydeville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays: To Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only: To Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1.20; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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In the room in Salem where "The Scarlet Letter" was written, Hawthorne wrote, "in this poor room Fame was won." In that poor room, with its narrow walls and windows looking out over old Salem town where the witches once were executed on Gallows Hill—nineteen victims in one summer—and over the harbor where once the great ships used to swing at anchor, the greatest and gloomiest work of American fiction was written.

Everybody has had his say about Hawthorne. Some have it that he is the greatest literary spirit this country has so far produced. Others class him with Emerson and Poe—the only three original literary geniuses of the United States. There are some who find fault with his cramped and highly finished style. An eminent French critic recently said that the Rome of Hawthorne was a cold and colorless place, not comparable for a moment with the Rome of "Ouida." Again, others say that no one has ever seized upon and reproduced a past epoch as Hawthorne did that of the Puritan settlement of New England.

As some one has written of him, Hawthorne "inherited a period." He inherited the period of the early days in New England. He did not gain his entire knowledge of it by study or research. He knew it by some strange and subtle intuition. His spirit, in a former life, must have inhabited the body of some severe and rigorous Puritan; and, like the bank-clerk in Rudyard Kipling's story—who had vague and puzzling memories of tremendous days on a long Norse galley, whose beaked prow furrowed wild, unknown seas; and later of the interior of a Greek trireme, where the rowers, three tiers deep, pulled at their long oars in sunlit gloom—the doors between him and his former existence were not quite closed. As Kipling's bank-clerk knew how the light squeezed in through the holes where the oars passed, and how, upon their handles, there were Greek characters rudely traced, so Hawthorne knew strange traits and characteristics of that past New England where John Endicott tore down the May-pole at Merry Mount, and where the gray champion appeared, mysterious and awful, at the head of the surging mob.

In his great masterpiece, the gloom of those severe days mingles with the gloom of the sombre story. Darkness and mystery brood over the tale. There is but little light to relieve the shadows. There is the narrow and almost terrible intensity in the story that is in the New England character. It is not alone in the picture of the time that the book reflects the Puritan characteristics; it is also in the compressed and concentrated intensity with which the tale is told. The story of Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale is dyed deep with the tragic sombreness of desperately earnest days.

The characters in the book are eminently dramatic. But a good many characters which are dramatic in books are not dramatic in a style suited for the stage. Wilde Collins's books, wildly sensational as they are, have never made good dramas, and even the part of Anne Sylvester, one of the most highly romantic and emotional to be imagined, does not lend itself well to acting.

Hester Prynne and the Pastor are dramatic in the book, and on the stage are images of perpetual despair. In the story, we see into the Pastor's heart, and look on at the silent agony of a sensitive spirit, tortured to madness by remorse and cowardice. In the play, the same man talks his anguish, and talked anguish and felt anguish are two very different matters. The author's picture of the minister—broken-down, bowed with a silent but inextinguishable torment forever gnawing at his heart—is one of the most successful pieces of portraiture in the entire range of fiction. The playwright's minister is a miserable wretch who is forever giving voice to his sufferings and easing his torments by outbursts of despair.

The woman, too, in the novel is a silently impressive figure. Her haughtiness, her coldness, her immobility—all these lend to her figure, stately and superb in its high disdain of small scorn or slight, and magnificent acquiescence in her punishment, an imposing and lofty dignity. The storms of this turbulent nature are deep and hidden. The force and majesty that seem to cling to Hester, even when she stands for three hours in the public pillory, gain by the silent sternness which marks her throughout the book. Admitting her sin and the justice of her punishment, she goes, a solemn, sombre figure, a brooded, gliding outlaw, through the little, busy life of old Salem town. Her few outbursts of despair and anguish come at long intervals through the book. The scene where, in the deadness of the night, Arthur Dimmesdale, Hester, and Little Pearl stand together

upon the scaffold is a scene of tragic power, but its greatest power lies in the heaviness of silence that broods over it. Talk belittles moments such as these.

But in a play people must talk. Hence it is that books, the force of which lies in the dramatic telling of an impassioned story, rather than in the romantic scenes in the story, are better reading matter than they are acting matter. "The Scarlet Letter" loses power by the interpolation of much conversation and the cutting out of its superb pieces of description. One can not blame Miss Cameron if she makes the majestic Hester of the novel—so proud and strong a creature that she fronted the angry mob with a face of stone—a timid, miserable, despairing woman, a woman such as Constance describes herself to be: "For I am sick and capable of fears, oppressed with wrongs and, therefore, full of fears—a woman, husbandless, subject to fears—a woman naturally born to fears."

Miss Cameron has to follow the lines of the playwright, but even so, she might have infused a little more spirit, a little more vigor, into her Hester. Hester, in the book, was not the helpless, crushed, timorous, and fearful creature that she depicts. She was a woman of force, of iron courage, of gloomy resolution. Hawthorne's contrast of the strong, turbulent, and forceful woman with the feeble, effeminate, and sensitive man is one of the greatest strokes in this great picture.

Another point in which the play is, as a drama, deficient, is its lack of change in the key. It is all in the same tone—all gloom and despair—all Arthur and Hester. Roger Chillingworth—one of the strangely weird figures in which Hawthorne seems to have taken such delight—is crowded out into insignificance. Even Pearl is pushed into the background. In the book, Pearl was an object on which the author had spent much care and thought, using her to illustrate his theories of heredity. In this elfish little creature Hester saw with terror the opposing characteristics of father and mother blending to form a disposition of wild and fantastic waywardness.

The tragedy of the story, the lack of any relieving humor or sub-plot, has made its dramatization a task that the most daring playwright does not readily take up. Years ago, in her golden prime, Matilda Heron made a stage version of "The Scarlet Letter," and played Hester herself. It had some measure of success, Matilda Heron being an extremely clever and attractive woman. Since then, playwrights and dramatists have considered it, but rarely attempted to change it from its perfect form as a novel to an imperfect form as a play. The programme of Mr. Mansfield's performance does not give the name of the adapter. Whoever he is, he has kept close to the original, and, in consequence, gives to the public a work of unrelieved and oppressive sadness.

Mr. Mansfield himself is always clever. He is not a genius, but he is a man of high intelligence, painstaking, hard-working, and thorough. If he never rises to actual greatness, he never sinks below a high level. He is one of the most dependable of actors, and, besides, is always sure to have his plays set and staged as well as possible. Moreover, he has a good deal of enterprise in putting on new plays. Now and then he earns the public's gratitude by putting on a new play which is worth seeing.

If Miss Cameron weakened the character of Hester in her performance, Mr. Mansfield strengthened that of Arthur Dimmesdale. He put a good deal of force into the faint-hearted pastor. In fact, he made the minister appear much more upright and manly than he does in the book. Characters of the Dimmesdale type—weak, impassioned, with the capacity to be great, together with a haunting and unconquerable timidity, always desiring to be well thought of, sensitive, and cowardly with a cowardice that is to them a shame and an agony—are fascinating to the novelist and the student of character. Mr. Mansfield makes Dimmesdale a good deal more of a man than Hawthorne did. The play, however, does not show off his talents to the best advantage. It is all so much in the same tone that the constant iteration of everybody's misery makes it monotonous. Dimmesdale's face is painted as white as chalk from the moment of his first entrance till he dies in the pillory. He is always at the most pallid stage of wretchedness.

At the theatres during the week commencing May 8th: Richard Mansfield in "Beau Brummell," "A Parisian Romance," and "Prince Karl"; the Tivoli Company in "The Bells of Corneville"; Hallen and Hart in "The Idea"; and Oliver Byron in "The Dark Continent."

The Shrewd "S. P. C."

The telegraph department of the Southern Pacific Company's main offices in San Francisco has been completely fitted out during the past week with "The Caligraph" type-writer for the use of all receiving operators. This was done after thorough investigation by the officials of the company, who were determined to have the very best type-writer in the market. They have secured, and we congratulate our esteemed friend Chas. E. Naylor, who is State agent for "The Caligraph," with offices at No. 19 Montgomery Street, upon this new confirmation of his oft repeated claim that "The Caligraph" is "the best on earth." The telegraph work is the severest test of true merit that can be given a writing machine, all press dispatches and ordinary messages being taken direct from the wire by the operator and type-written at once.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Richard Mansfield is said to contemplate a yachting tour of the world at the end of the present season.

Dixey says he is going to wear seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in "Adonis," which is to be one of the attractions at Chicago this summer.

An English comedian, Charles Hawbrey, moved by the success of Charles Dickson in Mrs. Pacheco's farcical play, "Incog," is negotiating for the right to produce it in England.

It may interest some people in San Francisco to know that Burt Haverly, the ex-minstrel, and Laura Bigger, who sang at the Tivoli and elsewhere in town, were married recently. They are now in "A Trip to Chinatown," having the respective rôles of Welland Strong and the Widow Guyer.

A new aspirant for histrionic honors is Miss Katherine Clemmons, "a pretty Californian, with a stage experience gained in the English provinces." "Buffalo Bill" Cody is her financial backer, and she is to make her American debut in a romantic play of the sixteenth century, entitled "A Lady of Venice."

Anna Katharine Green's dramatization of her popular detective story, "The Leavenworth Case," will soon be seen at one of the local theatres, with the author's husband, Charles Rohlf, in the leading rôle. He is not new to the stage, having appeared in Booth's, Barrett's, and Mary Anderson's companies.

Sarah Bernhardt has left Paris for Buda-Pesth, Constantinople, and Athens, and is soon going to Brazil for a fortnight's performance. But she will be back in Paris in September, and will then begin a four years' engagement at the Vaudeville. Sardou is writing a new play, which she will produce there in a few months.

Planquette's opera, "The Bells of Corneville," will be sung at the Tivoli next week, with the following cast of characters:

Germaine, Tillie Salinger; Serpolette, Fannie Liddiard; Gertrude, Irene Mull; Jeanne, Julia Simmons; Manette, Gretchen Hirsch; Suzanne, May Atkins; Henri, George Olmi; Jean Grenicheux, Phil. Branson; Gaspard, Ferris Hartman; Bailiff, M. Cornell; Notary, Fred Kavanaugh.

It will be followed, on Monday evening, May 15th, by "The Pretty Persian."

A general strike among the ballet-girls in Chicago is threatened, and, indeed, one such strike has already been successful. It was at McVicker's Theatre, where they were doing "The Black Crook," and the girls dressed for the performance one night and then refused to go on the stage or take off the costumes unless they were promised a raise of two dollars a week in their wages. They had been paid only six dollars a week and had to provide their own tights.

There is as yet no organized effort on the part of women to avoid theatres which proffer blanket programmes damp with printer's ink; but the outcry against these is becoming serious. Says an Eastern exchange:

"The expense of an evening's entertainment is doubled by the cost of a pair of gloves. The handling of a programme, such as is usually provided during one evening, covers the gloves with grime. Printer's ink resists the ordinary processes of cleaning. The gloves are practically worthless afterward, except for rainy days and early morning shopping. From other points of view, the blanket programme is objectionable. The experienced theatre-goer is known by the way in which he disposes of the bill of the play. This he does by immediately folding it on the programme side into the smallest possible compass, and holding it gingerly by the blank margins when it must be used. Its advertisements he does not find inspiring, its jokes have long since resounded down the corridors of time. Certain managers have recognized this, and provide well-printed cardboards. To such, their patrons are correspondingly grateful."

A curious question is now under discussion in the French Chamber of Deputies. It is as to whether or not divorced women should retain the name and title of their husbands after the legal dissolution of the bonds of matrimony. No provision was made for this matter when the divorce law was first enacted by the French legislature in 1834, and it is only recently that the increasing number of divorces in high life has led the French Government to take the matter up. Both the Senate and the Lower Chamber seem to have agreed that in cases of divorce the wife should resume her maiden name, and that where merely a judicial separation takes place the court should be left to decide as to whether the wife should be permitted to continue to bear the patronymic of her husband or not. There is no doubt that if this project becomes law the number of divorces will considerably decrease, especially in the case of those couples where impecunious title have been mated with *bourgeois* wealth, since the lady will evidently be reluctant to surrender the noble prefix to her name, for which she has in most cases been obliged to pay very heavily. A peculiar feature in connection with divorces in France is the relatively large number of couples who, after having gone to the trouble and expense of securing a judicial dissolution of matrimonial bonds, become reconciled, and, in cases where it is possible, remarry.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Teacher—"What is the capital of Ireland?"
The boy—"The capital of Ireland is stories of starvation and British oppression."—Life.

Tom Ginn—"I see that Old Soak is wearing glasses now." Jim Sling—"Yes. He managed to get a pair made to order with an asbestos bridge."—Puck.

Easily answered: The younger—"What would you do if a young man were to propose to you the first time he saw you?" The elder—"Accept him."—Truth.

"I wonder why Miss Primmallway sings 'My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon'?" "It is because he can't come down and deny it."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Sentiment and sense: May Blume—"George, I can hear your heart beat," George Ledger—"You don't say so! Well, don't get my lead-pencil in your eye, dear."—Puck.

Milford Penn—"What is Chauncey Depew, anyhow?" Hoffman Howes—"Oh, he's one of those 'drop-a-dinner-in-the-slot-and-get-a-speech' machines."—Puck.

She—"So she married that bald-headed old scamp! Why, I heard he had been blackballed at every club in town." He—"That's why he married; for a bome."—Life.

"There'll be more money in the second edition of your book than in the first, of course," said the publisher. "Then why not have the second edition first?" asked the practical poet.—Bazar.

"Parker never can be induced to study up his genealogy, because of the scandal in his family." "Was there one?" "Oh, yes, indeed; Adam and Eve never really married, you know."—Ex.

"So Bankster married his type-writer operator." "Yes." "And she doesn't do any more work?" "It didn't turn out that way. She simply doesn't draw any more salary."—Washington Star.

"Did Mrs. Dudderson cry when her daughter married old Boohdell?" "Yes, poor thing. It is tough to bring up a daughter, and then, at the age of twenty-one, have her cut her mother out."—Bazar.

She—"I love to hear Colonel Blowbard talk of his war experiences. By the way, which side was he on?" He—"The other side." She—"A Confederate?" He—"No; the other side of the Atlantic."—Bazar.

"What has this little water-tank to do with the furnace?" asked Mrs. Nuwed, as she and her husband inspected their little house. "That's the damper, my dear," said Nuwed, with the air of one who knew he was right.—Bazar.

Museum-manager—"Go down-stairs and tell the freaks they can't smoke cigarettes here." Janitor—"That ain't a cigarette you smell." Museum-manager—"What is it?" Janitor—"The india-rubber man got pushed agin' the stove."—Puck.

Primus—"When I said 'it takes three generations to make a gentleman,' did that young Dingley think I was hitting at him?" Secundus—"Oh, no. He said he thought you were dreaming of the day when you might have a great-grandson."—Vogue.

A—"That's a newly married couple." B—"How do you know?" A—"He is always stepping on her dress." B—"What does that prove?" A—"After he has been married some time and found out what a dress costs, he will be more careful."—Fliegende Blätter.

"This is your sixth trip across the ocean in winter, is it?" said the timid passenger; "are you never oppressed by a fear that the ship will run into an iceberg and sink?" "Never, madam," replied the business-like passenger, briskly; "I never invest a cent of money in ships."—Chicago Tribune.

Graduate—"I want work, and am willing to do 'most anything." Merchant—"Are you athletic?" Graduate—"I was champion boxer of my class." Merchant—"Well, we'll give you a show in our boxing department. James, take this young man up to the packing-room and set him to work."—Bazar.

Miss Oldgirl (cooly)—"I had a strange dream the other night, Mr. Jones. I dreamed—only think!—that you and I were married and on our wedding tour. You don't know how real it seemed. Did you dream the same thing?" Mr. Jones (firmly)—"No, Miss Oldgirl, I did not; in fact, I haven't had the nightmare for a good many years."—Truth.

A New Savings Bank.

The Union Trust Company of San Francisco, 228 Montgomery Street, next door to the Mills Building, in addition to transacting all business of a fiduciary character, such as the care of estates, etc., the business of a savings bank will be an important feature. Ordinary and term deposits in this department are solicited from all classes of our citizens. The names of the officers and directors of this company, and its large capital of \$1,250,000, are ample guaranty of its responsibility.

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THE INNER MAN.

Whether plainly boiled, like the bumble potato, served in a snow-white napkin and eaten with shavings of cold butter, or inlaid in tiny blocks like miniature black dice into goose liver, turkey's breast, or pigs' feet, or, again, shredded delicately over the creamy surface of *suprêmes de volaille*, the truffle, despite its costliness, is deservedly a favorite esculent throughout the civilized world (remarks the London Telegraph). Only two European countries produce it in any considerable quantity, France and Italy, the respective homes of the black and white varieties, the latter of which—highly esteemed by many eminent *gourmets*—is almost exclusively found in certain Piedmontese valleys. Even in frugal Germany it is in such great request among the wealthier classes that strenuous efforts are at present being made to encourage local cultivation. Until very lately, although the annual turnover in the French trade in Perigord truffles has averaged fifty millions for many years past, German soil has yielded some two thousand pounds weight of the *tuber ciborium* per annum, representing a value of seven thousand marks, about the equivalent of seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. Hence a large majority has necessarily been imported into the Fatherland from France, not only for culinary purposes, but for the preparation of the famous Strasburg *truffel pasteton* or *pâtes de foie gras*, and of the toothsome truffled sausages which are manufactured in vast numbers at Brunswick and Apolda.

In food, Paris is very expensive. At the "Halles Centrales," mutton costs 35 cents a pound, beef from 30 to 40 cents, fillet of beef \$1, superior chickens 28 to 30 cents a pound. Veal is the cheapest meat, as it costs 20 cents per pound; oysters can not be had in a Paris restaurant under 60 cents a dozen, and the market-price at the Halles is \$6 a hundred. Vegetables, even when in season, cost double in Paris what they can be bought for in New York, thanks to the enormous octroi, or municipal custom charges, which have to be paid by the market-gardeners when entering the city. Wine is cheap. Good table Bordeaux costs 25 cents a quart, ordinary Burgundy 30 cents, white table wine 25 cents, and *petit bleu*, a wine which is used for the servants' hall, costs 6 and 8 cents a quart. Beer and ale are very costly; in fact, one can not get a small bottle of Strasbourg or Munich beer in Paris under 30 to 40 cents, and common table beer costs \$2.40 a dozen bottles. Fish is also quite expensive. A fine lobster weighing six or eight pounds costs \$1.50 to \$2, and crayfish in season come as high as \$1 a dozen. Britany butter costs \$1 a pound, ordinary table butter 50 and 60 cents.

A traveler in Russia writes: "The queerest markets of Russia are those of the winter, when all sorts of fish and meats are sold in a frozen state. The Russian winter is so cold that these fish are caught at the beginning of it, are placed in bins, and are sold in blocks to suit the customer. The dealers buy them by the tons and store them away for their retail customers of the winter. Beef, mutton, and poultry are frozen in the same way, and a butcher can lay in during October his full supply of meats for the next six months. The meats are frozen so hard that a knife can not cut them, and it is necessary to saw them up or chop them with an axe. Splinters of frozen meat fly about over the market, and children and beggars collect these and take them home to their families. There are many curious things sold in the markets here, and you can buy eels, and snakes, and chicken legs. Lambs' feet are sold as a great dainty, and calves' feet are bought for soup-bones. Among the oils which are used by the peasants for salads and cooking is sunflower oil, and one of the greatest industries of this country is sunflower-raising."

Club managers in New York find it extremely difficult to maintain the popularity of moderate-priced cigars and claret that can be classed as a good ordinaire. Most house-committees give up the cigar problem in despair, but the problem of the claret can not be abandoned. The demand is for a drinkable wine at something between twenty-five and forty cents per pint. Most clubs have tried California clarets at twenty-five cents, professed Bordeaux at from thirty to thirty-five, and various Hungarian wines at all sorts of prices. Sometimes a certain percentage of water is frankly bottled with a tolerably good Bordeaux, and the house-committee seeks thus to provide a pure, if not a strong, wine at a low rate, and yet to realize a small profit. In many cases the percentage of water represents the club's profit on the ordinaire.

Thousands of Bostonians cling to their two-o'clock dinner; business is suspended in some far Southern cities from three till nearly five, because it is too hot then to do anything but dine; and in half a dozen large Northern cities the dinner hour varies from six to half-past seven. It is only a few years, by the way, since a six-o'clock dinner was difficult to obtain in Baltimore, and not long ago a New Yorker almost missed his dinner at a famous hotel in Philadelphia, because he did not know that the dining-room door was locked promptly at six o'clock, upon the theory that no resident or visitor could possibly wish to dine at a later hour. A hotel in New York city, much

frequented by Southerners, maintains a double set of dinner bours for urban and rural guests.

The widespread and silly prejudice against tomatoes ought now to have received its death-blow. Writing to the London Times on behalf of the medical committee of the Metropolitan Cancer Hospital, its chairman, Dr. Alexander Marsden, states that he and his colleagues, during the last two years, have been inundated with letters of inquiry as to whether tomatoes are an exciting cause of cancer. The answer, which he publishes for the behoof of such as are anxious on the subject, is, "that tomatoes neither predispose to nor excite cancer formation, and that they are not injurious to those suffering from this disease; but, on the contrary, are a very wholesome article of diet, particularly so if cooked."

DCCII. — Bill of Fare for Eight Persons, Sunday, May 7, 1893.
Sorrel Soup.
Fried Pompano. Saratoga Potatoes.
Chicken Croquettes. Green Peas.
Spinach. Cauliflower.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
Lettuce.
Wine Jelly. Charlotte Russe.
Coffee.

WINE JELLY.—Soak one ounce of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine in half a gill of cold water for half an hour. Put in a block-tin sausagepan two small eggs and shake, two ounces of sugar, one pint of cold water; beat a little with an egg-beater to break the eggs, and mix the whole together; add, also, a few drops of burned sugar, same of essence, run according to taste, then the gelatine and water, set on a good fire, stirring slowly with the egg-beater, and stopping once in a while to see if it comes to a boil. When it does, keep boiling very slowly for two or three minutes, and turn into the jelly-bag as soon as you see it is clear. Pass through the bag three or four times, turn into a mold, and place on ice. Wine or brandy may be used instead of rum.

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The art of diverting attention from doubtful deeds by making virtuous speeches after the desired end has been accomplished is well understood by Mr. Cleveland. During the two months that have passed since his inauguration, he has given all his time, and apparently all his thought, to the spoils. He has made no move to give effect to the policies of his party as they were declared in the platform on which he was elected. Instead of calling an extra session of Congress to repeal the McKinley law, which he and every Democratic organ and speaker assailed before the election as a robber's license which no free and intelligent people should permit to exist for an hour, he contented himself with the usual session of the Senate, with no other duty imposed upon it than to sit day after day and confirm his nominations. For two months, in short, the President has been running a patronage mill for the benefit of the hungry politi-

cians, and has found no leisure for public business of importance. Now, having disposed of all the best places, responded to the strongest pulls, paid such of his prelection debts as it seemed to him judicious and convenient to pay, Mr. Cleveland, desiring to shut down the mill for a season and take a rest, delivers himself of the virtuous sentiments which he keeps always on tap. He calmly tells the country that he has a soul above spoils, that the office-seekers give his great mind pain, and he rebukes that unfortunate class of beings for their desire to get what he himself has done little else than seek since he succeeded in beating his opponent for the sbrivalty of Buffalo—an office. The tone in which he addresses such Democrats as would like to join him in the pleasant privilege of drawing a salary from the public treasury will ravish the Mugwumps, of course; and the tone was intended to have precisely that effect. He complains, good man, that the time set apart for the reception of senators and representatives has been "almost entirely spent in listening to applications for office, which have been bewildering in volume, perplexing and exhausting in iteration, and impossible of remembrance." That sentence, we surmise, will prove a great deal more interesting to the student of English than agreeable to the dignity of the senators and representatives. The office-seekers are peremptorily told to quit the capital and go home, and warned by his Democratic majesty that they will "only prejudice their prospects by repeated importunity and remaining in Washington to await results."

The Mugwumps, who were growing embarrassed and restive at the spectacle of their idol absorbed, to the exclusion of all else, in the earthly work of cutting bread and butter for the deserving and undeserving Democratic beggars, will now forgive anything. Any one who will be impudent and insolent toward a citizen who ventures to ask for admission to the public service—unless the applicant happen to be a Mugwump—can count on the applause of these politically sexless beings. They have constituted themselves the acolytes and gong-beaters to Grover Cleveland, and he having washed his hands, as it were, in the perennial fountain of his own effrontery, the praise service will begin again. As for the Democrats who have been flouted and affronted and disappointed of their places, all as a sacrifice on the altar of Mr. Cleveland's ambition to be deemed better than his party, there is nothing for them to do but submit and bleed internally. Many of the poor office-seekers, the dispatches say, after reading the order of exile from Washington, called at the White House—not with the presumptuous intention of entering the Presence, but to smile wanly upon Private Secretary Tburber, "merely to pay their respects and leave their P. P. C. cards for the President." Can it be that a knowledge of the meaning of the aristocratic phrase for which these letters stand is common among the Democratic leaders? If so, it is folly for them to reveal it, since it is unthinkable that the Democratic masses would cast their ballots for such Frenchified dudes.

The question of honesty and of taste involved in Mr. Cleveland's manner of making his announcement being put aside, the country is to be congratulated on his determination to quit office-peddling for a while and get down to work. We all have a right to know what he and his party mean to do with regard to the tariff and silver. That extra session will be called long before September, if the Democracy is not afraid of its own platform professions, and if the party is greater than Grover.

The sixth day of the World's Fair at Chicago was Sunday, and all that day the doors of the exposition remained closed. This was not altogether the work of the management. When Congress gave five millions to the fair, there were bigoted Sabbatharians enough in that body to make Sunday closing the condition of the gift. It is not clear what the Sabbatharians would have done if the exposition managers had taken the responsibility of setting the law at defiance, as one of those laws which should be honored in the breach. But they probably had reasons for submitting; perhaps all the money has not been paid over. At any rate,

they did as they were bidden, and the thousands of people who had gone to Chicago to see the show had to find some other employment for their time on May 7th.

What that employment was, the Chicago papers inform us. Some dozed the hours away at their hotels, with occasional diversions in the shape of sherry cobbblers and mint juleps. Others took long walks in the dull, flat city, and anathematized the never-ending monotony of the landscape. A majority of the sight-seers, leaving their wives to *siestas* and cheap novels from the Chicago press, betook themselves to bar-rooms and sporting parlors, where they imbibed more than was good for them, and gambled a good deal more than was healthy for their purses. The attendance at the churches was not large.

People who are not churchmen, and many who are, feel that this is a triumph of narrow-minded ecclesiasticism over common sense. They can not see that any harm would have followed the opening of the fair on Sunday to those who are too busy to visit it on week days. They hold that the contemplation of exquisite works of nature side by side with marvelous works of art is calculated to promote a true religious sentiment, and that he who spent Sunday afternoon in the splendid buildings of the White City would have come out of them better than he went in. They feel quite certain that such employment of the afternoon would have redounded more to the glory of God than the rule which relegated hundreds of idlers to bar-rooms and places of worse repute.

Our Sabbatarian legislation is based on Judaism, and was trimmed to fit modern taste by the Puritans. It is part of the code which Christ denounced in the Sermon on the Mount, and by virtue of which a Jew was stoned to death for cooking a meal on the Sabbath for his dying child. It has no more place in our system than the laws which prescribed periodical sacrifices to Moloch. For fourteen or fifteen centuries after the establishment of Christianity, Sabbathical laws were scorned by Christians. The faithful were admonished that Sunday was a day of rest, but if any chose to make it a day of toil, there was no one to gainsay them. It was not till the time of Charles the Second that our Puritan forefathers instituted the Puritan Sunday as a day of gloom, a day to exasperate the young and to weary the old. To what extent the absurdity was carried, the old Blue Laws of Connecticut, which condemned a man to fine and imprisonment for kissing his wife on Sunday, are there to show. To this day, in Connecticut, railway trains are forbidden to run across the State on Sunday. New England Sabbatarianism was an emanation of the intolerance which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was not confined to any sect, but was common to all. It was the outgrowth of pure ignorance; a benighted mental condition which was not affected by theological doctrines, or ecclesiastical reforms, but sprang out of the general darkness of the age.

To revive Sabbatarianism to-day is like restoring the Spanish Inquisition and stretching a man on the rack because he could not understand the Trinity. It implies a denial of the proposition that the world has learned anything in the past three centuries. It asserts a spirit of intolerant interference with personal liberty, which the men who established the independence of the colonies would not have endured for a moment. It gives the lie to the teaching of every American moralist who ever wrote. It is a flat denial of the article of the Bill of Rights, which concedes to every one the right of happiness provided he injures no one else.

The fanatics who insist on the fair doors being closed on Sunday would relight the fires of Smithfield if they dared, and would restore the thumb-screw and the boot as means of salvation. They base their impudent interference with personal liberty on the proposition that they alone know what is right, and that all who differ with them should be punished for so doing. They are the lineal descendants of that Archbishop Fonseca, who, if he could have had his way, would have sent Columbus to prison for life for the crime of discovering America. Other progenitors of their kind are the members of the Holy Office who tortured Galileo.

ering that the world moved. Such bigots claim to have a monopoly of religious truth, and to be the sole depository of the purposes of the Almighty.

It is they, and not the agnostics, who are emptying the churches. Colonel Ingersoll might discourse for years without affecting more minds than Rochester did in his day. But when the great preachers of the day, the ministers of God, standing in their pulpits, proclaim that the workman shall be barred out from the exposition on the seventh day of the week, it is small wonder that these same ministers preach to half-empty churches.

The parting between the pianist Paderewski and his New York female friends was a rather remarkable scene. A daily paper thus describes it:

"Paderewski, himself half-sobbing, was surrounded by as many women as could crowd around, some of them hysterical, all of them behaving in a manner that to a saecular spectator appeared exceedingly remarkable. Women rushed forward and threw themselves against the edge of the stage, leaning as far over as possible, and added languishing looks to their applause as an incentive for the idol to approach. Every one in the house stood up, many waved handkerchiefs, and all screamed. . . . Women, ranging in age from fifteen to fifty, surrounded the man, shook his hands, begged for his autograph on photographs they had of him, wished him *bon voyage*, begged him to return soon, and talked German and French at the now half-hysterical pianist; left him, to return for another word or another hand-clasp; sighed, giggled, laughed, cried, posed, languished. He kissed the hands of some, not with the ordinary polite pretense of a kiss, but with a warm, resounding kiss that made those who were not so favored glare horribly at those who were."

This is simply a description of an acute attack of hysteria, in which the power of controlling the nervous action was lost, and the normal operation of the intellectual faculties was suspended. The same symptoms have been observed at camp-meetings and church revivals; at times they exhibit such violence as to lead to convulsions, coma, or even temporary insanity. Readers of history will recall instances where attacks of such nervous exaltation led to serious disorders, and affected simultaneously large numbers of women; the outbreak of the Flagellants and the fever of the Carmagnole during the French Revolution were examples. Hecker tells the story of the dancing mania of the early part of the last century in Germany—the women were all attacked at the same time with paroxysmal hysteria, which compelled them to dance, as "persons buffeted by Satan," until they fell back exhausted, with many of the symptoms of catalepsy. Hysteria, in isolated cases, may generally be traced to physical disorders peculiar to the sex; but it is highly contagious and may break out with violence in persons who are otherwise in perfect health.

In dealing with the disease, physicians prescribe the removal of the predisposing cause. In the case now before us, the predisposing cause was the nervous ecstasy caused by the performance of stimulating music. The sounds produced by Paderewski's piano overturned the mental balance of his hearers, paralyzed their nervous system, and for the moment suspended their volition. If it were possible to interrogate them, it would probably be found that all the females who behaved so strangely felt a pain in the cardiac region, were conscious of a ball—*globus hystericus*—which rose in the throat, and exhibited the other peculiar symptoms which mark hysterical attacks. Where, after the concert, the attack left traces which alarmed their friends, they were probably treated with anodynes, nervines, and anti-spasmodics; and, in course of time, the drugs, assisted by rest and the withdrawal of excitement, restored composure to the nerves.

But the attack must have left behind it a susceptibility to these nervous crises which would justify uneasiness on the part of an intending husband. When a girl becomes subject to hysterics, her future must be a subject of serious anxiety to her family. A collapse of the nervous system may lead anywhere. The girls who prostrated themselves at the feet of this Polish pianist, and in soul and spirit gave themselves to him, were suffering from a paroxysmal nervous condition closely akin to temporary mania. It was partially due to a morbid love of music; is it best to encourage that appetite?

We bring up our girls to learn many things; but above all and beyond all, to learn music. No one thinks of educating girls in business or politics; their teachers are content with inculcating the rudiments of history and geography; they acquire a mere smattering of science; but, to pass muster, they are all required to spend so many hours in practicing on the piano. Yet not over one in a hundred ever becomes so proficient in music that she can use it as a bread-winning pursuit. There never was a great female composer. A few women are gifted with melodious voices, and earn large sums of money by singing in public. But not one step in the progress of the science or the art of music, from the age of Palestrina to the age of Chopin, can be set down to the credit of the sex. Women follow music as a pastime, for the gratification of their own senses, and in a wild idea that music is a road which leads to the door of the mascu-

line heart, and they devote to it time and potential energy which otherwise bestowed might make women really the equals of men. We thus do our girls an injustice of which it is impossible to exaggerate the enormity.

In extolling the value of musical education, we ignore the notorious fact that, as a rule, those who excel in the knowledge and practice of music excel in nothing else. With few exceptions, great musicians are children in every other branch of cultivation. They are deficient in the logical faculty, and seem incapable of acquiring exact knowledge. No one ever heard of a musician who was great as a statesman, or as a soldier, or as an orator, or as a writer, or as a lawyer, or as a doctor, or as a master of any department of science. When we bid our girls neglect their books and their studies of life to concentrate their thoughts on the key-board, we invite them to sacrifice their usefulness for the barren satisfaction of being able to produce more or less musical sounds.

If this dissipation of human force were a mere exhibition of waste, it would be a matter of regret; but if it is liable to involve such aberrations of intellect and nervous paroxysms as were witnessed at the Paderewski riot, it deserves to be regarded with more severity. The future of the race depends on the ripening of American girls into sensible, clear-headed, judicious women; if we are bringing them up in such a way that some—and possibly a great many—of them will grow to be hysterical melomaniacs, it is high time that we took order for a reformation of our methods. If this sort of thing goes on, a piano recital, instead of being arranged in "numbers," will be divided into first, second, and third "spasms."

Misfortune pursues the Cleveland administration. Its desire to enter upon a fashionable career was indicated by the raising of Minister Bayard to the rank of ambassador—diplomacy's dazzling pinnacle. Yet the administration has been guilty of a blunder that has brought the hot blush of shame to the cheek of every American in society. Our State Department, on learning that the Infanta of Spain and her husband, Prince Antonio, contemplated a visit to America and the World's Fair, put on its swallow-tail and finest company manners to receive the lady. But it proceeded to disgrace the country by the display which it made of its ignorance of the etiquette of royal courts and the customs of exalted personages when they deign to travel. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gresham, knowing that the Duke of Veragua was also coming, were so incredibly dense as to think that the eminent Spaniards might as well make up a pleasant little party and come along together. So Mr. Gresham sat down and wrote the Infanta a nice letter, in which he said the United States would deem it an honor to entertain her—to pay her expenses and those of her husband, and give them a good time, or lose a limb in the attempt. Then he added that it would be a sensible idea to join forces with the Duke of Veragua and his interesting family, as there was no use in making two bites of a cherry. The duke's expenses would also be paid—in fact, nobody connected with the picnic need have any anxiety about the bills.

No refined person in society need be told how frightful was the shock which this hearty and hospitable communication gave Her Highness the Infanta. Persons not in society, and who therefore care nothing for the higher concerns of life, will be unable to comprehend why the Infanta should have been rendered speechless (as was the case) by the suggestion that she accept the Duke of Veragua as a traveling companion. To the common herd, a duke is a duke, and such is the night of ignorance in which the American masses dwell that one titled personage seems much the same as another. In their simple republican way, like some of their betters, they are as ready to fall down and grovel at the feet of a mere baronet as at those of an earl or prince. If the Infanta shall come, notwithstanding the hideous wound that has been inflicted on her royal sensibilities, we confidently predict that the officials and plutocracy of New York will be unable to do her greater honor or bore her more than they did the duke. But Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gresham (who put in his letter the enticing information that a special train to Chicago and other luxuries would be provided) have been taught, in common with millions of their countrymen, that in the Infanta's view, a duke is as far beneath her as a Chicago pork-packer is beneath a duke. The dispatches tell us that:

"The Infanta commanded the Spanish Foreign Office, through the influence of the queen, to inform the Secretary of State at Washington that her royal highness was prohibited by etiquette from mixing with people below her station, and that she could not entertain the proposition offered. The Foreign Office, of its own accord, added to this the information that it was the custom among representatives of nations to ask the pleasure of a princess of the blood to whom an invitation is extended rather than suggesting the mode of entertainment she might expect."

Awakened thus to the magnitude of their blunder and the horrors of the situation, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gresham hastened to make apologies of becoming abjectness, or in

the language of Democratic diplomacy, "tried to square themselves." But the Infanta has not been altogether appeased, and in the meantime our State Department, and through it this unhappy republic, is the laughing-stock of the diplomats of Europe. It is not necessary to dwell on the depths of contempt in which we must be held by the nobility and gentry of the same division of the earth's surface. It is whispered in Washington that the President and Secretary of State are so mortified by the exhibition they have made of themselves that they are negotiating with a lineal descendant of the famous Jeames Yellowplush to come over and supervise all communications on social subjects that may hereafter be had with royal or noble beings.

But however pitifully the Cleveland administration may blunder and flounder, Chicago makes no mistakes. The Infanta may come or stay at home, as she pleases. If she can not otherwise be induced to give the fair a lift by her presence, no doubt the public-spirited citizens would contribute freely to a fund to bribe her. But meantime, a duke has been corraled, and the business on hand is to work him for all he is worth for the good of the town. As her coat of arms should state, there are no flies on Chicago. The duke she has captured is no common duke—no mere descendant of some lady who cheerfully suffered a fate worse than death in proof of her loyalty to her admiring sovereign. The merits of the Duke of Veragua shine with a lustre such as is given to few nobles. To-day he is loaded with rank and dignities and wealth in recognition of his services to the world in being one of the posterity of a man who did something beneficial to mankind four hundred years ago. To be sure, the Duke of Veragua had no more to do with Columbus's discoveries than any of the rest of us who are now living four centuries after those discoveries were made; but, obviously, that is not the duke's fault. If we should begin to question the rightfulness of hereditary rank and wealth in his case, what would become of the fair edifice of Christian civilization? That is the view which Chicago takes, and she has hustled to make things pleasant for the duke with as much energy as if he and not his ancestor had stumbled on this continent, which had the good luck to lie between Europe and Asia, for which the fine old slave-dealer and pirate was bound in his caravels. Besides showing the duke the fair in all its splendid incompleteness and giving him a ride in a barouche with Mr. de Young, of our own city, Chicago has, as she herself would say, just laid herself out to do the handsome thing by her guest. He is invited everywhere. The doors of the very richest citizens are open to him, and the ladies of the most eminent and exclusive packers and brokers have affably called on the duchess and her daughter. A committee of entertainment camp on his grace's trail and are staked out in the corridors of his hotel. He can not escape, and every day of his life is driven to see some new wonder in the way of tall buildings and ingenious inventions for the slaughter and partitioning of the corn-fed prairie-hog. He could bathe in champagne and go to bed blind drunk every night without the expenditure of a cent. The duke probably never before had such a time as he is enjoying now. When his celebrated ancestor landed on the beach of San Salvador, the gentle aborigines who hid behind trees and peeped at him with awe and wonder, not unmixed with terror, could not have felt greater reverence for the pale-faced stranger descended from the skies than Chicago feels in gazing with the eyes of flesh upon a living and a breathing duke, who walks, and talks, and eats, and drinks just as if he were human. So great is the generous rivalry to entertain him, and so intense is the desire to see him, that his grace is said to be acquiring a wild and hunted look. Moreover, he has been the occasion of another serious complication (the hundred and eleventh) in the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair. Mrs. Potter Palmer, who is to Chicago what Mrs. Astor or Ward McAllister himself, is to New York, is, also, as the civilized nations are aware, president of that peace-loving and efficient committee. Yet some of the lady members, themselves of the fashionable world, accused her at a public meeting of the committee of not dividing up the duke fairly; whereupon Mrs. Potter Palmer indignantly resigned once more, and only gave her customary consent to withdraw the resignation when the offending ladies burst into tears and with heart-rending sobs besought her to do so. But the attention that must have most affected the duke was the reception tendered him by the Columbus Club, which, the telegraph is careful to state, is composed exclusively of Catholics: "Archbishop Feehan was there, and with the quiet dignity which so well becomes him, he welcomed the duke in the name of the Catholics of Chicago." Prelates, priests, and laymen crowded the elegant rooms of the club. "The cream of the Catholic social circles of Chicago and the suburbs attended." The Veragua coat of arms and the American and Spanish flags entwined were everywhere. It is a singular instance of self-restraint that, considering the nationality of nine-tenths of the cream of the Catholic society of Chicago

and her suburbs, the glorious flag of Ireland was not among the decorations, particularly as more than one able historian and genealogist of Erin has set up the contention that Columbus was an Irishman—as it has been the good fortune of nearly every other great man to be since the dawn of history.

The Infanta of Spain is punishing the *gaucherie* of the Cleveland administration by affecting uncertainty as to whether she will visit the fair or not; but that is mere royal and female coyness. When she reads of the gorgeous time Chicago is giving the lowly duke, it will not be in human nature for her to stay away. We are a plain and unpretending people, but if there is any other country on the globe where a person of title can receive as much adulation, or enjoy more servility on the part of all classes, that country would oblige us by mentioning its name and whereabouts.

Our former fellow-countryman, William Waldorf Astor, is not meeting in England with that welcome from all quarters which the purchaser of the Duke of Westminster's suburban seat on the Thames and the proprietor of the London *Pall Mall Gazette* doubtless thinks he had a right to expect. He has already spent millions to establish himself as a member of the British aristocracy, and even gone so far as to adopt the political principles of the Tories as a public advertisement of his desire to cut for good and all the democratic land of his birth. In return, the aristocracy have eaten his dinners, invited him to theirs, and presented him to their queen. Nevertheless, Mr. Astor is made to feel that he is only an outsider. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, who is one of the glories of New York's Four Hundred, not only as a woman of fashion, but by reason of her having written several books (thus proving that one may be a follower of McAllister and yet possess some traces of intellect), has asserted in print that "the newspapers have driven Mr. Astor out of New York." She adds that "if they keep on, there will be no ladies and gentlemen left" in that irreverent city. If resentment at the treatment he received from the New York press moved Mr. Astor to abandon his native land, he has exchanged the gridiron for the coals, since the London press discusses him with a freedom to which he was not accustomed at home. No man or journal in New York ever thought of disputing that Mr. Astor camped on the peak of the social mountain, whereas the London papers caution him that if he expects to take high social rank in England he will but store up bitter disappointment for himself. He must be content, they say, to be one of the plutocracy, between some members of which and the aristocracy there are cordial relations; but the two classes still remain distinctly separated. Of the unhappy plutocracy, the London *World* says, in considering Mr. Astor's efforts to buy his way to intimacy with the nobility and gentry:

"It is true that every now and then some few among them become acclimated to their novel environment, and are gradually assimilated with the surroundings amid which they are placed; but, as a rule, they are not of society so much as in society, and their position in relation to it is that of an extraneous adjunct rather than of a component ingredient. They go everywhere and everybody goes to them. But still they are strangers and sojourners in the land, and so far parasites on the social organism."

Hard as it must be for William Waldorf Astor to learn, after unpocketing several millions of good American dollars in England, that he can hope to be nothing more than an 'extraneous adjunct' and a 'parasite'—a rich Chinaman, in short—it can not but have been still more harrowing to his refined sensibilities to see himself written of in the *Spectator* as "Mr. J. J. Astor." To be worth two hundred millions of dollars and to encounter a newspaper that does not know his name, is an experience fit to bewilder and stun any American, or ex-American. We doubt the correctness of Mrs. Cruger's judgment, however. Mr. Astor has sufficient sense to know that great millionaires like himself are properly subjects of newspaper discussion and criticism. They are not private persons, but institutions—money grandees whose business interests affect the interests of thousands of other men. Mr. Astor's two hundred millions of dollars is mostly invested in New York real estate. A very considerable portion of the population of Manhattan Island pay him rent for the privilege of living there. His voluntary exatriation will probably bring to the fore the whole problem of absentee landlordism, a system that the American people will not patiently endure when they are aroused to its consideration. Individual freedom is all very well, but individuals should not be free to suck their country dry for the benefit of foreign countries. The sum now going annually to Europe from the United States to Americans who own land in this republic, and to maintain titled sons-in-law of American millionaires, must be enormous. It is certain that the total reaches scores of millions. No country can stand such drain indefinitely, and some day a law will be enacted forbidding absentee landlordism in these United States. And should that law, strictly enforced, prove to be inadequate to

meet the needs of the situation, the people will not hesitate to go much further. The spectacle of the chief city of the American Union being laid under tribute to support the costly grandeur in England's chief city of one man, a socially ambitious parvenu who has deserted his own country to hunt tufts, will assuredly cause the question of whether a system of land ownership is good that can produce such results to press for an answer. Mr. William Waldorf Astor has furnished social reformers with an object-lesson that the dullest intelligence can understand. He is a bonanza to the single-taxers and the socialists.

The electrocution of the wife-murderer Harris comes with a positive sense of relief. So many assassins escape their doom through the misguided sympathy of humanitarians and the want of backbone on the part of governors, that the vindication of the law even in a single case is a source of joy. As "Ouida" says in a recent article on the subject, human sympathy in our day goes out to Cain, and neglects Abel. No one thinks of the life which has been prematurely cut short by the murderer, or of the agonies which the family of his victim has endured; it is of the red-handed assassin that young ladies buy photographs, to him that they send bouquets, and for him that they join preachers of the Gospel in soliciting signatures to appeals for mercy. Surely this implies an unsound view of right and wrong.

Sociologists tell us that it is the natural reaction from the severity with which the criminal law was administered a century ago. In those days, malefactors were rarely caught; when they were caught, they were denied the right of employing counsel. Thus, when a prisoner was brought before a jury, it was presumed that his guilt must be very flagrant, or he would have got away; and what with nervousness and what with ignorance, he was rarely able to establish a defense, if he had one. Hence arraignment was generally equivalent to conviction, and no doubt innocent men were sometimes executed, though probably a larger number of guilty men escaped their penalty through imperfections in the police department. Now, according to these philosophers, we have swung to the other extreme. The facilities for escape are, perhaps, even more copious than they were. But when the felon is caught, he is provided with counsel, whether he has money or not; and the counsel, knowing that his reputation depends upon his success, strains every nerve to secure his acquittal. The culprit can not be convicted if one man out of twelve has doubts of his guilt. To win, the State must capture twelve votes, the prisoner only one. If after all this the latter is convicted, a swarm of old women, of both sexes, immediately besiege the executive for a pardon, or, at least, a commutation of the sentence on general grounds of humanity and mercy. It never occurs to them that mercy to the murderer is cruelty to society. They have never heard Alphonse Karr's witty reply to the band of "philanthropists" who wanted to do away with capital punishment. "Certainly," said Karr; "let us abolish the penalty of death. But let the murderers begin."

No one who does not keep the run of the criminal calendar has any idea of the number of murderers who are caught, tried, convicted, and yet escape. In Paris, lately, an artist named Luna shot his wife and her mother, and wounded her brother, all of whom had been particularly kind to him. His defense was that he "saw everything in red," in other words, that he suffered from homicidal mania; on this he was acquitted, and the applause of the Paris audience almost brought the court-house down. Another resident of Paris, named Plista, a ne'er-do-well and idler, who lived on his family, broke into his uncle's house to rob it; the maid-servant rose from bed to see what caused the noise; he strangled her and looted the house. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a few years in prison. His plea was that his mind was clouded, and that he saw everything in black.

In England, a young man walking through the fields, with a gun on his shoulder, sees two girls picking flowers. He takes aim and kills them both. He is acquitted on the ground of insanity, no motive for the act being apparent. A Parisian, who had been rescued from starvation by a kind family, leads the young daughter to a lonely spot, violates her, and murders her. He is found guilty, but the jury recommended him to the mercy of the court, on the ground that there were extenuating circumstances. These are only a few cases picked at haphazard out of the papers. Hardly a week passes in which some murder case somewhere does not end in the escape of the murderer. The San Francisco jail is filled with murderers. Three have been committed here within a week. Yet the red-handed murderers need feel no apprehension when they find in "Murderers' Row" in the jail men who have been there from three to six years, their cases undecided and themselves unchanged.

This will not do. Society can not go on if murderers are not punished for their crime by the authorities appointed for the purpose. Every one will take the law into his own hands, and will go armed. We shall fall back upon the

habits of primitive society, when men shot strangers for fear the strangers might shoot them. In the times of the wars between Huguenot and Leaguer in France, when a peasant saw a stranger approaching his house, he mounted to the roof, gun in hand. If he did not like the looks of the newcomer, he potted him as he walked, so as to be on the safe side. A somewhat similar condition of society will follow the habitual defeat of the law against murder in this place.

The fault is not chargeable to the police or to the courts. So far as appears, they are doing their duty. No district-attorney has been accused of lack of zeal in prosecuting offenders. The fault lies at the door of the public at large, and especially that portion of the public which claims to be cultured and refined. When an effort is made to save some assassin from his proper doom on the gallows, a clergyman is sure to be at the head of it, and the women of his congregation at the tail. It is they who concoct petitions to State governors, and who pester their lives out with illogical appeals reinforced with female tears. There was no day after the conviction of Guiteau that women did not haunt the door of his cell with flowers, and sympathies, and requests for his autograph. That race of women still exists. If a few of them were treated as the female Jacobins were treated by the golden youth of Paris a hundred years ago, society and their husbands might have no good reason to complain.

That was a staggering blow which the Emperor of Germany administered to his people when he told them on Monday that he did not care what the Reichstag did about his army bill—he intended to carry out the increase of the army, if it cost a revolution. If the words had been uttered by a sober-minded sovereign like the Emperor of Austria or King Humbert, the bourses of Europe would have been convulsed. But people are growing to regard the young "War Lord," who occupies the imperial throne of Germany, as slightly crazy, built on the lines of his predecessor King Frederick William, who caned those he found loitering in the streets.

North Germany has been singularly unfortunate in her public men. From the time of Frederick the Great to the time of Bismarck, she did not produce one able statesman or one broad-minded sovereign. While Austria contributed to the list of European public men of the first rank—Kaunitz, Metternich, Schwarzenburg, and, more recently, Von Beust—Prussia was ruled by nullities, nourished on fossils and pipe-clay. Even Bismarck, able as he is, has never realized that he lived in the nineteenth century. His political and his economical policy all belong to the age when sovereigns ruled by the grace of God. King Frederick William was wedded to the *vis inertiae*. The emperor was a good old man; but if he had had his way, there would have been no such thing as a Reichstag, common people would have had no votes, and everybody in Prussia, or afterward in Germany, would have had to go to the emperor's Lutheran church, or take the consequences. His grandson has inherited his narrow-minded obstinacy without his consciousness of his defects.

The supreme ability which enabled Bismarck to crush Germany's two great rivals in turn—Austria and France—was unfortunate for the Germans, inasmuch as it taught them to follow the great chancellor when he was wrong. They could not bring themselves to believe that a statesman who had brought Francis Joseph to his knees, and had overthrown Louis Napoleon, could be as ignorant of political economy as George the Third and as blind to the growth of liberty as Louis the Sixteenth. The consequence is that reforms which might have been effected smoothly and peaceably after Sedan must now be wrought out painfully, with conflicts which may be sanguinary; and that a monarch who should have been educated to serve as a constitutional ruler, develops, at the first obstacle, into an autocratic despot cut in the pattern of Frederick Barbarossa.

The young "War Lord" may find his power slipping from his hands. The strong good sense of the German people is showing them that they are bearing a most oppressive burden. If William precipitates a revolution, he will surely be the last Prussian King and probably the last German Kaiser. If there were a Republic of Germany as well as a Republic of France, Europe would disarm.

In the trial of Wesley C. Rippey (who is poor) for shooting in the back John Mackay (who is rich), the daily papers are getting in some fine work. Pathetic parallels are drawn of the "jaunty, well-dressed millionaire" and the "aged, infirm, and penniless defendant." From the tone of the press, the testimony, and the jurors, it is quite evident how the case is going. The attempt of Mr. Mackay to involve Mr. Rippey in legal trouble has disgusted every decent daily newspaper. In fact, we would advise Mr. Mackay to leave town, while charges are still unpreferred against him, as in our opinion there is great danger that his attempt to shoot Mr. Rippey and then commit suicide will result in the millionaire's conviction.

A TRYST WITH DEATH.

The Vegeance of a Guatemalao Priest.

"It must be done, Sinaloa, else I am compelled to tell the president what thou hast done with the fund."

The speaker was a Catholic clergyman, it was evident from his priestly gown. With his *vis-à-vis*, he had been sitting for some time discussing a bottle of rare old Madeira, in one of the palaces of Guatemala's capital. From the expression of the little dried-up Spaniard whom he addressed, it was quite plain that the tenor of the conversation had anything but a pleasing effect upon him. The little man winced under this declaration of the sphinx-like priest.

"I suppose it must be," he said; "but I do not like the business. If I do my part, wilt thou do thine?"

"Thou hast but to do as I tell thee, and I will attend to the rest. Manuel and his wife know their part well. He has just brought in a big one, which he caught in a *barranca* near Salvador. It will do the work, do not fear."

"It is agreed then, provided thou wilt hold the fund over me no longer."

"It is agreed," said the priest, and they finished the bottle in silence.

For months John McKenzie had been conducting the little Presbyterian Mission in the City of Guatemala, that stronghold of Catholicism. Already a little band of converts assembled on Sunday, and again on Wednesday evening to listen to his exhortations. Several times he had received anonymous letters warning him to give up the work or leave the country, but his Yankee spirit, and the inherited stubbornness of Scotch ancestors, had made him all the more determined in his efforts.

Among those who came now to listen to McKenzie's eloquent pleading was Francisca Sinaloa, the only daughter of one of the wealthiest and oldest residents of the city, himself an ardent Catholic. José Sinaloa when well along in life had married the daughter of a wealthy old Scotchman, who had made several fortunes out of his coffee *fincas*, and Francisca was the result of the union. The many battles regarding the faith in which the child should be brought up had so embittered José toward all Protestants that, when his wife died, he resolved to have his own way in spite of all obstacles. That was two years before John McKenzie came to the city, and Francisca, though carefully worked upon by both Padre Ruiz and her father, was determined that she would not forget the teachings of her mother, who had been her constant companion, and who had personally directed her education.

Francisca was now eighteen and had developed into a beautiful woman. She was a hard student, and her mind of a serious rather than a frivolous bent, so it was not natural that when John McKenzie began to discourse on things spiritual in the little mission in Guatemala, her receptive brain should drink in his words and ponder over them. Soon she became a regular attendant at the mission services, and in spite of the strict orders of José Sinaloa, the old duenna, who always accompanied her, would permit her to go, for she had attended Francisca from her birth and could deny her nothing.

McKenzie took a great fancy to the pretty Guatemaltecan, and the liking deepened at every interview, for her intense devotion and clear ideas pertaining to the subjects they frequently discussed, won his admiration. He had no thought of love, for his every moment was taken up with the mission work; yet, somehow, his heart beat a little more quickly whenever Francisca would wait at the close of a meeting to ask him some question.

He had carried on the work of proselyting so successfully that already the little band of Presbyterians had swelled to goodly numbers. Within the week he had received three letters warning him that if he did not cease his work, or leave the city, he might expect bodily harm; but these did not worry him so much as the absence of Francisca from the last few meetings. He wondered if she could be ill, or whether José Sinaloa had taken summary measures to prevent her attendance, for Francisca had confided in him the sentiments of her father. McKenzie knew, too, of the efforts of Padre Ruiz to induce her to take the veil, and he knew full well that it was the million and a half left her from her grandfather's fortune that the priesthood had their eyes upon. The subject had often been discussed very frankly between them, and he knew Francisca could never be induced to do this by any legitimate means or arguments.

It was late Saturday night, and McKenzie was sitting before the fire in his study, pondering over the events of the week. He was wondering if Francisca would attend the next morning's service, when the *mozo* handed him a letter, with the information that the woman who had brought it was waiting outside.

McKenzie broke open the daintily perfumed envelope, addressed in a neat feminine hand, and started as he saw the signature at the bottom of the note, which read:

DEAR FRIEND: I wish to ask a favor which I know thou wilt speedily grant. An old pensioner of my dear mother is dying, and I wish him to have the consolations of our faith in his last moments. My maid will conduct thee to him. Please hasten.

FRANCISCA SINALOA Y MARTELL.

McKenzie had never seen her handwriting before, but that certainly was Francisca's name. The young preacher was on his feet in an instant, and in another had on his hat and mackintosh, for it was raining without as it can rain only in the tropics.

"I am ready, señorita," he said to the girl who awaited him at the study door. Her face was so muffled that he could not catch a glimpse of it; but his thoughts were alone on the request of Francisca.

Down through the Plaza de Concordia they went, then through streets that McKenzie had not seen before, and past the public washing-place, with its great stone fount-

ains. Still they went on into that portion of the city frequented only by the poorer and the criminal classes. McKenzie had long lost track of the route, but he had but one thought in mind. Presently they entered the court of a house in the outskirts of the city, near the road leading to the military hospital. Everything was dark about the place.

"Is it thou, Maria?" came in a masculine voice from within, in answer to the woman's knock, and the sound of heavy bolts being drawn made McKenzie wonder at so much caution.

They conducted him to a room at the lower end of the corridor, and the man indicated to him that the sick man was within. As he stepped in, he thought he heard the man look and hold the door from the outside. A bed was in one corner of the room, and beside it a small table, on which a candle burned dimly. McKenzie could see that there was some object in the bed, but it was completely covered by the clothes. It did not look like a human form, and an instinctive feeling of dread came over him. Thoughts of the anonymous threats flashed through his mind. But he felt reassured when he recalled the fact that it was Francisca's letter that had brought him thither.

Going to the edge of the bed, he pulled the blankets back with a jerk, but the sight that met his eyes made him spring back with a cry of horror. On the bed was an undulating black mass, slowly writhing and twisting, and an ugly, snakey head shot up in front of him. It was a young constrictor, torpid from recent heavy feeding, and too lethargic to more than dart its ugly head about and glare at him.

McKenzie knew now the trap he had fallen into, that the note was a forgery, and that it was into the den of Manuel, the animal-trainer, that he had been lured, for strange stories of the place were hushed about. From the next room he could hear the sound of some large animal shifting about and clanking its chain at intervals.

John McKenzie had always been a man of action, but the sight before him for a moment paralyzed his every faculty. The scaly monster was now gorged from a recent meal, but before morning came it would have shaken the torpor off, and then—the thought was too horrible!

McKenzie shook the door; it was firmly secured from without. The only window was closed with heavy wire netting, and the outside was iron-barred; besides, he would only run into the fiend Manuel if he succeeded in getting out in the corridor. Every time he turned his head, he saw those snakey eyes watching him. Perhaps he might heat the thing to death while it was comparatively helpless, he thought, and breaking off the heavy leg of the only chair in the room, he advanced to the bed to carry out this purpose. The great, ugly head darted up menacingly as he raised the weapon, and his hand felt powerless by his side, while the cold perspiration seemed to come from every pore.

A happy thought struck him—it seemed to come from above. With his long jack-knife, he might dig through the adobe wall in a few hours, perhaps before the monster had fully recovered from his stupor. In an instant he was on his knees at the end of the room, digging with an energy born of desperation, all the while keeping an eye on the great scaly thing twisting and turning at intervals on the bed. The dampness of the walls aided his work, but it was slow at best. He tore at the adobe like a demon, using his knife and also his nails, until his hands were bleeding.

He looked at his watch; it was now two o'clock. He had been working more than two hours, and had pierced a hole through almost a foot square. Another hour like the last and he would be free—but would that squirming, writhing thing on the bed yonder let him? It was now becoming more and more active.

Suddenly the wriggling coils untwisted, and the ugly-looking head lifted as if to take in the situation; then McKenzie saw the head slide slowly over the edge of the bed to the floor. In an instant fully twenty feet of the scaly monster was stretched across the floor.

McKenzie sprang up with a yell of terror, upsetting the candle he had placed on the floor to work by. The room was now dark as pitch; but he could hear the snake sliding over the floor toward him. With two bounds that would have done credit to an acrobat, he sprang across the room and upon the bed where the snake had been.

He could still hear the swish of the reptile as it went over the hard, dirt floor toward the spot where he had been, and it seemed to be turning and twisting about there for some minutes. Then all was quiet—the silence of the tomb seemed to pervade the place, and McKenzie wondered what this portended. He could neither see the snake nor hear it now, and he dared not move or strike a light. Crouched in the corner of the bed, his knife tightly grasped, he listened and waited—how many hours he did not know.

At last the faint light of dawn broke in through the grated window, and McKenzie trembled, for the greatest danger was yet to come when the monster would discover him. As it grew lighter, he could begin to see objects in the room; but the snake—it was nowhere in sight, for the scaly monster had found salvation and slid through the bole he had dug for his own escape.

This fact had hardly dawned upon him when he heard a heavy step coming down the corridor. He slipped quietly over to the door and waited.

As the bolts slipped back and Manuel threw open the door, McKenzie sprang upon him, clutching the man's throat in a vise-like grip. The animal-trainer was a Hercules in strength; but the fingers that now grasped his throat were not those of the John McKenzie of yesterday, but of a white-haired madman, and as they closed tighter and tighter, the man's face grew blacker and his gasps shorter until they came no longer.

An hour later, a patrolman found a white-haired man wandering about the streets, gibbering and starting at every shadow. He was removed to an asylum for the care of the insane; but no one thought to connect that circumstance with the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the brilliant young missionary, John McKenzie.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1893.

AN ASTRONOMER IN PETTICOATS.

"Parisina" visits a Sao Francisco Girl in the Observatory in Paris.

A young Californian who has earned for herself a position of trust and importance in the scientific world of Paris is Miss D. Klumpke, at one time a resident of San Francisco. Mathematics has always had special charms for her; her elementary education completed, and having graduated as a *bachelier-e-sciences*, she entered the Observatory of Paris as a free student, and henceforth gave herself up entirely to the study of astronomy. Some time ago she passed the difficult examination of *licenci-e-sciences*, and is now preparing her doctorate.

Yesterday I visited Miss Klumpke at the Observatoire. This establishment is one of the few in Paris from which the public is almost uniformly shut out. A deep and solemn silence reigns beyond the high walls that divide it from the busy world without. As I crossed the wide-paved courtyard, my steps echoed in the stillness. In the centre is a statue of the great Le Verrier, who stands there as sentinel, the principal and apparently only custodian of the building, crowned with its three massive domes. It was from the left-hand dome, our young astronomer told me, that she used to watch the starry heavens by night; it was there she made those observations on the planets Diana, Cleo, Velleda, and others equally little known to the vulgar, which proved her value as a scientist; it was there she noted the advent of the modest little comet of last spring simultaneously with her colleague of the western dome. But a woman can not remain for hours exposed to the night with impunity, and it needs strong muscles to move those gigantic telescopes, and, after some months of this fatiguing labor, she had to give it up, much against her will. Now she is engaged on the new celestial chart, and works only by day. A room in one of the pavilions in the grounds has been set aside for her particular use, and it was here I found her, surrounded by her pupils or secretaries.

Most people, and especially French people, imagine that a girl who takes up science as a profession must necessarily be a sort of hybrid. But Miss Klumpke is essentially feminine; her voice is low, her movements graceful, her manner modest, almost deprecating. As I entered the somewhat bare room, where the lady astronomer and her satellites were assembled, the simplicity of the scene impressed me. They might have been five Penelopes engaged on tambour frames or diligent housewives at their household hooks. To greet me Miss Klumpke had risen from her desk, where she was correcting calculations. One girl, seated before a curious apparatus, was dictating figures to another, the two others were hending low over sheets of paper covered with figures. With graceful patience, the kindly directress tried to initiate me into the mysteries of their work. They were measuring the photographic representations of the stars—specks almost imperceptible on the negative itself, magnified into little black points by the instrument, and measured between movable threads of cobweb. This is what I gathered: They have been at work since February last, and have measured and docketed some two thousand six hundred stars. I felt oppressed by the stupendous character of the undertaking, and full of admiration for these slips of girlhood so intent on their work. When I had studied the specks through the magnifying glass and tried to picture to myself that they were the actual portraits of stars, without really being able to do so, I was invited to inspect the telescope which occupies the upper floor of the pavilion. The leviathan was at rest, the apertures through which it peers into the heavens were closed. At nightfall, after the girl astronomer and her satellites have gone home, it awakes to life, and under the management of a big-wig of the observatory, is made to photograph the dots, which are afterward measured by the fair philosophers down-stairs.

It is the fashion here to scoff at women who raise themselves above their companions, and a girl who goes in for mathematics is looked upon as a monster hardly expected to have human shape. But if some of the scoffers became acquainted with Miss Klumpke, they would learn that even an astronomer in petticoats may be womanly and charming, and as capable of captivating the masculine heart as if she had never solved a problem or passed an examination in her life.

PARIS, April 21, 1893.

PARISINA.

The entire male population of Seville seems to have gone mad over the beauty of Queen Amelia of Portugal, who has been called thither by the serious illness of her grandmother, the Duchess of Montpensier. Whenever the queen appears in the streets, she is followed by a big crowd of men, who utter audibly most extravagant remarks respecting her beauty and grace. Twice upon one day, it is said, Andalusian *galanteadores* threw their rich cloaks upon the muddy ground to save the royal shoes from being soiled, in studied or unconscious imitation of Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth. That the royal beauty thoroughly enjoys her daily triumph is beyond doubt. She walks about the streets attended by only one lady of her suite, which is a most unusual violation of the rigid etiquette of the Spanish and Portuguese courts, and she bows and smiles in acknowledgment of most fantastic compliments, whether uttered by peer or peasant, for he daily crowds comprise men in all ranks of life.

The ancestral home of "The Father of Our Country" still stands in England. It was in Little Brinton, Northamptonshire, not far from Althorp Park, that Laurence Washington, the great-great-grandfather of George Washington, lived. The old home is now the moss-grown cottage of a laborer, and the plaster has here and there fallen from its stuccoed sides. Its roof, once of thatch, has long ago been replaced by shingles, but the old-fashioned windows are the same, and the cottage has not been added to in the way of improvements since Washington's great-grandfather was born in it, not far from three hundred years ago. The house is of yellow sand-stone covered with plaster.

GIRLS AND JOLLY TARS.

"Flaeur" tells of the New York Maidens' Visit to the Foreign Fleet—What the Foreigners Think of the Girls—The Ball at the Hotel Waldorf.

The town is recovering from its emotions of the naval pageant. It is unanimously voted in society that not only were there never so many magnificent ships of war in this port, but never were there so many embryo Farraguts and Nelsons, and certainly never was such an assemblage of manly beauty in blue. Every girl has succumbed to the attractions of some sailorman, for they all love Jack. Unincumbered young men of the various navies have carried away with them duplicates of

"That famous but somewhat decayed work of art Which Miss Flora persisted in calling her heart."

The affair was well managed from first to last, in spite of the rain. The review was hardly over before feminine New York proceeded on a cutting-out expedition, and captured the entire fleet without losing a life. The bay was sprinkled with boats full of girls. They did not wait for invitations, but sailed hang into great ironclads, till the boatmen felt that it was all over with their frail craft. Presently an officer or two looked down from the bridge to investigate the cause of the collision. At their appearance, the girls giggled, then became preternaturally serious; then one of them, more saucy than the others, would squeak: "May we come on board?" and they would be invited on board in French, or German, or Spanish, as the case might be. Conversation was difficult. Most of the girls talked nothing but English; those of them who had learned French at school, and professed to command the true Parisian accent, said they had forgotten the words. The officer who spoke English was invariably ashore. Still, smiles and bright glances go a long way to replace verbal intercourse.

Every girl who could, made at least one visit to a man-of-war; and every visitor was received with the same exquisite courtesy and attention. In feminine circles, feeling runs high on the question which officers deserve to rule the waves.

Some one had the curiosity to canvass the naval officers on the subject of their opinion of American women. A French connoisseur said they reminded him of French women; but he thought they did not wear modest colors in the street. Another said he liked the free and unrestrained women of New York, understanding that their manners are the result of American ideas and institutions. He thought them graceful, trim, and well corseted. A Russian said the American girls are the most beautiful in the world, very lively and independent, and capable of entertaining one for any length of time. A Dutch officer thought the time of the American dames too rapid to harmonize with the slow steps of Dutch dames. Another Dutchman said that the American ladies are too unrestrained in deportment. A German, who declared that he never flirted, observed that the American girls were very pretty, and he admired them at a distance. A Brazilian said there are no women like the American women—very like the Brazilian women, but more independent. A Spanish captain ran into superlatives. He declared that the New Yorkers are the most beautiful, the most fascinating, the most intelligent women in the world. An Argentine officer said that American girls are the jolliest and most interesting of all girls to flirt with. An Italian declared that for beauty, Americans can compare with the daughters of sunny Italy.

New York has done her duty by her foreign guests. The chamber of commerce has dined the officers at the Waldorf, and the city on Thursday gave them a splendid hall at Madison Square Garden. There was some pretty speaking at the former. Bishop Potter led off by responding to the toast to Queen Victoria, and was as felicitous as usual. In replying for Russia, Judge Howland neatly said:

"Judging from the press reports, you thought you got a fair idea of the fair women of America in Hampton Roads, but wait until we lay before you the enormous resources of this country in that beautiful and unparalleled product, and then you will understand something of that mysterious fascination of Helen of Troy who set nations by the ears and of the Queen of the Nile who made heroes forget their duties and their homes."

He was equally happy in his reference to Russia's sympathy during the war:

"Pending the issue of our Civil War the blue cross of St. Andrew was not unfamiliar on these shores. At that crisis our diplomatic utterance was made; no threat was uttered; no word was spoken. We only knew that the cross of St. Andrew was waving off our shores, and that whatever it meant there was behind it the power of one of the mightiest navies of Europe. Blood is thicker than water, and the blood that courses in the veins of a loyal American throbs quicker when he remembers the sympathy, more powerful than battalions, of Alexander the Second, who, like Lincoln, freed the serfs, and who, like that patriot, fell at the hands of an assassin. Gentlemen who serve the Czar, we salute you. The best we have is yours."

The hall was a marked success, being partly made so by the volunteer work of some members of the smart set who came to the assistance of the municipality. About four thousand persons were present, of whom at least five hundred were in uniform, which gave color to the scene. The Duchess of Veragua was there, and to meet her a few ladies of the "Four Hundred," including Mrs. Paron Stevens, paraded in their diamonds. The President came in shortly after eleven. A waltz was being danced; the music suddenly changed to "Hail to the Chief," and the portly form of Mr. Cleveland was seen with an alderman on either side, and a strong force of naval reserves as an escort.

Every box was taken, and each was the scene of a reception. In some of them the very flower of our best society was entertaining the foreigners. After midnight, the President and some of the admirals left, and the young people had the floor to themselves, and kept up the frolic till morning. The foreign officers danced in their own way; it was curious to observe the strange international assortment of dance-steps and figures which the scene presented. With her swift capacity of assimilation, the New York girl adopted the steps of her partner, whatever they were.

NEW YORK, May 6, 1893.

FLAEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

On the Rio Graode.

We chased the wild guerrillas
Through chaparral and glade,
And they fell beneath the sabres
Of the fearless Toth Brigade;
Then faint with wounds and parched with thirst,
We pitched our tents that day,
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

Up spoke our gallant leader,
Astride his fretful roan,
"Sleep ye who can, my comrades,
I'll watch the camp alone;
A restless spirit is my brain
Keeps sleep and rest at bay."
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

All in the misty moonlight
I saw him come and go,
With his long Kentucky rifle
Across his saddle-bow;
And he hummed a tender love-tune,
A ballad blithe as May,
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

The dew was on the flowers,
The air was full of June,
And the river on the shallows
Made music to the moon,
While around our still encampment prowled
Wild beasts in search of prey.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

A rustle in the coppice
A shadow on the grass!
Is that a friend, O sentinel,
That you should let him pass?
Theo the sharp, quick crack of a rifle broke
On the air, and died away.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

The drummer beat reveille,
The startled war-horse neighed,
And our leader, reeling in his seat,
Tugged at his trusty blade,
Rose in his stirrups once, and theo—
We heard the bugles play.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

Aod Leaveoworth was dying,
His head upon my knee;
"Take these," he faintly said, "to ooe
Who long will wait for me!
And tell her—" 'twas a tress of bair
Aod a three-year-old bouquet.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

We wrapped him in our colors—
The red, and white, and blue—
Oh, we wrapped him in our colors,
That tender soul and true!
Aod more thao ooe bronzed hero wept
Like a little child that day.
As we buried him on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande,
Where we lay.—Anon.

Taotalus—Texas.

"If I may trust your love," she cried,
"Aod you would have me for a bride,
Ride over yonder plain, and bring
Your flask full from the Mustang spring;
Fly, fast as western eagle's wing,
O'er the Llano Estacado!"
He beared, and bowed without a word,
His gallant steed he lightly spurred;
He turned his face, and rode away
Toward the grave of dying day,
Aod vanished with its parting ray
On the Llano Estacado.

Night came, and found him riding oo,
Day came, and still he rode alone.
He spared not spur, he drew not rein,
Across that broad, unchaosing plain,
Till he the Mustang spring might gao,
On the Llano Estacado.
A little rest, a little draught,
Hot from his hand, and quickly quaffed,
His flask was filled, and then he turned.
Ocoe more his steed the maguey spuroed,
Once more the sky above him burned
On the Llano Estacado.

How hot the quivering landscape glowed!
His brain seemed boiling as he rode—
Was it a dream, a drunken one,
Or was he really riding on?
Was that a skull that gleamed and shooe
On the Llano Estacado?

"Brave steed of mine, brave steed!" he cried,
"So often true, so often tried,
Bear up a little longer yet!"
His mouth was black with blood and sweat—
Heaven! how he longed his lips to wet!
Oo the Llano Estacado.
And still, within his breast, he held
The precious flask so lately filled,
Oh, for a drink! But well he knew
If empty it should meet her view,
Her scorn— But still his longing grew
On the Llano Estacado.

His horse went down. He wandered on,
Giddy, blind, beaten, and alone.
While upon cushioned couch you lie,
Oh, think how hard it is to die,
Beoath the cruel, cloudless sky,
On the Llano Estacado.
At last he staggered, stumbled, fell.
His day was done, he knew full well,
Aod raisiog to his lips the flask.
The end, the object of his task,
Drank to her—more she could not ask.
Ah! the Llano Estacado!

That night in the Presidio,
Beneath the torchlights' wavy glow,
She danced—and never thought of him,
The victim of a woman's whim,
Lying, with face upturned and grim,
Oo the Llano Estacado.—Joaquin Miller.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

"Ouida," the novelist, was born at Bury St. Edmunds fifty-three years ago.

The twenty-six votes that Mrs. Potter received for mayor of Kansas City, Kan., cost her nearly three hundred and fifty dollars apiece, or as much as a very smart Paris gown.

Princess Maria of Parma is not pretty, even for a royal bride. She has a long, large countenance, disfigured by a very long and substantial nose, and it is ungallantly said that her face looks like that of a horse.

Mme. Véry, the widow of the Paris restaurant-keeper whose café was blown up by the anarchists last year, now earns about fifty cents a day by selling newspapers at a news-stand, or kiosque, at the corner of the Faubourg Montmartre.

The King and Queen of Greece live in very simple style, cheerfully adapting their expenses to the impecunious plight of the country, and his majesty often "boards the tram" when he wants to run down to the port (the famous Piræus) at Athens.

The new Earl of Derby, formerly known as Lord Stanley of Preston, is a popular and easy-going nobleman, a type of the "jolly good fellow." While governor-general of Canada, he was distinguished chiefly for his love of outdoor sports.

Queen Victoria, since the beginning of her reign, has only signed one death-warrant, which was for an execution in the Isle of Man, the act passed for relieving her majesty of signing death-warrants having, by an oversight, not included that part of her majesty's dominions.

Lord Randolph Churchill, who was never a strong man, is said to have become a physical wreck and mentally a hypochondriac. His brother, the late Duke of Marlborough, was not robust, and the family seems to have degenerated physically since the days of the lively hero of Blenheim and Malplaquet.

The friends of Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro at Louisville, Ky., where the most delightful of American actresses passed her youth, are collecting, at her request, reminiscences of her childhood and of her first ventures as an actress for use in an autobiography that Mrs. Navarro is writing. No time is set for the completion of the work, for which a London publisher has arranged to pay a very large sum.

Dr. William Everett, who has been returned to Congress from Henry Cabot Lodge's old district, has for nearly fifteen years been head-master of Adams Academy, at Quincy, Mass. He is the author of some books for boys, two of which, "Changing Base" and "Double Play," have long been popular with youthful readers. Dr. Everett likes the great American outdoor game, as the titles of his stories would indicate.

Mrs. Langtry's yachting tour, on which she started hut a few brief weeks ago, has soon been interrupted. Within a very short time of the news of "Mr. Ahingdon's" untimely death reaching Europe, Mrs. Langtry left her yacht, the *White Lady*, in the Mediterranean, and journeyed back to London. She looks in better health than when she left town, but has not yet recovered her usual blooming appearance. She is staying at her beautiful house in Pont Street.

Howard Kretschmar, whose statue of Columbus was unveiled on the lake front of Chicago a few days ago, is a native of St. Louis, but has lived and worked in Chicago for many years. He studied sculpture as a youth at home, and then went to Europe and into the schools of Paris, Munich, Rome, and Florence. He left one monument in Rome to the memory of the son of Consul-General Dumaesque. The statue of Columbus cost forty thousand dollars, and is paid for by the Columbian Exposition.

Maria Pia, Queen-Dowager of Portugal, with her younger son the Infante Alphonso and a suite of about a dozen persons, represented King Carlos at the silver-wedding festivities of her brother, King Humbert. She left Italy when she was but a child of fifteen to share the throne of Dom Luis, who died in 1889 after twenty-seven years of happy wedded life. She was always very popular among all classes, owing to her singularly bright and laughter-loving temperament, which contrasted strongly with the serious and austere character of her sister, Princess Clotilde. She is a devout Catholic, and the attitude of the church toward her family gives her sincere grief.

Editor Stead, of the *Review of Reviews*, who first called public attention to his love of the sensational by his "Maiden Tribute" articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* eight years ago, has progressed with rapid strides in his latest fad, the study of psychical phenomena. Mr. Stead now informs his readers that he (in London) has a friend in Edinburgh who uses his (Mr. Stead's) hand to write particulars of events occurring in Edinburgh "without the intervention of any kind of mechanical intermediary." In other words, when the Edinburgh friend thinks a thought, a resistless impulse compels Mr. Stead, hundreds of miles away, to "take his pen in hand" and transcribe the thought on paper.

The wily Sioux chief, Rain-in-the-Face, the slayer of Captain Tom Custer, is now in Chicago. The aged warrior is now a cripple, hobbling about on crutches. When the Battle of the Little Big Horn was fought, Rain-in-the-Face was a reckless youth with all the characteristic cruelty of his race. At the close of the engagement, when there was but a handful of the Seventh left, he dashed forward from amid his red companions and fired the shot that stretched young Custer dead almost at the feet of his brother. At that moment a bullet from a carbine struck the reckless brave in the knee and inflicted the wound that permanently crippled him. His visit to Chicago is the first experience Rain-in-the-Face has had with civilization.

THE NEW YORK MAN.

And the Impression he Leaves on the Mind of the English Girl.

"I'm surprised, now, that you English ladies don't come oftener on our side. I should surmise that young ladies have a better time in America than anywhere else on this earth. The deference paid to woman in the United States is one of the most remarkable of our national characteristics. I tell you, you find it in every relation of life. There's this divorce 'act' now; a man—in America—will allow his wife to get a divorce from him if they find that they can't agree; he would not think of letting his wife take the blame. I should say, now, that that sort of thing was unheard of in this country. Your men, now, I should judge, would not be apt to take the blame on themselves. I have been much struck, though, with the splendid physical appearance of your young men. Why, in Rotten Row I have seen more remarkable-looking men in one morning's walk than I should be apt to see in a week on Fifth Avenue or Broadway. Your tailors, now, they are one of the most remarkable of your institutions, if one may say so. You English ladies, too, are just perfectly lovely. Your high-bred repose is perfectly fascinating; and you are, I should judge, more affectionate than American women. I should say, now, that you had more heart. The trouble is that our society girls don't begin to have any. Why, there was an English nobleman, Sir John Lacklands, in New York last winter. That man was over seventy-two years of age. Well, he is about to be married to one of the youngest buds of this season, the daughter of one of our most prominent railroad kings. Why, the night before I sailed from New York I went to see a girl in Madison Avenue, and there was a handsome young fellow of three-and-twenty there who had been calling every evening at that house for some weeks. When he left, I thought I should congratulate her on her engagement. 'Why,' said she, 'what queer, old-fashioned ideas you do have. Well, I don't know but what I'm thinking of marrying, but I guess it's his grandfather, the millionaire, who's to be the happy man.'"

Christina and I gasped, as Mr. Elisha Van Schuyler at last paused, though apparently more to point his story than to take breath.

In appearance he was tall, but not so broad-shouldered as an Englishman of his height would have been. He had a dapper little pointed beard and mustache, and keen, intelligent eyes. His coat was made by a tailor in Savile Row.

We had never seen an American gentleman. Transatlantic women we had met by the score; admired their gowns, laughed at their stories, and secretly envied their un-failing vivacity; but none of the New Yorkers and Philadelphians that we had known in London had ever appeared to have, or seem to have wasted a thought on, any male belongings. Therefore, when Mr. Elisha Van Schuyler presented himself with a letter of introduction from her Grace of Birmingham (who had known him in her early days in America), it was with a feeling of keen curiosity that we undertook to show him the studio and its contents.

Our studio is one of the "show" ones of London, and if Mr. Van Schuyler's face fell a little when confronted with papa's portraits, he was lavish in his admiration of the beautiful room. "We don't begin to have anything like this in New York," he said, giving a comprehensive look round. "Our artists either can't afford to furnish a studio—nobody buys American pictures on our side—or else they sort of overdo the thing. Too much tapestry, too many suits of mail, too many mandolins, and too many ivory crucifixes. There was a man who studied in Paris, and thought he'd go home and do the 'society act' as well as paint portraits of the 'Four Hundred.' Well, that man was as much fun as a goat. He just got as thin as a rail and as bald as a coot trying to work the 'society racket.' I tell you, he had a rocky time. He took a huge studio in one of the most fashionable parts of New York, furnished it perfectly elegantly, and began by painting one of our society belles—for nothing. Then he used to lend his studio to Polish pianists and Spanish dancing-girls, just to get the 'Four Hundred' inside his house; and they used to crowd right in, and drink his tea and his punch, and go right away and get their portraits painted by a third-rate Frenchman who had fixed up an atelier next door. Why, I tell you, that Frenchman—and here Mr. Van Schuyler was fairly launched on another stream of talk, which lasted, without intermission, until he rose, rather abruptly, to go. First he made us a low bow—a bow so deep that I have only seen it equaled by that of a Russian *attaché*—and then he reconsidered the question and shook hands with us, one after the other, very high up in the air. He was evidently under the impression that this was the latest mode of salutation.

When the heavy tapestry curtains had finally swung back behind him, Christina called my attention to the fact that, both together, we had only been allowed to put in three sentences, so entirely had our transatlantic guest monopolized the conversation. "I thought they always said that American women did all the talking," said Christina, dryly; "but this young man seems to have a fancy for monologues. I timed one of his stories, that about General Horace Porter and—what's the other man's name?—Chauncey Depew, and it lasted exactly seventeen minutes by the clock."

"Never mind that," I retorted; "this American is going to be amusing."

And, in truth, he turned out to be charming. After a while, when he took to coming pretty often, even Christina did not mind the length of Mr. Van Schuyler's anecdotes. He had, as I took occasion to point out to Christina more than once, that desirable thing in man or woman, a "twinkling eye," and he had, also, a pretty taste in flowers and bonbonnières, and a perfect mania for giving theatre-parties, with dainty little suppers afterward. And, later on, when we knew him better, he had an inexhaustible fund of excellent, if slightly irreverent, stories.

He had his little peculiarities, to be sure. He was never

tired of asking questions about the royal family and the House of Lords, and once—one night when we were all dining with him at the Savoy—he made us write out a list of English duchesses, to see how many there were.

"But I don't know any," I objected, "except the Duchess of Birmingham, and she's an American."

"Mercy! We don't count *her*," said Mr. Elisha Van Schuyler.

He was fond of asking tiresome questions, too, about the birth-places of famous people in London; and he never looked at me, I am convinced, without seeing me against a fancy background of the Tower, Windsor Castle, and Stratford-on-Avon. I sometimes feel that he expected me to live up to a famous past.

But Mr. Van Schuyler's stay in London was not without its distractions. He wanted to know everybody, and everybody seemed pleased to know him; he wished all his friends to "have a good time"—at his expense. He was generosity itself. One could not express the vaguest wish without its being immediately carried out. His generosity even took the form of inviting his rivals to dinner, and, what astonished me even more, sending one in with them. There was nothing mean or narrow-minded about our new American friend. And yet, though expansive and voluble, we seemed to know him no more intimately at the end of three months than at the end of his first call. Was there, under all his gregariousness, a deep-seated reserve? Christina thought that, on the whole, she preferred people who talked less and who said more. He had, to be sure, an enormous admiration for Englishwomen—especially the sort of young woman who rides to hounds, sculls a boat, and bags her own grouse. He constantly assured us that, if we would "cross the herring-pond" and spend a winter in New York or Washington, we should at once attain the rank of "raging belles," though we as constantly disclaimed all intention of competing with the home-grown article on the other side of the Atlantic. But every day, as July verged on August, and every one was thinking of the moors, and Homburg, and Aix, Mr. Van Schuyler grew more and more civil. He looked unutterable things. Hardly a day passed without a gorgeous bunch of roses being sent. I began to wonder what life was like in New York—if it was all roses, and devotion, and boxes at the play? My family began to regard me with unwonted tenderness and consideration, and it was obvious that they half expected Mr. Elisha Van Schuyler might carry me off by the next ocean greyhound. Qualms of conscience—an unwonted experience with me—began to assail me, and more than once I asked myself whether I liked this young man chiefly for himself or for his dollars, when that little dinner put an unexpected end to my doubts.

It was at Hurlingham that the last act of the comedy was played. The polo-ground was thick with wide-sleeved, slim-looking women, and with broad-shouldered military men, whose necks were bronzed by Indian suns. Here one caught the profile of some country-bred girl, with neat, fair plaits tucked away under a straw hat, and there a radiant vision of dainty laces and a delicate rose-pink visage half hidden under a vast parasol. Carefully made-up old men walked mincingly along, ogling the prettiest faces as they passed, and mentally comparing the beauties of 1892 with those more fascinating young creatures of thirty years ago. It was a mild, gray-skied afternoon of mid-July, and the sound of the Coldstream Guards' band came softly over the lime-scented air. On the lawn in front of the club-house the white-jacketed waiters ran quickly to and fro with trays of tea and strawberries, and the checkered light of the huge Chinese umbrellas over the tables threw curious little shadows on the faces of the tea-drinkers. All around, pretty women were nodding and smiling at their bachelor friends. Over yonder, the new beauty was obviously being made love to by somebody else's husband; while inside the cool, carpetless club-house could be seen the profiles of an elderly, painted personage, in a muslin gown with pink ribbons, and of a bored, handsome young man who was endeavoring to make peace with the irate lady. At the next table, two smart city men were lighting their cigarettes after tea.

Mr. Van Schuyler was more than usually confidential that afternoon. He told me how he was "just perfectly fascinated" with London and with London girls; how he should like to live here (with a sigh), and how, if he could not do that, he meant to come "just all the time." He had had, thanks to us, a perfectly beautiful time. He should never forget it.

Somebody had given a dinner, after the polo, and now we were sitting on the terrace drinking our coffee, listening to the metallic music of the Hungarian band, and watching the stars appear one by one above the fat, bronze-colored elms. Mr. Elisha Van Schuyler drew his chair a little closer to mine.

"I wonder now, if you would like Tuxedo? Like most American things, it's on a larger scale than anything you have on this side—"

"Larger or not," I said, hastily, "I shall never see it. You know I am always seasick. I shall never cross the Atlantic."

"Well, now, I call that rough on us! I had just made up my mind that when we were married—"

"Married, Mr. Van Schuyler?"

"Why, yes. I guess" (now and again, when he forgot he was in London, Mr. Van Schuyler would let drop an occasional "guess") "Mamie and I must fix it up soon, if we are ever going to. Mamie's a society girl in Buffalo, and although I'm willing she should have a good time as long as ever she wants to, still, I think three years is long enough for a fellow to be kept waiting. Don't you agree with me, Miss Peggy?"

For a minute I was too astonished to speak. "Y—es," I hastened to say. "Three years is rather a long time. But then you've managed, haven't you, to have—a fairly good time—yourself?"

"Well, I should smile! I imagine Mamie would allow that I had better keep my hand in all the time. And when we settle down in New York (I've been sending cablegrams

about a house on Fifth Avenue all this week), I hope you'll come over and make us quite a long visit. Why, you would be just a raging, tearing belle."

I smiled, and said I should have to make Mrs. Van Schuyler's acquaintance over here; and so we talked it over, and I proffered my congratulations, while Mr. Van Schuyler took my hand and held it very hard as he informed me that he meant to settle down in double harness and be a model husband.

Next year he brought his wife to see us. At first sight she revealed herself as a restless, talkative, flirtatious little person, who had, like her husband, a passion for having "a good time." She had brought a cousin—a young man—"along," as she explained, so her husband should not have to go around shopping with her. He always got mad when she went shopping. She expected it was poky, anyhow, going around all the time with your own wife. If he didn't like the young man, she didn't care, anyway. He was just perfectly sweet. Mr. Van Schuyler (she always alluded to her husband as Mr. Van Schuyler) was just perfectly devoted to Miss Peggy; he had never allowed anything to interfere with his affection for Miss Peggy. And English young ladies were perfectly lovely, anyway. Mrs. Van Schuyler did not believe in trying to make one's husband domestic. If he didn't care for domesticity, neither did she. She just despised it, and meant to live in a hotel.

While Mrs. Van Schuyler was there her husband was strangely silent. But it turned out, on investigation, that he did not appear to find the bond of wedlock galling. She allowed him plenty of rope, and he was always to be found straying about at the very end of the tether. So far, I have not heard of either of the Van Schuylers having applied for a divorce.

MARGARET WYNMAN.

BROKEN MUSIC.

A Note.

All out of tune in this world's instrument.—AMY LEVY.

I know not in what fashion she was made,
Nor what her voice was, when she used to speak,
Nor if the silken lashes threw a shade
On wan or rosy cheek.

I picture her with sorrowful vague eyes
Illumed with such strange gleams of inner light
As linger in the drift of London skies
Ere twilight turns to night.

I know not; I conjecture. 'Twas a girl
That with her own most gentle desperate hand
From out God's mystic setting plucked life's pearl—
'Tis hard to understand.

So precious life is! Even to the old
The hours are as a miser's coins, and she—
Within her hands lay youth's unmined gold
And all felicity.

The winged impetuous spirit, the white flame
That was her soul once, whither has it flown?
Above her brow gray lichens blot her name
Upon the carven stone.

This is her Book of Verses—wren-like notes,
Shy franknesses, blind gropings, haunting fears:
At times across the chords abruptly floats
A mist of passionate tears.

A fragile lyre too tensely keyed and strung,
A broken music, weirdly incomplete:
Here a proud mind, self-baffled and self-stung,
Lies coiled in dark defeat.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *May Scribner's*.

Of the various small ways in which valuable time is lost in domestic life (says a writer in the *Bazar*), one of the most vexatious is looking for things. The things looked for are usually little ones, and generally inexpensive. The tale of them extends from scissors and button-hooks, tumbles and latch-keys, down through the various household departments to the shovel and poker of the kitchen. When we have exhausted our time and our temper in the quest, we laboriously and painfully "use something else" which about half answers the purpose, and the next day, when we have succeeded in forgetting our unpleasant experience, the shameless object is suddenly spied quietly lying (and probably chuckling to itself) in some unsuspected nook, "right under our noses." It would be a proper retaliation to the fiendish ingenuity of these miserable triflers if housekeepers would make it a rule that they should be let stay lost so long as they have a mind for the amusement, and come to light when they get tired of it. To look for these small necessary articles when lost takes frequently a goodly amount of the time, the patience, and the good temper of a large family—say five or six people. To duplicate them, even by dozens, would cost a comparatively small sum of money. Therefore, let us buy our pokers and our latch-keys by the gross if it should be necessary. Then we may calmly smile at the temporary disappearance even of a dozen or so, while we reserve our time and patience and amiability for sublimer things.

It is said that an East Buffalo auctioneer, who lately broke the record by selling 345 horses in one day from one auction-block, receives \$7,500 a year for two days' work in each week at East Buffalo. This is \$150 a week, or \$75 a day. The same man receives \$5,000 a year for two days' work each week in Philadelphia, and because he can not stand any more travel, he has refused \$8,000 a year to add to his labors one day in the week at Chicago. Thursdays he has to himself; and on that day he runs a horse auction of his own in Richmond, Va. He seems to be a type of the busy and successful man.

Free shines are to be had in every large city in the United States to-day; but to get one, you must go to the shop where you bought your shoes. One concern gives to each customer a card with numbers to be punched out. The card is good for fifty shines.

Queen Victoria's crown is worth \$1,200,000. It costs in interest \$36,000 a year for this head-piece which she never wears.

THE SLIPPER TRICK.

As Performed by an Amateur Conjuror and a Wise Husband.

This varnished dancing-pump was slipped off the foot of an exquisite young man at a reception at one of the leading salons of Paris. My eminently correct readers need not turn up their aristocratic noses at the vulgar lack of delicacy betrayed by my exquisite young man. Let him among you who does not adore a dainty foot cast the first stone.

Octave Latournelle—that is my exquisite young man's name—was not only a perfect dancer; he possessed, not only two very nimble legs, but two very nimble hands, whereof the adroitness was the admiration of all his friends. Indeed, the most expert conjurer would not have been ashamed to own him for a pupil. At his word of command, watches passed from one pocket to another, gold coins vanished into thin air, flowers grew upon him as if on a magical hush—he drew them forth from his pockets, his sleeves, his waistcoat, his cravat, in quantities sufficient to decorate the corsages of all the ladies present; and this, after having, by way of preamble, turned his pockets inside out, rolled up his sleeves, and opened his waistcoat. In a word, he was the enchanter of the best drawing-rooms and the spoiled child of the ladies.

Perhaps, rather than the spoiled child, he considered himself the petted darling. At any rate, he was in love, and he made that fact known with the audacity that often gives success.

The object of his adoration was the young wife of General Pascalon—it is only the husband's rank that restrains me from mentioning the disparity of their ages. But all generals have young wives, which is only another proof that the truly brave do not recoil from dangers of any kind. It is traditional, in cases of this kind, that the husband should be jealous, but General Pascalon was not so. But, if he was not an Othello, neither was he a fool. Trusting in the loyalty of his young wife, he cherished no illusions. He enjoyed many a Palais-Royal farce—with his wife by his side, more often than not, which was imprudent, perhaps—but he also escorted her to balls, never pleading his age as an excuse, and waited patiently for her till after the cotillion; and to all appearance his wife was quite content.

Perhaps she was so. But there were plenty of young fellows who would look down at you from the high superiority of their twenty-five years if you ventured to express such an idea, and say:

"With an old fellow like that! Really, you are too refreshing."

The general was not to be laughed at. He knew his danger, not only before all the world had seen it, but before any one else suspected it, and he saved his honor like a man of intelligence—which, indeed, he could have done in no other way.

And this brings us down at last to the varnished slipper of the exquisite young man.

I have said that the affair took place in the midst of a reception. Dancing was going on in the larger rooms; the general was chatting with some of the older guests in a small room adjoining the one set out with card-tables. He happened to glance carelessly toward the players, and started suddenly in surprise.

"Bless me," said he, putting up his glasses, "there's my wife at a whist-table. I certainly thought she was waltzing, or polkaing, or something, and there she is playing whist. She must be very tired, for she never plays cards and is always dancing. I shall have to scold her," he added, with a laugh, "for indulging herself so much in her favorite pleasure that she has to do penance at the card-table," and he strolled leisurely toward the players.

A jostle knocking his glasses from his eyes as he reached the whist-table, he stooped to pick them up, and saw beneath the table a slipper, a patent-leather pump, from which its tenant had escaped and now, shod only in fine black-silk hose, was lovingly caressing the little foot of the general's wife. But he also noticed that the latter constantly avoided the foot that so persistently pursued her own.

"Hum," said the general, taking in the situation at a glance, "the fortress is attacked, but it is well defended. I have arrived just in time." Then, smiling calmly as if he had seen nothing, leaning over his wife's chair, questioning and advising her play, he devoted himself to a feat that would have furnished a dramatist with an irresistibly comic theme, considering the difficulties of the situation. The general had undertaken to draw toward him with the tip of his boot the abandoned slipper, provoking every instant sudden jerks from jostled feet, protestations from disturbed players, astonished looks from those who could see the extraordinary movements of his leg, and the remonstrance from his wife:

"My dear, what makes you knock my chair about so? You are giving me a headache."

At this moment the mistress of the house came up to ask Latournelle if he would not perform some of his amusing tricks.

"Certainly, I shall be delighted," he answered, nervously, preoccupied as he was by the extraordinary movements of the general, who stooped down just then, as if to pick up something, and immediately got up and left the group.

"Well, sir," said the lady, "give me your arm, and I will introduce you. Your audience is growing impatient."

"Certainly, madame, in just one moment," said Latournelle, feeling with his foot for his slipper, and so recommencing the remarkable jig executed by the general a few moments before. Now the other players laughed outright—which they had not dared to do the first time. And the mistress of the house stood there, surprised at being kept waiting so long, and wondering how much longer her escort would keep her in that attitude. Impatient ladies came in shoals to add their solicitations to those of their hostess. Our young man positively had to get out of the predicament somehow. He did get out of it, but with only

one shoe, for he also had stooped down and discovered the disappearance of his misguided slipper, and he marveled, in deep anxiety, how he was going to explain such a state of affairs.

His one shod foot provoked general hilarity, then delighted applause and cries of "It's a trick! it's some trick!"

The petted darling of the ladies smiled a weak smile and stammered:

"Yes, ladies—it is a trick."

Applause, accompanied by a general clapping of hands, greeted this announcement, while Latournelle kept saying to himself:

"Oh, yes, it's a great trick; but some one has played it on me, and I don't find it so very funny. If I only knew who it was"—then, struck with an idea—"heavens! If it could be the general—his singular performance just now—and I saw him stoop down—if it was really he, it would be a pretty uncomfortable joke for me. How can I make sure?"

As he escorted the lady through the room, he tried to get near the general. He managed to do so, and with the back of his hand he cautiously knocked against the pocket of the general's coat which he suspected contained the slipper—there was nothing there! He tried to sound the other pocket, but a slight move on the general's part carried him out of reach; to touch it, it was necessary to pass around on the side where it was.

"Where in the world are you taking me?" demanded the lady on his arm.

"Why—er—to the head of the room," and as he was now on the right side of the general, he wanted to try the other pocket. Here was a new obstacle that he had not foreseen: the fact that the lady had the arm nearest the general made any attempt at exploration impossible. He offered the other, on the pretext of an old wound which was paining him, and was able at last to repeat his former tactics. This time he was satisfied. "It's there!" he murmured, and he did not enjoy the reflection that the husband of his adored one had discovered his manoeuvres under the table.

"Well, I'm in a pretty mess," he concluded.

Everybody had crowded into the room, there was an expectant hush, and all were on tiptoe for the promised trick. There was no way to retreat.

"Here goes," said the imprudent lover; "I must take the plunge, come what may." And he plunged.

"Ladies," he said, "I have lost my slipper. I have not got it concealed about my person; my pockets are empty"—he turned them inside out—"nor is it in my coat"—he held it open—"nor in my waistcoat"—he unbuttoned it—"nor in my sleeves"—and he turned them up to his elbows. "You see, ladies, I have nothing in my hands or my pockets. I must find out, then, where the lost article is. Nothing is more simple; I have only to make a slight cabalistic calculation." With this, he covered his face with his hands, and assumed an attitude of profound cogitation. Then, without removing his hands, he counted: "One, two, three, four, five. My slipper," he cried, "is in the left pocket of the sixth person to my right."

This person was the general.

"Not had!" the latter exclaimed, under his breath; and in obedience to the universal cries of "Search yourself, search yourself, general," he drew the slipper from the pocket indicated.

A storm of applause was evoked by the brilliant success of the trick. Then, after much whispering, several voices cried: "Oh, the general is his confederate."

"Yes, yes," came a chorus of voices; "be's a confederate."

The conjurer protested.

"Do it again, then!" some one demanded; and everybody took up the cry: "Yes, yes! Do it again!"

"Oh," said a lady, "the general has just been whispering to M. Latournelle." And the cry went up again that he was a confederate.

The general affirmed that he was in no sense furthering the conjurer's devices.

"But you were just now whispering with him," insisted the witnesses of the conference.

"The exact truth is this, ladies: You asked the conjurer to repeat his performance. I just this moment told him that it was one of those tricks that should not be tried a second time—did I not, sir?" said the general, significantly.

"Precisely, general; and I shall follow your advice," replied Latournelle. "It shall not be repeated."

And it never was.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Moineaux by L. S. Vassault.

Miss Agnes Balfour not only keeps house for her brother, Mr. Arthur Balfour, but is consulted by him on important matters. He frequently declares that his greatest political help comes from her. Each day she devotes a fixed amount of time—no matter what her social engagements—to inspecting the newspapers and to marking what, in her judgment, is useful for his perusal. Miss Balfour is tall and amiable looking, and usually dresses in brown. She is a brilliant conversationalist, and could hold her own with any member of the cabinet.

The Greeks were the originators of museums of anatomy. On the Island of Cos, in the Greek Archipelago, now a possession of Turkey, there was a famous temple of Esculapius in charge of some skilled surgeons who exacted that every patient receiving treatment there should leave behind a model of his diseased limb in wax or other material. These grew so numerous in course of time that the temple became a Mecca of medical students.

The late William B. Astor's personal estate in Great Britain has been officially valued at £264,000, or about \$1,320,000.

All four of the British Australian colonists have a Scotchman at the head of their government.

AMERICAN GIRLS AND TITLES.

A Photograph that is Not Retouched.

American girls (writes Vera Bernardiere in the *Ladies' Home Journal*) have most of them found out that the "almighty dollar" is the motive power which impels foreigners in the majority of cases to wed them. While acknowledged, even by European critics, to be among the foremost in the ranks of attractive, intelligent, well-educated, and beautiful women in the civilized world, yet, when it comes to matrimony, the foreigner changes his tactics, and makes exorbitant demands and conditions ere he bestow the honor of his hand, his name, on a free-born American girl—for the heart is, with him, often but a secondary consideration. It is not exaggeration to say that in nine cases out of ten the American girl who weds a foreigner is apt to reap a harvest of disillusion, discontent, and unhappiness.

When an American girl marries a foreigner, especially if he be a nobleman bankrupt in purse and health, she must be resigned to sacrifice her independence, have her American ideas, views, and customs set at naught, and accept her position as the inferior, not the equal, of man. In Europe, woman is not regarded as she is in America, where she realizes and embodies the great factor of equivalence in the social forces, and where she is regarded as the mental equal or companion of man. Of course there are American women who are wedded to Europeans who have been happy—I know several such. They seem to be as happy as any woman who has married at home. But their husbands were not ruined noblemen, and they were exceptions to the great and tested rule. It is by no means impossible for a foreigner and an American woman to be happy together; but she risks more and has fewer chances of happiness than another. In the case of the girl who has married an "aristocrat," the situation is worse. As such marriages are almost invariably based on money, it is more especially to these that I refer. The husband makes a point of controlling his wife's fortune, and considers himself—according to national custom—free to spend it as he pleases, without even consulting her. If extravagant, it is not long before he has run through with it, and she learns, to her sorrow, that the devoted cavalier of a few months before has developed into a selfish, unsympathetic companion, from whom she can neither expect nor exact consideration. He seldom fails to gratify all his personal caprices, pleasures, and even vices. Self-denial and unselfishness are nothing but names to him. Any remonstrance on the part of the wife is in vain; if the husband chooses, he has a right to ill-treat her. She can appeal to no one for redress against this; and a woman who complains of her husband or his vices and extravagances, especially if she be an American, evokes little genuine sympathy in foreign society.

A foreign nobleman, who was about to marry a young American girl whom I knew, declined to have both the civil and the religious marriage performed (the former being obligatory to make a marriage valid abroad), and would only consent to the religious ceremony, unless she placed her entire fortune under his control. This the young lady and her family declined to do, thereby saving her from much probable woe. This same man is seen in the best society of Paris, endeavoring to entrap all American girls with money that come across his path, and then casting them off when he finds that they will not comply with his matrimonial conditions.

It has been said recently that if American women continue to marry foreigners at the rate they have been doing, that not only will the British peerage soon be Americanized, but the nobility of every other European country as well. Have American girls no higher ambition than this? American women are so sensible, so practical in many things; but in this very marriage question—both as mothers, who have the sacred care of their daughters' interests, and as young women, ambitious to fill an important niche in society and in the world—they evince a lack of judgment and foresight.

The American girl need look no further than her own country to find the noblest, the grandest type of manhood on earth. Here man respects and honors her womanhood, is willing to labor and make sacrifices for her happiness, and loves her, not for what she has, but for what she is.

In his recently published "Sixty Years' Recollections," the noted French Academician and dramatic author, Ernest Legouvé, tells of the pains Mlle. Mars took, genius that she was, to cure a defect of gesture which marred the symmetry of her stage presence. She used her left arm too freely in gesticulation, and to correct the habit she tied a string to the offending limb and had her stage instructor, Mlle. Contat, hold the other end of the string taut behind the scenes. When the actress's left arm flew up in the excitement of her part, she would feel a tug at the string from Mlle. Contat, and restrain herself. But sometimes, when her excitement approached a climax, Mlle. Mars would give one fierce jerk for freedom and break her bonds. As for the capacity of genius for taking pains to attain perfection, it is related by M. Legouvé that Mlle. Mars rehearsed one rôle sixty-eight times before she allowed the curtain to ascend to an audience.

John Addington Symonds, the English art-critic, in his "Recollections of Tennyson" in the *May Century*, tells of a conversation in 1865 between the laureate and Gladstone, in which the latter said he always slept well. He had only twice been kept awake by the exertion of a great speech in the House. On both occasions, the recollection that he had made a misquotation haunted him.

The proposition to hold a centennial celebration at St. Louis, commemorating the Louisiana purchase, is a good one. It was, perhaps, the best bargain ever made by this or any other government.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A large sale has been found in Paris for a book on Catharine the Second of Russia, by Waliszewski. It is now out of print. In public archives and among family records the author found much new material, although the work is based mainly on Catharine's own confessions. An English edition of the book has been arranged for.

Mr. John Drew has written for a magazine a paper entitled "The Actor." It is to give the human and social side of theatrical life.

The Vicomtesse de Martel, who hides her brilliant literary personality under the transparent pseudonym of "Gyp," is busily engaged on a collection of short social sketches dealing with the effect produced by the Panama scandals on Parisian *high-life*. The *Sketch* says of her:

"*Mlle. de Mirabeau* ('Gyp') is a great-niece of the famous Revolutionary orator. She began writing when only eighteen years of age, and although her brilliant satirical sketches are but slight in texture, and do not aspire to do more than reflect the life led by a certain section of French society, her work has attracted the attention of the leading French critics, and Jules Lemaitre gave her an honored place in his critical studies of contemporary writers."

"Un Scrupule," M. Paul Bourget's new book, just issued by Amblard & Meyer Bros., of New York, is, we believe, the first work published in French in this country under the new copyright law. The firm named above has opened a branch of the well-known Paris house of A. Lemerre.

Word comes from London that the English book trade is depressed, business having been no duller in many years.

Of Jules Lemaitre, the French author, playwright, and critic, a recent paragraph says:

"On him has fallen the mantle of Sainte-Beuve, and both his theatrical and bookish causeries are eagerly looked for in the *Journal des Débats* (to which he is a regular weekly contributor), and later when they appear in volume-form, M. Lemaitre is only just forty years of age, but hard work has made him prematurely aged. In the thirteen years which have elapsed since he began literary work, he has not only been an active journalist, but has produced half a dozen volumes of criticisms, three novels (of which the latest, '*Les Rois*'), is not unlike Alphonse Daudet's famous '*Kings in Exile*'), and four plays. M. Lemaitre is an ardent Ibsenite, and was the first to introduce the Norwegian dramatist to French readers. He is devoted to all his work, but has a passion for the drama, and would prefer to be known as a good playwright rather than as the distinguished man of letters that he is."

Some heretofore unpublished poems by Macaulay will soon be brought out by an English magazine. They were written to his niece, Lady Knutsford.

Edward Eggleston has gone with his wife to live at Madison, Ind. Dr. Eggleston goes there for the purpose of rewriting "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and will remain near the scene until the work is in satisfactory shape.

Professor A. S. Hardy has some very wholesome ideas concerning realism. He is quoted as saying:

"A man nowadays goes out, and the first thing he sees is a mud-puddle, and he describes it. But if you look sharp enough and long enough, at the bottom of every mud-puddle you can see the sky; and that's just what your modern realist doesn't see."

Mr. Stanley is writing some short stories founded on legends and folk stories which he obtained during his journeys in Africa. The first of the series will have the title, "The Story of Kibatti of Uganda."

The editor of a London literary journal has been reckoning the payments made to popular novelists for the serial use of their stories. The results may be thus summarized:

Thirteen names are given in the following order: Mark Twain, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Rider Haggard, Mr. Blackmore, Mr. Black, Mr. Stevenson, Miss Braddon, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. James Payn. It will be noted that two Americans head the list. It is stated that for the serial rights of "Treasure Island," Mr. R. L. Stevenson received about six hundred dollars. Ten times that amount would not purchase a tale of equal length from his pen to-day. For the serial rights of "She," H. Rider Haggard got fifteen hundred dollars, and a similar amount was paid to Hall Caine for "The Deemster." For short stories, Rudyard Kipling is said to have J. M. Barrie is running him close, and it is predicted will take the lead. Some people evidently prophesy what they do not know, in spite of the humorist's earnest admonition. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome are also mentioned as receiving large sums for their work. But the totals for both book and serial rights received by novelists to-day are far below the princely sums that were paid to Scott, George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, and Wilkie Collins. For "Romola" George Eliot received thirty-five thousand dollars, and might have had fifteen thousand dollars more but for her conscientious regard for Art. As there are many versions of that famous transaction, we may give the facts, as stated in the London *Publishers' Circular*: "The novelist agreed to write a story for the *Cornhill*, for which she was to be paid fifteen thousand dollars. It was, however, to run through sixteen numbers instead of the usual twelve. Of this arrangement she did not approve, and all the arguments of her friends could not overcome her objections. Finally she threw fifteen thousand dollars off the price to carry her point, a rare instance of self-sacrifice for the sake of art." Lord Beaconsfield, it should be mentioned, received princely terms for "Eudymion." "He wanted money," writes Mr. Frode in his biography of Beaconsfield in the Queen's Prime Ministers Series, "and it brought him ten thousand pounds."

The two volumes of Mr. Henry T. Finck's "Life of Wagner" will be brought out within a few days. It will contain various interesting portraits.

New Publications.

"Between the Tides," a volume of poems, tales, and sketches by W. S. Walker, has been published by W. S. and Glenn Walker, Los Gatos, Cal.

"Major Matterson of Kentucky," by St. George Rathborne, is a sensational novel in which the scene swings from the Blue Grass State to far Teheran and back. Published by the Price-McGill Company, St.

Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Political Problems," by Lyman Allen, a series of essays on social, political, and industrial evils, has been published by the San Francisco Printing Company, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

"The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," by Mark Rutherford, edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott, has been republished by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Without Dogma" is a novel of modern Poland, by Henryk Sienkiewicz—translated into English by Iza Young—whose novels, "With Fire and Sword" and "The Deluge," have attracted much attention. This story is in the form of a diary written by a young Pole of wealth and family, who forsakes the Catholic faith of his fathers and becomes a pessimist and cynic in practice as well as in theory. It is a profound psychological study and an absorbing story of high literary merit. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Edgar Saltus's new story, "Madame Sapphira," is, in plain words, a trifle nastier than anything he has written yet. It is a story of marriage and divorce, the wife being an intriguing liar who sets pitfalls for her husband, and sues for divorce while he is abroad. The divorce proceedings are detailed with a total disregard for decency, and the whole book is a most melancholy prostitution of indisputable talent. Published by F. T. Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"A Little Minx," by Ada Cambridge, is the story of an impetuous young woman whose vagaries make things more or less lively in the Australian parish where her husband is curate. Before she can bring the story to a satisfactory ending, the author finds it necessary to make the "little minx" a widow, re-marry her to a rich bachelor, and finally drop her off a steamer's deck and drown her. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The series of papers on Hawthorne which his lifelong friend, Commodore Horatio Bridge, contributed to one of the magazines, has been amplified by the addition of new matter, and now appears in a little volume entitled "Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne." The narrative has to do chiefly with the romancer's college days, but in it, also, are noted various incidents of his later life that Commodore Bridge recalls from their intimate personal friendship of more than forty years' duration. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

A new edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" has just been issued under the editorial direction of Mowbray Morris, the well-known London critic and literary worker. The text is taken from the fourth edition of Boswell, printed in 1804, and the annotations include all of Boswell's—distinguished by the letter B—and selections from those of Croker, Napier, Hill, and other noted editors. The book contains six hundred and ninety-two pages of double-column text in small but clear type, and the index fills twenty-five pages. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

Nothing could be more delightful than the way Austin Barnard, a young man on a hunting expedition, is cured of a strained ankle by Elizabeth Dale, the North Carolina school-teacher who is the heroine of "Elizabeth, Christian Scientist," Miss Matt Crim's new novel. He goes to bed with a sore and swollen ankle, and gets up, the next morning, completely cured by the prayers of Elizabeth and her family. Then the girl goes to New York and cures a rachitic boy, but falls utterly with an apoplectic old lady. The story is well told and vivid in its Southern scenes; but the author's advocacy of the faith-cure is not convincing. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

There are five short stories that might be taken as models of their kind in "The Real Thing and Other Tales," by Henry Janes. The scenes are all laid in London—Mr. James regrets nothing more than the melancholy fact that his parents resided in New York when he was ushered into the world—and their occasional little disparagements of things American are almost their only fault. "The Real Thing" is a character study, an artist's narration of his unhappy experience with Major Monarch and his wife, who, being utterly without funds, come to him as amateur models, thinking that for his illustrations of tales of the fashionable world he would prefer "the real thing" to such pinchbeck ladies and gentlemen as the professional models would be. "Sir Dominick Ferrand" has in it elements that seem incongruous in Henry Janes's tales. The hero is a young writer who makes a tremendous "find" of a packet of letters showing culpability and a clandestine romance in the life of a statesman who had been a popular idol, and he is prevented from making a literary sensation of it by clairvoyant warnings given to the young widow he loves. "Nona Vincent" tells the story of a young dramatist's first play. "The Chaperon" is a young girl who brings her mother back into society, from which she had been excluded by eloping from

her husband some twenty years before. And, finally, "Greville Fane" is a study of a hopelessly *bourgeoise* woman who writes popular novels of lords and ladies. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Though *Two Tales* has gone under, short stories are to have still another chosen medium, *Storiettes*, a monthly venture published in New York.

A newspaper has just been started in London which is printed on a postal card. The first number has four illustrations, a comic tragedy, a few jokes and puzzles, and some advertisements.

Alphonse Daudet is reported to have said that a New York publisher recently offered him the editorship of a magazine "to be backed by one million dollars capital," and that he "declined this very flattering proposal."

Turkish newspapers have received the Sultan's permission to recommence publication in the morning. Orders that all journals should be afternoon issues were recently issued, because, it was surmised, morning issues required the press censor to arise too early or else sit up too late.

The *Sketch*, the new English illustrated weekly, has not been in existence three months, and yet it already prints this notice to correspondents:

"The editor begs to inform correspondents that so many stories and articles have already reached him that his stock is sufficient to last for many months. Any other manuscripts are, therefore, unnecessary."

A New York daily paper, taking up the idea conveyed in Flammarion's exciting novel, "Omega: The Last Days of the World," has interviewed a number of the leading men in all professions as to what they would do if science were to predict tomorrow that the end of the world would arrive within the next thirty days. The answers are various and curious.

The most curious of all journals is probably the *Beggars' Journal* of Paris, which is published daily, and gives its subscribers a complete list of baptisms, weddings, and funerals to take place the same day, which may be assumed to afford a good "pitch." Begging letter-writers are provided for by a special section, which gives the arrivals and departures of persons of known charitable tendencies.

The very latest idea in society weeklies—we have it from Atlanta, Ga., and so there can be no mistake—is to have the portraits of the editors emblazoned on the heading of the paper. Any one who sees the heading of *Society*, with the portraits of its fair editresses on either side of the title, can not doubt that its contents are of the most *recherché* and cute character imaginable. And then their names—Lollie Belle Wylie and Ephie Williams.

Nothing more significant of the fact that illustration in daily journalism has "come to stay" could well be imagined than the adoption of this popular feature by the Philadelphia *Ledger*. The accession of the New York *Times* to the ranks of the "picture-papers" was less significant, for Mr. Childs's paper is nothing if not conservative. Its conservatism is in essentials only, however, for it has changed its form some fourteen times since 1836, the year of its foundation. Just now it has gone back from "blanket" size to a sheet 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 15 inches.

Since the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* and the Kansas City *Journal* successfully tried the experiment of the rainbow presses, New York publishers have been making a desperate effort to follow their example. Says *Printers' Ink*:

"Walter Scott, who built the first chromatic press in the country for Mr. Koblasat, of the *Inter-Ocean*, is building a prismatic machine for the *World*, while R. Hoe & Co. are under contract to produce a similar contrivance for the *Recorder*. The *Recorder* will probably appear in colors first. It promises to be a lively spring in the press-rooms of the pictorial dailies of New York, and much that is interesting to publishers will probably transpire. It is rumored that certain plans are being laid in the press line which are liable to shake up the old lithographing plants in the cellars of Puck and Judge."

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VANITY FAIR.

The New York *Tribune's* reported quotations from the matrimonial market are as follows: German barons, \$17,000; French counts, \$50,000 to \$200,000, according to family, place, etc. In Italian princes, the stock is very speculative, the title sometimes going as high as \$300,000, and, at other seasons, falling to a ridiculously low figure. In fact, all the continental patents of nobility may be said to have fictitious value and fluctuate considerably, but for solid investment, there is nothing like English titles. These have increased in value enormously of late years, and it now takes \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 to buy a nobleman of high rank. This increasing craze for rank on the part of American mothers and daughters is certainly not a dignified nor a desirable development on the part of the daughters of the republic; but, while English people are wont to comment scornfully upon our republican snobbishness, they seem to forget that the intense greed and rapacity for American dollars displayed on the part of their *jeunesse d'orte* is still more discreditable. Not only does the British youth now require that his bride shall be endowed with an immense fortune, but he pleasantly anticipates her demise, and demands that not merely shall papa-in-law's money be settled on himself and her children, but that the heritage shall enrich his noble family in case of non-issue. In the meanwhile, with the ingenuous and brutal frankness of his class, he speaks confidently of the time when he shall have "shunted" off his American connections forever.

For a dioner-party at a New York house recently, the table was square and very large, seating six on each of the four sides. Down the middle was a mirror plateau, so cunningly bordered with ferns and grasses as to produce the effect of a large lake. Wreaths of flowers branching from the chandelier were fastened at the corners and formed a tent-like canopy over the lake, on the bosom of which rested porcelain swans, which held the most perfect imitations of water-lilies. The service was of gold plate, and exquisite orchids filled large golden vases at the corners of the table. Every plate was an art study, and represented a large sum of money. The meous were mounted on amber satin, with tiny ribbon bows at each corner, and the dinner itself was as sumptuous as a capital *chef* and a cellar of choice wines could make it. This is not the first time (says *Vogue*) that the device of the lake and the swans has been used at a New York dinner-party. Many years ago a rich bachelor gave a dinner to fifty guests, at Delmonico's, and had a miniature lake, with water turned on, in the centre of his table. The size of it can be imagined when it is mentioned that two living swans from Central Park curved their graceful necks as they moved up and down the liquid inclosure—as a swan is not a bird that can be compressed into a very small space. Nor did these same swans conduct themselves with commendable propriety on this gala occasion, as one of them died there aod then from the heat and the fumes of gas, dinner, and wine. So the porcelain beauties were rather an improvement upon the genuine article for ornamental purposes indoors; but the novelty of the real ones, and the catastrophe that ensued, made the dinner town talk for a day or two, and so, probably, contented the giver.

It is not known that women ever tire of going to weddings (says *Harper's Weekly*), or are ever adversely affected thereby in their spirits; but many a man welcomes May-day every year for the relief it brings to his emotions. For it is as notorious that the average married man shuns weddings as that the average matron glories in them. The reason why is obscure. It can hardly be said that Beatrice is any less conscious of the hazards of the married state than Benedick; yet Beatrice glories in hymeneal displays, and goes early to church to get a seat next to the aisle, and stares with all her eyes when the bridal procession goes by, whereas Benedick goes as late as Beatrice will let him, and sees no more of what is going on than he can conveniently help. Of course this contrast in demeanor is due in some degree to the superior competence of Beatrice as a judge of attire. A woman who does not love clothes is a woman with a defect. There are sound Scriptural grounds for attaching high importance to wedding garments, and, in so far as Beatrice's passion for weddings is due to an earnest desire to see what the bride, and the bridesmaids, and the ladies of "the family" have on, her presence in the church needs either to be explained nor justified. But that is far from being the whole secret of the phenomenon. Aside from her reasonable interest in attire, she likes weddings because they are weddings. The spectacle seems to inspire her. Benedick will go to see a friend married with decorous resignation, but Beatrice will go to any wedding, whether she knows the contracting parties or not, provided the inconvenience is not too great, and she can get a ticket to the church.

There must be a reason for these contrasted sentiments (the same authority continues). Perhaps it is that women see in every marriage the triumph of their own sex and the subjugation of another man. And possibly the men see the same thing. "Ooe more—poor man—undone," is what the wedding-bells are traditionally understood to be proclaiming.

To Benedick, as a man, the newly married pair as they come down the aisle suggest one of two alternatives. The new husband will either be a bad husband or a good one. If he is a bad husband, he will neglect his wife, or come home tipsy and maltreat her, or flirt with other women and make her wretched, or be jealous and make it hard for her to have a reasonable amount of fun. If, on the contrary, he is a good husband, his very best endeavors will be spent in making her happy. She will get the best of what he has, and no one else thereafter will get any more of his friendship or his society than she can conveniently spare. Neither of these alternatives fills Benedick with entire satisfaction. Of course he hates to see a man start out to be a bad husband, and yet, for personal reasons, he can not assist with absolute enthusiasm at the making of a truly good one. But Beatrice has no such qualms. She will not grant for an instant that it is ever a pity to spoil a good bachelor. She either ignores altogether the possibility that the groom will prove a bad husband, or else she arms herself against that chance by the assumption that a bad husband is better than none. If Benedick is good to her, and she is sure that no other woman will ever get a man like him, she is still willing that every other woman should find that out. And if he is a brute, she does not think evil of marriage in consequence, but simply remembers that it is necessary that the cards shall be dealt before there can be development of trumps. Finally, Benedick, out of his large experience of mankind, is pretty well convinced that no man is really fit to marry a truly nice girl. But Beatrice is confident that every sweet maid of her acquaintance is good enough for the best man on earth, and sure to make him happy. And so she hears her benediction on the passing bride, while Benedick looks down into the lining of his hat and blushes for his sex.

Some complexion specialists say the face should never be washed. At least one woman in New York (says the *Bazar*) affirms that she has not washed her face in seven years. She has a beautiful skin, and when complimented upon it, she says: "Ah, you should have seen my grandmother's skin. When she was seventy, it was like a rose-leaf, and she had not washed her face for twenty-six years." Similar stories are told of Mme. Patti and other persons of remarkably fine complexions, but the truth of these is not vouched for by reliable authorities. On the other hand, there is a woman living in New York who makes a practice of washing her face every night with soap and hot water. She is over fifty years old, her skin is satin smooth, and the coloring as delicate as that of a young girl. A friend of hers, who is of about the same age, and has a complexion rivaling the other's, puts only clear pure water on her face, and has not touched it with soap in fully twenty years. The weight of evidence is with the people who use soap, but all agree in saying that only the finest, purest soap must be employed, and that every particle of it must be rinsed off. Authorities on the matter assert that the face should not be washed oftener than once a day, and that the water should never be dashed over it, as is the delightful if reprehensible practice of most men and some women. Very little water should be used, and it should be applied with a soft cloth, a fine "baby" sponge, or one of the high-priced facial sponges.

Two society women, both wealthy and unmarried, started in last winter to give a series of entertainments in New York. The spectacle of two women, altogether unhampered by domestic ties and wholly disassociated from the suggestion of children or of husbands, running a superb establishment equipped with a retinue of servants and characterized by all the appointments of modern luxury and convenience, and using their dining-room, and music-room, and drawing-room for the purpose of proffering attractive entertainments to society, was, of course (says the *World*), an unusual one. The bachelors of New York have, in some cases and at certain times, done something toward usurping what is generally regarded as the privileges of a domestic establishment, and have invited their friends to their houses and their apartments, and have given dinners and even arranged dances. But the venture into this field by a partnership of wealthy and unmarried women was altogether unprecedented. The two women are Miss May Callender and Miss de Forest. Miss Callender is said to enjoy an income of forty thousand dollars a year. Her fortune is derived from the Rhinelander estate, and she inherited it from her mother. She is, therefore, closely related to T. J. Oakley Rhinelander and Lisperand Stewart, whose mother was a Rhinelander, and possibly to other millionaire bachelors of New York society. Miss de Forest is a sister of George B. de Forest, who is a man of wealth and of literary tastes and accomplishments.

The Callender - De Forest establishment is in the Tiffany apartment - house. The ladies lease one of the largest flats in the house, and it is furnished and decorated in the handsomest manner known to modern art. When it became perfectly clear, last December, that there would be no opera during the fashionable season in New York, either at the Metropolitan Opera House or elsewhere, Miss Callender and Miss de Forest very shrewdly decided to make their drawing-room attractions musical. Their programmes have included performances by

Wolff and Holmann, singing by well-known artists, and, on one of the evenings of March, Walter Damroch and his orchestra. Last summer the two ladies hired a cottage at Newport, and when they came to town the apartments in the Tiffany House were secured and the musical entertainments were inaugurated. The woman-bachelors have entertained society this season for the purpose, of course, of improving their social position and acquiring a certain degree of social power and influence. The pursuit of ambitious ideas of this kind by the fathers and mothers of families who wish to establish themselves for the present and for future generations, and who have daughters to marry off, is altogether understandable and praiseworthy. Unmarried women, however, have heretofore been usually content to accept invitations and to contribute whatever in them lies toward the success of other people's entertainments. The attempt, therefore, of Miss Callender and Miss de Forest to grasp at social leadership has been watched with a good deal of interest, particularly as they have thus far scored a measure of success.

We pity the daughter of the self-complacent German matron, who describes in the "practical weekly journal for all housewives," the *Furs Haus*, the way in which she divides the girl's time. This energetic mother rouses her daughter of sixteen at seven A. M., summer or winter. Half an hour later, she must be at breakfast serving her brothers and sisters, after seeing that they are properly dressed for school. Rid of the young folks, she must make her bed and clean and dust the whole of the rooms of the house by ten A. M. On three days in the week, she sets out for a dressmaker's, and learns the business till half-past twelve. On the other three days she practices on the piano and learns English. Twice a week, the hour from twelve to one is devoted to music lessons. At half-past one, dinner is finished, and the girl must herself put away and lock up all remains, after which she is allowed to read some entertaining book, or play piquet, or dominoes with her father. At half-past two, she must do plain sewing till four o'clock. The whole family then take coffee and walk for an hour and a half. By six her father pounces upon the unfortunate girl and gives her a subject in history, geography, or literature on which to write a theme in the space of an hour, without book or other assistance. Next the young lady must prepare tea, to which the family sit down at seven o'clock "punctually." After that she may take up her embroidery or crochet, and the family read aloud in turns till close upon nine o'clock, when the poor eldest daughter is sent to bed.

Mr. Cynicus Caelebs confides another kick at matrimony to the New York *Sun*, as follows: "The yielding to an insane desire to support another man's daughter, as somebody has aptly defined marriage to be, seems to me incomprehensible. I am not speaking of the marriages of rich men, or of very poor men, but those of men like myself, with an income of about two thousand dollars a year. On that income I can lodge comfortably in a good neighborhood, dine modestly at the best restaurants, dress well, and have something left for amusements and to meet social obligations. With a little management I can save a few hundreds a year. As a married man my expenses would be exactly doubled were I to continue in my present mode of living. To keep within my income I would have to live in a boarding-house or in a cheap and nasty flat. No more dinners at places where one can keep in touch with the world. No more dinner-parties, for a married man with my income is not invited to houses where as a single man he is *persona grata*, and he could not return the courtesy if he were. No more theatre-going, for a married man must provide for necessities before amusements. In short, marriage on my income would be the surrender of innocent pleasures, as well as of the creature comforts which do so much toward making life worth living. No marriage in mine, thank you! My income must be doubled more than once before I consent to make a woman miserable, which is what the average man does when he marries."

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BRITISH MED. JOURNAL.

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SOCIETY.

The Dean Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean gave an elegant dinner-party, at the Palace Hotel last Tuesday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. The Maple Room and the Marble Room adjoining were both used, and were decorated in a most artistic manner, the latter apartment being fitted up to serve as a drawing-room. Tropic palms and ferns were disposed around each room, and the mantels were banked with beautiful roses. The lace curtains were adorned with spreading branches of plumosus nanus set with delicate pink blossoms. The particular attraction, however, was the dining-table, which was set in the Maple Room. It was what might well be termed a poem in floral decoration, and was, without doubt, the most beautiful, as well as the most costly, decoration of the kind that has ever graced a table in this city.

The table was very large and nearly square. In the centre was an immense bed of pale-green maiden-hair ferns bordered with Peruvian ferns of the Adiantum Williamsii variety, the delicate contrasts in color producing a pretty effect. Protruding above the fern fronds were an infinitude of Cattleya Mossiae orchids, which is the largest variety grown here. The petals are of a deep lavender tint, shading down to a paler hue at the corona. Then, interspersed among these flowers and ferns, were scores of little incandescent electric light bulbs, which glimmered like glow-worms. Beneath the table were a number of electric lights that shed their radiance through the cloth at either side producing a somewhat novel effect. The harmonious combinations of color and the ingenious and artistic arrangement of the table elicited the warmest admiration from the guests. A string orchestra was in the Marble Room, and furnished concert selections at intervals. Covers were laid for twenty-eight, and the menu was as follows:

MENU.

Clams Crues sur Coquille.
Consommé Royale.
Hors d'Œuvres Variés.
Croustades de Foie Gras à la Gastronomique.
Trites de Rivière, Beurre Fleurette.
Concombres, Pommes Parisienne.
Champignons Frais à l'Estouffade.
Selle de Mouton, Gelée de Groseille.
Petits Puits à la Française.
Fonds d'Artichauts au Gratin.
Grenouilles aux Fines Herbes.
Sorbet à la Chartreuse.
Pigeonneaux Farcis à la Périgieuse.
Salade Cœurs de Laitue.
Asperges Nouvelles, Sauce Hollandaise.
Fraises à la Crème.
Glaces: Pêches en Feuilles.
Oiseaux en Cages.
Petits Fours. Dessert.
Café Turc.

VINS.

Chateau Yquem, Lur-Saluces,
Amontillado.
Chateau Beycheville, 1874.
Moët & Chandon, Brut Imperial,
Pommery & Greno Sec.

The time passed in dining was made most agreeable by the music from the orchestra in the adjoining Marble Room. After dinner a number of dances were enjoyed in the Marble Room, and it was after midnight when the guests said their adieux to their hospitable entertainers. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. Richard Ivers, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Miss Virginia Fair, Miss Emeline Hager, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Oxnard, of New York, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, Mr. John W. Mackay, Jr., Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Plumb, of New York, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Mark Requa, and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean.

Two Complimentary Dinners.

Two dinner-parties were given early in the week that were pleasurable to a degree, and the same guests attended both dinners. The first affair was given by Colonel Charles F. Hanlon to Mr. John W. Mackay, Jr., and Mr. Clarence H. Mackay. The dinner was served in two parlors at a down-town restaurant, and the rooms were handsomely decorated with brilliant red carnations that adorned the table, mantels, and other points of vantage. The menu was perfect in every way, and the melody of a string orchestra added to its pleasures.

On the following evening the Messrs. Mackay returned the compliment of the night previous by giving a dinner at the same restaurant to Colonel Hanlon. On this occasion the appointments were also beautiful. The chandeliers were entwined with hawthorne, bright with yellow and red blossoms, and the table was ornate with Papa Gontier and Perle du Jardin roses. An orchestra was in attendance, and played delightfully during the service of the elaborate menu. A surprise that was greatly enjoyed was when Mr. J. W. Mackay, Jr., played a violin solo, conducting the orchestra in a difficult operatic selection. He is a famous amateur violinist, and his playing was a musical treat. The gentlemen who attended the two dinners were:

Mr. John W. Mackay, Jr., Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, Colonel Charles F. Hanlon, Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. John Hanlon, Mr. Hall McAllister, Mr. Elwood B. Crocker, Mr. William Macdonald, Mr. Andrew Lawrence, Mr. Walter Hobart, Mr. William H. Kruse, Mr. Pienon, of London, and Mr. Ellis H. Parriah.

The Spalding Dinner-Party.

A delightful dinner-party was given by Mrs. Lydia Spalding last Monday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. The dining-table was very attractively arranged. Spread over it was a cover of Nile-green silk that was strewn with

Duchesse de Brabant roses and fine grasses, while the centre piece was a large and beautiful lamp shadbed with green silk and adorned with pink roses. The dinner was a very elaborate one, and was highly enjoyed by Mrs. Spalding's guests, who comprised:

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Virginia Fair, Miss Mollie Torbert, Miss Maud O'Connor, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Colonel Harry Brady, Mr. Lester O. Peck, and Mr. A. Vogelsang.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Mamie Cone, daughter of Mrs. J. S. Cone, of Red Bluff, and Mr. E. Warren Runyon, of Philadelphia, were united in marriage last Wednesday in Red Bluff. They came to this city on Thursday to pass a few days at the Palace Hotel before going East.

The Monday Evening Club will give its third ball in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening, May 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow gave a delightful dinner-party at their residence, 1920 Washington Street, last Saturday evening in honor of Miss Maud Morrow and her fiancé, Lieutenant A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., executive officer of the *Albatross*.

Mrs. Horatio Nelson Cook gave a charming matinée tea at her villa in Belvedere last Saturday. A large number of her friends were present, and passed the afternoon most pleasantly. The Angel Island band played at intervals, and refreshments were served bounteously. A most enjoyable feature of the affair was the singing of Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams. Mrs. Cook was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Horace Ball, Mrs. R. S. Wheeler, Mrs. J. Webster Dorsey, Mrs. Jones, Miss Love, Miss Taber, and Miss Austin.

Miss Lake gave a pleasant matinée tea last Wednesday at her residence, 1534 Sutter Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Billings Lake, née Otis, Mrs. Edward W. Townsend, and Mrs. C. H. Hunter. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers. There were a large number of callers during the afternoon. The Hungarian orchestra played concert music for their enjoyment and some interesting vocal numbers were given by Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. O. P. Evans, and the State University Glee Club. Refreshments were served bounteously and the guests were entertained so well that many of them remained during the evening and danced for a couple of hours.

Hon. and Mrs. Valentine Goldsmith Hush, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. William A. Magee gave an elaborate matinée tea and evening reception last Wednesday at their home in Fruitvale. A large number of their friends were present and were charmingly entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart entertained a number of their friends last Saturday evening at their residence, 2505 Pacific Avenue. Musical selections were enjoyed and a delicious supper was served.

The graduating exercises of the Van Ness Seminary will take place at the First Congregational Church, Tuesday evening, May 23d, at quarter to eight.

The up-to-date kiss for young ladies, according to a feminine authority, is to lay the left cheeks together and kiss out into vacancy.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT is afforded by the auction sale of Oakland business property that Mr. William J. Dingee will hold at his salesroom in that city next Thursday afternoon. Full particulars are given in his advertisement in another column.

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

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Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Admiral and Mrs. John Irwin, U. S. N., Miss Irwin, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. A. Adams, U. S. N., Lieutenant and Mrs. Parmenter, U. S. N., Mrs. Lydia Spalding, and Miss Grace Taylor will sail to-day on the steamer *Perse* for Japan and China. Mrs. Spalding and Miss Taylor will be away about three months. The others will join the Asiatic Station. The Irwins have been the recipients of many social courtesies recently. Last Tuesday evening, the Marine Band at Mare Island serenaded them, and, on Thursday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean gave an elaborate dinner-party in their honor at the residence on Pacific Avenue. On Wednesday evening, Admiral Irwin was the guest of honor of California Commandery of the Loyal Legion at a banquet. A large delegation of naval and army officers will be at the steamer to-day to bid *bon voyage* to the travelers.

Lieutenant Commander Charles T. Hutchins, U. S. N., has been ordered to the command of the *Thetis*, vice Commander George C. Reiter, U. S. N., who has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Ensign Victor Blue, U. S. N., arrived here from New York last Saturday, via Panama, and went direct to Mare Island.

Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of two months.

Lieutenant William W. Galbraith, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., now on leave of absence, has been granted a two months' extension.

Lieutenant J. H. Coffin, U. S. M. C., has arrived in Boston, where he is now stationed.

Colonel W. R. Smedberg will go to West Point early next month to be present at the graduation of his son on June 10th.

Colonel Edward Meale, U. S. A., is visiting relatives in Baltimore, Md.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of three months on his leave of absence.

Mrs. George W. Van Deusen, of the Presidio, recently received the sad intelligence of the death of her mother, Mrs. Jennie M. Munn, wife of Surgeon C. E. Munn, U. S. A. She died at Mount Vernon Barracks, Ala., on May 3d.

Passed Assistant Surgeon L. L. von Wedekind, U. S. N., has been detached from duty on the *Wabash* and ordered to the *Alliance*.

Assistant Naval Constructor T. F. Ruhm, U. S. N., has been detached from Mare Island and ordered to duty at the Union Iron Works.

Chief-Engineer George F. Kutz, U. S. N., will be detached from duty on May 20th on the *Olympia* and *Oregon* at the Union Iron Works. Chief-Engineer John W. Moore, U. S. N., now at Mare Island, will fill his position as inspector of machinery.

Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., will leave Washington, D. C., early in June to pass about three months here.

Dr. William N. Sullivan, son of Dr. James F. Sullivan, has been appointed surgeon of the United States revenue cutter *Corwin*.

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SOCIETY.

The Cale-Maxwell Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Emilie de Russey Maxwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. C. Maxwell, and Lieutenant Eli K. Cole, U. S. M. C., of the *Alliance*, took place last Wednesday at noon in St. Stephen's Church. A large number of friends of the young couple were in attendance. Snowballs, calla lilies, and ferns were effectively arranged in the chancel, making a very pretty decoration. Rev. Edgar J. Lion performed the ceremony, and the bride's father gave her into the keeping of the groom. Miss Charlotte Cunningham was the maid of honor, and appeared in a gown of pink crepe de Chine over pink silk. She wore a white chip hat, with pink plumes, and carried pink sweet peas. Lieutenant Seymour, U. S. N., was the best man, and appeared in the attractive full-dress uniform of the service, as did the ushers, who were Captain Berryman, U. S. M. C., Lieutenant Burridge, U. S. N., Lieutenant Davis, U. S. N., and Naval Constructor Ruhm, U. S. N. The bride looked very pretty in a gown of Nile-green brocade, en demi-train, trimmed with white lace. She wore a white chip hat, with green plumes, and carried white sweet peas. After the ceremony the bridal party and a few intimate friends enjoyed a wedding breakfast that was served under Ludwig's direction. Lieutenant and Mrs. Cole left on Thursday to make a trip through Sonoma and Napa Counties, after which they will reside in Vallejo.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John W. Mackay and Mr. Clarence H. Mackay left for the East last Thursday. Mr. John W. Mackay and Mr. J. W. Mackay, Jr., went to Virginia, Nev., the same day for a week's visit before going East. Mrs. Moses Hopkins and Mr. and Mrs. James H. Benedict, of New York, have been at Monterey during the past week. Mr. George Crocker will pass a part of the summer in his cottage at Castle Crag. Mr. N. K. Masten and the Misses Masten will pass the season in one of the cottages at the Hotel Mateo. Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Emma and Ruth Childs will come up from Los Angeles early in June to pass a couple of months at Monterey. Mrs. A. M. Easton and her grandchildren will go to Castle Crag in June. Mrs. Ruth Blackwell and Miss Louise Holliday have arrived in London. Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holliday and Mr. E. Burke Holliday will leave for London next autumn to be present at the wedding of Mrs. Blackwell and Lieutenant Brooks, of the Second Life Guards. Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin and Countess and Countess Festetics will occupy a cottage near San Mateo during the next two months. In August, Count and Countess Festetics will go to Vienna. Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve, nee Watson, have returned from their wedding trip, and are occupying their new home on Broadway. Mr. Charles W. Grant and Miss Jennie Grant, of Santa Barbara, sailed from New York city last Saturday on the *Farmeria* bound for Glasgow. Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have finished their tour of Egypt, and are at the Hotel de Londres in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Dodsworth, of Pasadena, have been enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado. Mrs. William Dunphy, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy will leave for the East on Monday. Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe will pass the summer in their cottage at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher have returned from Salt Lake City. Mrs. Cosmo Morgan has gone to Southern California for the benefit of her health. Mrs. J. B. Haggin is expected to return from New York early in June. Mrs. William H. Avery, of Alameda, will go to Colorado Springs in June, to remain a few months for the benefit of her health. Mr. Avery will rent his residences in Alameda and reside here during his wife's absence. Mrs. H. S. Crocker has been visiting friends in Sacramento during the past week. Miss Mollie Hutchinson, of Oakland, has arrived in Paris. Miss Anna Hobbs is visiting relatives in Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. James Alva Watt are expected to return

from the East next week. They have been traveling extensively and are having a most pleasant trip.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and Miss Clarke, who have been traveling in Europe since last November, will return home late in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair will remain here at least a week longer.

Mr. John D. Vost returned from the East last Saturday on the steamer *Acapulco*, after an absence of two years. He went immediately to Los Guilicos to visit his mother and sister. Mr. Vost will remain here a few weeks and then return to Cambridge to complete his medical studies.

Miss Amy Wainwright is passing a month at Riverside.

Mrs. Ada Bissell and the Misses Bissell are passing the summer at Elythdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells have gone to Chicago and New York, and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. Mabry McLahan and Miss McAlester have gone to Europe, and will be away about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Eastland will pass June at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Douthy and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ford have secured cottages at the Hotel Mateo for the season.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo are at the Auditorium in Chicago.

Mrs. F. L. Wooster is enjoying a visit to Napa Valley.

Hon. and Mrs. John Boggs have postponed their departure for the East until next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Turner, nee Denver, have returned from their wedding trip, and are residing at 1101 Pine Street. They will receive on Thursdays.

Mrs. George Hyde and Miss Mamie Hyde will go to Chicago next week to visit Dr. and Mrs. Garceau. Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Smith will join them late in May.

Mrs. Camillo Martin and Miss Grace Martin are now in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and the Misses Helen and Elsie Hecht will leave for the East next Thursday and will remain away until October 1st. They will visit the Columbian Exposition and the principal Eastern watering-places.

Mrs. Emeline Wallace and Miss Cora Wallace will pass the summer at their ranch in Tulare County.

Captain John Berningham has gone to Washington, D. C., and will be away about a month.

Mrs. Margaret Jean Wood, Miss Anna Miller Wood, and Miss Cole will leave for Chicago on May 31st. During June and July they will visit the principal Eastern cities.

Mrs. William F. Taaffe left last Tuesday for her country home "Oakdale Villa," near Mountain View, where she will pass the summer months.

Mrs. George B. Williams, formerly of Sacramento, was presented to Queen Victoria at her Drawing-Room last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Einarson are at the Chatham Hotel in Paris.

Mr. Charles H. Crocker is staying at the Sturtevant House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Runyon, of Philadelphia, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin came up from Santa Cruz last Wednesday and passed a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Havens, Mrs. Livingston, Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, and Dr. and Miss Herxheimer, of Frankfurt, have returned from an enjoyable visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. William F. Taaffe left last Tuesday for her country home "Oakdale Villa," near Mountain View, where she will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Misses Florence and Lillian Reed will soon go to Annapolis for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Jerome will return to the East to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Canfield have returned to their city residence, 200 Pine Street, after a two months' visit to Santa Barbara and Redondo Beach. They will leave early in June to pass a couple of months in Chicago and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bigelow will leave soon to visit the exposition at Chicago.

Dr. William E. Hopkins, who has been visiting Europe and the Columbian Exposition, is expected home to-day.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Mrs. William G. Irwin left for Honolulu last Wednesday.

Mrs. A. L. Stone and Mrs. L. L. Baker will pass the summer in Sausalito.

Mr. E. L. C. Steele has returned from an Eastern trip.

Mrs. Feltman W. Ames is expected home on Sunday after passing three months in the East.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond has left Chicago for New York where she will meet her husband on his return from London. After that they will visit the Columbian Exposition.

Judge William T. Wallace left for the East last Thursday and will pass a few weeks in Washington, D. C., New York, and Chicago.

Mr. Louis McLane and Miss Kate McLane have returned to Baltimore after a pleasant visit here.

Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry are visiting the exposition at Chicago.

Mr. Hugo Toland has gone to New York after a prolonged visit here.

Miss Nellie Hillier has been in Red Bluff during the past week visiting Miss Josephine Cone.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter will pass the summer in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean will soon go East for a couple of months, and when they return, will be accompanied by their daughter, who is attending school in Connecticut.

Mr. George A. Crux has returned home after a three months' visit to relatives in the East.

Mr. James Viosca, United States Consul at La Paz,

Mexico, who has been stopping in the city for a few days, left for the East on Thursday, accompanied by his nieces, Mrs. A. Rosenzweig and Mrs. Louis A. Phillips, for an extended tour of the East and the fair, returning the latter part of June.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Polyphonic Club.

The Polyphonic Club gave its third concert last Wednesday evening under the direction of Professor R. A. Lucchese. A large audience was present and the following programme was well presented:

"Marche Heroique" (for three pianofortes, twelve hands), H. V. Miss Emma, Miss Sadie Wafer, Miss Philippine Kaplan, Miss Amy Booth, Miss Minnie Haroy, Miss Sue Gordon, and string orchestra; grand scena a aria (from "Il Profeta"), G. Meyerbeer, Mme. Emilia Tojetti; (a) "Tenebrae Facte Sunt," G. Palestrina, (b) "The Lark's Song," F. Mendelssohn, choral; Hungarian dances, No. 1 and No. 2 (for two pianofortes, eight hands), J. Brahms, Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Emma Swan, Miss Sadie Wafer, and Miss Amy Booth; scena a aria di concerto, F. Mendelssohn, Mme. Emilia Tojetti (accompanied by two pianofortes, eight hands), Miss Sadie Wafer, Miss Emma Swan, Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Amy Booth, and string orchestra; "Wanderer's Evening Song," A. Rubinstein, "Haiden with the Lips so Rosy," C. Gell, choral; aria, J. S. Bach, string orchestra; Landler, G. Langer (for two flutes), Mr. G. F. Auger, Mr. B. W. Whitgreave, and string orchestra; "Inflammatus," (from "Sabbat Mater"), G. Rossini, Mme. Emilia Tojetti (accompanied by three pianofortes, ten hands), Miss Amy Booth, Miss Sadie Wafer, Miss Emma Swan, Miss Sue Gordon, Miss Blanche Bates, choral and string orchestra.

The Tivoli has brought out from the East a new stage-manager, George E. Lask, and great things are expected of his department in the production of "The Hoolah" on Monday night. Mr. Lask is a San Franciscan who has had plenty of experience in stage-management and is full of new and clever ideas. His innovations, so far, consist of a general "shake-up" in the chorus, and the devising of a new specialty for Ferris Hartmann, "The Evolution of the Dance." "The Hoolah"—which sounds remarkably like "The Oolah"—is from Lecocq's *opera comique*, and will be presented by the following cast:

Namouna, Tillie Salinger; Koukoul, Fanny Liddiard; Babouche, Grace Vernon; Zelis, Irene Mull; Hoolah-Goolah, Ferris Hartmann; Prince Tarpid, Mr. Arthur Messmer; Moka, George Olmi; Nadir, Philip Branson; Salameleck, M. Correll.

Miss Rose Block, who has just returned from Vienna after a five years' course at the Conservatory of Music, will give a concert at Metropolitan Hall next Wednesday evening. The young lady is the possessor of a soprano voice of remarkable strength, purity, and cultivation, and is expected to prove a valuable addition to our list of American singers. She will be assisted by Nathan Landsberger, who will play Sarasate's "Spanish Dance," Louis Heine, in the adagio of Bargiel, given for the first time in San Francisco, F. K. Tohin, in a manuscript song of Ardit's, and G. Sauvlet, accompanist. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Monday morning.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie's complimentary benefit concert will take place next Friday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall. An excellent programme has been prepared, and some of our best talent will interpret it. Among the participants will be Miss Florence Doyen, Mr. Victor Carroll, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, Mrs. Mande Berry Fisher, Mr. Henry Larsen, Mr. Stadfeld, and the beneficiary. Miss Doyen, whose voice is highly spoken of, will make her debut at this concert, and will sing "Stay by and Sing" and "Love has Eyes." Three of H. B. Pasmore's part songs are on the programme, and Mr. Wilkie will sing "Sally in our Alley."

Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton and Mr. Frank H. Belcher will give a concert next Tuesday evening and will be assisted by Mrs. Mollie Melvin Deying, Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. Harry A. Melvin, Dr. T. B. Richardson, Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger, Mr. Harry Curtaz, Mr. Eugene Beance, and Mr. Edward J. Angelo.

A musicale will be given at Mills College this (Saturday) afternoon at half-past two o'clock. The commencement exercises will be held at the college next Tuesday.

Miss Ernestine Goldmann will give her third concert in Kohler & Chase's Hall next Friday evening.

At the theatres during the week commencing May 15th: Nat Goodwin in "A Gilded Fool"; the Tivoli Company in "Hoolah, the Pretty Persian"; Hallen and Hart in "The Idea"; and Oliver Byron in "A Man in a Thousand."

Are You Going to the World's Fair? Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, hric-a-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

In a recent copy of the London *Standard* there is the following advertisement:

"A Young Couple with an extravagant tastes, but who would like to live more comfortably, and be able to enjoy themselves, wish to meet some Lady or Gentleman who has no heir or is in doubt as to the disposal of her or his property. They feel that they could spend any money entrusted to them in a sensible way, with benefit to themselves and others around them. Reply to *Hopeful*."

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Pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough bands with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes are prevented and cured by the celebrated



CUTICURA SOAP

Most effective skin-purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated Toilet soap, and the only preventive and cure of facial and baby blemishes, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of minor affections of the skin, scalp, and hair. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps. Sold throughout the world. POTTER, DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

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Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains, and Pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only pain-killing strengthening plaster.

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THE STORY OF A SPECULATION.

Mr. Gallivant Works a Tip for All It Is Worth.

Mr. Gallivant had a tip. It came to him under conditions of great secrecy. He was not to say a word about it to his best friend, and, above all, not a hint, not the faintest, remotest suggestion of a hint, to his broker.

At this time Mr. Gallivant's circumstances were highly satisfactory to himself and his friends. He had bought sugar at 76 and sold it at 128, and he had bought Manhattan at 132 and sold it at 179. He was now building a house at Tuxedo, a schooner yacht at the Herreshoffs'; he had a nicely filled vault at a trust company's, and an impressive balance at his broker's.

Mr. Gallivant's career as a man of affairs had afforded him a large experience with tips. He summed it up in this way: "A true tip is just so much gold coin, and no one but a drunken man, a born fool, or a woman will give it away; women don't often have it to give, and so when you get a tip you want to study not so much whether it seems probable, as the condition of the chap that gave it. That's the test of a tip."

It was the test he was now endeavoring to apply to the tip he had received that evening. It was long past midnight, and he was standing in the drawing-room of his apartment with his back turned to the blaze of a hickory fire.

"Funny thing about that Follipot," he said; "funny about my being in such a crowd, anyhow. Now, let's see. Coots came into my office and says: 'Wife's going to have theatre-party; want you to come along; dine Delmonico's six-thirty.' I says: 'Sorry, dear boy, can't go; previous engagement.' Didn't have previous engagement really, but—don't know that Coots much, don't know wife's tall; what'd he want? ask me for? Well, he says: 'Must go, dear boy, must go; great party; Lady Windermere's Fan'; wonderful play; Wilde, you know—chap that wore pantalons, Fauntleroy style—smart play; all 'bout bad men and swift girls; spicy.' I says: 'Very kind, love to go, but can't, really; 'spepsia—can't eat; see things—salted pecans, olives, sweetbreads, terrapin—want 'em all; get sick.' He says: 'Dinner light; hurry, you know; can't let you off; lovely party; two young ladies, one fair, one dark; have choice.' Now, what'd he want? insist like that for?"

Mr. Gallivant looked around him, and felt aimlessly in the direction of his vest-pockets after a cigar. Presently he found one. With great deliberation he cut away the end of it. He struck a match and puffed away quite earnestly.

"If I let myself think about what Follipot said," he remarked, after a period of reflection, "I'll be hanged if I shouldn't believe him. Thing sounds so natural. Stock's been paying six per cent.; no reason why it isn't selling so low. They could move it up easily. All they need is to stand stiff and altogether. Now he said there was a meeting here yesterday between the New York and the Western people. Well, I happened to meet two of those Western fellows on the street yesterday morning. Then he said that Dick Rasher, the King of the Street, was in the deal. Well, I happened to stumble in upon Rasher and Bowles, the principal man in the trust, at luncheon in a private room at the Savarin. All that books together—fits close; but what did he want to go and tell me for? I'd never exchanged a dozen words with Follipot before to-night in 'n life. Interrupted my talk with golden-haired girl, too, to tell me. Lovely girl—Coots right about that. Girl with views, opinions, and things. Thought play wicked, thought human nature good—didn't know Rasher, I guess. Don't want to get squeezed by a fellow like Rasher; got no bowels, takes fiendish delight in smashing poor devil like me. Follipot is an ass—no doubt about that—and that's so much in favor of the story. Well, I'll stop thinking and go to sleep. If there's going to be a movement in whisky to-morrow, I want my head where it will work."

Mr. Gallivant, when he reached his office the next morning, had decided not to buy whisky. Logically there seemed every reason to credit Follipot's tip. Follipot was one of those clever young fellows who serve their highest function by filling in at afternoon teas, and he was known to be well-liked by the Bowleses. It was entirely within the probabilities that he might have obtained information as to the plans of the whisky-trust people, and he was just the sort of man who would enjoy the position of a knowing one in the eyes of a practical gambler like Gallivant. But, somehow or other, Gallivant's instinct was against making use of the tip, and Gallivant was very slow to resist his instinct.

He did not intend to operate heavily that day, and gave less attention than usual to the telegraph instrument on his desk. Tickers Gallivant despised. He had begun life as a train-dispatcher, and he never could overcome his love of the music of the telegraph instrument. The one on his desk was his guide, philosopher, and friend. It connected with the Exchange and with his broker's office, and gave him the information of every transaction in stocks the very second it occurred. No matter how busy he was with other things, its click, click-click, click-click-click was always intelligible. He might be chatting with a friend, reading the morning papers, writing letters, or what not, but the voice of the

telegraph instrument was borne over all into his consciousness.

Mr. Gallivant gave the morning to his correspondence. He wrote letter after letter, paying no heed to the markets. At last he grew tired, dropped his pen, threw himself back in his chair, stretched out his legs upon his desk, and began to nod in reposeful slumber. The telegraph instrument clicked away industriously, and Mr. Gallivant offset it with a low, bass snore.

Suddenly he started—opened his eyes, turned his head quickly around from side to side as if to shake his faculties into their proper places.

"What's that!" he exclaimed. "One thousand shares of whisky sold at fifty-seven! Gone up two points! Gosh!"

Mr. Gallivant grasped the instrument and began to ask questions. Yes, he had heard correctly. Whisky was strong. Not much trading as yet—hold on, another sale had occurred at 57½! Mr. Gallivant drew a long whistle.

"That fellow Follipot told me the truth!" he said, sharply, "and with what I happened to know myself I ought to have gone in. I've lost a fortune already by being too slow. Hey! Still higher! 57¾! That settles it."

Mr. Gallivant placed his order at once. "Buy me five thousand shares of whisky as close as you can. Buy quick!"

He could not repress a feeling of anxiety. Somehow it seemed as if the crisis of his business career were upon him. It seemed as if another "down" were coming. He had acted against instinct, and that had always resulted in misfortune. To be sure, five thousand shares were not many, and he could close them out the next morning at a profit. But this he knew he would not do. He had started on a course of speculation in whisky, and he must go with his destiny. Mr. Gallivant believed in destiny. He did not believe he possessed the physical power to give his broker the order to sell his whisky the next day. "I'm in this thing to stay," he said, as he started for the Knickerbocker Club; "when I get out, I shall be a millionaire or a pauper."

The elaborate dudes at the Knickerbocker Club were surprised to see Mr. Gallivant among them. Still more surprised were they to see him and Follipot go off into a corner and mysteriously confer. Follipot occupied with a business matter was unnatural and disturbing. But Follipot assumed the rôle of a man of affairs with creditable skill. He knitted his brows, and twirled his thumbs, and nodded his head with all the seriousness suitable to the discussion of grave matters. He told Gallivant all he knew. A syndicate had been formed of heavy men in and out of the trust to run whisky up to eighty-five, and to hold it there. Rasher was surely in it. So was Knobbs, of Chicago, and Stump, of Pittsburgh. They were ready to absorb, if necessary, three hundred thousand shares. Bowles had told him all about it as a matter of personal friendship and in order to give him a chance to make something. He had mentioned it to Gallivant because he had taken a fancy to Gallivant, and felt like doing a friendly thing. They went over the details several times and from several points of view. They had dinner together, and Gallivant finally arranged to carry one thousand shares for Follipot, while Follipot was to continue his amiable relations with Bowles. Then Mr. Gallivant went home. "Yes," he said, "it's all right. Follipot is only an ass, that's all—just a nice, decent, pleasant little ass. He is the right material for the conductor of a true tip."

Whisky rose steadily, easily, surely. There was great trading. Mr. Gallivant carried another five thousand shares, then still another, and at last he had almost his whole fortune in whisky, and was winning or losing thirty thousand dollars a point. When his profits had reached a cool half-million, he had the confidence of a despot. Naturally secretive, he allowed no one but his broker to know of his transactions in whisky. He made few inquiries about the stock or the operations of the pool behind it except of Follipot, and every day vindicated his judgment.

But one morning at a meeting of a board of directors, he encountered a heavy operator, who startled him with the question: "Hope you're not doing anything with whisky, Gallivant?"

"Oh, no, nothing at all," Gallivant replied, in the most unconcerned way. "But why do you ask?"

"If you are, you'd better stop and take your profits."

"What makes you think so?"

"The pool is weak."

"How do you know?"

"I can't tell all I know."

"Tell half."

"Well, there's a little fool named Follipot—know him?"

"Yes."

"He hangs around Bowles."

"So he does."

"Well, when the pool started in to bid up the stock, he went around to a lot of people telling them all about it."

"The devil he did!"

"Yes, he told me. I came near acting on what he said, too, when I saw the stock rising, but I happened to find out that he had told at least a dozen other fellows."

"No!"

"Sure. Of course Bowles sent him to do it."

"Very kind of Bowles."

"Very. The information was true, too, so far as it went. But you notice there have been queer fluctuations."

"Yes, so there have."

"Well, Bowles and Rasher, Knobbs and Stump, are queer men."

Mr. Gallivant thrust his hands deep into his trousers-pockets and meditated. "They're as choice a firm of cut-throats as ever took to the highway," he said.

"Exactly. They haven't even the honor that prevails among thieves."

"You mean," said Gallivant, "that they intend to 'do' one another?"

"I mean that they are at it already."

Mr. Gallivant walked over to the ticker. He looked at the tapes. He returned to his chair and glanced sharply at his friend.

"Well?" said the friend.

"Whisky has fallen three points this morning," replied Gallivant, "and eighty thousand shares have changed hands."

"Somebody is getting from under—see?"

Mr. Gallivant made no answer. He was thinking.

"Nice young man, that Follipot—honest young man. Nice fellow, Bowles, to send you notice of the movements of the pool. How much did they pull you in for?"

"Thirty thousand shares," said Gallivant.

"Well, save your skin while there's any left to save."

Mr. Gallivant's instinct now began to operate with a force and directness which assured him of its perfect condition. In five minutes he was at his broker's. In another five minutes his block of whisky was on the market and sold at only seven points less than the highest price the stock had ever attained. His profits were all he could have asked or reasonably hoped for. But they did not satisfy Mr. Gallivant. He had something yet to do—to come out of whisky a millionaire and to pay his respects to Mr. Bowles. If he had made money, it wasn't Bowles's fault nor Bowles's intention. He had been drawn in to be despoiled, and Mr. Gallivant's large and well-developed human nature began at once to work. He sprang on a limited train for Washington and spent the night in conversation with some of his country's patriotic servants. They nestled in a little back-room at Chamberlin's, and talked of the wickedness of trusts. They were of one mind. They were satisfied that all trusts were an invasion of the people's rights, and an infraction of the laws, and that the whisky trust was the worst of all. The heavy hand of the government should be laid upon it.

Mr. Gallivant returned to New York that same night with a smile on his face and a curl in his mustache which bespoke a serene and cheerful disposition. The next day he sold fifty thousand shares of whisky short. Two hours later a message came over the wires that a joint resolution to investigate the whisky trust had been introduced in the Senate by Senator Bloke, and in the House by Congressman Sharper. The price of whisky certificates fell ten points. It went on falling. The resolutions were sent to a committee and it fell more. They were reported favorably, and it "slumped" again. They passed the House, and it dropped still lower. They passed the Senate, and it was down below the point at which the upward movement began.

Mr. Gallivant made another trip to Washington at about this time, and again he met his country's faithful servants at Chamberlin's. He carried with him a check-book, and he explained to them just how to tell a tip when they ran across one.—*New York Tribune.*

An Appeal for Assistance.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions of the gland that secretes his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

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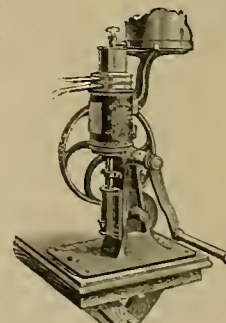
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Judge Hoar and General Butler were opponents in a case of a new trial. General Butler quoted: "Eye for eye, skin for skin, tooth for tooth, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life." To which Judge Hoar replied: "Yes, the devil quoted that once before in a motion for a new trial."

A friend was visiting Mr. Oscar Wilde one day recently, and found him hard at work "cutting" superfluous dialogue from his new play. "Isn't it infamous?" he asked, looking up after a moment or two; "what right have I to do this thing? Who am I, that I should tamper with a classic?"

A distinguished bishop of the Episcopal Church arriving late at a small town one night, found the hotel closed, and hammering at the door for admission, a neighbor stuck his head out of an adjoining window with, "Say, stranger, knock like b—ll!" to which the bishop replied: "I don't know how."

A good example of the extremely courteous in public correspondence was the notice sent to Charles James Fox that he was no longer a member of the government of George the Third. It read thus: "His gracious majesty has been pleased to issue a new commission, in which your name does not appear."

M. Colombies, a merchant of Paris, had his revenge on a former sweetheart, a lady of Rouen, when he left her by his will a legacy of six thousand dollars for having, some twenty years before, refused to marry him, "through which," states the will, "I was enabled to live independently and happily as a bachelor."

Once, when taking breakfast at a hotel in Richmond, John Randolph complained that the eggs were not fresh. "If you want fresh eggs, waiter, always buy them in Chesterfield" (a county just across the James). "How come Chesterfield eggs better'n Henrico eggs, sah?" "Because, you rascal, the Chesterfield people are too poor to keep theirs long."

An author engaged a young lady type-writer to take down his new novel from dictation. At the passage: "Oh! my adorable angel, accept the confession from my lips that I can not exist without you! Make me happy; come and share my lot and be mine until death us do part!"—his fair secretary paused and ingeniously inquired: "Is that to go down with the rest?"

Among authors there are but few who take the slightest interest in social or political questions. So far as public questions are concerned, they are hardly better informed than Dante Gabriel Rossetti. During the French Revolution, one of his friends burst into Rossetti's studio with the incredible news, "Louis Philippe has landed in England." "Has he?" said Rossetti, calmly; "what has he come for?"

In a London drawing-room recently the hostess said to a comfortable-looking lady, the widow of a wealthy Midland manufacturer, who had been touring during the winter to the sunny south: "Of course, you went to Rome, dear Mrs. Dash?" "Rome!" replied the widow, vaguely and meditatively, "did we go to Rome, Ethel?"—to her daughter this. "Yes, ma, you know we did, that big place where I bought those lovely silk stockings."

The first Italian music master who went to Edinburgh one day was passing the Tron Church as the service was drawing to a close. The lonely Italian drew near the door, and was startled. He said to the beadle: "What is that horrible noise I hear?" The beadle, much scandalized, answered: "That's the people praising God." The sad foreigner rejoined: "Then their God must have no ear for music," and, sorrowfully shaking his head, he walked away.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith gave a reading the other evening at a fashionable Rochester Club, and several men were asked to remain after the audience had departed, eat a rarebit, and make the acquaintance of the guest of the evening. When the cigars were lighted (says the *Detroit Free Press*), Mr. Smith, in response to a request, read his inimitable description of the carving of the canvas-back, from "Coloel Carter of Cartersville." There was a burst of applause when the reading was finished, followed by a moment of silence. Then spoke a gilded youth of the circle, who asked: "Mr. Smith, have you ever published anything in book-form?"

One of the Salvation Army recruits, sent to a certain inland town of California, was a young lady of fine social position and *savoir faire*. She was also very beautiful. Her arrival greatly agitated the chappies, who flocked to the street meetings. Finally one young blond made a bet that he would secure an appointment with the beauty for that same night, and, approaching her after the meeting, he slipped into her hand a twenty-dollar gold-piece. She put it in her pocket. "And—ah—where shall I

meet you by and by?" pursued the masquerade. "To heaven, I hope," placidly answered the lassie, as she walked away with the golden double-eagle.

A man entered a New York house one day (says the *Sun*) while the woman of the house was out taking some dinner to her husband. He appropriated all the valuables in the place, cut open a feather-bed, put the booty into the mattress, and carried it off. On the way down-stairs, the thief met the woman on her way back. "Does Mrs. Smith live here?" he asked her. "No," she replied. "Well," said the thief, "I've carried this mattress up and down the steps of nearly every house in the block, and I'm getting tired of it. I didn't know there were so few Smiths in New York." The woman laughed, and ten minutes later found that the man had run away with all of the portable articles of any value in the flat.

When Daniel Webster visited these parts (says the *Boston Globe*), for the purpose of delivering his Bunker Hill oration, he was entertained at the house of a Charleston merchant. This merchant was so embarrassed by the honor of the great statesman's presence that he brought out not only wine but several decanters of the best liquor he had in the house. Mr. Webster carefully searched out the vessel containing the brandy, and poured from it a drink that in-day would be generally termed "a bath," and drank the liquor in a few complacent gulps. The anxiously obliging merchant inquired of Mr. Webster whether he would not like a glass of water. The senator looked up calmly, and in his most magnificent tones replied, urbanely: "I thank you, sir, but I am not thirsty."

This anecdote of Artemus Ward is related by Dnn C. Seitz in the *May Century*: "Leaving the little theatre in Twenty-Third Street, in New York, late one evening, Artemus Ward, Charles D. Shanly, and Neil Bryant broke out in a jynous carol. The song was interrupted by one of the then despised metropolitan policemen, who roughly ordered them to stop the noise. At this rude interruption, Artemus stopped his song, and turning, threw himself upon the broad bosom of the astonished policeman, and gave way to a gush of passionate tears. His friends endeavored to calm him, and the embarrassed officer, half choked by his warm embrace, begged him to desist, which he did, with the declaration that 'the metropolitan policeman is the noblest work of God.' This sentiment secured escape and a continuance of the song."

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Steamer From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.

Oceanic.....Tuesday, May 23

Gaelic.....Tuesday, June 13

Belgic.....Thursday, July 13

Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, August 1

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No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From May 7, 1893.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.	7:45 P.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Runcney, and Sacramento.	6:45 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	6:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	* 8:45 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Port Costa.	9:45 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite), and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	* 10:45 A.
5:00 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Eureka, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

* 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:10 P.
12:05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.	† 7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon, * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only, ‡ Sundays only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

Persistence of purpose is one of the rules of success in life, and it is essential to successful advertising.—Home and Farm.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 16, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael; Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

From San Francisco for San Francisco; Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Sundays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Tiburon for San Francisco; Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 11:15 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco, DESTINATION, Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:05 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:30 P. M.
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, Petaluma, Hopland and Ukiah.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:10 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:30 P. M.
		Guerneville.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		7:30 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:10 P. M.
		Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:05 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Petaluma for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Hardsitt Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Geysers, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahoon, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Uval, Hydeville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays: To Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only: To Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.75; to Sebastopol, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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TINTS



In a gorgeous, beflowered, and brocaded dressing-gown of yellow satin, with his head held stiffly in the famous white stock and collar—the latter so high that before it was creased it reached up over its wearer's head—elegant, languid, exquisitely affected, and still more exquisitely impudent, Beau Brummell made his bow—the celebrated Brummell bow—on Monday evening.

It was after nidday, and the Beau was making his toilet. This was, undoubtedly, the greatest business of his day, and was a solemn rite, occupying many laborious hours. The Beau, after two hours spent in the bath, placed himself in a low chair before his round mirror, and there, disposed at ease, with a dozen jars of pomades, and essences, and powders spread on the dressing-table before him, powdered his complexion, rouged a trifle, touched his lips with the newest salve, trimmed and polished his nails, and, shaking his hands in the air to keep them white, gave an indifferent ear while his valet opened and read love-letters from the great ladies of the Prince Regent's court, together with bills and dunning epistles from the Abrams and Moseses who were willing to help out impecunious beaux who enjoyed the favor of princes.

Sometimes the prince himself—so interested was all the world in Beau Brummell's morning toilet—would drop in to watch the celebration of its elaborate rites. The Prince Regent found the Beau good company. These two were sworn cronies. What more natural than that the First Gentleman in Europe, whose greatest flight of genius had been the invention of a shoe-buckle which covered the entire instep, should find a kindred spirit in the greatest beau of his day, who had won fame, if not fortune, by inventing the trouser which buttoned with brass buttons from the knee to the ankle?

This arbiter of fashion and taste was much more to the prince's liking than those other courtiers of his who had fame of their own and were willing to lend its lustre to his court. Scott, a stanch Tory, stood by the First Gentleman of Europe, and, at his royal dinner-table, where the wine flowed all the dawn struggled in through the windows, enriched the feast with his incomparable wit. Tom Moore sang his prettiest lays for the royal host. Southey brought out the choice stores of his strange erudition to entertain his prince; but the prince liked better the society of Beau Brummell—Beau Brummell, with his immovable coolness and his unquenchable impudence, his love for macao and hazard, his follies, his wit, his cowardice, his boldness, his meanness, and his self-reliance.

And, in truth, the Beau must have been good company. He had quite a pretty wit, if it was at times coarse and cruel. And any wit, cut as it may, is better than the sullen stupidity which brooded over the fine society when George, Prince Regent, was in power. In the country they lived as dull a life as mortal could live. No wonder Lady Teazle became intoxicated with the gaiety of town when Sir Peter had freed her from a dreary existence of combing Aunt Deborah's lap-dog, strumming on an old spinnet, and drawing patterns for ruffles. But in town it was not much better. These were the days of the wild Prince and Poyns, when every night at dinner gentlemen drank "potatoes potle deep," till their valets dragged them out from under the table and carried them to bed in the gray dawn. These were the days when play ran so high that Charles Fox is said to have lost twenty thousand pounds in one sitting, and when George Gaunt won his marquise and garter from a certain great personage at ombre. They had their Sheridan and their Tom Moore. But still "society" was slow. Byron speaks of a dinner at Lord Cowper's, where, just as the dessert was placed upon the table, he counted five out of the twelve guests who were sound asleep!

So Brummell, a beau and a dandy, had yet a tongue in his head and could use it to some purpose. But it was not by the gall or honey of his tongue that he rose to greatness. It was by a certain social instinct—a sort of talent possessed in different degrees by such men as Lucien de Rubempré and Ward McAllister, Count D'Orsay and Major Pendennis—and by a self-confidence and impudence which dazzled his contemporaries. The Beau's belief in himself could not be shaken. When some one suggested to him that the prince might withdraw his favors, he answered with calm disdain: "Then I will cut him, and make the old king the fashion." And so, where, in one of his letters, Tom Moore speaks of him at a ball at which he annoyed the prince and a certain duchess by appearing to laugh at them. The duchess, in a rage, told the prince the Beau had been making fun of them. Brummell, hearing this, smiled languidly, and, though the days

of royal glory and fashionable acclaim were distinctly on the wane, said with all his old magnificence: "She shall suffer for this. I'll chase her from society. She shall not be another fortnight in existence."

There was a consistency in the man that never deserted him. In his dark days at Calais and Caen he was still the Beau—the favored of princes. He never forgot his past glory. Moore saw him in a tiny bedroom at Caen, with the fine toilet the king had given him laid out for state occasions. He wore this suit for years—preserving it carefully with all the solicitude of a real dandy, and when distinguished personages, whom he had patronized or snubbed in his grand days, visited the old town, he donned the precious garments and sauntered out to pay his respects as became a friend of the Prince Regent and a prominent member of White's and Watier's. Long after he had dropped down into real poverty, he still held up his head with all his old assumption of the man of fashion. He went hungry rather than dine at unfashionable hours. Upon one occasion a lady, who had been extremely anxious to entertain him as a lion, though a lion out of favor, seeing him pass under her window, thrust her head out, and, greeting him, asked him if he would not come in and take some tea. The Beau, looking up at her with cold gravity, answered: "Madam, you take medicine—you take a walk—you take a liberty—but you drink tea." Considering this to have been said by a hungry person, it is really quite fine.

It was his consistency, his devotion to his old gods, his unswerving worship of his old ideals, that gives to Brummell's figure a picturesqueness and a sort of dingy dignity that the other beaux lack. Nash was undoubtedly a more talented man and a stronger character than Brummell, but there was a coarse brutality about Nash that the Prince Regent's friend never possessed. Brummell, indeed, was essentially effeminate—his very vanity and impudence have a sort of womanish smallness about them. Nash rode over people, blustered and bullied them into admiration and subservency. Moreover, Nash worked for them. He was more of the McAllister style—the sort of man society favors and makes pay for its favor by good, downright, hard work. Nash made and managed Bath, and, as he took so much trouble to make that celebrated watering-place brilliant and amusing, people forgave him when he made such remarks as his famous one to the lady with the very obvious curvature of the spine. Said she, in answer to his greeting: "I've come straight from London to-day." To which the gallant replied: "Then, ma'am, you've been confoundedly warped on the way here."

Brummell was really more like D'Orsay than like the other beaux. D'Orsay had more brains than he—brains enough to see the tendency of the taste of the day, and follow in the footsteps of Byron by writing himself down *blasé* and life-wearied at the age of twenty-two. This was entirely the fashionable attitude for young gentlemen of the *beau monde*. Byron set the example, and D'Orsay followed it very closely. How the people of those days ever managed to get up any enthusiasm for Byron when he took to wallowing out the sorrows of his lost illusions and broken hopes, is as great a mystery to us century-enders as how any one ever could read through "Godolphin" or "Pelham," or dine at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Clyde Fitch, in his play, has given the greatest of the beaux a little love-story to lend him a touch of sentiment and romance. The Beau, however, does not seem to have been much given to sentimentalizing. He permitted himself to be adored, and, when a new beauty loomed up on the horizon, paid her a compliment or two, danced a minuet with her, and so insured her social success. It is said that when he died, old and idiotic, his chief possessions were locks of hair, of which he had a goodly collection, some of these curls having been clipped from the heads of the court beauties, famous toasts of that toast-drinking day, those radiant ladies of St. James's, who "sat all night at ombre, with candles all of wax." The Beau, however, seems to have remained heart whole, and never to have loved a dear gazelle. That there was a Mariana Vincent, whom he tried to marry, is probably true. To marry an heiress was the only way left him of reestablishing his fallen fortunes. Mr. Fitch, however, has given Brummell quite a tender heart, and made him, with all his follies, not such a bad fellow after all.

Mr. Mansfield's Brummell is a fine piece of work—one of his best. The dialogue of the play—all but the second act, which is scrappy and very much chopped up by the continual coming in and going out of the people in the scene—is capital, and the witticisms of the Beau are delivered with a delightful, polished insolence. Mr. Fitch has given to Brummell the famous retort to the young man's horrified confession that he has seen some distinguished personage cheating at cards. What should he do?—he had distinctly seen him cheating. "Back him, you fool!" was the answer. Mr. Fitch has given this to the Beau, and it does not accord very well with that magnificent being's other lofty sentiments on the proper attitude for a man of fashion. In his relinquishment of Mariana's hand to his nephew, and in his proud and gentle conversation with the Vincents and Reginalds in the Calais lodging-house, he is quite a Chevalier Bayard.

The pathetic parts of the two last scenes Mr. Mansfield manages admirably. One so seldom sees

good pathos on the stage. It is either too weepy or too frantic. It was a happy thought to have the returning of the snuff-box take place as it did. This is a most delicate and charming touch. The Beau's immovably polished manners never desert him. He takes the snuff-box, gives a start of horror, recovers himself, and, with all the elaborate grace of his most splendid days, offers it to Mariana as a trifling token. Then the curtain falls on his dark moment of bitter humiliation and distress.

Take it all in all, Mr. Mansfield has done nothing better than his personation of Beau Brummell. It is a perfectly complete and finished portrait. With Mr. Fitch's help, he has been able to infuse into this figure, with all its affectations, its womanish vanity, and its petty impertinence, a little pathetic dignity, a glow of genuine warmth and feeling. There is something indescribably fine and true in the ending of the scene on the Mall, where Brummell, imperturbable and gently insolent as ever, goes off between the bailiffs. The other characters of the play do not amount to much. It is essentially a one-part play. Mr. Harkins was exceedingly good as the "fat friend," and Miss Cameron looked as pretty and prim as a heroine of Jane Austin's.

— H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Painless filling.
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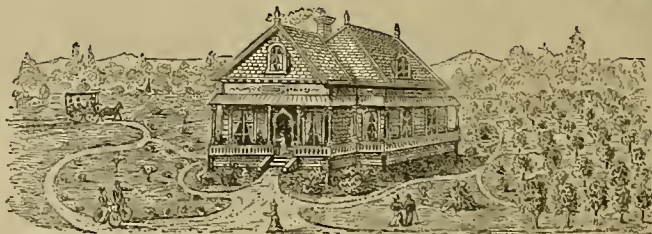
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SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1893,

AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON ON THE PREMISES.

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WE WILL RUN A SPECIAL FIRST-CLASS EXCURSION TRAIN TO REDWOOD CITY ON ACCOUNT OF THIS

IMPORTANT AUCTION SALE,

Which will leave the Third and Townsend Street Depot, San Francisco, at 10 o'clock A. M. Saturday, May 20th, stopping at the Valencia Street Station and San Mateo. Returning, leave Redwood City at 4.35 o'clock P. M.

75 cts.—ROUND-TRIP TICKETS—75 cts.

Tickets obtainable at our office on Friday, May 19th, all day, and on Saturday, May 20th, day of the excursion, up to 9.30 A. M., and at the depots, Third and Townsend and Valencia Streets, from our representatives up to the leaving of the 10 o'clock excursion train. Our caterer will serve a free collation on the grounds.
Catalogues, etc., at office, 638 Market St. EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO., Auctioneers.

METROPOLITAN HALL, Friday Evening, May 19, '93, at 8.15 o'clock

ALFRED WILKIE'S

Complimentary Benefit Concert

HON. GEO. T. BROMLEY has kindly consented on this occasion to speak on "SOMETHING DIFFERENT."

ARTISTS: Mrs. Maude Berry-Fisher, Mrs. Chas. J. Dickman, Miss Florence Joyen, Messrs. Victor Carroll, Wm. C. Stadfield, and Alfred Wilkie, Solo Vocalists, and a "Triple Quartet" of selected voices under the direction of Mr. H. B. PASMORE.

Mr. Brewer (organist S. Luke's), Solo Organist.
Mr. Henry Larsen, Solo Violinist.
Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton, Pianist and Accompanist.

Tickets (reserved) ... \$1.00 | Admission... Fifty cents
Tickets may be had at all principal music stores or of A. Wilkie, 1208 Leavenworth Street. Seats may be secured (without extra charge) at Sherman, Clay & Co., Thursday and Friday, May 18th and 19th.

METROPOLITAN HALL.

Wednesday Evening, May 17, 1893

CONCERT

— GIVEN BY —

MISS ROSE BLOCK

Soprano.

Graduate of the Vienna Conservatory of Music,

— ASSISTED BY —

NATHAN LANDSBERGER, LOUIS HEINE, F. K. TOBIN, and G. SAUVLET.

Tickets (including reserved seats), \$1.00. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Monday morning at 9 A. M.

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Orange and Fruit Culture.

A responsible land-owner, having a large improved estate in the Placer County foothill region, adjoining the Central Pacific Railroad, where orange and fruit culture is attended with a success only equaled in a very few sections of the State, and having a tract of about 250 acres, already largely cultivated, and containing about 2,000 choice orange-trees now in successful bearing, desires to meet with a gentleman of means who desires to establish a pleasant country residence, and who would be willing to engage in fruit-growing under the most favorable conditions, and would go forward and engage in the cultivation of the particular tract. The tract has a nursery of over 12,000 young orange-trees budded to the choicest variety of oranges, of which about half would be suitable to plant out in orchard next winter. Peach, cherry, and other varieties of fruit-trees can be planted in the tract to large and speedy profit. Tract is supplied by an abundance of water, and connected with the best built roads to be found in the State. The tract can be leased, purchased, or bonded with an option of purchase, or otherwise favorably arranged for by a suitable party. In the vicinity is a most prosperous Country Club, with Cricket and Tennis Clubs, and a foot-ball team. The surrounding society is of a cultivated and superior class.

Ten and twenty-acre adjoining tracts, with abundant water, are also offered for sale at moderate prices where residence and cultivation is intended. Such tracts will be sold upon cash payment of ten per cent., with deferred payments for a period of years, at six per cent. interest.

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WE WANT YOU to try Golden Sceptre. All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost PERFECT. We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. Prices: 1 lb., \$1.50; 1/2 lb., 40 cts. Send for catalogue. M. BLASKOWER & CO., Pacific Coast Agents, 225 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

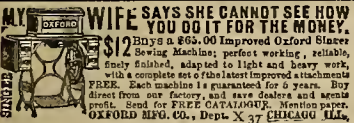
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Are commended by every person who sees them. They are proof against dampness, rodents, and reptiles; are portable to ship to any part of the country. Are cheaper than brick and can be put in place by ordinary workmen.



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Dyspepsia Indigestion Headache

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Immediate Relief. Quick Cure. Easy Dose.

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Box containing 25 powders, 60 cents; two boxes, \$2.

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ALUMINUM ALLOY COMPOSITE

Has given entire satisfaction to Brass and Iron Founders. Two per cent. added to cheap low-grade mixtures of metals gives 30 per cent. increased strength. Makes hard metal soft, sound, and non-crystallizing, prevents blowholes and sponginess. Aluminum Alloy unites copper with iron, and lead with iron and copper, heretofore unknown. Price, \$28 per barrel of 700 pounds, or \$80 per ton.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mrs. Gay—"Mary, did I see you kissing my husband this morning?" *Mary*—"At what time?"—*Boston Budget.*

The rivals—"Fred says he never believes a word you say." "It must be so. He has proposed to me five times."—*Life.*

She—"Isn't your father a very dignified man?" *He*—"Very. Why, he wouldn't let me touch him for a hundred dollars."—*Judge.*

He (exhibiting sketch)—"It's the best thing I ever did." *She* (sympathetically)—"Oh, well, you mustn't let that discourage you."—*Bazar.*

Wife—"I have just been to the dentist's and had a tooth drawn." *Husband* (heaving a sigh)—"Lucky tooth! It is now beyond the reach of your tongue."—*De Sobremesa.*

Editor—"You say these jokes are original?" *Mr. Chestnuts* (a humorous writer)—"Yes, sir." *Editor*—"Then you must be an older man than I took you for."—*Life.*

"One question, dear, before I say yes to your offer of marriage," said the Chicago maiden. "Ask it, my precious one." "In case of divorce, what alimony do you pay?"—*Judge.*

The wonders of nature: *Gladys* (from Wellesley)—"Oh, Uncle Rufus! do look at these tad-poles in this pool; and to think that some day all those horrid wriggling things will be butterflies!"—*Puck.*

Wool—"Nat Sewell is getting to be a terrible bore." *Mrs. Van Felt*—"In what particular?" *Wool*—"I asked after his health this morning, and he sat down and told me all about it."—*Judge.*

Minnie—"Why, dear, you have misspelled two or three words in this letter." *Mamie*—"I know I have. I don't want him to think I am too well educated to be 'womanly.'"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Artist (to class of young women)—"Now, I think the composite picture of this class would be artistically beautiful." *Pretty student* (aside)—"Strange that one face could so bring up the average!"—*Puck.*

Mrs. Youngwed—"Tom and I had quite an argument over whether we should buy a bicycle or a tricycle." *Fond father*—"How did you settle it?" *Mrs. Youngwed*—"Compromised on a baby-carriage."—*Buffalo Courier.*

Mullins (pen in hand)—"Give me a word which means the same as idiosyncrasy." *Barlow* (who does not know a synonym)—"Why, that's a good word to use." *Mullins* (desperately)—"Then how do you spell it?"—*Judge.*

Professor—"Miss Vassargirl, give the class the distinctive differences between a poet and a musician." *Miss Vassargirl*—"Yes, sir. A musician has long hair that stands up, and a poet has long hair that hangs down."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Hicks—"What nonsense the papers do print! Here is a story about a prize-fight, headed 'The Best Man Won.'" *Hicks*—"Well, what about it?" *Mrs. Hicks*—"The idea of having a 'best man' at a prize-fight!"—*Puck.*

"If I had an 'ad' at the top of that column," murmured the advertising agent softly to himself, as he gazed admiringly at the Washington monument, "I wouldn't care whether it was next to pure reading matter or not."—*Buffalo Courier.*

His specialty: *Tramp*—"Say, mister, don't you want to give me somethin' to do?" *Merchant*—"You! Nonsense; what can you do that would be of the least value to me?" *Tramp*—"Well, I'd move on for a dime."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Jackey—"When you were in Ireland, did you kiss the Blarney Stone?" *Miss de Mure*—"No." *Jackey*—"Why not?" *Miss de Mure*—"I was too modest." *Jackey*—"Too modest to kiss a stone?" *Miss de Mure*—"No; too modest to be hung over the castle walls by the heels."—*Truth.*

"Faunteroy cried last night, Nora, and kept Mr. Styles awake, and, in consequence, he is in a bad humor this morning." "Yes, madam; but Faunteroy wanted to lick the paint off his toy camel." "Well, if it happens again to-night, let him do it. I want to ask Mr. Styles for a new hat to-morrow."—*Life.*

Scene—a gambling-saloon; a game of *carté* has just been played; the two players got up, and one of them stepped up close to the other; "Sir!" "What do you want?" "I saw you cheat just now." "Sir!" "I am sure of it." "You mean to ruin me?" "Quite the contrary; I want you to take me into partnership."—*Journal pour Rire.*

"If this helps you," said the doctor, signing his name to the prescription and folding it, "I should be glad if you would let me know." "If it doesn't help me, Doc," replied the caller, in a clear, distinct tone of voice, as he handed over the required five dollars, "I'll let you know it—you can bet a trunkful of skeletons on that. Good-afternoon."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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DCCLIII.—Bill of Fare for Eight Persons, Sunday, May 13, 1893.

Purée of Green Peas.
Fried Soft-Shell Crabs.
Fried Pigeons. Potato Croquettes.
Asparagus. Fried Egg-Plant.
Roast Veal.
French Artichoke Salad.
Lemon Pie. Ice-Cream.
Coffee.

FRIED PIGEONS.—Take four pigeons, cut them each in four pieces, put one ounce of butter in a stewpan, and set it on the fire; when melted, put the pigeons in with two or three sprigs of parsley, a small sprig of thyme, a bay-leaf, a pinch of allspice, salt, pepper, and half a pint of broth. Take the pigeons off when half-cooked, and as soon as they are cool, dip each piece in beaten eggs and roll in bread-crumbs. Heat two ounces of butter, and fry the birds for about two minutes; serve with water-cress or parsley around.

—**KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST MADE.** Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatines in top to make fancy desserts.

—**CONSIDERATIONS ALIKE OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS** make a country home desirable for those who have their business in a city, but many dislike the trip across the bay. For such an excellent opportunity is offered by the auction sale of Redwood City residence property, to be held by Easton, Eldridge & Co. on the premises, on Saturday, May 20th. An excursion train will be run to accommodate visitors and purchasers.

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Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., quickly relieved by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. They surpass all other preparations in removing hoarseness and as a cough remedy are preeminently the best.

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—**WANTED**—NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS, LARGE advertisers, and keen business men to purchase the Eureka Newspaper Guide, '93 edition, just out. A complete census of the newspaper business of the United States, Canada, and Australasia. A book of 600 pages neatly bound in leather and cloth. Sent anywhere, carriage paid, for \$2.00 cash. Also send for our catalogue of "Special Offers" of papers covering every State in the Union. Address, Eureka Advertising Agency, Binghamton, N. Y.

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PURE RYE
The Finest Whisky in the World
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REAL ESTATE AUCTIONEER,
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—OF—
Oakland Business Property
THURSDAY, - - - **MAY 18, 1893**
At 2 o'clock P. M., at Salesroom,
460 and 462 EIGHTH STREET, OAKLAND.

17 LARGE LOTS
Facing SAN PABLO AVENUE, TWENTY-SECOND AND BRUSH STREETS, comprising in all over 700 feet frontage, and being only a few blocks from OAKLAND'S BUSINESS CENTRE.

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Families find our Home-Made Bread
BETTER and CHEAPER than that made at
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HAVE YOU TRIED

Bohemian Club Mocha and Java Blended Coffee?

IT'S A WHOLE BREAKFAST IN ITSELF.

ROASTED, NOT GROUND

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2 1/2 lb. Sealed Cans, Net Weight, \$1.15 each
5 lb. " " " " \$2.00 each



RUBBER HOSE!



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GOODYEAR'S Gold Seal Rubber Hose

BEST THAT CAN BE MADE OF RUBBER.

R. H. PEASE, }
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Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself or any member
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The decision of the United States Supreme Court affirming the constitutionality of the Geary Act must gratify every man who thinks with his own head, and who founds his judgment on knowledge instead of consulting editorial or ecclesiastic ignorance when in want of opinions. The decision is good law and good sense. Whether it shall result in any extensive deportation of Chinese or not, it will stand as a precedent of immense value, in that it enforces anew the fact that the Government of the United States has an indisputable right to dictate the terms upon which aliens may come to or remain in the country. The arguments made against the Geary Act have been absurd. This applies as well to the pleas of the attorneys hired by the Chinese to represent them as to the intolerable flood of twaddle that has been poured out by the press and clergy of the East. Our friends of the Atlantic pulpit

and editorial room seem to be incapable of reasoning when the Chinamao is in question. They proceed on the assumption, which they regard as an axiom, that a Chinaman is a mild, unoffending, innocent creature, eminently desirable as an immigrant and disliked only by ignorant and brutish persons who, under the impulsion of a revolting race hatred, persecute him cruelly. In this view it has appeared a shameful humiliation, a wanton outrage, to require the Chinamao to provide himself with a paper that will establish his legal right to be in the United States. It is not needed to inform any one who has encountered the Chioaman of reality how grotesquely unlike him is the Chinaman of the pious Eastern imagination. Nor is it necessary to say to those who are familiar with the laws and practice of civilized nations that there is nothing novel in requiring foreigners to carry about them certificates of identity. Even the natives of many countries are registered from the cradle to the grave. Every child born in France, Germany, or any other country where the cooscription system exists, is registered, and the authorities can put their hands upon him with inexorable certainty when he arrives at the military age. Is registration more humiliating to the Chinese than to those of our own race? Why should the United States deny itself any of the powers or privileges of sovereignty, all of which are necessary to its own well-being?

The hubbuh that has been raised in the East over the Geary Act has come from a body of men and women whose ability to make themselves heard is out of all proportion to their importance, either numerically or intellectually. They have the pulpit and enjoy access to the press, but their zeal in behalf of the Chinese is not tempered with knowledge of either their protégés or the laws of the land. Exclusion of the Chinese is the settled policy of this country. The great mass of the people North, South, East, and West approve that policy, else Congress would not have legislated as it has done. The system of registration is merely a plan to secure exclusion. Without such a plan, exclusion is impossible. This country can not guard her thousands of miles of frontier by land and sea.

The Chinese opposition to registration has arisen from no feeling that to take out a certificate would be degrading, but from a lively perception on the part of the heads of the Six Companies that the device would put an end to the large and highly profitable business of smuggling in Chinamen in defiance of law. No Chinaman who has complied with the laws of the United States is in the slightest peril of molestation; any Chinaman who has not so complied should be treated like any other law-breaker, and made to suffer the penalty provided by the law he has broken. Exclusion carries with it deportation as a logical consequence. If a country is privileged to pass laws to exclude a given race or class, and then should be debarred from carrying out the laws against intruders, would it not be folly to enact the original excluding laws?

The emotional and ignorant preachers and penmen of the East will be educated, painfully but well, by the Supreme Court's decision. They will learn from it that not gush but good sense controls this republic. It will make clear to them, for the first time, apparently, the fact that this government, if it so chooses, can exclude or deport not Chinamen only, but other foreigners. The venerable alien laws of 1798 permit no doubt on that head. Probably Congress will give the Chinese further time in which to register, in which case these sensitive Asiatics will have to descend to the level of American citizens, who are compelled to undergo the same humiliation before they can vote, and who every ten years are forced by brutal census agents to disclose not alone their names, ages, places of birth, the number and sexes of their children, their occupations, but even their diseases. Night-schools might with advantage be opened in the principal cities of the Atlantic seaboard for the instruction of clergymen and journalists in the rudiments of American law and the inherent powers of government.

There is habble about retaliation by China. How can she retaliate? Our exclusion laws, to which the Geary Act is but an amendment, apply solely to laborers. There are no

American laborers in China. Moreover, none of our countrymen in that empire, whatever their station in life, enjoy the privileges accorded the humblest coolie in the United States. Americans, like other foreigners, are denied freedom of movement in China, and are allowed to reside only in specified localities. The missionaries are especially fearful that they may be sent home. Both America and China could manage to hear up under that calamity. Missionary labor has heeo an immense and costly failure in China, every convert representing an outlay of thousands of dollars. The Chinese are too well satisfied with a religion to which their forefathers adhered contentedly for more than four thousand years, to exchange it for ours, which to them is comparatively a thing of yesterday. There is ample work among the heathen of our own cities for all the missionary talent that is wasting itself in Chioa and drawing salaries from America.

The Geary Act has been upheld by the Supreme Court, but it remains to be seen whether the administration will enforce it in good faith. President Cleveland, impervious to arguement and persuasion on maoy sides, is extremely open to the influence of the Mugwump press of New York city, which is horrified at the thought of packing out of the country a coolie who has had the insolence to hold its laws in contempt. He is also prone to think himself wiser than Congress and chartered by his own greatness to execute or suspend the laws as shall seem to him best. Should he attempt, as is not impossible, to ioterpose his royal will against the operation of a statute duly enacted, and ooe in which the masses are so deeply interested as this Geary law, Mr. Cleveland will be in the way of getting a rude shock to his self-esteem and a sudden enlightenment as to the limits of the powers of the Presidential office. Though Congress is Democratic, it is American, and properly alive to its own authority and dignity.

When you say World's Fair to a Californian, he thioks you mean to annoy him. It is a sore subject which is avoided by persons of tact. From first to last, some six hundred thousand dollars have been donated in order that California shall make a creditable appearance at the fair; and now the correspondents write from Chicago that it will be late in June before the California exhibit and the California buildings are ready for inspection.

Whichever way the big show is looked at, disappointment meets the eye. Only a few weeks ago, the papers were speculating on the effect of the rush of visitors from Europe upon the financial exchanges. Now the London agents of the steamship lines say coolly that they do not expect an increased travel. So at home. The actual money spent, or believed to have been spent, on the fair foots up \$33,234,000; yet the sale of fifty-cent tickets on two fine-weather days lately was only 15,000 and 18,000.

Besides the main show, there are twenty-three side-shows. In addition to the original fifty cents, the visitor who wants to see everything—and who does not?—will have to put up about ten dollars more, without counting the bath-chairs at seventy-five cents an hour. This makes no allowance for refreshments.

That all this will lead to war, and war to the knife, goes without saying. The first assailants to break the lines of the fair management are the ladies. There is a Turkish village, at which fair maidens of the Chicago breed dispense Turkish drinks and Turkish ices. A firman has been issued that they are to dress after the pattern of the lady in folklore, whose petticoats were cut off just at her knees, to wear red trousers, and Turkish stockings to meet them. In any other costume, they would be misplaced in a Turkish divan. But the Chicago girl has spirit as well as feet. She declares that she may sacrifice her hopes of future salvation, but she will not sacrifice her skirts. Turkish women may wear what they please, but as for them, give them petticoats or give them death.

But this is a gentle zephyr in comparison with the typhone which is gathering round the art show. This department of the fair contains the finest collection of paintings and statuary ever exhibited in this country. Most of the works

of art have been seen at some salon or other, and have passed the ordeal of the most refined and modest women of Europe. But, as art-lovers can well understand, the exhibition contains an infinite number of examples of the nude which are startling to the ladies of the prairies and river valleys who have never even been to New York. The ceilings of the Court of Honor, of the Peristyle, of the Music Hall, and of the Machinery Hall are fringed with statues of men of heroic size. In order to be true to nature, the savages in this collection are represented with the primitive breech-clout which most barbarians wear. But many of the figures of civilized men are entirely nude. The Western ladies, who retire shuddering from the Art Building, are confronted with these giant statues on the buildings. They know not which way to turn.

In the Art Department the painters of the nude have surpassed themselves in their daring conceptions. The walls are fairly covered with Venuses in every attitude, nymphs at the bath, writhing Bacchantes, Leda and Sapphos, struggling Sabine maidens, Actæon and Diana, and all the other subjects in which gifted artists show their skill in depicting the nude human form. To a lady who has done her Paris, such paintings suggest no thought of impropriety; but to the Kansas City girl or the matron from Dubuque, they are an abomination. There is a German picture of a giant fishing with a hand-net for nymphs in a pool. The nymphs are depicted as very lovely, and as they are in the water, they, of course, wear nothing but their complexions. The giant has caught one of them, and holds her in air wriggling and twisting between his enormous finger and thumb. It is a fine Academy study, but it is apt to horrify the female Western eye. There will probably soon arise a general demand in Chicago for some trouser-maker to supply to the nudes of the show the garment in which a modest pope insisted on draping Michael Angelo's figures in the fresco of the Last Judgment.

How can a pure-minded girl from Kokomo or Kankakee let her eyes rest on that gorgeous painting of the festival at Babylon? The figures are life-size; they are the flower of Oriental loveliness; connoisseurs like Belshazzar and Nebuchadnezzar knew a pretty girl when they saw her. They have banqueted on spiced food, and have drunk rich wines out of golden goblets. In the perfumed air, they have thrown themselves upon gorgeous rugs in every attitude of abandon; Pradier, with all his love for strange acrobatic contortions, never devised such a medley of seductive postures; nor did the opulent fancy of the Greeks ever conceive such perfect forms as those of the young Babylonians. Must Kalamazoo endure all this?

It will not. It is waste words to tell the child of the prairie that impropriety is in the thoughts which a picture inspires, and not in the picture itself. The rural mind sees a devil in the conceptions of the purest art; it flies in terror from the Apollo Belvidere, and blushes scarlet at the exposure of the Medicean Venus to the gaze of men. And that mind is going to predominate at Chicago.

New York society, we are gratified to observe, is achieving a distinct intellectual advance. Instead of putting forward such of its members as are able to write for print to make a defense of the whole mass against the *Argonaut's* criticisms upon its prodigality, its love of display, its mental inferiority, and its servile imitation of the least admirable characteristics of the English aristocracy, New York society has now engaged in the enlightening and chastening occupation of discussing itself. The Knickerbockers, representing the ancient nobility—poor and proud, like the venerable hold-overs of the Faubourg St. Germain—are at open war with the fashionable millionaires, who hold toward them relatively the position of the first court set of Napoleon the Third. Time was when no one could hope to be considered in society in New York unless the stamp of Knickerbocker approval was conferred. The Stuyvesants, the Van Rensselaers, the Van Courtlandts, and other families descended from the trading Dutchmen who settled as immigrants on Manhattan Island in the dim and drudging past, entertain the prejudice against the new rich quite as strongly as do the English descendants of the Sontags and Evanses who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror. The Knickerbockers lorded it in New York. They were neither wiser, nor wittier, nor in any other respect superior to countless thousands of men and women from whom they held aloof as if the scorned beings were Digger Indians. The social reign of the posterity of the honest and unpretentious Dutch immigrants was unquestioned before the War of the Rebellion, when a quarter of a million was deemed a great fortune.

But after the war, wealth accumulated and Dutchmen decayed. Millionaires, beside whose colossal piles the modest hoards of the social autocrats were as foothills to the high Sierras, multiplied in New York. The town itself evolved in many of them, but more were attracted to the metropolis from the West, the big city offering unequalled opportunities

for plunder as well as pleasure. Against these financial giants the exclusive Dutch turned an icy shoulder and erected fortifications of impregnable reserve. The millionaires rebelled and set up in business as society characters for themselves. Hence the gradual upgrowth of the Four Hundred, and the later flowering of that gorgeous hot-house plant into the One Hundred and Fifty, the cultivators of which turned the tables on Holland hauteur by actually excluding from the list not a few of the Knickerbockers who had deigned to mingle with the gilded mushrooms of the Four Hundred. During the progress of this social revolt and development, the Dutch grew more and more alarmed. H. S. Hewitt, in *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, recounts the efforts of the ancient nobility to stay the tide of parvenu success:

"At one time the statement became current, and came directly from the Knickerbocker camp, that the best and most exclusive society in New York was the society of which very little was said or printed. This society, it was explained, was made up of old Dutch and English families, who lived in roomy old mansions in Second Avenue, Washington Square, and other old parts of the town, and into this society the Vanderbilts, the Burdeos, and other new people, it was asserted, could not secure an entrance. As these statements did not seem to worry the millionaires who had come to be regarded as New York society, the Knickerbocker families began asserting that society entertainments had grown to be theatrical, not to say spectacular, and therefore vulgar, and that the refreshments at refined entertainments should be limited to the simplest articles possible. Object-lessons in simple entertainments were given, when the attendant guests found midnight suppers made up of tea, and toast, and bouillon, and lemonade, instead of terrapin, and canvas-back duck, and champagne. As this still failed to have any effect in worrying 'The One Hundred and Fifty,' the members of the old families started in to form Colonial clubs and Revolutionary societies, and only admitted to membership such people as could show an unbroken line of descent half way back to Adam; and here, at last, they found themselves satisfactorily victorious."

The quintessence of Knickerbocker gentility is in the St. Nicholas Society, of which Mr. Frederick J. de Peyster is the president. He, in a recent interview published in the *World*, goes up against the gold-laden Four Hundred with an energy and a ferocity that suggest one of his aproned ancestors, cleaver in hand, professionally engaged at the butcher's block. He denies that the Knickerbockers disapprove of millionaires as such. "Those," he says, with a large liberality, "who are a benefit to the community, we are perfectly ready to welcome with open arms; but we have no affection for the ostentatious plutocrat; let him move on." In his view, when money is spent in great profusion socially, it is from a feeling of weakness. "It is like a person bidding at an auction." Fashionable life in New York, he thinks, has become so exhausting and so expensive that "but few of those whose birth and education fit them to adorn any gathering have either strength or wealth enough to go at the headlong pace of that gilded band of immigrants and natives called the Four Hundred." In short, Mr. de Peyster has only words of contempt for the persons who keep up the gorgeous whirl of fashion in the metropolis.

"The sons of old New York [he avers] need none of the new fashions or the new people. We are honored here, not for a swollen bank account or a mountain of bonds, but for honest worth and the honorable names we perpetuate. It is more important to be a member of the St. Nicholas Society than to control one hundred thousand miles of railway."

On behalf of the Four Hundred thus assaulted, Mr. Ward McAllister capers into view, with pen in rest, as champion. All society, he informs the world, is divided into two parts. "One of these is composed of what may be called Nobs, and the other consists of the Swells." The former are the staid Knickerbockers and the latter the "progressive" element, who care more for splendor and pleasure than for ancestry or the consciousness of being the correct thing. Mr. McAllister is good enough to admit that the representatives of the old Dutch families "are very charming persons in themselves"; but he mournfully remarks, in qualification, that "they can not be said to have learned the art of living." They are not "educated up to entertaining." He shudders at the thought of a restoration of the Dutch supremacy. "If," he says, "you gave New York society up entirely to the old Knickerbocker families, it would not be worth going into; for, while these Knickerbockers are eminently respectable and proper, they are too staid and stupid to suit the tastes of the latter half of the nineteenth century." The Four Hundred, largely composed of very rich persons not indigenous to New York, appear to Mr. McAllister to "embrace the wealth, the breeding, and the education of the community, and have everything that the most cultured Europeans have." To the Four Hundred "the public is indebted for opera"; they "entertain superbly and give the most charming balls." Mr. McAllister has noticed that "the sons of old New Yorkers have always had an earnest and longing desire to get into the Four Hundred," and he is of opinion that it is "hardly fair for a member of the Knickerbocker element to call the members of the Four Hundred immigrants; for what were the Knickerbockers themselves but immigrants, and very humble ones at that?" A large bank account, he declares, is "a very important feature of all society." A man must have brains

to make a million or more dollars, and is entitled to the respect which the world accords him. Mr. McAllister does not hesitate to laugh at the Knickerbockers' pretended pride in the comparative narrowness of their means:

"To regard to Mr. de Peyster's statement that it is more important to be a member of the St. Nicholas Society than to control one hundred thousand miles of railway, you may say for me that I would rather own one mile of railway than the whole St. Nicholas Society. The club of this city is the Union Club. It is superior to any of the others in the wealth, intellect, and worth of its members."

In conclusion, the *arbitrator elegantiarum* of the Four Hundred insists that it would be "utterly absurd to think that the progressive, brilliant, hospitable society of the metropolis is at all dependent upon back-number Knickerbockers."

The one million four hundred and ninety-five thousand or more of New York's fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants who have not the happiness to belong either to the Four Hundred or the Knickerbocker set, apparently take considerable interest in this war between the Montagues and Capulets, since the newspapers provide a large arena for the jousting champions. Of course persons filled with a noble ambition to gain entrance to the circles where they may enjoy the felicity of Knickerbocker tea, and toast, and heavy conversation, or the terrapin, dancing, and delightful scandal of the gayer Four Hundred, watch the varying chances of battle with respectful attention and bated breath, but men—ordinary Americans who have their living to make, their careers to pursue, and their offspring to educate for the battle of life, are only mildly amused at the seriousness of the combat. If they give the contention or the lives of the contestants a grave thought occasionally, it is but to wonder that a hundred and seventeen years of republicanism on this continent have done so little to leach from the minds of the rich, the foolish, the frivolous, European notions of what is socially desirable. Great as we are in our output of pork and bread-stuffs, we rank still higher among the nations as a producer of snobs. Only England challenges our supremacy.

The *Argonaut* has received a copy of the anniversary *World* of New York, a newspaper consisting of one hundred pages, of eight columns each, printed for the most part in fine type. It appears to be full of more or less instructive and entertaining matter. In a few days, as we understand, we shall receive a copy of a *World's Fair Examiner*, which will embrace a hundred and twenty pages of similar matter—also set in fine type. A fortnight ago the *Chronicle* issued a paper of nearly a hundred pages, containing valuable statistics and much other good matter—also in fine type. When we gaze at these wonderful emanations of the printing-press, we are reminded of the old theme of college debating societies—whether the world has been injured or benefited by the discovery of printing?

If the object of putting forth printed matter is to have it read, that object is not attained by these publications. To bring these seven or eight hundred columns of type within the visual angle, a machine would have to be constructed for the purpose. A newspaper can be folded six or eight times across, if necessary; a book may be held in the hand at the proper distance from the eye; a dictionary may be laid flat on the table and its pages turned with the fingers. But these monstrous publications can neither be folded, nor held in the hand, nor laid on a table, unless it is cleared of everything to make room for them. The only way of getting at their contents would be to fasten them on a sloping shelf, as files of papers are exhibited at public libraries.

And if this physical difficulty were overcome, where is the man who could afford time to read a copy of the anniversary *World* through? In the old days, strenuous Protestants used to teach Sunday-school pupils that if they began to read the works of Martin Luther at the age of fifteen, and read six hours a day steadily, they would be ninety years old before they were done with the Monk of Wittenberg. However this may be, it is safe to say that if a subscriber to the *World* were to begin to read aloud this anniversary copy at the present season, the snow would be flying merrily in the streets of New York before he was done. Such an exercise would be an exorbitant devotion of time to one work of letters. Even allowing, as physicians do, that the span of human life has been extended from threescore-and-ten to fourscore, no man can afford to give the hundredth part of his active life to the perusal of one newspaper. It would undoubtedly lead to softening of the brain.

And if such mammoth papers are not read, why are they issued? They cost money—a great deal of money. The white paper costs money, and so do the composition, the press work, and the ink; and it is to be hoped that the writers who compose or compile these endless columns of nonpareil and minion get their just reward. From first to last, the drain upon the cashier's office for the manufacture of a leviathan sheet must be prodigious. It is explained on the theory that it is a grand advertisement. That is not so certain. To attain its end, an advertisement must attract and retain for a given time the attention of the public. That

end, however, these mammoth sheets most certainly do not accomplish. As they can neither be carried in the band nor folded into the pocket, the first impulse of the buyer upon whom they are thrust is to get rid of them in some way—to throw them in the gutter or foist them off on some simple child. They are received gratefully at the Chinese wash-houses; but there is not a laundry at every corner. If no one will carry them home, or receive them at any price, how can they be serviceable as an advertisement? It would be far more to the purpose to hire an elephant, with a brass band on his back, and to send him through the streets distributing dodgers: "Buy the Daily Fake!"

As to the advertisements and the reading-matter contained in these mammoth sheets, they are lost to mankind. They could not be more thoroughly buried if they were sunk to the bottom of the sea. In such an ocean of type it is impossible to find anything. The *World* anniversary paper might contain posthumous verses by Tennyson, posthumous histories by Macaulay, "How to bring up a Family," by Queen Victoria, "Advice to Young Girls," by Queen Isabella, "What I think of Myself," by Grover Cleveland, and "Some Notes on the Melody called 'The Bowery,'" by Giuseppe Verdi, yet no one would be the wiser. What is put in a mammoth sheet is put there to stay and to be hidden for all time from the eye of man. There was an old monk at Cyrene who found a lost book by Athenæus, full of profound learning, exquisite jests, and, alas! highly improper stories; being a moral man, concerned for the morals of his contemporaries, he buried it in a well and had the well filled up with stones. If he had lived in our day he would have accomplished his purpose by sending the work to the editor of a leviathan paper.

When the extra sheets are filled with "write-ups," disguised puffs of men or things, which are duly paid for by the beneficiary, there may be an excuse for the profusion of paper and type. But the puff business generally costs a newspaper more in character than it yields in dollars. It is, of course, valueless as an advertisement for the sheet which accepts it. It is also valueless to the advertiser who inserts it. The peculiar persons who hire newspapers to discuss them as great men for a dollar a line, probably read these puffs. So do the printers and proof-readers. But nobody else does—not even the men who wrote them.

The more the mammoth sheet is studied, the less it seems to be worth as an advertisement. There is but one way in which a paper can advertise itself in its own columns. That is by publishing good matter—the best that can be bad; matter that will be read, and, being read, will be remembered; and matter printed in such clear type and in such a shape that the wayfarer will be tempted to read it.

In a recent number of the *Argonaut*, some remark was made on Marion Crawford's discovery that, in this country, men and women do not see as much of each other as they do in Europe. Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's attention was roused by the same discovery, and in a recent article he takes the novelist to task for misrepresenting his countrymen. He holds that men associate more with women in the United States than in Europe, and seek the companionship of the fair sex more instead of less assiduously than Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, or Italians. He hints that the accident which led Mr. Crawford to the opposite conclusion was the fact that as he was good-looking, bright, young, and sympathetic, women ran after him more than men.

The truth probably lies between the two social philosophers. The primeval American, who lived in Beacon Street, Boston, or who did business in Pearl Street, New York, or Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, appeared to be—though he was not in reality—a woman-hater. He was a silent man, who read his paper at his meals, and, the last bite swallowed, hastened to his store, which was like the cloister at Santa Barbara—Forbidden ground to women. Having dined at one, and washed down the meal with a whisky-straight taken standing at a bar round the corner, he met his women folk again at six for supper, when a few remarks were exchanged. After supper, he either joined other male friends at a club or saloon, or he sat alone in his dining-room computing commissions and interest accounts, his eyes fixed on vacancy and his thoughts wandering in an endless circle round the periphery of the Stock Exchange.

These were scenes which were familiar in what social geologists call the drift period of the later quaternary, when the ice masses were receding to the pole, and torrents were burying the rocks under layers of gravel and alluvium. That period ended some time ago, and was followed by an age in which the normal American uses his mouth at meals not only as a place of storage for food, but, likewise, as a means of social intercourse. The hour of food past, men divide in this country just as they do in Europe. Some, like the German middle class, never desert Mrs. Micawber and the little Micawbers. Others escort Mrs. Colonel Crawley to her hall, party, opera, and concert, and this duty done, seek

pleasures of their own at the card-table or the convivial circle whose doors are not always barred against Phryne; careful, the while, not to forget to call for their legitimate spouse at the hour set.

It is the pleasure of smart men to discourse upon the dullness of the conversation which prevails in drawing-rooms when the ladies occupy them exclusively while the men are at their wine. Hence they argue that the presence of men is necessary to bring out the women. The converse will hold equally well. If a phonograph could reproduce the talk of men when they are left alone in dining-room, or on balcony, or in club café, there would be little to choose between the sexes. More vapid, illogical, narrow-minded, silly stuff than pours out of the mouths of many men, when they are out of the jurisdiction of their women folk, no set of female chatter-boxes can produce. When a man can be firmly and inexorably compelled to talk about the details of his business—which he understands—he is often entertaining and instructive; but when the average man discourses upon topics which are foreign to his experience, he generally converses through his hat.

Mr. Crawford's idea that the sexes do not mix here as much as they do in England and France, is probably as far from the truth as Mr. Higginson's notion that intellectual subordination is expected of women in England. The country in which Mrs. Humphry Ward and Lady Randolph Churchill flourish can not be said to be peopled by men who carry round extinguishers to pop on women's heads. If the American Darby is not seen so often with Joan by his side as the corresponding German of his age and station, it is, perhaps, Joan's fault. She is rather an exacting person is our American Joan. She reminds the observer of Canning's distich:

"The fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much."

The *Argonaut* took the liberty last week to predict that when the Infanta of Spain had read of the gorgeous time the Duke of Veragua was having in Chicago—going to the abattoirs, seeing Michigan Avenue, the tall buildings, the hotel-bills of other people, driving around wherever he wanted to go, making the acquaintance and being met as the social equal of Mrs. Potter Palmer, and not a cent to pay for anything—she would not be able to stay away. The event proves how well we understand the mental processes and the emotional peculiarities of royal females. The Infanta has decided to shed the benign light of her exalted countenance upon the World's Fair.

When the news reached the White House from Cuba that the fair and high-born Eulalia was coming, we dare say as much trepidation was caused in the breasts of the President and his polished Secretary of State as if the wires had confirmed their worst fears by announcing that San Francisco's Chinatown had risen in its might, with arms in its hands, to resist the enforcement of the Geary Act and defy the whole power of the trembling Government of the United States. For Messrs. Cleveland and Gresham have shown to a painful world that they know no more about the art of properly receiving a royal personage than they do about the thoughts, feelings, interests, and habits of the people of that portion of the American Union which lies farther West than Chicago. After inviting the Infanta to come, they astounded all Europe by suggesting that she bring the Duke of Veragua along as a traveling companion. Before there was time for recovery from the shock of this unexampled outrage, renewed European paralysis was induced by Secretary Gresham forwarding the programme of travel and entertainment which her royal highness was expected to follow in this country. It became necessary for the Spanish Foreign Office to do something at once to prevent the heavens from falling, and information was, therefore, formally conveyed to the President that a duke, viewed from the eminence on which an Infanta dwells, is a mere nobody—a social outcast, in fact. It was also pointed out that it is customary to consult the wishes of royalty as to its movements, rather than to dictate the same.

Outrage followed upon outrage. When the Spanish Foreign Office learned that the Infanta was to be housed at a Washington hotel, it protested that royalty could not think of lodging at a common inn. Possibly the foreign office knows what the Washington hotels are like. Then Mr. Cleveland was sounded on the point of whether he would go to the dock and welcome the Infanta to our shores. He would not. Next he was asked if he would pay a state visit to the lady. He ungallantly declined. So the foreign office, in its bewilderment and despair, gave out that the Infanta was in delicate health and could not stand the double strain of American hospitality and the Chicago climate. This statement was inferentially confirmed through the press dispatches from Havana, where the delicate Infanta was taking the tonic of bull-fights.

The dead-lock seemed hopeless. Mr. Cleveland and his accomplished Secretary of State discovered, however, that

the whole diplomatic corps at Washington was against them and the Jeffersonian simplicity of their notions as to how they should behave when an Infanta invaded the District of Columbia, encompassed by the *chevaux de frise* of Spanish etiquette. The diplomats held that "a republican country has no business to invite the ruling family of a monarchical country to be its guests unless it is prepared to entertain such guests with the same ceremonies that would be observed by one royal family toward another under like circumstances." And this is correct enough, admitting that the United States has any business to extend such invitations. The existence of this republic is the most emphatic and effectual protest the world has known against monarchy. It is a denial of the right of hereditary rule. Its founders held titles and decorations in such contempt that the constitution forbids their acceptance by all persons in the service of the government. Were the spirit of that prohibition carried out in all our official course, it would be provided that, even as the slave who stepped on English soil became, *ipso facto*, free, so should the king, or prince, or noble who set foot in this republic shed his extraneous, inherited grandeur and become a man simply. But we take our republicanism in the political form solely; socially, the United States is still on its knees to rank.

However, the Infanta having been invited, there was nothing for the President to do but yield, and that he has accepted the inevitable, there can scarcely be any doubt, else even the lure of a grand special hog-slaughter in Chicago in her honor would hardly have tempted Eulalia to brave the dangers and embarrassments of an expedition into these republican wilds. Since she has had her way as to the humble and despised Duke of Veragua, and has consented to land without the personal supervision of the President, and has even receded from her implied demand that he vacate the White House and put it at her disposal, it is only reasonable to assume that our First Magistrate will return her call, whether she shall suffer the rigors of a residence at a Washington hotel, or accept shelter from some palpitating aristocrat of the capital.

The visit, of course, must be made in becoming state. It would be intolerable were the President to march into the presence of royalty wearing that rusty old Prince Albert and those baggy-kneed trousers which Mr. Cleveland deems good enough for inaugurations and other trifling American ceremonies. A court suit—knee-breeches, doublet, sword, huckled shoes, and a plumed bat under the executive arm—is manifestly obligatory. We venture to say that Miss Eulalia, being of the ardent and appreciative Spanish race, will be impressed by Mr. Cleveland's leg. It can not but be a fine one. No man who weighs three hundred and fifty pounds can be without a calf of superior attractiveness. Let him but cinch himself properly, and show himself to Mrs. Cleveland in his regalia before he sets out to dazzle the royal eyes, and the chances are ten to one that that discreet lady will insist on going along as a chaperon. It will be a great day for the high-spirited, modest-minded, and self-respecting American people when Her Royal Highness the Infanta of Spain extends her hand for the President of the United States to kiss, and Mr. Cleveland, placing one silken-clad leg before the other, presses his plumed hat upon his midriff, and bows profoundly. But one experience of such honor and glory will be enough for a single generation of simple republicans.

Seriously speaking, no imperial, royal, or princely personage should ever be officially invited to the United States. When they come, they should come "incognito." This conventional phrase does not deprive them of a cordial welcome. But it saves them the embarrassment of a reception which should be royal, but which can not be; and it saves the United States Government the embarrassment of paying semi-royal honors when the very fibres of its being are hostile to monarchical forms.

Those Eastern pietists who delight in painting the Chinese as such angels of light, should note their conduct toward each other in the matter of the Geary Bill. When the Chinese were ordered to register, the Six Companies forbade them to obey the law. Those of the Chinese who desired to register were threatened with death. Many of those who did register are still apparently afraid that the American authorities can not protect them from Chinese vengeance. But when the Supreme Court decided that the Geary law was constitutional, the Six Companies were disgraced in Chinese eyes. The very day after the decision, Chinese printed placards were affixed to all the walls of San Francisco's Chinese quarter, offering a reward of three hundred dollars to any one who should kill Chun Chu, president of the Sam Yup, the most powerful of the Six Companies. This offer came from the societies of highbinders—organized thugs and assassins—who sought vengeance on the Six Companies for their bad advice. The Eastern press, which has continually incited the Chinese to break out, now see how far their apt pupils are willing to go.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

The Story of a Peruvian Señorita and Her Children.

There could not have been found in all Peru a more fresh and desirable bud than Sebastiana de Mendoza. A perfect houri and sixteen! What an admirable prescription against *ennui*! Her father, the richest man in the three-crowned city, committed the folly of dying, leaving his heir, Doña Sebastiana, under the guardianship of Don Blas Medina, a grave old fellow with more crest than brains. Can you imagine a more desirable morsel than this *petit* damsel, who, in addition to title, youth, and beauty, possessed a fortune unincumbered with a father-in-law, to bestow upon the successful wooer?

Her marriage was a weighty and serious matter with Don Medina, who, conscious of the dignity of his office and the capricious nature of blooming maidenhood, looked about for the most advantageous alliance. Thinking he saw an ardent desire, on the part of his lively ward, to respond "I will" to the first comer who asked, "Will you play cards?" the guardian resolved not to have a crowd of lackeys flitting about, and hence watched his fair charge as a miser his gold.

She learned to read, that is, enough to decipher, laboriously, the life of the favorite saint of the day. She was able to make out the wash-list so as to understand it herself; she learned to play the harp with more or less dexterity; she could get through the mass with its constant repetitions, could reiterate the angelic chorus of "Holy, holy, holy," and understood the offerings for the dead. Perhaps she knew a little of figures. Added to this solid ground-work, she was accomplished in the art of concocting dainty salads and piquant sauces. This was the education of our señorita.

In the line of faithfulness to his trust, Don Medina even sent away the señorita's old music-teacher, who might have been spared suspicion, as he was ugly enough to frighten fear itself. He retained in his place, however, the chaplain, a fat, seraphic friar; and, singularly enough, allowed his own son, a boy of eighteen, free access to the eye, ear, and heart of Sebastiana. Carlitos was a seminary youth under the strictest discipline of one of the convents of mercy. In the paternal presence, he put on an unctuous air which was carried in his pocket for the purpose, affected simplicity of speech, and looked foolishly good enough for a pictured angel. Surrounded by his father's guests, Don Carlitos was so circumspect that he would have made a splendid altar-piece, or would have served for the model of a saint relieving the miseries of the poor; but—let the devil alone for catching the hindmost saint.

Doña Sebastiana was older by half a year than when she came under the guardianship of Don Blas—six months in which to listen to the dulcet tones of her one privileged swain. Even with the inexperience of youth she knew well how to extract the sweets, both of piety and pleasure. Daily she wended her way to the Church of St. Augustine, her little form closely incased in the folds of the black mantilla, her features all hidden, in deference to custom, save one eye, and followed by a colored slave hearing her kneeling-mat. Church-going was an outlet for zeal, which, with present opportunities and rightful guidance, would have made Doña Sebastiana an enthusiast in good works, or a fervent disciple in some school of art. These walks to church, also, afforded our lady much pleasure. Don Carlitos, in stolen moments at home, had called her lovely, and the admiring glances that followed her graceful form as she passed through the streets proved him truthful. The gallants gathered about the cathedral-steps were connoisseurs of beauty, even when it had to be discovered with infinite difficulty beneath the modest mantilla. But as a scientist will construct a whole animal from one fossil bone, so these scrutinizing cavaliers could construct a whole picture of loveliness from one sparkling black eye.

Don Carlitos, abandoning the cloister every Sunday, passed the day under the paternal roof. In the evening, at the close of prayers, a negro slave accompanied the guileless youth back and delivered him safely to the watch-dogs of the seminary. Though Don Carlitos was not reckoned particularly studious by the reverend and bulky theological hook-worms, he was grossly misunderstood. For, indeed, he was all eagerness to study that mysterious book called woman; but as that was a forbidden volume at the convent, he pursued his investigations with zeal upon each recurring Sunday.

The wine-cup of Jupiter may be knocked over by one sweep of the devil's tail. The first blushing caress of the impetuous youth tumbled to wreck the painstaking and exclusive edifice of propriety which Don Blas had built about the charming señorita. Like a worthy son of indolent Spain, the good old guardian paid his devotions every noon-hour to Morpheus, and thus came about an opportunity which the sly lovers were not slow to improve. High noon! what an hour for exchange of rapturous speech! What could be looked for from such inflammable material but a great conflagration?

At the end of five years, the old don died, and Sebastiana entered upon the full enjoyment of her rich inheritance. In his youth, Don Blas, having filled one of the most lucrative government positions in Cuzco, laid the foundation of a vast fortune which, afterward augmented by successful business ventures, he bequeathed to his son. The young man, while taking possession of this plethoric estate with one hand, hung up the priest's gown with the other, convinced that God did not call him in the way of the church. Applying himself assiduously to courting the smiles of that world which his father's austerity had kept at a distance, he was eminently successful; for when does the world turn a frowning face upon a wealthy and youthful aspirant for its favors?

I doubtless ninety per cent. of the satisfaction experienced by the fox in pursuing his nocturnal trade is embraced in the fact that he is *styly* successful. When the sweets no longer

had to be stolen between the vigilant watchings of the *pater-familias*, Don Carlos began to value them the less, until, by and bye, the ardent love which he had felt for the young Sebastiana waned, and at length vanished completely. The young fellow was weary of the old love-paths, and set out in the search of new ones. He forgot or ignored his plighted troth to Sebastiana, the promised marriage which was to bring relief to her still faithful heart and legitimize the two children of their secret love.

Doña Sebastiana still saw her quondam lover at intervals; she saw him engrossed with the duties and pleasures of his new position, but did not as yet imagine that his affection for her had ceased. She was beautiful, still young, and more than his match in wealth and name. Hence it was with a feeling of rage and humiliation that she one day received a courteous note from Don Carlos, giving the information that he had contracted marriage *in facie ecclesie* with Doña Dolorosa, daughter of Captain Don Santiago Pedrosa.

Imagine the effect of this *billet-doux* upon the proud and passionate heart of Sebastiana. For some time her honor had been upon the whispering lips of the gossips, had been winked and shrugged away in the salons; but the longed-for marriage would set all right. Meanwhile her love for the father of her children had seized, throttled, and slain shame. Now, however, came a resurrection, and shame formed an alliance with wounded honor. After a few months of tears, the señorita changed her tactics—she would win back her perjured lover.

As many who have frantically loved the creature, and, unhappily, then seek the creator, so our lady turned devotee, affected great piety, and became devout as a Pharisee. Shunning all allusions to the past, she would engage Don Carlos, when they met in society, in conversation upon themes of the day; would speak of morality in general. Her gayety of manner, her gentle, winsome spirit, once so attractive, and her superadded piety, became now a source of irritation to one who desired to give the world a striking illustration of conjugal fidelity.

When after the lapse of three years' piety, even as other charms had failed, Doña Sebastiana in suffering her hope to die suffered also her heart to grow cold as the glaciers of the north, and she consecrated her life to vengeance.

Don Carlos had been attending mass in the church of St. Augustine—for every worthy son of the church remembers his spiritual mother and kneels for her blessing once a year—when, descending the steps, he came suddenly face to face with his nightmare incarnate, Doña Sebastiana, and was arrested by:

"Do me the favor, señor, of listening to a few words which I wish to say to you, for the last time."

Turning, he bowed gallantly. "I am at your orders, *señorita mía*," he replied, "always providing you do not speak of a certain subject which would be a crime now, as I am no longer a free man."

"It gives me great satisfaction, señor," said Doña Sebastiana, "to see you so loyal to your wife. Probably you have known that for some time past I have followed a very severe religious life, so you need not apprehend a word from me that would recall the irregularities of our youth."

Don Carlos bowed again, and Doña Sebastiana continued: "I have a little son, as you know, señor. He will inherit a considerable fortune, and it is only just that he should be educated in a manner befitting his rank and merit. This is not possible in Lima, and in my care. So I have decided to send him to my relatives in Madrid. To-morrow he goes on the ship which leaves Callao, and the favor I desire is this: Will you not, as his father, bless him before he goes, and advise him for his future? Your benediction will insure him a prosperous voyage."

The relief Don Carlos experienced was great. The irritation, the disgust, which he had felt toward the woman whom he had wronged gave place to a tender pity as he now found her so sensibly accepting the inevitable.

"Your demand is hut just, señorita," he replied. "I shall accompany you whenever you wish."

Doña Sebastiana smiled and said: "Then come at once."

The sun rode high in the heavens as they entered the *patio* of the señorita's dwelling and passed into the shaded salon. Immediately the children were sent for, and appeared, dressed in their prettiest, fascinating in their rich dark beauty. The father stepped quickly forward, caught them in his arms, and embraced them repeatedly. The little girl sat on his knee, and, gradually emboldened, began with her hand to toy with his ornaments. The boy stood by his side with grave and wondering eyes, listening to the unfamiliar sounds of his father's voice.

The usual Peruvian hospitality, upon the coming of guests, was observed, and servants entered bringing in wine and cake, which the happy little señorita was permitted to offer to her father. Don Carlos ate and drank, gayly pledging his children, nor in his gallant speeches did he omit his old love, who, seated somewhat apart and silent, watched him with eyes sparkling with brilliancy. Before many minutes had gone by Don Carlos began to show signs of weariness, his words came slowly and with indistinctness; he rose, walked unsteadily to a couch, and, sinking heavily upon it, was soon sleeping the sleep of the drugged. Doña Sebastiana, with a smile of satisfaction, led the surprised children from the room.

Two hours later, a carriage stopped in the *patio* of an *hacienda* near the city. From it alighted Doña Sebastiana and the little ones. The driver, with the aid of *cholos*, lifted Don Carlos, still unconscious, and carried him to an apartment, where he was left alone with Sebastiana.

There was now no smile upon that beautiful face; the soft red curves of her mouth were drawn into lines of determined purpose, her features had become like stone, her face white as marble, and her nostrils dilated. In her hands was a stout cord, with which she tied tightly the hands and feet of her victim, and then, seating herself, watched hungrily for the awakening.

At last it came. The eyes opened slowly, wandered a

little, then sought those flaming halls which transfixed him, and Don Carlos read his fate. With firm step, she approached the couch.

"Ah! *señor mio*," she said, "hast thou languished enough? Wilt thou not have another *cofeba*, or perchance thou wouldst return immediately to thy virtuous spouse, since thine own conspicuous virtue might otherwise be compromised? But, hark you, Don Carlos: My life was yours, your perfidy destroyed it. This being before you is not the Sebastiana you once professed to love. She is long since dead. It is another spirit than hers that looks out from these eyes—from these eyes which long since have wrung out the last tear possible for them to weep."

Bending over the helpless man, her face close to his and her breath burning his cheek, she continued:

"The soul of Sebastiana has fled, and a demon from the deepest hell has taken possession of this body—and will soon possess yours."

The shouts of Don Carlos were as ineffectual in bringing relief as his wrestlings with the cord which bound him; the stillness as of approaching death reigned when, as a last hope, he said:

"It is evident, señorita, that I am entirely within your power, nor can I hope for mercy—yet will you not permit me once more to see our beautiful boy?"

In answer to a call, pattering feet were heard approaching, and little Carlos bounded in, to be caught in the mother's arms. She brought him to the bedside.

"Look at that man," she said; "he is thy father, he was my lover, hut, mocking my innocence, he abandoned me and married a woman who sacrificed nothing for him. Look at him! Can you learn to hate him as is his due? Ah, how I have learned to hate him! He called for thee, *muchacho mio*, and I give thee to him—"

Suddenly drawing a dagger, she plunged it into the boy's throat and cast the bleeding body upon the bound wretch, whose groans and shrieks of horror, as the warm blood of his slain child hespattered him, were mocked by silent walls.

"Art satisfied, murderer?" cried the now frenzied woman; "or wouldst thou behold also thy daughter before thou diest? Ah, thou shalt see her, too," and calling, Sebastiana grasped the dark-eyed child, who shrank, as she entered, from the awful sight before her, and lifting her, said:

"Thou, too, shalt share thy brother's fate. Thou shalt help to fill up thy father's agony and thy mother's vengeance."

And again the sharp blade did its deadly work, and the two ghastly bodies lay at the feet of the agonized man.

"Tigress! fiend!" cried Don Carlos; "finish your hellish work now. I alone am left for your vengeance."

Sebastiana replied, with a hollow laugh:

"Yes, you are left for my vengeance"—and she plunged the dripping dagger into his heart.—Translated for the Argonaut from the Spanish of Ricardo Palma.

OLD FAVORITES.

Matrimonial Counsels.

You are gning to marry my pretty relation,
My dove-like young cousin, so soft in the eyes,
You are entering on life's settled dissimulation,
And, if you'd be happy, in season be wise.

Take my counsel. The more that, in church, you are tempted
To yawn at the sermon, the more you'll attend.
The more you'd from milliner's bills be exempted,
The more on your wife's little wishes you'll spend.

You'll be sure, every Christmas, to send to the rector
A dozen of wine, and a hamper or two.
The more your wife plagues you, the more you'll respect her,
She'll be pleasing your friend, if she's not plaguing you.

For women, of course, like ourselves, need emotion;
And happy the husband, whose failings afford
To the wife of his heart, such good cause for commotion,
That she seeks no excitement, save plaguing her lord.

Above all, you'll be careful that nothing offends, too,
Your wife's lady's-maid, though she give herself airs.
With the friend of a friend it is well to be friends, too,
And especially so, when that friend lies upstairs.

Under no provocation you'll ever avow yourself
A little put out, when you're kept at the door,
And you never, I scarcely need say, will allow yourself
To call your wife's mother a vulgar old bore.

However she dresses, you'll never suggest to her
That her taste, as to colors, could scarcely be worse;
Of the rooms in your house, you will give up the best to her,
And you never will ask for the carriage, if course.

If, at times with a doubt on the soul and her future,
Revelation and reason, existence should trouble you,
You'll be always on guard to keep carefully nuture
Ideas on the subject, and read Dr. W.

Bring a shawl with you, home, when you come from the club, sir,
Or a ring, lest your wife, when you meet her, should pout;
And don't fly in a rage and behave like a cub, sir,
If you find that the fire, like yourself, has gone out.

In eleven good instances out of a dozen
'Tis the husband's a cur, when the wife is a cat.
She is meekness itself, my soft-eyed little cousin,
But a wife has her rights, and I'd have you know that.

Keep my counsel. Life's struggles are brief to be borne, friend.
In Heaven there's no marriage nor giving in marriage.
When Death comes, think how truly your widow will mourn, friend,
And your worth not the best of your friends will disparage!

—Owen Meredith.

When the Franco-Prussian War indemnity of five thousand millions of francs (\$965,000,000) was exacted by Germany, the demand was considered a merciless exercise of the power of conquest. Will it be believed that by the close of the current fiscal year (June 30, 1893,) the South will have paid for the support of Northern families one hundred and eleven millions of dollars more than an equivalent number of the French people were required to pay the conquering Germans as war indemnity? By the close of next June, the sum paid in pensions will amount in round numbers to fifteen hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars (\$1,575,000,000).

HOMELESS IN CHICAGO.

"Calumet" thinks There's No Place Like Home—But First Catch Your Home—Something of Rents in the Windy City in Fair Time.

Caramella and I have been house-hunting—rather, we have been hunting for a place to live, and do not care whether it is house, flat, or anything else, so it is in any way habitable. Why should we care?—we, who have but just learned that we are as nothing. Time was when we did not feel so meek and lowly, and when we held our heads as high as the proudest. Caramella was a lady and I was a lord in those days, and we felt that the world was ours; at least, as much of the world as we had money to buy. But pride hath had a fall, and now we are as the heggars who may not choose—briefly, it looks as though we shall be obliged to take the best thing that offers in the way of a domicile, whether we like it or not, and not at our own price, either.

It is Caramella's fault—no, it's the landlord's—oo, after all, it's on account of that miserable old World's Fair, which is responsible for almost everything just now.

Our own particular trouble began with Caramella. She beamed at me with one eye as she watched, with the other, her left hand untying Cincinnatus's bib, and breathed, softly:

"Er—Callie, dear?"

I writhed and set down my coffee. I have learned to hate being called "Callie," it always portends something. I looked at Caramella somewhat coldly as she continued:

"Don't you think it about time we thought of moving? It's almost the first of April, you know, and our lease expires on the first of May, and we must get settled before that, and have the new place dry and nice on account of the children, and—"

"Caramella," I interrupted, in the most frigid tones at my command and I am quite a cold person at times, despite my cheerful, sunny disposition, "are you crazy?"

"Why, no, dear," responded Caramella, sweetly; "but, really, you know—". And Caramella, who is understood to be quite a practical person, went on to give forty and more reasons why we should leave the comfortable house we had occupied for two years past and seek new quarters. The cold demeanor I always assume when moving is mentioned did not disturb her a bit. She went on to the bitter end, with the result that when I took the cable-car to go downtown, I was more than half-convinced, although I did not tell Caramella so.

But when, later in the day, our landlord dropped in to inform me that our lease could not be renewed save at an advance of fifty per cent. over the rate that I had had to hustle to pay hitherto, that settled it. I was indignant, as one has a right to be under such circumstances, and I told the grasping landlord so; but it did not make any difference with him. He only smiled and said, blandly, that he was indeed sorry, hut—

I informed him with dignity, not unmingled with fine scorn, and, perhaps, seasoned with lofty contempt for him and his grasping greed, that he and his heastly little cramped-up flat might go to the bow-wows—or words to that effect. But it did not phase him a single bit. He kept on smiling, and hewed himself out as cheerfully as though I had paid him six months' rent in advance at the new rate.

And well he might. For he knew a few things which I, alas, knew not.

We began house-hunting the next day, or rather attended to some of the preliminaries, such as looking through the advertisements to see if anything was offered suitable for us, and to get the addresses of various renting agencies. We went at it leisurely, with several side remarks about persons who indulged in mad haste in securing new quarters when so many houses and flats were offered. The fair, pooh! There were plenty of new buildings, plenty of other folks moving, plenty of families leaving town—there was not, after all, any use in rushing matters, so we would take our time. We took it. After the first spasm of interest, the matter was dropped for a few days to give way to more pressing affairs. Then two or three things I heard from friends who were moving, or were about to move, set me to thinking, and thinking quite hard, with the result that I decided to take a day's "lay-off" and get this house business off my mind.

I went first to a fellow on Dearborn Street, to whom I once almost succeeded in trading some Western farm (*i. e.*, desert prairie) lands for choice lots in a Chicago suburb. He is in the real-estate and rentiog business. I found that he bore me no ill-will on account of what bad almost passed between us. He was, on the contrary, quite pleasant, although he could do nothing for me. We talked with two or three clerks, but with no result. There was nothing to be had when or where I wanted it, nor for anything like my price. There was a lovely cottage for sale or rent, but it happened to be up in Wisconsin, and I decided that that was too far, even for a man who has a pass; and I told the real-estate chap that, being a newspaper man, I sometimes walked to the office, and it would not be convenient if I lived up in Wisconsin. I called his attention to the fact that a dozen places, of just the kind we could use, were offered in his advertisements. He frowned.

"James!" he called.

"Yessir!" and a lovely little bloode clerk, threatened with a mustache, came and stood by the desk.

"James, how many times must I tell you that when a place is sold or rented, the advertisement must be withdrawn? You are very careless. Now, in the *Morning Glory*, I am told, there are a dozen ads. standing which have no business to appear. See that this matter is attended to at once—at once, sir!"

"Yessir," said James, as he went meekly out. But I noticed that those ads. didn't come out, all the same.

Next day, Caramella and I both went out. We had the addresses of several very "likely" places, although they were

not all in "our" part of town. I don't like to leave the north side, and Caramella won't, so that settles it. Did I say Caramella *won't*? Ob, yes, she will. I meant she *wouldn't*—not just then. Now, she would even go out on the lake, if some one would anchor a comfortable house out there. Well, we went and saw quite a number of places. There was one flat which the agent had enthusiastically declared was just the place we wanted, but it wasn't. There was a saloon down-stairs and a gymnasium overhead, and we concluded that this would not do. We like to mingle with society as we have found it, and to have Mr. McAllister, of New York, coming to see us over an institution where they over-frappé their beer and indulge in décolleté bon-mots and cheese sandwiches, would not do at all. So we tried again.

The next place was a cottage in a new suburb. We went out there by the steam-cars, and hung on to straps during the major portion of the hour's ride.

Caramella is a great lover of pastoral life, and although the suburb we struck did not quite meet my ideas of what a beautiful suburb should be, I could see that she was much affected by the scene before us. The houses were all new—so new they had had but one coat of paint; it was of that jaundice tint so prevalent in brand-new suburbs. They were pretty much all alike, too, except that the one offered us was, if possible, a bit homelier than the others; and they were surrounded by broken bricks, shavings, split shingles, plaster-hair, and barbed-wire fences. We did not leave the station-building, but just looked at the suburb and the untenanted house from where we stood. We gazed in painful silence for some little time. Then Caramella said:

"Did you get the key?"

"Yes."

"Keep it in your pocket." And Caramella's rosebud mouth looked quite severe.

A little house we saw in another suburb would have suited us tolerably well if a mouse hadn't run along the wainscoting. That settled it, for Caramella. She wasted no further time in inspecting this place, and the large boy rat which came out and looked kindly at her from a doorway did not reassure her at all.

We tried a big, new, lofty apartment-house next. It was almost ready for occupancy. We looked up the agent, after selecting a suite on the third floor, and told him we could probably make a deal with him.

"I'm very sorry—very sorry, indeed," he said, "but there's really nothing left below the ninth floor—not a thing." So, after learning that it would cost half a year's salary to rent even this suite, we decided that Cincinnatus might fall out of the window some time, and it would hurt him to fall nine stories.

Since then we have tried at any number of places to find what we want—or, in fact, anything to live in. The house or flat that it is within our means to rent is afflicted with sewer-gas, or leaky water-mains, or any or all of half a hundred other ills—or else it has been rented to some one else—or else they won't let us have the place on account of poor little Cincinnatus, who, they fear, might injure the walls and wood-work. There is one charming house, not so very far out, that we could have got for a ridiculously low rental if it had not been for him. It belongs to an old maid, who has no kith nor kin, and who wants to escape from the fair. A friend of ours told us about her, and we went out to her place. Caramella was in raptures. "Everything was so-o-o convenient and lovely!"

We began to feel quite encouraged. Miss What's-her-Name was quite affable and seemed pleased with us, and negotiations went on swimmingly, until she asked, with a sudden hardness in her voice and a steely glitter in her eye:

"Have you any children?"

Caramella turned pale, then flushed. She knew what this portended. She rose with much dignity, and moved toward the door, saying, as she did so:

"Yes, madam, we have—one. But I don't think we shall kill him just yet; we'll wait another week, and see if we can't find a house the poor little fellow *may* live in."

We are hoarding now, and, most of the time, we are looking for a flat or a house. Cincinnatus is permitted to stay only on sufferance, and I can not tell what day or hour we may be called upon to take him and go. But—the next time a Columbian Exposition takes place, we hope to know better than to wait until the last hour before changing flats.

CHICAGO, May 10, 1893.

CALUMET.

It has been found in the case of primitive river names in the Old World that a syllable meaning water occurs once at least, and in many instances several times, in the same name. From this, philologists have been able to trace successive conquests, as each conquering tribe added its own name for water or river to the syllables already forming the names of streams within the conquered district. The same thing has happened in this country, as the whites have tacked the word river to many Indian names already including the word.

J. A. St. John, of St. Louis, is seeking for a perfect racing shell, and, for the purpose of making tests, is having four shells, each 31 feet 6 inches in length, 11¼ inches beam, 58 inches spread, 7-inch seat, constructed of different materials. One is to be of cedar, one of paper, one of aluminium, and one a composite of silk and cedar. He expects to make the tests about the middle of June, probably at Orillia, Ontario, and Gaudaur, the sculler, will row the boats.

The German Emperor and Empress were accompanied by a retinue of seventy-three persons on their visit to Rome. No wonder the Italian court, with its restricted finances, is a little bit anxious about the piper's bill.

Unless an Austrian gains the consent of his wife, he can not get a passport to journey beyond the frontier of his own country.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Margaret refused to accompany King Humbert on a visit to Queen Victoria in Florence recently because Queen Victoria had neglected to return her call of five years ago.

Mr. Gladstone is one of those incautious people who do not destroy letters. The venerable statesman is said to have a collection of sixty thousand letters deposited in a strong room at Hawarden Castle.

Lieutenant Thorwald Fritsche of the British navy, who has come to this country for the purpose of beginning a three-years' service in the American navy, is said to be the first naval officer of a foreign power to receive permission to enter the navy of the United States.

The *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago announces that within a short time Thomas Nelson Page, the well-known story-writer, will marry Mrs. Henry Field, of Chicago, who has for two years been a widow. Henry Field was one of Chicago's millionaires, and a student of art and literature.

On the death of Ruskin's father, a fortune of \$600,000 with various other properties came to him, while a further sum of \$185,000 and a house remained for the widow. Eventually Ruskin received from his parents \$1,000,000, and all this money several years ago had passed from his hands.

A recent Roman decision condemns Prince Sciarra to three months' detention, a fine of five thousand francs, and the reimbursement of one million two hundred thousand francs to the state, for having allowed his pictures, which are indisputably his own property, to be sent out of the country.

Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard will retain control of the New York *Mail and Express* property in the interest of her son, whom Colonel Shepard desired to succeed him in the ownership of the paper. Should the young man on attaining his majority not desire to go into the business, the property will then be sold.

Surprise is expressed in England that so wealthy a nobleman as the Duke of Westminster should have been willing to sell Cliveden, even at the handsome price Mr. Astor offered for it. But the sale adds fifty thousand dollars a year to the duke's income, and he has a family of ten children to provide for.

M. Puvis de Chavannes has been commissioned by the city of Boston, to decorate with frescoes its new magnificent library. The conception and manner of execution have been very wisely left entirely to him to do exactly as he likes. This is naturally a great compliment to the celebrated artist, but, at the same time, most thoroughly merited.

Miss Murphy, the pioneer lady journalist of Australia, edits the Melbourne *Punch*, one of the most successful of the Australian comics. She is a great advocate of women's rights, and is very good-looking. Miss Murphy joined the staff of the paper she now edits some years ago, and has attained to her present position solely by her ability.

The "baby King" of Spain has ceased to amuse and entertain his subjects by his infantile graces, and has become a weakly and uninteresting child of larger growth. As he becomes more mature, he gives evidence that he has inherited the weaknesses of profligate ancestors. Officially he is Alfonso the Thirteenth, and the croakers think there is an omen in the unlucky number.

The Krupp family is considered to have attained the dignity of a dynasty. When Prince Napoleon visited the works at Essen, he exclaimed: "Why, this is a state within a state!" As a matter of fact, the present head of the house has under his orders more subjects than the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, who married Princess Victoria, the sister of the Emperor William. Seventy-four thousand human beings recognize the sway of one man, their master and the descendant of the founder of the works.

The Emperor of Russia's fear of nihilists does not appear to affect his appetite. At breakfast, tea, eggs, ham, and beef must be placed on his table. At luncheon, which is eaten at eleven o'clock, the Czar takes bouillon, with eggs, mutton-chops, and cold game. At this meal, he drinks three cups of strong coffee. At two o'clock, he eats a dish of milk and rice. Dinner, served at six o'clock, is a hearty meal, after the French pattern. Before going to bed, he stills the pangs of hunger with tea or coffee.

Young King Alexander of Serbia, who at seventeen has seized hold of the reins of government, is a broad-shouldered boy of medium height, rather handsome, and unusually intelligent. He is energetic and self-willed, and, for his years, unpleasantly cynical. At the time of the boy's *coup d'état*, his disreputable father was enjoying the pleasures which kings in exile pursue in Paris. Since he took up his residence in the French capital, Milan has made cards the serious business of his life and amours his avocation. He was seen at the Théâtre Français, one evening recently, with a female companion, who wore a *rivière* of diamonds around her neck as if to advertise her wealth.

The German Empress made her first visit to Rome on the occasion of the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy. For three weeks before her departure from Berlio, she listened to daily lectures upon the art treasures and interesting sights of the southern city from a professor of the university. The lectures were given in the palace. Her majesty was greatly interested in them. The empress, unlike her husband, has seen little of the world. She rarely accompanied the emperor on his excursions, and before her marriage she was altogether too poor to do much traveling. The German Emperor selected twenty-eight horses to be sent to Rome for the use of the empress—these, with gala and private carriages, were conveyed by a special train. The King of Italy, who has a nice taste for horse-flesh, and is a clever judge of the article, was greatly pleased with the really fine horses of the emperor.

NEW YORK RESTAURANTS.

"Flacour" discusses the Food Poudries of Gotham—Dooers for Dives and Luocheos for Lucullus—Prices and Meous
—From Delmonico's to the "Beaeries."

I have been reading Thackeray's inimitable paper on Dining in Paris, where to go, and what to order; and having read it, I glanced over an article in one of our daily papers on the same question as it presents itself to the New Yorker. How taste has changed, and how prices vary between this and the other side of the ocean! The New Yorker who eats his meal on the Boulevard will find that he could get the same repast in this city, quite as well cooked, perhaps a little dearer, and possibly better served; but what an advance the culinary science has made since Michael Angelo Titmarsh took his well-chosen dinner in Rue Neuve St. Augustine!

There is no better eating-house in the world than Delmonico's. Many rivals have risen, and some of them still shine with resplendent lustre; but none outshine Delmonico. Everything is so quiet and perfect. It is not like an eating-house, but rather like the *salle-à-manger* of a gentleman who is a connoisseur, and a gourmet, and to whom money is no object. Nor are the prices exorbitant. The cost of a plate of oysters is 25 cents; and such oysters! A plate of bisque of crab or shrimp is 60 cents; the waiter will serve you an excellent soup for 25 cents; but the bisque is a thing to remember when you are far away. Fish will vary from 40 cents for Spanish mackerel to 25 cents for cod or smelt, and a broiled deviled lobster will come to 75 cents. For meats, the tax ranges from 50 cents for an ordinary dish to \$2.50 for a *met* on which the *chef* has concentrated his powerful mind for two or three minutes. So with wines. Delmonico champagne is cheap at \$5 in comparison with other wines; there are fine clarets, burgundies, sauternes, and hocks which are worth \$3 and \$4; but the man who orders a bottle of première at \$1.50 will never regret it.

The Waldorf Restaurant is newer, showier, and dearer. Everything is of the best, and cooked by an artist; but surely 75 cents a plate for soup, 90 cents for fish, asparagus at \$1, and a chicken at \$2.50, are riotous luxuries. The portions are large, and one will sometimes suffice for two; but even so the cost of the meal is likely to exceed the traditional \$5 a head.

Many New Yorkers patronize the Savoy, which is an exceedingly well-kept restaurant. Here the soup and fish generally cost 50 cents each, and the meat, unless it be something quite out of the ordinary run, 75 cents; the wine is good, and no dearer than elsewhere. It is a good place for a family to go to; not so good for a man alone, as the portions are larger and he must pay for them whether he eats them or not. It is a long way uptown.

Another dining-room which is growing in popularity is that of the Holland House. It is rather cheaper than Delmonico's. Choice soups cost 50 cents; stuffed lobsters, 75 cents; fillet, \$1.25; peas, 50 cents; table wine, \$1.50. Less tempting dishes can be had for less. The wine is not commended by connoisseurs, but better *crus* can be had by doubling the price. The rooms are airy, the service good, the glass, and silver, and linen all that could be wished. Here you meet before the theatre hour people evidently of the right *monde* eating their dinners with the smiling faces which good feeding inspires.

The Hoffman and the Brunswick, which are Delmonico's nearest neighbors and rivals, are both taverns at which an honest man can satisfy his appetite with a clear conscience. They are not, perhaps, as swaggar as Delmonico's or the Waldorf; but they charge less for choice dishes, and the wines at the Hoffman enjoy a well-deserved reputation. Its patronage is chiefly derived from that class in society which is more or less directly affiliated with politics. The Brunswick in the old days was famous for its breakfasts. A cold partridge or cold prairie-hen, with a lobster-salad and a pint of dry Sauterne, was a breakfast for Lucullus.

A new restaurant, which aims at high rank, is connected with the Park Avenue Hotel. The room which opens from the street is long and handsomely furnished. Here the prices are lower: 30 cents for a good soup, 40 cents for an excellent fish, 90 cents for a dish of sweetbreads *jardinière*, other dishes below the tariff of the older swell restaurants. The table wine, which is probably from California, but is labeled "Park Avenue Claret," is charged to the guests at forty cents a pint, and is quite fair. The house is trying to make a reputation by its small sirloin steaks, which are said to be something marvelous.

Another good eating-house is Martin's, in University Place. Here the prices are still lower: Oysters, 25 cents; salad, 25 cents; quail, à la casserole, 50 cents; coffee, 10 cents; pint of claret or white wine, 40 cents. Here the waiters are French, while at the Park Avenue they are Irish, at Delmonico's Italian, and at the Waldorf cosmopolitan. On the average, the best waiters are Frenchmen, provided you fee them; they will do nothing without that; but Delmonico has some Italians who are perfect at their business, and now and then a Spaniard develops such a capacity that it is evident he was born to the napkin. The worst waiters are in the order named: Americans, German, and Irish.

On the corner of Twenty-Eighth and Broadway there is a new restaurant called the Imperial. This is especially intended for gourmets, and, in order to attract gentlemen, half-portiones are served. The cooking is admirable and the prices high. A *purée* of mushrooms is set down on the bill at 40 cents; a scollop of pompano at 75 cents; a timbale of game, \$1; *celery au jus*, 40 cents; a pint of table claret, 75 cents. Most of these clarets, if their antecedents were known, would turn out to be California wines, though the waiters are prepared with affidavits that they came from France.

Comparing these restaurants with the same class of institutions in Europe, we find that the English beat us in two of the raw materials used—beef and mutton; and the French in one—poultry. No such beef and mutton as you

can buy in Leadenhall Street Market is exhibited on our butchers' stalls, and our capons and spring chickens can not compare with the birds which are served at the Café de Paris or Tortoni's. In every other raw material the New York caterer has the advantage. It is sad to reflect that worthy Englishmen and Frenchmen go to their graves without ever having tasted shad or bluefish, with no acquaintance with prairie-chicken, and a limited knowledge of the canvas-back, without understanding the terrapin, and with such an ignorance of vegetables that they actually feed on turnips, and waste one of God's noblest gifts—a healthy appetite—on potatoes.

Thus far of restaurants established for Mr. and Mrs. Dives when they ask the Miss Cressuses to do them the honor, *et cetera*. It must not be supposed that New Yorkers, as a rule, spend \$5 a piece on their dinners or \$3 on their luncheons. The city is full of eating-houses where a wholesome meal can be procured for a tithe of these sums. There are a number of excellent restaurants where a steak and a cup of coffee—both good of their kind—can be procured for 30 cents, and a dinner—with soup, a cut from the joint, and a couple of glasses of lager—for 50 cents. Downtown, the human machine can coal up for even less money. In the streets which run from Broadway to the North River, below Duane Street, there used to be, and no doubt there are still, eating-counters at which the hungry traveler can procure a plate of steak and onions—as much as he can eat—and a cup of coffee for a York shilling. They used to be largely patronized by those who arrived by the Jersey trains and the river boats, and whose appetite had an edge like a razor. Was that the reason why there never was such steak and onions since—as *moi qui vous parle* can honestly testify?

The New York *table d'hôte* is an abomination—as *tables d'hôte* are everywhere, except, perhaps, in Paris. One can not overcome the feeling that the little round and oblong dishes, together with their contents, are old acquaintances, that men may come and men may go, but they come on the table forever. In the ancient days, the Lake Champlain boats discharged their passengers at a village called Whitehall, where travelers took the train for Albany or New York. The touters for the hotel showed the way into the dining-room, collected fifty cents in advance per person, and bade every one be seated for breakfast. People had no sooner taken their seats than a bell rang, a dozen railroad men shouted in chorus "All aboard!" and everybody rushed for the cars. The story goes that a traveler, imbued with the malign spirit of the devil, passing that way in May and having to leave his breakfast behind, cut a nick in the wing of a fowl to mark it; returning over the same ground in October, he found that same wing, with that same nick in it, and burst into tears for joy, as he explained to a waiter, at meeting so old and staunch a friend.

NEW YORK, May 13, 1893.

One of the moral mysteries of life in Paris is in the apparent harshness with which fate pursues those *femmes galantes* who, by comparison with others placed under the same category, are accounted "serious." Their seriousness is in this: that they avoid scandal as much as possible, and endeavor to escape from the life they have chosen or been driven to, by cultivating that prudence in expenditure which is one of the strong qualities of the Frenchwoman in all conditions. This is a subject that has been forced upon public attention of late years by the growing frequency with which women of the class and habits referred to have been murdered in Paris. Judging from statistics relating to crimes of this category committed in Paris, society appears to be almost incapable of protecting or avenging the victims. The murderers are never captured, except by some curious accident, or unless, as in the case of Pranzini, they place no limit to their imprudence. The immunity which usually attends the perpetrators of these crimes can not fail to excite a ferocious spirit of imitation in those men who look upon women as their prey and who exist by the vilest expedients. Every such woman knows that she goes in continual risk of her life, and that of all members of society she is the least protected.

One of the princes of the Italian royal house, said to be the king's nephew, Duke des Abruzzes, recently paid a visit to Monte Carlo with disastrous results. He lost at the tables every cent in his royal pockets, and, failing to take warning by that run of hard luck, played on until he had drawn checks on his private banking account in Rome to the amount of seven hundred and fifty thousand francs, which represented all his "liquid assets." Then he decided that he was not destined to be a bank-breaker, and went home and confessed his folly. King Humbert, who is a pattern of frugality, forgave the young man and helped him out of the privy purse, but, as the head of the family, his majesty has strictly forbidden any member of the royal house to visit the Casino at Monte Carlo or any other gambling-house under pain of being sent to military duty in Africa.

April fooling in print is a rather serious matter in Berlin. The editor of an *extrablatt* who gave a full account of an attempt to assassinate the Czar on the first of April last, has just been convicted and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, in addition to a heavy fine. His name is Hebel. The printer, Dittbrenner, who published the fun, was fined three hundred and twenty marks. Three other funny fellows who printed April-fool jokes have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from two to six weeks.

When Mrs. Potter Palmer drove the golden nail in the World's Fair building, there was some anxiety on the part of the by-standers. They feared she might hit her finger, and they feared also she might hit them. But a carpenter had already driven the nail nearly to the head, and the lookers-on stood at a distance.

THE LOVES OF THE MUSICIANS.

Romances Retold from "The Private Life of Great Composers."

A very interesting book is the "Private Life of Great Composers," by John Frederick Rowbotham, author of "The History of Music." It contains biographies of fifteen famous musicians, giving but little criticism of their productions. As Mayo W. Hazleton writes, in his review of the book in the New York *Sun*, it is the man and not the artist whom he has striven to delineate.

Handel is one of Mr. Rowbotham's heroes. He seems to have been an exceedingly handsome man. Our authority says:

"His demeanor is described as noble and majestic, his features were beautifully molded, his eyes full of sympathy, and his general aspect was striking to a degree. In his youth, when he figured in the salons of Italy, all the ladies are reported to have been in love with him. Several of them actually threw themselves at his head, but no amour, no passing attachment, ruffled even for a moment the maestro's serenity. Similar attractions awaited him in England, but in all his relations with the musical society of London there is not a recorded instance of his being offensively impressed with the tender passion. We are told that, while he was in England, one of his pupils fell in love with him, and Handel, to some extent, returned her passion. So thoroughly hushed up was the affair, that we do not know even her name or anything about her beyond the fact that she lived in London and was a member of the aristocracy. The attachment between the master and pupil continued for some time, and Handel, with his practical temper, was anxious to marry the girl, for whom he had conceived an affection. Those who recall how Pizozzi was regarded half a century later, do not need to be told how a foreign musician would be looked upon by the English aristocracy of Handel's day. There is reason to believe, however, that overtures were made to the composer, the suggestion being that, if he would abandon his profession, his marriage with the young lady might be tolerated. Handel rejected the proposal, and added words to the effect that he considered music the noblest occupation in which a man could engage.

"Years afterward, a similar incident occurred in the life of Handel. Once more he was the object of silent adoration on the part of a beautiful pupil, and once more his cold and austere temperament was awakened from its lethargy. The prospect of marriage with the lady was again dashed by his lack of an equal social standing. Nothing short of a complete renunciation of music would have prevailed upon the parents to consent to their daughter's union with the composer. Once again there was offered to Handel the choice of domestic happiness, coupled with the abnegation of all that to him rendered life worth living. Without a moment's hesitation, he refused to give up his art.

"Not a love-letter remains to bear witness to these passages of affection in Handel's life. They left no trace behind, unless some reminiscence of them may be detected in the soft melodies of 'Theodora,' or in the impassioned strains of 'Acis and Galatea.'"

Handel naturally suggests Haydn, of whom we are told:

"As a poor boy in Vienna he was glad to accept from a good-natured wigmaker the offer of an attic room; he continued to occupy it for many years, and used to take his meals at the family table without paying for them. The wigmaker had two daughters, the elder of whom was as much distinguished by the sweetness of her disposition as the younger was for her scolding tongue and quarrelsome temper. While Haydn was a guest at Keller's house, the bright eyes and amiable ways of the elder sister made a deep impression on him. Unluckily for him, she was a devout Catholic, and meekly acquiesced in the suggestion of her confessor that she should enter a convent. Poor as he was, Haydn endeavored to prevent the fulfillment of the plan, and repeatedly told Keller that he should particularly like to call him father-in-law. Keller, however, did not take the hint, and Haydn gradually abandoned hope.

"Years afterward, when Haydn was enjoying a competence through the liberality of the Esterhazys, he again came into contact with Keller, who was now in reduced circumstances. To show his gratitude to his former benefactor, Haydn proposed for the hand of the younger daughter, and was accepted. The temper of this young woman must have been well known to him, and she does not seem to have been more celebrated for virtue than she was for amiability. On the whole, she was a woman to be avoided, but she was Keller's daughter, and the effusive heart of Haydn overlooked all the drawbacks to the match. The ultimate effect of this marriage was to drive Haydn away from his home whenever he wanted quiet or recreation. His happiest evenings were henceforth spent out of doors, at other people's houses, and generally in the drawing-room of some female acquaintance whom he treated as a confidante or paid court to as an admirer. Haydn was by nature much disposed to gallantry, and in his later years his relations with women were somewhat lax."

It is well known that Chopin and Liszt, as well as Alfred de Musset, figured in the life of George Sand. Of the former we learn:

"Chopin was handsome in youth, but the ravages of an illness to which he was continually subject converted him, in middle life, into a cadaverous-looking man who could only by a stretch of the imagination be credited with good looks. Added to an unprepossessing countenance was a very fragile and delicate physique, which bore witness to great bodily weakness. Fond as he was of mixing in society, his temperament was the reverse of gay; by nature he was reserved and taciturn. His practice at the piano was so incessant that he caused permanent injury to his spine by sitting on a stool, with his back unsupported, for hours at a stretch. He would sometimes repeat one bar over and over again nearly a thousand times."

It is customary to think of Chopin as a Pole, and he used to indulge in much romantic talk about Polish patriotism; but, as a matter of fact, he was born in Poland by accident, being the son of a French teacher of languages, who had settled in Warsaw. His career began in this wise:

"He first played in Paris, in 1831, when he was barely twenty-one years old. There, for about six years, he lived a happy and comparatively untroubled life; but then the seeds of consumption began to develop in his delicate frame, and about the same time he formed the acquaintance of George Sand. The attachment between them lasted nearly eleven years, from about 1836 to 1847, and when it was broken, the effect on the enfeebled constitution of Chopin was to hasten his death, which, in any event, must have soon occurred. Throughout this *liaison*, he was the constant prey of jealousy, for which George Sand gave him good ground. Her eccentricities pained him; being himself fastidious, he shrank from seeing the lady clad in men's clothes, cocking one leg over the back of a chair and emitting blue clouds of smoke. Chopin sank into sickness soon after the acquaintance began, and on George Sand devolved the duty of nursing him. In the hope of recruiting his health, she took him to Majorca; but the 'detestable patient,' as she calls him, did not improve, and in the spring of 1840, she took him to her place at Nohant.

"Various causes are assigned by those who were acquainted with the pair for their eventual separation. According to Liszt, who knew them both intimately, Chopin was strongly opposed to the marriage of George Sand's daughter, and this was the cause of the rupture. Karasowski maintains, with greater probability, that the lady grew tired of the invalid, and finding that, with the broadest of hints, she could not get rid of him, she caricatured him in the novel 'Lucrezia Floriani,' the proof-sheets of which she handed him to correct. There is no doubt that the Prince Karol in that book is intended for Chopin, and if the world at large can see the resemblance, he could scarcely fail to detect it. Whatever was the cause, the separation came at last in 1847. Chopin took it bitterly to heart; and two years later he expired of consumption, at the age of forty."

Few persons are aware that for the exquisite love-music of

Schubert we are largely indebted to an incident in his private life, as the following shows:

"Circumstances forced Schubert to realize in his own experience and to reproduce in his music the most exalted conception of the tender passion. He fell head over ears in love with Count Esterhazy's youngest daughter, a girl only ten or eleven years old, who could hardly be expected to return the composer's affection. Yet he continued in nurse his hopeless passion—hopeless in a double sense, both from the child's extreme youth and from her social position, which put marriage out of the question. Caroline, for that was her name, was undeniably pretty, as attractive as her lover was unattractive. She was ten, he was over twenty. She was the daughter of one of the proudest houses in Austria; he was of humble extraction, without a penny in the world. If Schubert had deliberately planned for his own sorrow an infatuation altogether desperate, he could not have contrived one superior to this masterpiece of folly."

But few details of the seraphic amour are extant. One characteristic anecdote, however, is recounted:

"For the numerous compositions which he wrote for his musical reunions with his fair pupils, the maestro had penned dedications to every member of the family. Scarcely an Esterhazy existed who had not a composition of Schubert's inscribed in his or her honor. Caroline alone of the whole family could not boast of the distinction, and one day she interrogated her silent lover on the point.

"What is the reason," she asked, "that I, alone of the whole house, have no composition dedicated to me?"

"To you," replied Schubert, with a gallantry which even awkward men can at times display, "to you is all my music consecrated. Every bar is written for you."

Perhaps the most assiduously courted of these musicians was the Abbe Liszt, of whom our author says:

"Franz Liszt was one of George Sand's lovers; but it was not far from her that he felt the great passion of his life. It was just after her return from her sojourn in Venice with Alfred de Musset that George Sand met Liszt, who was then about twenty years old. He seems to have given her much the same sort of affection which she experienced for him; there was no depth of romantic feeling in it—it was simply the expression of a capricious fancy which either party was at liberty to drop. The liaison formed on these terms, however, lasted for three years, when it was dissolved by mutual consent, George Sand transferring what she called her heart to Chopin.

"The next lady of whom Liszt became enamored was the Comtesse Adèle Laprunarde, who afterward became the Duchesse de Fleury. Mme. Laprunarde had been married, while very young, to an elderly man without talents, accomplishments, or sympathies with any of her tastes. The natural result of vacuity at home was to make the countess seek recreation elsewhere, and she haunted the salons where Liszt played. Ultimately her infatuation for Liszt increased to such a point that she persuaded her husband to invite him to spend the winter with them at their château at Marlioz, in Switzerland. The old count must be credited with stone-blindness in thus throwing his charming wife into the company of the man for whom she openly expressed her admiration. Nevertheless, he did so; and, for a while winter, Liszt, like a second Antony in the society of his Cleopatra, stayed at the château of Marlioz."

But the most serious of his attachments, his great passion, is narrated in the following extracts:

"The Comtesse d'Agout, known in the world of letters under the pseudonym of 'Daniel Stern,' was a woman of thirty years of age when she first met Liszt, and the mistress of one of the most intellectual salons of Paris. Her husband was a man of high position in the army, and she herself was the mother of three children. George Sand has sketched her portrait—divinely fair, with a wealth of yellow hair falling in soft locks on her white shoulders, and her eyes reflecting the finest blue of the firmament.

"Liszt was brought one day by one of his friends to her salon, and from the very first moment she was strongly attracted to him. Their friendship speedily ripened into the most ardent attachment. Just at this time, however, the youngest daughter of the countess fell ill and died. With a seeming inconsistency, which is, nevertheless, easy to understand, the countess forbade the composer her house; but the prohibition was soon recalled, and, when the first anguish of her grief was over, she saw him more frequently than ever. When the Paris season of that year came to an end, Liszt told her that he must now travel through other European countries for the purpose of giving concerts. To his surprise, she vehemently refused to allow him to separate himself from her. The pianist accordingly canceled his engagements and remained in Paris, hiring rooms in a remote quarter of the town, where the countess was his most assiduous visitor. Such intercourse, however, did not satisfy the inclinations of a woman who scorned a life of subterfuge and who, if she made a false step, preferred to own it in the face of the world and to brave the consequences. She declared to Liszt that when he left Paris, she would abandon husband and family and go with him. Thereupon Liszt appealed to her mother, the Comtesse de Flavigny, who at last prevailed upon her daughter, if not to give up Liszt, at least to leave Paris for a time.

"Here commences Liszt's share of blame in the affair. No sooner did he hear that the Comtesse d'Agout had gone to Basle than he followed her thither. Hearing that he was in Basle, she left her mother and went to the hotel where he was staying. For the next ten years she was his constant companion. The pair were ostracized from the world of fashion; but Liszt could not be debarred from the concert platform. With the Comtesse d'Agout, he journeyed from one city to another, teaching music and giving concerts. For ten years they lived together, at the end of which time Liszt separated from the countess on account of her violent temper, which had made life unendurable."

Another picturesque figure in this gallery is Rossini, of whom we glean the following facts:

"Rossini began to write operas at the age of eighteen, and contrived to combine music and pleasure in an unparalleled way. If we would form even an inadequate idea of him as he was, we should conjure up the figure of Sheridan, whose life seemed to pass in a whirl of pleasure, yet was by no means without a harvest of good work. In the same way, Rossini seemed to make self-indulgence the object of his existence. No one could tell how he managed to compose, for the greater part of his time was spent in pleasant society amid gay associates, often in questionable intrigues, at the dinner-tables of the rich, and at the drinking bouts of dissolute musicians."

Of his numerous love adventures, the following is recounted in the book before us:

"Once, when he was at Palermo, a messenger—grotesque in appearance, ugly, ill-shapen, and hunchbacked—entered the room with a letter. The little note, a perfumed one, was a *billet-doux* from a lady appointing a rendezvous with the gallant composer at a sequestered place in the outskirts of the city. On arriving there, he found a vision lovely enough to dazzle any man's eyes and to precipitate him into the most romantic passion. A few days afterward the same ugly messenger appeared in Rossini's quarters, and, delivering a second letter, went away. There was something in the man's gait which recalled to Rossini's mind his charmer of a few days before, and, suspecting a mystification, he resolved to follow him. He traced him to the mansion of a rich Sicilian merchant, and, from his observations made on the way, became perfectly convinced that the lady and the messenger were one and the same.

"He now congratulated himself on having gathered together the threads of a delightful intrigue; but, at the next assignation, no sooner had he clasped the lady in his arms than a loud report was heard, and a bullet whistled past his head. Rossini, who was naturally of a timid disposition, dropped the hour at once and made off at the top of his speed, vowing that among the cut-throat Sicilians he would never indulge in a love affair again.

"Rossini was twice married—first to Isabella Colbran, a prima donna of repute and talent, who, despite his numerous infidelities, made him a very good wife; and, second, when he was fifty-four years of age, to Olympe Pelissier, who survived him."

Lack of space alone prevents our making further quotation from this unique book. From the extracts given above, however, our readers can form an estimate of its quality.

AMERICANS IN LONDON.

"Cockaigne" tells about the London Season—Mrs. Mackay's Absence—The Astors and Vanderbilts—Why they do not "Catch On."

The first of May is at hand, and by it is marked the ideal opening of the London season. For a week or two, however, before that date, the season, as a general thing, virtually begins. If Parliament is in session, as is usually the case during the early spring, most of the great people of the land, and, in the majority of cases, their families, have perforce to be in London; and it is the presence of those great people (and their satellites and imitators) in the national metropolis which makes the London season every year. Just now, it is true that the House of Commons is a trifle too radical in its political complexion to affect that high order of English society whose doings from May to August constitute the marrow and backbone of the season. For example, no one in the West End cares a straw whether John Burns, the socialist, or George Newnes, the *Tid-Bits* and *Strand Magazine* proprietor, are in London or not. Neither they nor their families have anything to do with society. The people who live in Mayfair and Belgrave for the summer months each year know nothing of John Burns or George Newnes, yet both of these men are members of Parliament. Of course there are (as ever) no end of gentlemen and social swells in the House of Commons. But Parliament does not consist only of the House of Commons. It has its House of Lords as well, and it matters not how its members may be recruited by the addition of an occasional brewer, like Bass, Allsopp, or Guinness, or a periodic railway contractor, like Brassey; in the main, the hereditary chamber contains the blue blood of the land, without the presence and co-operation of the possessors of which high society would be a thing impossible.

The House of Lords has just reassembled after their holiday. As all days must be holidays to these gentlemen of title, it is difficult to comprehend what novelty a recess can make them acquainted with. Yet they were quite a fortnight longer in reassembling than the House of Commons were, and, since that portentous occasion, their quantum of daily work has rarely exceeded three-quarters of an hour's duration. It is no uncommon thing to read in the published proceedings of Parliament, under the heading of House of Lords, this announcement at the beginning: "The lord chancellor took his seat on the woolsack at a quarter-past four"; and this at the end: "Their lordships adjourned at twenty minutes to five," the short interim of work consisting of a few dry comments on some trifling matter by three or four of the bare quorum present.

How the long-suffering English people put up with such nonsense is a puzzle whose solution can only be sought and found in a blind adherence to that maxim so dear to Tory hearts: *Stare antiquas vias*. However, time and a few more glaring instances of obstructing the popular will, as it is shown in the votes of the House of Commons, will awaken the country from its delusion and bring about the long threatened abolition of hereditary law-makers. No one knows this better than the lords themselves, and their feelings are not to be envied with the Home Rule Bill staring them in the face. What are they to do? Dare they reject it? On the other hand, dare they pass it? Doubtless their courage will lead them where their inclinations point, and much of the Tory-encouraged agitation against the bill has been wrought to bolster up the future action of the House of Lords in defeating the measure, and to give the rejection an appearance of wishing to consider the rights and claims of a large and respectable portion of the nation who happen unfortunately to be in a numerical minority.

The Royal Academy's annual exhibition opens on Monday, and already the list of fashionable entertainments to follow is increasing daily. A prominent figure in London seasons for many years past, and one than whom there is none more popular in the highest circles—from Marlborough House and the Prince of Wales's set down to the bottom of the swim—will, I fear, be missing, for a time, at all events. I allude to Mrs. Mackay. No American lady holds—has ever held—her place in London society of the highest ranks. She can not be compared with those American ladies who have married Englishmen of rank or position. Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Mandeville, Lady Playfair, Lady Waterlow, Mrs. Paget, and Mrs. Naylor-Leyland—all have bad English husbands to give them prominence and aid them in attaining and retaining a foremost position in high life. I do not wish to detract one iota from any of these ladies. They are all charming and estimable specimens of American womanhood, and would ornament the cultured and refined side of any society in the world. I know English society pretty well, and I say: Would they have held the position they do in it without help? I think not.

But Mrs. Mackay has not had this help. Unaided and alone she has achieved a leading position for herself. She has to thank her own superior merits for the unprecedented recognition and appreciation she has received in English society from the highest in the land. In this I say that she is unique. There may be some people who would not go so far with me as this, and will reply: "Look at Mrs. Ronalds." But Mrs. Ronalds's position in London and in English society differs vastly from that of Mrs. Mackay. No American lady ever went into higher English society than Mrs. Ronalds. Few have gone so high. But while ever a guest in great request in the houses of the great in town and country alike, and a charming and incomparable hostess in her own house to such of the *crime de la crime* as she chose to honor by the entrée to it, she has lacked the unlimited means which everybody who knows English society will admit are essential to the occupation and retention of a leading position in it, and which Mrs. Mackay possesses. Mrs. Mackay has thousands—aye, tens of thousands—where Mrs. Ronalds has hundreds. And so I contend that Mrs. Mackay, as an

American lady, and as purely an American lady, is *sui generis* in London. Not only is she, from her personal merits and charms and graces, the equal of any American lady in English society, but from her fortune she is their superior.

To people who may turn up their noses and say, "Oh, yes, money, that's it," I answer, "That's not it." Pray note the Vanderbilts and the Astors. They have more money than Mrs. Mackay. Yet have they ever gained her position in London? Have they ever had a tithe of the recognition and appreciation she has received from the highest society to be found in England? Certainly not. The Vanderbilts and Astors are simply "rich Americans." I believe that is the only category they fit into. Ask any one about them—in society, I mean—and see if they will not say: "Oh, yes. You mean those rich Americans." Well, there are thousands of "rich Americans" that the Vanderbilts and Astors would hate to be classed with—yet that is what they get by coming to live in England. Instead of dazzling people, they find themselves filling a position far below that which they occupy in America. In short, the Vanderbilts and Astors are "somebody" in America. In England, they are nobody hut—rich Americans.

The Vanderbilts found this out a few years ago, when they came and took Lady Herbert of Lea's house in London for the season. They fell flat. I think that season cured the Vanderbilts of wanting to live in England any more. Now we have the Astors ensconced in Lord Lansdowne's mansion, where they have been for a year or more. They are very nice people, of course, and they entertain and live well and have plenty of money, but in these things they are just like hundreds of other English people who have rank and position far above the Astors. Mr. Astor's literary tastes and abilities are recommendations quite apart from social credentials, but there are hundreds of Englishmen who write better than he does.

I have just mentioned the Vanderbilts and Astors to emphasize my idea of Mrs. Mackay's social position in England and in London society of the highest order. I repeat that it is unique. No American lady holds the sway she does, and her return will be welcomed as the return of no other American lady I know of will be welcomed.

LONDON, April 28, 1893.

COCKAIGNE.

The old rumors formerly current in London society with regard to the paternity of the half-brothers of the present Marquis of Salisbury, are likely to be revived by the peculiar character of the will of the late Earl of Derby. It seems that the earl left everything that he could possibly alienate from the entailed estates to his widow, with the remainder to her three sons by her former husband, the father of the present Marquis of Salisbury. Writing of this in the *New York World*, Frederick Wycoller says:

"I have often heard it alleged that the father of Lords Arthur, Sackville, and Lionel Cecil, the half-brothers of the Tory leader, was not the late marquis, but Lord Derby, and color was certainly lent to the statement by the fact that the old marquis was going on toward seventy at the time of the birth of the children of his second wife, a lady almost half a century his junior, and that she was known to be the Egeria in those days of Lord Derby, or, as he was then, Lord Stanley, a young fellow under thirty years of age. Indeed, the intimacy between the marchioness and Lord Stanley created something very much akin to a public scandal, which only passed into oblivion when, a few months after becoming a widow, the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury became the Countess of Derby. I do not know whether the old marquis had any doubts as to the paternity of the three boys with which his young wife had presented him, but the fact remains that he left them entirely unprovided for, and that the present master of Hatfield has refused to have anything whatsoever to do with them. Indeed, so straightened have been their circumstances, that they have been obliged to work for their living, the two younger boys as farmers up in Scotland and the elder of the three as assistant manager of the Metropolitan Underground Railroad. The fact that they should have been so manifestly provided for by Lord Derby will certainly tend to increase the impression that he considered himself as responsible for their existence. Between the now widowed Countess of Derby and the present Marquis of Salisbury the bitterest animosity exists. Its origin dates back to the time of her marriage to his father, whom she embittered to such an extent against him that he was not only driven from beneath the paternal roof, but also had his allowance stopped, which rendered it necessary for him to do newspaper writing for a living. It was in those days that he tried his luck as a gold-digger in Australia, but without success; and the only venture from which he derived any profit was that of literature. Lord Salisbury not only holds the countess responsible for the hard times which he suffered during his younger days, but also detests her for the dishonor which he considers her to have brought upon his family name and escutcheon. Indeed, to such an extent does he carry this animosity against his step-mother, that the reason why he made so little protest against the expulsion of Lord Sackville from Washington was because the envoy in question happened to be the favorite brother of the Countess of Derby."

American naval officers are said to be drawing invidious comparisons between the youthfulness of the naval officers on the foreign war-ships that have been on view here recently and the grizzled age of American officers of the same rank. It is pointed out that many British officers attain the rank of commander at thirty-five, while in Uncle Sam's naval service it is rare, indeed, that an officer, however deserving, is elevated to that dignity before he is fifty. Frequently, in the United States, compulsory retirement at sixty-two overtakes an aspiring officer before he passes beyond the grade of lieutenant-commander.

A saying by Prince Metternich is going the rounds of the press, to the effect that in his whole life he had known but ten or twelve persons with whom it was pleasant to converse. Lord Macaulay once observed that there were not ten people in the world whose deaths would spoil his dinner, and we have Chauncey Depew's word for it that a man forms few friendships after the age of forty.

Jonathan Stanhope, an eccentric old gentleman of Wayne County, Ind., proposes to paper his parlor with one, two, and five-cent Columbian stamps. He estimates that the freak will cost him about three thousand eight hundred dollars.

Mr. D. W. Hughes, of Mexico, Mo., possesses one of the few patents issued by the Confederate Government. It was for a breech-plug for a cannon.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

One of the most noteworthy popular successes in recent years has been the series of biographies translated from the French of Imbert de Saint-Amand, relating to the famous women of the French court, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Says the *Book-Buyer*:

"The various editions of the fifteen volumes thus far published amount to nearly one hundred thousand copies. Several new volumes are to be added to the list, and it is worthy of note that these new volumes in this popular series, unlike their predecessors, will each describe the careers of several women of the French court, and contain numerous portraits. The women whose careers are described in the first volume, 'The Women of the Valois Court,' include Marguerite d'Angoulême, Catherine de Medici, Diane de Poitiers, Marie Stuart, Elizabeth de France, Jeanne d'Albret, Marguerite de Valois, Elisabeth d'Autriche, and Louise de Vaudemont. 'The Court of Louis XIV.,' 'The Court of Louis XV.,' and 'The Last Years of the Court of Louis XV.' are in preparation for publication in the autumn."

A new publishing firm just formed in London, McClure & Co., consists of Mr. Robert McClure, brother of Mr. S. S. McClure, of New York city, and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, the humorist.

The following clipping is from a Toronto periodical:

"'Poseidon's Paradise,' by Elizabeth G. Birkenmaier, is a romance of Atlantis. Things that are long past are not facts, but fiction. The ancient believed, only knew of those who have everything, those who have only works of celebrated authors, and those who buy only the ends of which are pleasant. Another peculiarity about the French novel in New York is its price. When it was taxed 25 per cent, at the custom-house, and the actual cost of a three-franc-fifty-centime volume was (tariff and postage included, but discount excluded) about 53 cents, the book-sellers charged \$1.40. Now that there is no tariff on French books, and the actual cost of a three-franc-fifty-centime novel in New York, including postage, is 75 cents, the book-sellers charge only 75 cents."

"Singularly Deluded" is the title of a remarkable novel of incident by the author of "Idola," "The Heavenly Twins," etc., which will appear immediately in Appleton's Town and Country Library.

The facts about New York readers of French books are recorded in the *Times*:

"New Yorkers are classified in some book-stores as readers of French memoirs and readers of French novels. The former buy all the memoirs, but the latter are divided into those who buy everything, those who buy only works of celebrated authors, and those who buy only the ends of which are pleasant. Another peculiarity about the French novel in New York is its price. When it was taxed 25 per cent, at the custom-house, and the actual cost of a three-franc-fifty-centime volume was (tariff and postage included, but discount excluded) about 53 cents, the book-sellers charged \$1.40. Now that there is no tariff on French books, and the actual cost of a three-franc-fifty-centime novel in New York, including postage, is 75 cents, the book-sellers charge only 75 cents."

Two new volumes of essays announced at Breton's are "Safe Studies," ranging in topic from literary egotism to the upper Eogadine, and "Stones of Stouiblog," the latter written by the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache and the second by him and Mrs. Tollemache.

It is proposed to begin the publication shortly of six dainty little volumes, fully illustrated, of stories from *Scribner's Magazine*. The first of these volumes will consist of and be called "Stories of New York." The titles of the stories are:

"From Four to Six," by Annie Eliot; "The Commonest Possible Story," by Elise Leroy; "To End of the Beginning," by George A. Hibbard; "A Puritan Ingenue," by John S. Wood; and "Mrs. Manstey's View," by Edith Wharton. The second volume, "Stories of the Railway," will have for its contents: "As the Sparks Fly Upwards," by George A. Hibbard; "How I Sent My Aunt to Bali-hood," by Charles S. Davidson; "Rum to Seed," by Thomas Nelson Page; and "Flandre's Mogul," by A. C. Gordon. The volumes to follow will be "Stories of the South," "Stories of the Sea," "Stories of Italy," and "Stories of the Army."

There has been a magazine started in England recently which is run on a plan entirely novel and original. An author's manuscript is published if he subscribes for a certain number of copies. The space allowed the author depends upon the number of copies he shows a willingness to buy.

Another copy of the rare original edition of Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" has come to light in this wise:

"Near Lewiston, Me., an auctioneer, a few weeks ago, while selling some old household furniture, put up an old bean-pot full of miscellaneous articles, and, getting no bids, knocked it down to himself for ten cents, only to find that it contained, besides an old razor, a copy of 'Fanshawe.' He had read in a Boston paper that a copy had sold recently for one hundred and thirty-one dollars and fifty cents, and at once communicated with Boston buyers, one of whom gave him one hundred dollars for the book. If the book was in the original boards, it was worth more than one hundred dollars."

The "exhibition number" of *Scribner's Magazine* is so called, not because it describes the World's Fair, but because it is an exhibit of American literature and art, containing contributions from the following authors and artists:

W. D. Howells, Boutet de Monvel, Howard Pyle, Bret Harte, George H. Boughton, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, A. B. Frost, F. S. Church, Thomas Hardy, Robert Louis Stevenson, Franciscus Sarcey, W. T. Smedley, W. L. Metcalf, Sarah Orne Jewett, C. D. Gibson, C. S. Reinhart,

Frances Hodgson-Burnett, R. B. Birch, William Hathrell, Albert Lynch, Henry James, E. H. Blasfield, Walter Besant, L. Marchetti, Alfred Parsons, Robert Blum, A. B. Wenzell, Irving R. Wiles, H. S. Mowbray, H. C. Bunner, J. Alden Weir, George W. Cable, W. E. Closson, Elbridge Kingsley, Wilson de Meza, and E. W. Kemble.

The new and revised edition of the standard American guide-book, "Appleton's General Guide to the United States and Canada," will contain an illustrated description of the Columbian Exposition, with other new and important features.

Two more of the novels of F. Mario Crawford remain to be added to the new edition, "Paul Patoff," which will be published immediately, and "Ao Americao Politician," which is being rewritten, and which may, consequently, go over until the autumn. Mr. Crawford's new story, "Pietro Ghisleri," which is in course of serial publication in the New York *Sunday Tribune*, will be issued toward the end of this month.

A novel by John Kendrick Baugs, called "Toppleton's Client," will be published soon.

A translation of Waliszewski's work on Catharism the Second of Russia, for which there has been so large a sale in Paris, is already in the press of the Messrs. Appleton.

Mr. John H. Scribner, who for fifteen years has been identified with the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons as a literary adviser, has resigned that position to become business-manager of the Presbyterian Board of Publication in Philadelphia, succeeding Mr. John A. Black. Mr. Scribner is a Princeton man and a nephew of the late Charles Scribner, the founder of the Scribner firm. Mr. E. W. Morse succeeds Mr. Scribner, without, however, resigning the post he has filled so acceptably for several years—that of editor of the *Book-Buyer*.

New Publications.

"Monte Carlo: Its Sio and Splendor," by "Ooe of the Victims," has been published by N. C. Smith & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"Christ," a striking dramatic poem in three acts, by C. Sadakicbi Hartmann, son of a German father and a Japanese mother, has been published by the author in New York.

"Strange Sights Abroad," the fourth volume of "Oliver Optic's" All-Over-the-World Series, has been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Moosieur Nasson and Others," by Grace Howard Peirce, has been published in the Goldee Library by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Reverend Melancthon Poundex," a posthumous novel by the late Doon Platt, is the story of the Beecher-Tilton scandal put into the mold of fiction. Published by Robert J. Belford, Chicago; price, 75 cents.

"The Heart of Midlothian" has been issued as the seventh volume of the handsome new Dryburgh edition of Sir Walter Scott's Waverley novels. The illustrations are by William Hole, engraved on wood by J. D. Cooper. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

"Social Strugglers," by H. H. Boyesen, is a novel of society, in which are shown the methods by which a parvenu family fight their way to a lofty position on the social ladder. It is a well-told story, cynical in places and peopled with well-drawn types. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

A fourth edition has just been issued of "The Shadows of the Lake," a little book of verses by Frank Leyton. The poems are tinged with melancholy, and generally express sympathy with the sufferings of mankind, with here and there picturesque descriptions of scenes of nature. Published by Loogmans, Greco & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Commander Mendoza" is a charming story, as were "Pepita Jimenez" and "Doña Luz," by the same author, Juan Valera. It has for its hero a Spanish gentleman of a hundred years ago, who served in the army, witnessed the Revolution in Paris, and, after an eventful career, settled down to the life of a country gentleman in the town where lives a pretty young girl who is really his daughter, though she does not bear his name. She is in love, and the commander, with the aid of a kindly old priest, saves

her from a distasteful marriage. The local color is strong, and the story is an interesting one. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Hangiog Moss," a novel translated from the German of Paul Lindau by Winchester Ayer and Helen Folger, is a tale in which illicit passions run riot. Hugo Hall, a successful dramatist, deserts the girl who had every right to expect that he would marry her, for Mme. Leonie Welsheim, whose husband is very complaisant, and is in his turn thrown over for a teor with a high C. In time the male Welsheim rebels and divorces his wife, whereupon she marries the tenor and, his voice falling him, ends her days in drudgery and beatings from that unfeeling brute. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

In the series of Laurel-Crowned Letters the new volume is "The Best Letters of William Cowper," edited with an introduction by Anna B. McMahon. "Pious Cowper," as Byron calls him, did not begin to write for the public until he had passed the fifth decade of his life, and in ten years he made himself the popular English poet of his day. In his youth he was frivolous, and he was confined for eighteen months, when a young man, in a mad-house. Naturally, the life of such a man and his views of the persons and events of his time are deeply interesting, and these the letters here reproduced are well calculated to exhibit. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

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THE JOURNAL, Providence, R. I.

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THE UNION, Springfield, Mass.

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It is a curious thing that, though it is getting on for three centuries since the death of Samuel Pepys, nobody seems to be quite certain yet as to how to pronounce his name. Some time ago, the following lines on the subject were circulated:

"There are people I'm told—some say there are heaps—Who speak of the talkative Samuel as Peeps; And some, so precise and pedantic their step is, Who call the delightful old Diarist, Pepys; But those I think right, and I follow their steps, Ever mention the garrulous gossip as Peps!"

His latest editor, Mr. Wheatley, says: "At present there are three pronunciations in use—*Peps*, which is the most usual; *Pepys*, which is the received one at Magdalen College, Cambridge; and *Peppi*, which I learn from Mr. Walter C. Pepys is the one used by other branches of the family." Mr. Wheatley thinks that in the seventeenth century the name was pronounced *Peps* or *Papes*.

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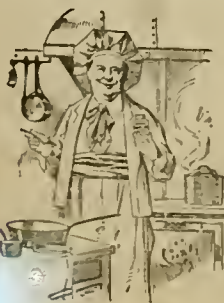
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VANITY FAIR.

The creation of coöperative homes for bachelors and coöperative homes for spinsters, in London, has been followed by such brisk demand for the advantages these establishments offer that their success is assured. And now Mr. Stead comes forward with the original idea that the bachelors and spinsters should combine their housekeeping arrangements. Instead of the modern monasteries and nunneries, such as Toynbee Hall and Chimes Street Chambers, or in addition to them, Mr. Stead recommends homes where families of young persons of both sexes might live together always, with an experienced lady house-keeper at the head, or, perhaps, a married couple with not more than one or two children. There should be common dining and drawing-rooms, but each tenant should have his or her private room or rooms. And he adds that Mrs. Grundy would have no more reason to be shocked at his "Coöperative Homes for the Unmarried" than she now has at the ordinary boarding-house—which is true enough. The idea is that unmarried professional men and women see too little of each other in the relations of ordinary friendly intercourse. The boys are sent to one school, the girls to another; the literary men have their Authors' Club, the women their Writers' Club; among the artists the men have their societies; the English woman artists have none as yet. Men are the heirs to the ideas of all the ages in most professions, while socially men are more advantageously placed than women. It is the same over here. Except in what is called the social world, men and women meet very infrequently. The plaint of a bright and brainy woman that she did not know how to talk to a man, did not know what would interest him, is too well founded. "Why," said another woman, "I was counting up the other day, and out of forty married women whom I know well and see often, I have met just eighteen of the husbands, and, except in one or two cases, met them but once and most inconsequently." What with women's clubs, and luncheons, and teas, her charitable and church committees, she may be busy week in and week out and not have a half-hour's talk with any man outside of her own family. The mixed clubs should be welcomed, if only to put the coming man and the coming woman on speaking-terms.

Even the daughters of millionaires have their troubles. A young girl in Minneapolis had an allowance of three thousand dollars. Notwithstanding her scrimping and economies, she found it impossible to make both ends meet. Month by month she found herself sinking deeper and deeper into debt. Finally her dressmaker began to press her for money, and, at length, the young woman applied to her father for a loan to relieve her temporary embarrassment. The father, who had become a millionaire from understanding business, refused to loan his daughter money on a wardrobe, which was her only asset, that he could not use, was valueless as collateral, and which, if sold, would not realize a quarter it had cost. He, however, advised her to come to an understanding with the dressmaker by agreeing to pay her in installments out of her allowance and not get any more clothes, as she was well provided for, until the debt was paid off. This the girl declined to do, and her father washed his hands of the affair. She, however, applied to different relatives and friends, and a benefit has been arranged for the unfortunate girl—amateur musicians, readers, tickets, two dollars—and the proceeds will be devoted toward liquidating the dressmaker's bill.

A foreigner who has had wide experience of society in many countries, and who has been observing Americans with great care in the course of a pleasant visit "on this side," has been confiding the results of his observations to the *New York Tribune*. One of his strongest convictions is that the young American is "a flirt." "In the United States," he said, the other day, "flirting is quite as much of a masculine pastime as a feminine one; and in no country of the world that I have ever visited is there so much love-making without any ulterior object in view, either honorable or otherwise, carried on as in the United States. If there is any country in the world which can claim to be the home of Platonic affection, it is America. The one object in life of the American male flirt seems to be to avoid the matrimonial hook, and the ingenuity which he displays in skating on the inside edge of a proposal without ever giving himself away, is simply marvelous. It is incredible that a man who can show such skill in this pastime should be able to devote himself for months together to an apparently purposeless flirtation. Aimless these flirtations certainly are, all that the male flirt is anxious for being a little innocent love-making which will he without consequences either in the form of bans, breach-of-promise cases, or divorce suits, but which will afford him the opportunity of posing in the eyes of the public as irresistible where the fair sex is concerned. I do not believe that he admires any type of woman in particular, although he professes to do so, and I have noticed that he usually selects as the object of his temporary worship the lady who happens to be *en vogue* and the centre of popular attraction in the locality which he honors with his presence. This absence of eclecticism has its drawback; for it necessitates that he shall be armed at all

points. He can no longer count on a bread-and-butter conversation and on a ready blush and smile, unless, indeed, he chooses to supply these two latter articles himself. The New York society girl will, instead of sentimental platitudes, probably demand of the unfortunate man his opinion of the last foot-ball game, of the Loie Fuller dancing, or of the Vaudeville Club entertainments. Some of the male flirt's time, too, must be devoted to literature, for as often as not the lady around whom he flutters will chase him to his recollection of Ruskin and examine him in Tolstoi. I must confess that I have sometimes felt surprised at the attention which brilliant and experienced American women bestow upon the male flirt, whose artifices and superficiality can not fail to be apparent to any woman possessed of knowledge of the world. Perhaps an explanation for this may be found in the fact that women of this kind use him much in the same way that a cat uses a choice piece of wood furniture—namely, to sharpen her claws against."

At an 1830 ball given in Paris by Mme. Dela-marre, the costumes and coiffures were exact. The hostess wore pink muslin, with a lace hertha, curls on her temples, and a knot on the top of her head decked with pearls. Among the guests was an 1830 bridal-party. The bride wore white muslin, with a veil of tulle and flowers on her head; the mother, a short brocade skirt, with apple-blossoms in her hair, and old-fashioned ornaments. The groom had on a blue coat, gray trousers, flowered waistcoat; and a wedding guest, an old-fashioned taffetas gown and a printed calico scarf. During the evening, recitations of 1830 poetry, notably of Chateaubriand, were accompanied by ten harps, and the polka, which first appeared in 1830, was danced. A more sumptuous entertainment was the Venetian Renaissance ball of the Baroness Koenigswater, at which the guests, in Venetian costumes of the fifteenth century, were announced by heralds and ate peacocks with gilded heads, little pigs buried in flowers, and pies in which little birds warbled, under arbors hung with groups of figs. The white balls are for the introduction of debutantes, and the guests go as white birds, as snow, as white flowers, and polar bears.

The rehabilitation of Becky Sharp was begun by James Payn. It now seems to be complete. Mr. Payn, in considering which of the heroines of fiction he would prefer to take down to dinner, confessed that he would be very much bored if his hostess assigned him to Amelia Sedley, to Clarissa, to Rebecca, or even to Laura Pendennis, that worthy wife and mother. But if allowed his choice, he should select from all the company Becky Sharp, and feel confident that he would have an enjoyable dinner. More recently another writer, discoursing on tact in women, speaks of Becky Sharp in this respect as a model woman. He commends her companionship as of the sort prized by all men. It is to be remarked that praise of Mrs. Becky is all accompanied by slighting observations about the virtues of her friend Amelia. The same writer says that the devotion of Amelia Sedley was a mill-stone about the neck of her husband, and that the flirtation of George Osborne with Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, under the circumstances, was most pardonable. Another, still more frank, freely confesses one is in love much more for the faults of the person loved than for her virtues, because they individualize her more. She is a new woman with every turn of her head, with every glance of her eye. All this will be suggestive and instructive to women when the sole object of life becomes to please.

"Look at this," writes Barry Pain. "I saw it on the front page of the *Morning Post*. 'To the Bored.—An entertaining, amusing girl, of good position, will cheer and enliven any lady or young person who may be dull, or lonely, or depressed; unique capabilities. Terms by the hour, or arrangement. Address, etc.' I have been told that they do that kind of thing in Japan; but I should say that it would not bear transplanting here. The Anglo-Saxon mind is not light enough and much too self-conscious. How would you feel if you were told that the girl had called with the enlivenment and had been shown into the library? The amusing girl of good position lives, I should say, in a very small house in the outskirts, and now finds herself compelled to do something. Her gloves are not good, and she was always considered to be clever at school. She has copied out—heaven help her!—some humorous passages into a note-book. She will bring music, if required. There is a thin dutiful cheerfulness in her face. Her sister thinks the idea of the advertisement so original and so like Emily. I picture it all vividly. I know her family. I hear her anecdotes. I even taste, in imagination, the unpleasant lozenges that she takes for her voice. She has my widest sympathies. But I do not think that I will employ her by the hour to enliven me."

The appointment of ambassadors to the United States from England and France, soon to be followed by Germany, Austria, and Russia, will not fill Washington streets with golden chariots and big-wigged footmen on new-year's and inauguration days, the only occasions of state ceremony that put the diplomatic corps at Washington into state uniforms. The chariots are not here, to start with

(writes a Washington correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*), and it would not be attempted to manufacture them on this soil in this end of the nineteenth century. Embassadors will continue to ride in ordinary broughams, landaus, or victorias, as before; and the British ambassador has even been seen to ride in a street-car since his promotion. The presence of embassies at Washington will enlarge the President's social sphere, and he may be invited to such establishments. Legations are debarred from entertaining sovereigns and rulers; but at the British Embassy President Cleveland would be the guest of Queen Victoria, and at the French Embassy the guest of President Carnot, and the next winter will doubtless be marked by brilliant entertainments at the great embassies, with the President and his wife as guests of honor.

Nowhere does the young married woman reign in greater supremacy than in the social circles of our own land. She has overcome the shyness of girlhood, though in many cases she is still young enough to be in the school-room, but her manners have acquired a certain roundness and her conversation a grace and elegance that make her most attractive to men, both old and young. Being herself matrimonially disposed of, a man has no compunction in paying her attentions that would be at once misconstrued if given to her single sister. He can dance with her as often as he likes, chat with her freely, and the world after their second meeting does not announce the engagement. Moreover, the married woman understands men better than the debutante. The latter, expecting to receive adoration, is vexed if she does not obtain as much as she deems sufficient as tribute to her beauty. The married woman, on the other hand, has learned by experience that men expect to be flattered as well as women, and, in a way of her own, appeals to a man's vanity, and does not for one moment bore him, which is the secret of the entire matter. There is no place so thoroughly delightful to visit as the home of a young couple whose tastes are congenial and whose hospitable instincts welcome within their gates friends of husband and wife alike. A man is proud of the wife who is popular with his friends; that, however, does not mean the one who makes eyes and flirts boldly with every man introduced to her, but the one who holds out a friendly hand to the men friends who find her house pleasanter than the club, because presided over by a bright woman who is not fussy if they smoke in her parlor, and who adds to rather than detracts from their meetings.

The *Figaro*, the intimate friend of society on the entire continent, opened a popular vote in its literary supplement not long ago as to who was the best-dressed French actress, and the palm of elegance was given with one accord to Mlle. Bartet, of the Théâtre Français. Mlle. Hading and Mme. Sizo, of the Gymnase, received a large number of votes, but their costumes were decided to be often too individual, too much adapted to the person for whom they were intended, to serve as models for others. Mlle. Bartet's costumes (a writer in the *Bazar* declares) are absolutely practical. If she represents on the stage a woman who is going out in the morning on foot, she will wear a toilet that the most elegant society woman could copy from her hat to her boots. If she wears a ball-dress on the stage, as soon as her rôle is finished she could get into her carriage, go to a real ball, in a real salon, in real society, with the same toilet in which she had just figured in the play, and be by no means the least charmingly dressed woman in the most elegant of salons. Perfect taste, and exact fitness for the occasion on which they are to be worn, and an extreme elegance are the leading characteristics of Mlle. Bartet's toilets.

As a mere matter of detail, to give an idea of the requirements of a lady of fashion, whose smallest wants must be proportionately considered and attended to, the *New York Tribune* mentions that Miss A. sent to Paris, the other day, for eighty-four yards of a particular pattern of veiling. All this, and probably more of other kinds, she will want to wear with her nineteen new hats during the next few months.

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SOCIETY.

The Oelrichs Dinner-Party.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs gave an elaborate and particularly novel dinner-party last Thursday evening in the private dining-rooms at the Pacific-Union Club. In the perfection of the menu and its accessories it was elaborate, and in the arrangement of the decorations it was novel. The idea displayed in the table decorations was the representation of a scene in a Southern swamp. In the centre was a tall rockery, having an eyrie at the apex, toward which an eagle was flying with outstretched wings. Around this rockery was a mass of brush and mosses, fallen oak boughs, and a rivulet of running water, and life was given, apparently, to the scene by the presence of numerous snakes, frogs, lizards, and game birds. A hundred miniature electric-light bulbs were distributed here and there. They varied in color, and were extinguished and relit at intervals, producing the effect of fireflies flitting to and fro. All around the rooms were tropical palms, and the arch was adorned with mosses, lacapodium, asparagus tenuissimus, and other ferns.

The entire effect was highly artistic, and Mr. Oelrichs received many compliments, as the idea was his own. Dinner was served at half-past seven o'clock, and it was accompanied by concert selections played by a string orchestra. At this point, the host worked to a quiet little joke. The musical selections on the printed programme were of a highly classical nature, in fact, Wagner predominated; but after the guests realized that when one of Beethoven's nocturnes was on the list, the band would play "Papa Won't Buy Me a Bow-wow," while one of Liszt's symphonies was synonymous for "My Sweetheart the Man in the Moon." Music and feasting, followed by a number of felicitous toasts and responses, made the hours roll along most pleasantly, and about midnight the delightful affair came to an end. The gentlemen were invited by Mr. Oelrichs were:

Hon. James G. Fair, Hon. Frank McCoppin, Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. Walter E. Dean, Mr. Cornelius O'Connor, Mr. Isaac L. Requa, Mr. A. Cheselbrough, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. A. Page Brown, Mr. Peter McG. McBean, Mr. H. Henry Veve, Mr. Alexander Center, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. Richard H. Sprague, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. William Berg, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. R. P. Hammond, Mr. William S. Lewis, Mr. H. A. Jones, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. William K. Sherwood, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. John T. Doyle, Mr. W. S. Keyes, and Mr. Peter D. Martin.

The Paige Dinner-Parties.

Mr. Cutler Paige gave a delightful dinner-party last Tuesday evening at his residence. The floral decorations were very pretty, and the menu was delicious. After dinner music was enjoyed in the parlors, a most pleasing feature being the singing of Miss Ella Goad. The guests of Mr. Paige were:

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Knight, Misses Ella, Aileen, and Genevieve Goad, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, and Mr. Robert Montague.

On Thursday evening Mr. Paige entertained another party of friends at dinner, at his home, and they passed the hours most delightfully. Handsome clusters of American Beauty roses, tied with silk ribbons, were given to the ladies. The guests comprised:

Miss Smith, of Boston, the Misses Breeze, Miss Helen Perrin, Mr. Charles K. MacIntosh, Mr. William Breen, and Mr. Alfred Suto.

The Miller Lunch-Party.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a charming lunch-party last Tuesday at her residence, 1111 Pine Street, in honor of the Misses Emma and Ruth Childs, of Los Angeles, who are here on a visit. Covers were laid for eight, and the dining-table was very prettily decorated. In the centre was a pink-shaded crystal lamp, adorned with eschscholtzias and sheafs of wheat, and at either end were vases, holding these flowers and grain. The menu was a delicious omelette, and several hours were devoted to its enjoyment. Those present were:

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Webster Jones, Miss Emma Childs, Miss Ruth Childs, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Mamie Burling, and Miss Maud O'Connor.

The Davis Wedding Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. F. Davis entertained a large number of their friends last Saturday afternoon at their residence, in Ross Valley, in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of their wedding, which took place in this city on May 11, 1853. The house was beautifully decorated with the choice roses and ferns for which Ross Valley is famed. Dancing was enjoyed by the young folks, and selections of vocal and instrumental music were given. The host and hostess, whose hospitality was most bountiful, were heartily congratulated, and the guests passed the afternoon delightfully.

The Skull and Keys.

The Skull and Keys is the title of a secret social club in Berkeley, the members of which are seniors of the University of California. For the pleasure of their friends they produced "Our Boys" in Shattuck's Hall on Friday evening, May 12th, and attracted a very large audience from Berkeley, Oakland, and San Francisco. The play, which is so well known to all theatre-goers, was presented in a commendable manner. The stage settings were very artistic, and the participants assumed their rôles well. The gentlemen of the club were assisted, in the

feminine rôles, by some young ladies of Oakland. The arrangements for the affair were perfect to every way, save that of ventilation, as fresh air was an almost unknown quantity. The participants were Mr. Benjamin Weed, Mr. Frank Norris, Mr. McClaugh-bry, Miss Barkan, Miss Albright, Miss Dynlagur, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Edwin Mays, and Mr. L. H. Van Winkle.

Notes and Gossip.

The Misses Eleanor and Mae Dimond gave an enjoyable dinner-party at their residence, last Friday evening, to Mr. William S. McMurtry, who leaves for the East and Europe this evening. The others present were Miss Holbrook, Miss Pratt, Miss McKinsty, Miss Julia Tompkins, Mr. Harry Dimond, Mr. Tobin, and Mr. Peter Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey gave an elaborate dinner-party last Wednesday evening, at their residence on Franklin Street, in honor of Miss Oxnard, of New York.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze gave a delightful matinee tea last Wednesday at her residence, 1330 Sutter Street, in honor of Miss Smith, of Boston.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

The Board of Trade of this city has become thoroughly aroused to the fact that our merchants have gradually and steadily been losing much of the trade of this coast that formerly came to San Francisco. Our former large commercial relations with Washington, Oregon, and Southern California have become things and memories of the past, but our effort is to be made to regain, in a measure at least, what we have lost. The younger element that has been infused into the directorate of the Board of Trade has advanced certain ideas that have met with the hearty cooperation of the elder members, and if the projects advanced be in any way successful, we may look forward to an increase in our exportations. Fully one hundred and fifty of the leading merchants and storekeepers of the Willamette Valley have been invited, by the Board of Trade, to visit this city, inspect its wonders and growth, view its factories and stores, and become acquainted with its resources and surroundings. They will arrive here, by steamer, on Monday, May 29th, and will be entertained in various ways by the Board of Trade. The trade of the Willamette Valley, one of the most fertile regions of the North-West, now goes to Portland, Or., and as it is constantly increasing it is worth while obtaining. Consequently the Board of Trade hopes to secure the assistance and cooperation of all the merchants in this city in providing proper entertainment for its guests.

The Royal Aquarium, London, is exhibiting Princess Topaze, born of French parents at Buenos Ayres, sixteen years old, weighing fifteen pounds, and showing a height of only twenty inches. Her figure is symmetrical, and, strange to say, her father was a giant and her mother tall and robust, while all her sisters and brothers are of full size.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

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RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Robert M. Hamilton, the following testamentary provisions were made:

His estate is estimated to be worth about \$1,000,000. It consists of real property in various parts of the State and personal property consisting of stock in various corporations, partnership interests, and money. The testator declared his entire estate to be community property, of which one-half legally belongs to his widow, Mary N. Hamilton. In addition to such one-half, he bequeathed to his widow all the household furniture, personal effects, etc., in the family residence at 1025 California Street. The entire residue is bequeathed in equal shares to his four children, Alexander, Robert, May, and Leila Hamilton. The widow is appointed executrix and the two sons and daughter, Carolan executors, all to serve without bonds. The will is dated December 5, 1892, and was witnessed by Charles Holbrook and L. L. Baker.

By the will of the late David Hunter, the following testamentary provisions were made:

His estate consists of real property in this city and county and in Alameda County valued at between \$600,000 and \$700,000, and about \$25,000 in money. The testator made bequests as follows: To Pacific Lodge, No. 155, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, \$1,000; to the San Francisco Protestant Orphan Asylum, \$2,000; to his niece, Ellen Methven Stewart, \$5,000, in addition to confirming a deed to property at Pine and Steiner Streets; to Mrs. Jane Methven Crocker, another niece, \$15,000; to Mrs. Betsy Webster, of Brechin, Scotland, \$5,000; to the St. Andrews' Society of San Francisco, \$2,000; to his friend, William Mechie, of Cincinnati, \$2,000; to his friend, Peter Mechie, an instructor in the West Point Military Academy, \$2,000. Of the residue of the estate, one-half is bequeathed to Harmon J. Tilden and Charles L. Tilden in trust for the testator's widow, Joan N. G. Hunter, during her life. The remaining one-half is bequeathed to the children of two deceased sisters, all of whom reside in Scotland. They and their descendants are also to inherit the widow's portion after her death. The will was executed on March 21st last, and names Harmon J. and Charles L. Tilden to serve as executors without bonds.

By the will of the late George Edwin Whitney, of Oakland, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate consists of real estate to the value of \$50,000, personal property, mining stock, etc., valued at \$100,000. The total value is said to be inside of \$250,000. The will gives all the real and personal property to the widow, excepting that she is directed to pay to George S. and Mary and Ethel Whitney the sum of \$3,500 each when they severally arrive at the age of twenty-one. The will is dated July 15, 1892, and covers less than half a page of legal cap.

Isadore Landsberger, Heory P. Sonntag, and W. J. Keonedy, appraisers of the estate of the late Samuel Lachman, have filed the following report, placing the value of the estate at \$1,307,928.34:

Cash on deposit with the S. Lachman Company, \$36,438; 997 shares of the capital stock of the S. Lachman Company, \$404,985; note of Joseph Rosenthal, \$23,733.66; note of S. Lachman Company, \$200,000; note of E. Goslinsky & Co., \$50,000; lot and improvements at the intersection of the south-west line of Fremont Street with

the south-east line of Market Street, \$525,000; lot at Harrison and Beale Streets, \$25,000; lot and improvements at the south-west corner of Mason and Sutter Streets, \$45,000; lot at the north-west corner of Mariposa and Vermont Streets, \$10,000.

The San Francisco Art Association formally opened its new quarters in the Hopkins mansion by giving a reception there last Thursday evening. The advantages of the location are manifold, and it is hoped that the association will now enter upon an era of prosperity and advancement in its work. The exhibition of paintings upon the walls of the large hall, though not large, is interesting. A string orchestra played concert music during the evening under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. The exhibition will be open daily for a few weeks.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, *né* Taylor, will return from Europe in June.
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen T. Gage have gone East, and are now in Chicago.
Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mrs. J. B. Crockett are expected to return from Japan to-day.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall have secured the residence of Mrs. Moses Hopkins, in Redwood City, for the summer.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carlan are in New York city, and are staying at the Hotel Waldorf.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams will pass the summer in Santa Cruz.
Mrs. William Dunphy, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy will leave this evening to visit the Columbian Exposition, and will be away about six weeks.
Mr. and Mrs. James Alva Watt have returned from an extended Eastern trip.
Mrs. Charles Simpkins and Miss Alice Simpkins have been enjoying a visit to Monterey.
Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon will pass the season at the Hotel Rafael.
Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre will go to Chicago late in June.
Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman have taken rooms at the Hotel Rafael for the season.
Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones are at the Grand Hotel, in Paris.
Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd have returned from a tour of Southern California, and are occupying their cottage in San Rafael.
Miss Lulu Tyrrell has returned to Sacramento, after a two weeks' visit to friends in San José.
Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair will not leave for the East until late in May.
Dr. William Boerick has returned from a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.
Mrs. Frederick L. Castle and the Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilda Castle will pass the season at Santa Cruz.
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy will go to Monterey in June.
Misses Hélène and Isabelle Murphy have returned from the East and Europe.
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Miss Loughborough, Mr. George Loughborough, Mr. A. Z. Loughborough, and Miss Marie Zane will pass the summer in San Rafael.
Mrs. Alexander Badlam is enjoying a visit to Los Angeles.
Mr. Arthur E. Shattuck left last Tuesday to visit Chicago and New York, and will be away six weeks.
Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams left last Thursday on a five weeks' visit to the Eastern States.
Mrs. Robert A. McLean, who has been in New York for some time, is now in Bethlehem, Pa. Dr. McLean will join her early in June.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan will be at Phelan Park, in Santa Cruz, until next September.
Miss Mabel Love will leave early in June to pass a month with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley at their ranch near Los Gatos.
Miss Nita Earle will go to Berkeley on June 1st to visit friends for a couple of weeks.
Mr. William S. McMurtry will leave this evening for New York, and, after a brief visit there, will go to London to pass the season. After that he will make a tour of the continent, returning home in October.
Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace have been in Chicago during the past week.
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose will pass the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Alvinza Hayward at their villa in San Mateo.
Mrs. M. E. Hooper and the Misses Ethel and Bee Hooper are passing the season at St. Helena.
Dr. Martin Regensburger left last Wednesday on a brief visit to Salt Lake City.
Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss and Mr. and Mrs. William Fries have returned from a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague, who have been visiting Japan and China, will return home on June 5th.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Freeman Johnson, of Oakland, have been visiting the Hotel del Coronado.
Hon. and Mrs. John Boggs left for the East last Wednesday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells are in Chicago.
Mrs. George Hyde and Miss Mamie Hyde have gone to Chicago to pass the summer with Dr. and Mrs. Garceau.
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and the Misses Helen and Elsie Hecht left last Thursday on a four months' visit to the Eastern States.
Mr. and Mrs. John Barton and Miss Barton will go to Monterey late in June.
Colonel William Macdonald and Miss Hilda Macdonald have returned from Europe, and are in New York city.
Mr. Earl T. Kerr is passing the season in his cottage at Santa Cruz.
Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina is passing a month at Monterey.
Mrs. B. Ziska and Miss Alice Ziska will pass the season at Santa Cruz.
Mr. and Mrs. Emil Kehrlein have gone East to travel till fall, when they will go to Europe to place their sons in school.
Miss Gussie Smith, who has been here for the past six months engaged in the settlement of her father's estate, has returned to her home in Manchester, N. H.
Mrs. William R. Donaghe and Miss Donaghe are here on a brief visit from Denver.
Mrs. J. C. Currier and Miss Hattie Currier left last Saturday to make a tour of the Eastern States. After visiting army friends in Washington, D. C., they will go to New York and New England, and will visit the Columbian Exposition while en route home in the fall.
Colonel John S. Mosby, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. J. H. Gilmore, and Miss Daisy Gilmore are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.
Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, with her twin babies, is visiting friends in San José for a couple of weeks.
Mr. Wilfred B. Chapman will go to England early in June, and will be away two months.
Mrs. S. Clinton Hastings is visiting the Hotel del Coronado.
Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas entertained a number of friends at their Mountain View villa last week from Saturday until Monday. Among them were the Misses Goad, Mr. C. A. Baldwin, Mr. Charles K. Macintosh, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Mr. Thompson, of Oakland.
Mrs. William L. Elkins has arrived here from Philadelphia, and will pass the summer at Menlo Park as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis.
Mr. Edward M. Greenway will go to Monterey to-day for a brief visit.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean will leave for Alaska on June 19th.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, Mrs. O. W. Childs, and the Misses Emma and Ruth Childs, of Los Angeles, are in the city on a visit.
Mr. Callaghan Byrne, who has been passing a couple of weeks in San José, paid a brief visit to Monterey early in the week.
Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller left last Wednesday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin in Ross Valley, and will return to the city on Monday.
Dr. Albert Knill sailed from New York last Saturday for Genoa.
Mrs. A. M. Parrott left New York last Saturday on the steamer *La Gascogne* for Havre.
Mrs. J. C. Tucker and the Misses Tucker, of Oakland, are at the Hotel Meunier in Paris.
Mr. Albert Gallatin is visiting Auburn for the benefit of his health.
Dr. William P. Simpson has almost recovered from his recent attack of pneumonia, and will soon go to Paso Robles for a few weeks.
Mr. and Mrs. Austin C. Tuhs will occupy the Balfour villa at Menlo Park during the summer.
Miss Catherine Hittell has arrived in Chicago.
Miss Belle McPherson is at the Hotel Mateo, where she will pass the season.
Mr. William Keith and Mr. John Muir departed for Europe last Monday.
Misses Alice and Ella Hohart and Miss Vassault are in Paris, en route to Brussels.
Miss Florence Ives is en route home from her visit to Europe.
Mrs. Clara Catherwood is at the Auditorium, in Chicago.
Mrs. James Durbow, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred D. Holman, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Cone Buckbee, and Mr. Harry Durbow returned early in the week from a visit to the Hotel del Monte.
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Meyer and the Misses Florence and Elise Meyer are visiting the Columbian Exposition while en route to New York.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster have gone to Napa Valley for the season.
Mrs. M. B. M. Toland will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Ethel and Helen Smith are occupying their cottage in San Rafael.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel and Mr. Edward G. Schmiedel will go to the Hotel Rafael next week for the season.
Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Dickenson and Miss Thama Dickenson are visiting the Columbian Exposition at Chicago.
Mr. Drury Melone and Mr. Harry C. Melone are in Chicago.
Mr. Walter S. Newhall is enjoying a month's visit to Southern California.
Miss Emeline Hager is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis at the Boalt ranch, near Cloverdale.
Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson are in New York city.
Mrs. A. H. Voorbies is convalescent after her recent severe illness.
Mr. Thomas Holt is paying a visit to friends in Sacramento.
Mrs. J. S. Cone and Miss Josephine Cone have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.
Mrs. John W. Mackay and Mr. Clarence H. Mackay will sail from New York for Europe on June 3d.
Mr. George H. Rice and Miss Birdie Rice are passing several weeks at Paso Robles.
Major and Mrs. William Cluff will pass the summer near St. Helena.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells are occupying their cottage in Ross Valley.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:
Colonel William R. Shafter, First Infantry, U. S. A., will return to Angel Island early in June.
Captain Francis E. Pierce, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on general recruiting service in Chicago.
Lieutenant J. H. Glennon, U. S. N., and family have returned from the East and are enjoying a visit here.
Lieutenant Theodore Porter, U. S. N., has arrived from the East to act as executive officer of the *Alliance*.
Lieutenant-Colonel Francis L. Guenther, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is enjoying three weeks' leave of absence.
Misses K. F. Hove, Laura Collins, Eva White, and his son, Mr. C. L. Hooper, Jr., are passing several weeks in San Diego.
Paymaster and Mrs. J. C. Sullivan, U. S. N., have returned from their Eastern trip.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Wilkie Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie's complimentary benefit concert, which took place on Friday evening, in Metropolitan Hall, was a very successful affair. He was assisted by the following ladies and gentlemen:
Mrs. Maude Berry-Fisher, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, Miss Florence Doyen, Mr. Victor Carroll, Mr. William C. Stadfeld, and Mr. Alfred Wilkie, and a triple quartet under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pasmore, comprising Misses M. L. Carr, Mae Galloway, C. V. Wate, soprano; Misses K. F. Hove, Laura Collins, Eva White, alto; Messrs. William J. Keeley, C. C. Echlin, Charles Hauley, tenors; Messrs. Robert Blair, Wilhelm Nielsen, Charles L. Parent, bass; Mr. Henry Larsen, solo violinist; Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton, accompanist.
During the evening Mr. George T. Bromley made an address on "Something Different." The programme in its entirety was as follows:
Part song, "A Summer Song," H. B. Pasmore, triple quartet; song, "The Requisite," Plumet, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; song, "Stay hy and Sing," Jordan, (b) "Love has Eyes," St. H. R. Bishop, Miss Florence Doyen; violin solo, "Airs Hongroise," H. W. Ernst, Mr. Henry Larsen; Madrigal, "Charm me Asleep," Leslie, Mrs. Fisher, Miss

Doyen, Mrs. Dickman, Messrs. Wilkie, Stadfeld, and Carroll; song, "Leaving yet Loving," Marshals, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman; ballad, "Sally in our Alley," Carey, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; part song, "What my lover said" (poem by Homer Green, first performance), H. B. Pasmore, triple quartet; song, "At the Ball," Boscovitz, Mrs. Maude Berry-Fisher; song, "The Muletter of Tarragona," Henrion, Mr. Victor Carroll; violin solo, Spanish Dances, No. 4, Fable de Sarasate, Mr. Henry Larsen; trio, "Memory," Leslie, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Dickman, and Mr. Wilkie; part song, "Beware," H. B. Pasmore, triple quartet.

The Block Concert.

Miss Rosa Block, the soprano, gave her first concert here last Wednesday evening in Metropolitan Hall, with the assistance of Mr. Nathan Landsberger, violinist, Mr. Louis Heine, 'celloist, Mr. F. K. Tobin, haritone, and Mr. G. Savvlet, pianist. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:
Trio in E major (for piano, violin, and 'cello), C. Reissiger, G. Savvlet, Nathan Landsberger, and Louis Heine; "Let Me Love Thee," Ardit, F. K. Tobin; (a) adagio (first time), Bargiel, (b) gavotte, Popper, Louis Heine; (a) "Gondoliera," Meyer Hellmud, (b) "Huguenots," Pagan Aria, Miss Rosa Block; Spanish dance, Sarasate, Nathan Landsberger; (a) "Heaven Hath Shed a Tear" (violin obbligato), Nathan Landsberger, Kucken, (b) stradella, Flotow, Miss Rosa Block; piano solo, G. Savvlet; duet, "A Night in Venice," Ardit, Miss Rosa Block and Mr. F. K. Tobin.

The Tilton-Belcher Concert.

Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton and Mr. Frank H. Belcher gave an enjoyable concert last Tuesday evening. A large audience was entertained with the following programme:
For two pianos, (a) "Sarabande," (b) "Menuet et Gavotte," C. Saint-Saëns, Mr. R. F. Tilton, Mr. Harry Curtaz; baritone solo, "Song of Hybris the Cretan," Elliot, Dr. T. B. Richardson; soprano solo, (a) "Winds in the Trees," (b) "A River Dream," A. Goring Thomas, Mrs. Mollie Melvin-Dewing; bass solo, "He Was a Prince," Lynnes, Mr. Frank H. Belcher; 'cello solo, "Le Reve," Goltermann, Dr. Arthur Resensburger; contralto solo, (a) "Still as the Night," Bohm, (b) "My Marguerite," Old French, Mrs. Olive Reed-Batchelder; Stanford trio, Messrs. Belcher, Angelo, and Beauce; tenor solo, "My Queen," Blumenthal, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; quartet, "You Stole My Love," McFarren, Mrs. Mollie Melvin-Dewing, Mrs. Olive Reed-Batchelder, Mrs. Alfred Wilkie and Harry A. Melvin.

The Bauer Symphny Concert.

The first symphony concert of the summer series, under the direction of Mr. Adolph Bauer, was given in the Tivoli Opera House on Friday afternoon, May 12th. The house was well filled, and the programme was as follows:

Overture, "Der Freischuetz," Weber; recitative and aria, from "Der Freischuetz," Weber, Mrs. Luisa Bianchi-Sobrinio; concerto in E minor, op. 25, moderato, and adagio, con moto, for piano, Mr. Carlos Sobrinio; (a) valse from serenade, Tschickowsky, (b) "Au Moulin," Gillet, for strings only; symphony, No. 8, in B. minor (unfinished), allegro, andante con moto, Schubert.

At the next concert, on June 2d, the attraction will be Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony."

The Goldmann Concert.

Miss Ernestine Goldmann gave her final piano recital last Friday evening in Kohler & Chase's Hall, and pleased a large audience by the presentation of the following programme:

Sonata, C major, L. von Beethoven; r. rondo, W. A. Mozart, (1755-1791), 2. rigaudon, J. F. Rameau, Jean Philippe Rameau (1683-1759), 3. minuet—1. Luigi Boccherini, (1740-1805); 2. harcarrole, 2. eude, A. Rubinstein; 3. nocturne, 2. mazurka, 3. valse, 4. polonaise, F. Chopin, (1809-1865); grand studies, deux follets, Rhapsodie Hongroise 13, F. Liszt.

Edouard Remenyi, the famous violinist, will give three concerts in Odd Fellows' Hall and the Baldwin Theatre on May 26th, 27th, and 28th. The great success of his former concerts here and the desire of every one who has heard him once to hear him again will certainly insure large audiences for him.

The Philharmonic Society will give its fourth concert of the fourteenth season next Wednesday evening.

In the Swim.

To be fond of Pommery Sec, cigarettes, and liqueurs. The girl of to-day tries to seem, But down in the depths of her dear little heart, She clings to her first love—ice cream.

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It is instructive to read in the staid *Athenaum*, one of the leading literary journals of London, a reference to "Farragut, the great Confederate admiral."

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THE WILDCAT FRIGHTENER.

"You remember that trip I made out through Michigan over a year ago, doubtless," said Jackson Peters. "I never told you of the odd genius I met at Pontiac, who was going to do away with carpets on floors by sticking little pieces of carpeting on the feet with mullage."

Jones looked at the younger man with severity. "Jackson, I was just on the point of telling a story about a little idea of my own when I lived in Iowa several years ago. Enrich us with the tale of your bright young friend some other time."

"Yes," returned Peters, "it does very well for you to say that, but my story was going to be a true one."

"Young man," answered Jones, "you seem to forget that I am your former teacher. The memories of the district school at Hemlock Hollow appear to be deserting you."

"Give us your story, Jones—give us your story," said Smith, encouragingly.

"I was going to," replied Jones. "It was a number of years ago. I was living out in Iowa, near Des Moines. My place was on the Des Moines River bottom, and the bluffs were literally alive with wild-cats. The wild-cats from all over the country seemed to be in the neighborhood that year holding a wild-cat World's Fair—a fact, gentlemen. I had a fancy stock farm, and between the resident and the visiting wild-cats they played the very deuce with my blooded chickens. I don't need to tell you, gentlemen, that I am mortally afraid of a gun."

"Seems to me that's a pretty serious admission for a man to make who only last night was telling how, down in Arkansas, he used to spring up bears with a four-inch hickory plank, and shoot them on the wing, like clay pigeons," said Jackson Peters.

"An idle tale, Jackson, an idle tale. A man must relax a little sometimes. As I was—"

"But you offered to bet fifty dollars that—"

"I couldn't shoot those wild-cats, you see, so what could I do? Night after night they walked off with my choicest fowls. One day a bright idea occurred to me. It was nothing more nor less than every time I heard any disturbance among the chickens to put my head out of the window, and call out 'Scat!' in a loud voice."

The narrator paused, and looked at Jackson Peters defiantly. But Peters only blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward and arched his eyebrows slightly.

"That was a clever notion," observed Robinson—"very clever notion. Worthy to rank with your plan for extracting the latent energy from tramps."

"No, Robinson, no," answered Jones, smiling, and evidently much gratified; "no, you are too kind. My tramp idea showed genius; such things come to a man but once in his life-time; this was simply an indication of a special talent for dealing with wild-cats. Still, if you would believe it, my plan proved utterly valueless as far as frightening the cats away was concerned. I 'scattered' myself hoarse every night for a week, still those wild-cats went right on carrying away my poultry. But I felt that the principle was a sound one, and I looked about for the weak point in the application of it. I soon found it. I was employing the same volume of scat for wild-cats which is used in the case of tame cats, and wild-cats are three times bigger than tame cats. 'My first thought was of a speaking-trumpet, but I soon decided against it. I determined to make a clean sweep of the whole matter. I sent to Chicago and got an improved Edison phonograph with intensifying attachment. I set the intensifier at the ratio of three to one. I then shouted a battery of scats into the receiver in my natural tame-cat driving voice. I wound up the clock-work, and set the phonograph near my hen-house. A small wire connected the clock-work with the hen-house, so that a cat on entering the door would set the phonograph off, causing it to speak once. I went to bed, gentlemen, and slept soundly till morning. After breakfast my foreman told me that at about midnight, when the first wild-cat started to enter my chicken-coop to feloniously abstract my poultry, that phonograph sort of cleared its throat and remarked, 'Scat!' in a voice which rattled the windows. Gentlemen, my foreman was a man in whom I had the utmost confidence, and he told me that after that phonograph spoke he observed a long, gray streak of wild-cat reaching from my hen-house door to the underbrush about two hundred yards distant. The same phenomenon was noted by my foreman in the case of subsequent cats. I lost no more chickens through the depredations of this obnoxious form of vermin."

Jones paused and lit his cigar, which had gone out. He blew an aggressive cloud at the lamp, elevated his chin, and looked at Jackson Peters.

Peters rested his cheek in his hand and seemed thoughtful. After some seconds he drew a long breath, and said: "Jones, may I trouble you to tell us when this interesting and valuable incident took place?"

"Certainly, Jackson, certainly. In the summer of 1871."

Peters smiled. Then he said: "The phonograph, Jones, is given a later date by the more advanced historians and archaeologists. You are, Jones, guilty of anachronism."

"No doubt, Jackson, no doubt, answered Jones; 'most men who tell the truth are. I shall not lie to avoid an anachronism—no, not if I am guilty of an anachronism with every word I utter—if my whole life becomes one vast anachronism. Truth, Jack-

son, truth first always. We will now listen to the important and educational account of your uncle in Michigan, that brainy and scholarly gentleman who proposes to do away with floors by having everybody wear wooden shoes. Proceed, Jackson."

Peters looked at Jones with a weary air, tossed the stub of his cigar into the fire, and answered: "It's of no importance. Some future day will do as well—a year from now—two years—any time."—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE ENGLISH WOMAN OF RANK.

AS SHE APPEARS IN ENGLISH FICTION.

As the silent, watchful, and obsequious footman brushed aside the heavy silken portières, Evelyn Lady Malmanners glided into the exquisitely furnished drawing-room. It was not hard to perceive that she was of patrician birth. Her lithe form, her delicately shaped head with its thin nostrils, arching eyebrows, and proudly curling lip, and her dainty foot, with its high instep, were vivid reminders of the matchless beauty of her mother, the Dowager-Countess Malmanners.

Lord Fitzuseless rose as she entered, and stood in the centre of a gigantic tiger-skin that lay stretched before the superb carved fire-place, watching her with admiring eyes. Then she spoke, and at the sound of her clear, high-bred voice his eyes brightened and a slight color crept into his pale face.

"You have not been kept waiting long, I trust?" she said, simply.

"No, not long," he replied, absently; but he was not thinking of what she said. He was lost in admiration of her wondrous beauty.

AS SHE APPEARS IN NEW YORK SOCIETY.

It was a little after eight when a shiver of excitement swept through the brilliant company of exclusives who had been invited by Mrs. Pushington Gether to dine and meet the two proud British aristocrats, Lord Fitzuseless and the Lady Evelyn Malmanners. It was not much after eight—perhaps only ten minutes—when Lady Evelyn entered the room, and by her arrival put a stop to the mutterings of discontent which had been growing more and more audible during the preceding half-hour.

Lord Fitzuseless, who had been in the room about ten minutes, having by mistake arrived only half an hour late instead of an hour behind time, as was his custom in New York, was a noticeable figure among Mrs. Gether's guests. His hostess had already remarked to one of her dearest friends that it was easy to see, from his lordship's finely chiseled features, not to mention his ease of bearing, that he was really of patrician birth, and the sort of man likely to attract attention in any company. All of which was quite true; and she might have added, with equal pertinence, that if his high-bred face and ease of bearing were to escape attention, his check suit, colored shirt, and scarlet necktie could never fail to attract notice.

And now, Lady Evelyn having arrived, dinner was announced, and the guests marched with becoming solemnity to the dining-room. They seated themselves, and all eyes were fixed upon the peerless Lady Evelyn, while each delicate ear was strained to catch the first words that might fall from her haughty lips, for all of Mrs. Gether's guests had heard of this titled lady's "silvery, high-bred voice."

They had not long to wait, for, as she unfolded her napkin, she turned to her host and said, in those silvery liquid tones for which she is famous: "Do you know, it seems so odd to me that so many of you middle-class Americans should have butlers. At home it is considered a piece of outrageous presumption for any one outside of our own class, don't you know, even to think of such a thing. But, after all, you Americans do such odd things. Am I not right, Lord Fitzuseless? Don't you find that these middle-class Americans are much more presuming than people of the same rank at home?"

"I find the beggars rather worse," replied his lordship, as he finished his last oyster and bade the attendant bring him some more.—*Truth*.

On Time.

And very early, too. That's what any one should be in treating one's self for inaction of the kidneys and digestive organs. The diuretic which experience indicates as supplying the requisite stimulation to the organs without exciting them, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't delay; kidney inaction and disease are not far apart. For fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism, and nerve debility, also, use the Bitters.

One man at the Craven-Martin wedding made his way into the chancel and endeavored to climb a palm in order to be an eye-witness of the marriage ceremony. And at the time this extraordinary act passed without the slightest comment.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is recorded of a rich old English farmer that, in giving instructions for his will, he directed that a legacy of one hundred pounds be given to his wife. Being informed that some distinction was usually made in case the widow married again, he doubled the sum; and when told that this was quite contrary to custom, he said, with heart-felt sympathy for his possible successor: "Aye, but him as gets her'll deserve it."

Sir Boyle Roche was a fine, bluff, soldier-like old gentleman, holding some post at the viceregal court, sitting for a government borough, and always voting faithfully for the "Castle." The debate one night was on sinecures, which Curran had indignantly denounced, and twitted by one of the opposite side on some personal inconsistency in the matter, he replied, boldly: "Sir, I am the guardian of my own honor." To which Sir Boyle neatly rejoined: "Then the gentleman himself has got a very pretty sinecure."

The following story is told of Mark Twain by a gentleman who lives near his residence at Hartford: One day Mark answered the telephone, and, after hallooing for some time without an answer, he used some language not generally seen in print, but which was certainly picturesque. While thus engaged he heard an answer in astonished tones, and recognized the voice of an eminent divine whom he knew very well. "Is that you, doctor?" questioned Mark; "I didn't hear what you said. My butler has been at the telephone and said he couldn't understand you."

The late Mr. Broadwater, of Montana (says the New York Tribune), had the misfortune to be bow-legged, which suggests an anecdote told of Senator Sanders, of that State. The senator has always been opposed to Major Maginnis, of Montana, and has been in the habit of criticizing his course with considerable Western freedom. "The trouble with Major Maginnis," he said on one occasion, "is that he is all things to all men. With a Republican, he is a Republican; with a Democrat, he is a Democrat; with a Presbyterian, he is a Presbyterian; and, by Jove, with Broadwater, he is bow-legged."

Horace Walpole was a whist-player, though he called it and the novels of Richardson "the two duller things we have." It was at the card-table that he saved the agreeable Lady Suffolk from a *mauvais quart d'heure*. He found that this amiable lady, the mistress of George the Second, was about to play at the same table with Lady Yarmouth, another mistress of the same monarch, for whom, indeed, she had been discarded. Horace, kindly for once, saw Lady Suffolk "ready to sink," and took her cards from her, with the remark: "I know your ladyship hates whist, and I will play instead of you."

April 15th was the anniversary of the publication, in 1755, of Dr. Samuel Johnson's great dictionary of the English language. The fact is recalled that when Andrew Millar, the publisher of that long-delayed work, received the last proof-sheet from Dr. Johnson, he wrote him this brusque note: "Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the 'Dictionary,' and thanks God he has done with him." To this the doctor replied: "Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by this note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

A public reader happened to have an audience one night in a South Dakota town. Several selections had been well received, when some of the shorter poems of Arnold were announced. Probably few of the auditors knew who Matthew Arnold was, but they had been hearing some good, old, soul-stirring verses, and interest was keyed to a high pitch. It chanced that the reader started with "Youth's Agitations," beginning: "When I shall be divorced, some ten years hence—" He paused for breath, and in an instant a voice in the gallery shouted: "Ten years! Come out to Dakota, an' yer can git one in two weeks."

When Lord Beaconsfield was living at Hughenden Manor, he was one day walking on the terrace, in an easy coat and old slouch hat, when two women of strong Gladstonian opinions entered the gate. Supposing him to be a keeper or gardener, they inquired if he would show them over the place, which he at once undertook to do. While they were walking about they overheard him with questions as to the habits of the master of the manor, and one of them finally said: "Do you think you could manage to get us a sight of the old beast himself?" "Madam," said Lord Beaconsfield, "the old beast has the honor to wait upon you now."

An Irish barrister, of the name of Bethel (says *Harper's Young People*), was rather proud of writing pamphlets. Meeting a witty acquaintance some days after the publication of one of these, Bethel was asked by him why he had not informed him of its appearance. "I wonder you didn't tell me you'd written it, Bethel," said the witty acquaintance;

"I never saw it until yesterday, and then only by the merest accident." "Well, how did you like it?" asked Bethel. "How did I like it?" repeated the other; "why, it contained some of the best things I ever saw in a pamphlet on any subject." "I am very proud to have you say so," said Bethel—"very proud, indeed. And—ah—what were the things that pleased you so much?" "Mince-pies," said the other. "What?" cried Bethel, his face turning purple. "Mince-pies," repeated the other; "I saw a girl coming out of a pastry-shop, and she had three steaming-hot mince-pies wrapped up in your pamphlet. They were fine."

School examinations and composition-writing produce funny results the world over. An Austrian teacher, Herr Gruser, has recently published, in Vienna, a book called "Humor in the School," which is made up of instances of blunders collected in the Austrian schools. The mind of the Austrian public-school pupil, judging from the instances contained in this book, is of a peculiarly limpid and artless character. In an examination in history, a pupil was asked: "How many coalitions was can you name?" "Four," he answered. "Name them." "The first, the second, the third, and the fourth." A young lady who was required to write a description of a ship, ended with the sentence: "From all these particulars, we arrive at the conclusion that the ship may justly be called the camel of the sea." A student of natural history, treating of the hibernation of animals, said that "the marmot sleeps so soundly in the winter that he does not even awaken if he is struck dead." The author of an essay on the "uses of animals," asserted that "the horse is serviceable to man by his swiftness. How many brave soldiers owe their lives to the swiftness with which their horses have carried them away from battle-fields!" A boy who was asked in an examination, "What is a cynic?" answered: "A philosopher who lives a dog's life." None of these answers are more remarkable, probably, than that made by a schoolboy in France. "What are marsupials?" asked the teacher. "Animals which have pouches in their stomachs," said the boy. "Correct. And what do they have the pouches for?" "To crawl into and conceal themselves in when they are pursued!"

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City of Rio de Janeiro.....Thursday, June 1, at 3 P. M.
City of New York.....Thursday, June 8, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Thursday, June 22, at 3 P. M.
China.....(via Honolulu).....Monday, July 3, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Saturday, July 22, at 3 P. M.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamers leave San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.
Oceanic.....Tuesday, May 23
Gaelic.....Tuesday, June 13
Belgie.....Thursday, July 13
Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, August 1

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. Geo. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From May 7, 1893.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	7:45 P.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsen, and Sacramento.....	6:45 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.....	* 6:45 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	6:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Port Costa.....
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite), and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:15 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10:45 A.
* 5:00 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 8:45 A.
* 5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

* 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Real, Redwood, Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:10 P.
12:05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
6:20 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	† 7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon, * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

Advertisers have been taught that, if they wish to attract custom and sell their wares, they must do more than make a simple business announcement. They must make their announcement in a pleasing and attractive fashion.—*Journalist*.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 16, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:40 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, Ukiah.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:40 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:40 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Petta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Chato, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usl, Hydeville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays: To Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only: To Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.50; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.50; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1.20; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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The playwrights of the day do not seem to look kindly upon the gilded youth as an interesting stage figure. They have made a great run on duds—for a dude has grand possibilities for caricature. They have also sprinkled their plays with a large and varied assortment of college boys, slangy lads of good hearts and weak grammar, who are always in love with the still more slangy *ingénue*. But the hero of the piece, the man who is beloved by the noble and soulful heroine, is always a dignified and stately being, a judge or a bank president, or, if he is too young for those exalted positions, an army officer or an artist.

The mere money-spending, valet-keeping butterfly of fashion is not a favorite figure. The modern playwright may possibly think that he is not sufficiently bad to be transformed into the villain of the piece, or sufficiently good to be exalted into the hero. The gilded youth has the peculiarities of Mother Goose's son, and, on the stage, every figure must be a type of its kind. A pure and simple young gentleman of fashion—an Americanized "Ouida" demigod or Bulwer hero—is as rare on the stage of to-day as a big-toned Jew or a respectable Sardou heroine.

This is all the more odd as the playwrights of the past had a perfect craze for this type of character. Sheridan could not tolerate a hero unless he had a large streak of devilry in him. Before he could aspire to be chief man of the play, he had to prove himself a speedbrift and a gambler. He was always a good fellow in the main, not a hypocrite, and invariably a man of fashion, a dashing sort of irresponsible person who never knew how much money he had in his purse; who madly loved the good, domestic heroine, and madly made love to the brilliant, frivolous one; who drank deep and had no money to pay his bills; who treated the usurers that he raised money from like dogs, but was carelessly kind to his valet and a prince of good fellows to his friends.

Sheridan got his idea of the proper thing in the hero of a play from Congreve. Congreve's *jeunes premiers* were anything but Chevalier Bayards, but they were always dazzlingly fashionable. They were overtroubled by the sense of honor that is always staring the hero of a modern play in the face, but they were magnificently grand and nonchalant—a good deal probably as Congreve himself was, judging by the old story of his remark to Voltaire when the Sage of Ferney paid him a visit. They were the ideals of the times. The novelists could not even get away from the prevailing type. When, some time later, Samuel Richardson, that most respectable, tea-drinking, ponderous old gentleman, took to writing novels, he, too, clung to the popular type of *jeune premier*. There is a swagger, a dash, a magnificence about his heroes that beats even Sheridan's. As some one has said, they come tooling into the books, driving four-in-hands, with a glitter of gold lace and embroidery, and a flutter of lace ruffles and gleam of diamond pins. Whatever their morals may have been, their style was irreproachable.

If the playwright of to-day undertook to introduce this type of hero, there would be a great up-lifting of voices in violent rebellion. The theatre-going populace—in American plays, at least—want to be edified. They want the noble heroine to give her heart and hand to a noble hero. They like the men in De Mille and Belasco's plays—men like John Rutherford in "The Wife." They look with disfavor upon the English idea of the spiritual and lofty heroine loving and marrying the good-hearted but decidedly unprincipled hero. They can not approve of Charles Surface winning the hand of the trusting and gentle Maria, feeling quite sure that the gay Charles must have broken Maria's heart a dozen times over. No; the hero of a modern American play must be a Sir Philip Sydney, or, if he is a gilded youth, he must be presented to the audience as a humorous figure, if not a downright caricature.

Chauncey Short is about as near to the gilded youth as an American playwright dares to come. But Chauncey is perilously near caricature. His author could not bring himself to present Chauncey seriously as a reasonable, natural, fairly intelligent human being. To be a gilded youth that an audience would accept as a hero, he had to be made so fearfully and wonderfully silly that one is left wondering if there ever really was a man as fresh and green as he. In the earlier part of the play, Chauncey is depicted in his gay and gilded days. He is described as having sung "Marguerite" at four o'clock in the morning, which, undoubtedly, was a reprehensible habit. The singing of "Marguerite" at any hour in the twenty-four is a fault that ought to be suppressed at any cost.

To offset the fact of Chauncey Short being a gilded youth, and to put him right in the eyes of the audience, Mr. Carleton has made him a fool—and a good fool. He may be gilded and a spend-thrift, a singer of "Marguerite" at four o'clock in the morning, and a writer of verses—this is really his worst characteristic—but, being so persistently and unflinchingly presented to the audience as a mere, simple, happy, artless fool, one may overlook the writing of love-verses and the singing of "Marguerite." Chauncey Short, too, has a very good heart. He is one of those men so dear to the playwright who make up for their lack of brains by their abundance of heart. He is the most generous fellow in the world, if he is the greatest fool. He illustrates the truth of that ancient saying that "men with money and without brains were made for men with brains and without money."

Every one plays upon Chauncey Short's good nature and guilelessness to wring money out of him. He is fleeced on all sides. Then, just at the end, the Gilded Fool makes one frantic effort with his hitherto ungilded wits, and presto!—comes out with flying colors, the flag of victory in his hand. Like all the good fools of the novel and the play, fate has watched over him, and where the wise man and the villain are met with defeat, the good-humored fool is crowned with victory. The fondness of the playwright and the novelist for this type of character, and for always giving it the plums in the pudding, shows that their experience of life must lead them to believe there is a Providence which watches over not only drunken men and young children, but good-humored fools as well.

There is a good deal of wit in "The Gilded Fool." It is the best play of Henry Guy Carleton's that has been seen out here. He has taken pains to make the dialogue crisp and gay, and the business part of it is not more mixed up and tangled than it is in all plays of this sort. Mr. Carleton has been daring enough to make his heroine—the beloved of the Gilded Fool—a very stately and exalted being, a calm and lofty lady who has fine sentiments on the subject of duty and the nobility of a life of honest endeavor. To a woman of this description, a man like Chauncey Short is the most contemptible of beings. Yet Margaret, the noble, comes to love Chauncey, the gently brainless, before the four acts terminate with a love that, while it may not be characterized as "a fourteenth-century, Florentine frenzy," is such a fine, fond affection, that the stately Margaret does not hesitate to remind her Gilded Fool that he proposed to her some time ago and that she is quite willing to accept the proposal.

Miss Amber is the Margaret and Mr. Goodwin the Gilded Fool. The other people in the cast amount to very little. When old Ruthven hears his firm has failed, he does the old, historic act of throwing up his arms in the air and giving a big scream of "Ruined—ruined!" The number of bankers in plays who do this when their confidential clerks come in and acquaint them with the sad facts of the case, would make a good-sized army. However bankers in real life may comport themselves in this doleful crisis, bankers on the stage always may be counted upon to go through the old formula without a single omission—"Ah!"—in a throttled whisper; then they clutch the sides of their head, stagger, throw up both arms, and, with a piercing shriek of "Ruined—ruined!" sink into a chair.

Mr. Goodwin is always clever. He does not act so well as some other comedians, but he colors every character he essays with his own intensely humorous personality. The characters he portrays are all marked by an extraordinary freedom from the usual stage tricks and mannerisms, and are, in fact, all precisely the same. He is always Mr. Nat Goodwin, and Mr. Nat Goodwin is possessed of a great amount of humor. He is essentially American in his style, yet his remarkable naturalness on the stage is distinctly French. It is only the French comedians who have this absolute lack of affectation, this apparently unconscious spontaneity of speech and gesture. If it is art, it is very high art.

Outside the star, there is no art in the company. The *ingénue*, a funny little girl, with the peculiar husky voice the *ingénues* have all lately adopted, is clever. She looked pretty, too, in the last act, when she wore quite a picturesque gold fillet in her hair. The large and handsome Margaret was as good, looking as possible, and wore some good clothes—all but the pink dress, with the purple puffs that looked like two German cabbages resting on each shoulder—but she was rather stiff. Because she was dignified and fond of announcing lofty sentiments, Margaret evidently thought it incumbent upon her to be as stiff and wooden as a well-bred Englishwoman. She also was afflicted with that most hideous of accents—the Western one, where the terminal "r" gets a good, round roll. This is the ugliest accent to be found in the country, and seems to be as hard to cure as the English habit of dropping the "h." Mrs. Jean Clara Walters is an old favorite here. She is always good.

At the theatres during the week commencing May 22d: Nat Goodwin in "A Gilded Fool"; Jini Corbett in "Gentleman Jack"; Annie Ward Tiffany in "Shadows of a Great City"; and the Tivoli Company in "Hoolah; or, The Pretty Persian."

Ripans Tabules cure dizziness, headache, flatulence, constipation, and torpid liver.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Hoolah; or, the Pretty Persian" seems to have caught the public fancy, and will be continued at the Tivoli for another week. Then a new romantic opera, "The Cross of Gold," will be given its first production on the English-speaking stage. It is a product of the new Viennese school, and has made a great hit in the Austrian capital.

J. Franklin Brown, who as an amateur used to exhibit his hypnotic powers in this city some months ago, has just returned from London, where he has been studying this new branch of science under the leading lights of hypnotism, will give his first public exhibition since his return to San Francisco this (Saturday) evening. Among other novel features of the entertainment, Mr. Brown will illustrate the latest discovery in the science: That through a perfect subject, an expert hypnotist can reach, cure, or influence persons who are not directly susceptible to his power.

The Vaudeville, in Paris, on whose boards Judic, Théo, Jeanne Granier, and other worldly divinities have been used to disport themselves, is now the scene of a kind of French passion play, for which Gounod has written some new music. It is called "Les Dames Sacrées," depicting incidents in the life of Christ, and is less a play than a series of tableaux. One striking tableau is where the trees of the forest rebel, each refusing to be selected as the one from whose wood the cross shall be made, until finally the oak—on whose branches Judas hanged himself—offers itself.

Henry H. Ragan, graduate of Yale, lawyer, traveler, and finally lecturer, is to give a series of six illustrated lectures at Metropolitan Hall during the coming fortnight or so on the following dates and topics: Monday, May 22d, "Paris, the Magnificent"; Thursday, May 25th, "London—Old and New"; Monday, May 29th, "Shakespeare and the Avon"; Thursday, June 1st, "Ramblings in Rome"; Saturday, June 3d, "The Hudson, Lake George, and the Adirondacks"; Monday, June 5th, "Glimpses of Scotland." Each lecture will be illustrated by stereoscopic views. That Mr. Ragan or his manager is confident of the lecturer's power to please is evidenced by the fact that admission to the first lecture is by invitation.

Mlle. Nikita, the singer, has brought suit for breach of contract against a Chicago manager who secured a contract from her to sing at one hundred and four concerts in the "International Temple of Music" in Chicago for fifty thousand dollars. She says she broke a Russian engagement for the Chicago one, paying four thousand dollars penalty, and then found that the "International Temple of Music" was the Trocadero, a music-hall where beer is sold and smoking is allowed. She had to fulfill her contract, however, but the Trocadero burned down a few days ago, and she has to sue for her money—and possibly will not get it anyway. Mlle. Nikita is a Washington girl, a descendant of Daniel Boone, and her real name is Louise Marguerite Nicholson. She has sung in opera in St. Petersburg, Odessa, Berlin, Prague, Dresden, and Leipzig.

Harry J. W. Dam's nihilist play has been revised since its provincial production, and the Kendalls are playing it in London, apparently with popular approval. Here is the *St. James's Gazette's* criticism:

"With the exception of one really effective scene, the first two acts contain little that is either novel or even conventionally striking. The last, besides being sadly redundant, shows so absolute a disregard of law, reason, and justice as seriously to jeopardize the good impression created by its forerunner. Moreover, the comic interludes—which, weak in themselves, have no visible connection with the main story—might well be cut down, if not altogether removed. Their intrinsic value is slight, and they only serve to retard the progress of the piece without in any way enlivening it. On the whole, however, there is quite as much to praise as to blame in the new piece."

The most stirring scene in the play is described as follows:

"It is late at night. A group of nihilists, summoned from all parts of the world, has assembled at the house of Katharine Vail, the heroine, in order to concert a measure for the destruction of the Czar. Among them is supposed to be a certain Boris Ivanitch, a staunch and resolute supporter of the cause. But Boris, unknown to the others, has been in prison, and his place taken by Prince Karatoff, Minister of the Czar, and the conspirators' most determined enemy. The very bomb to be employed in the projected assassination lies upon the table, charged and ready for use. Suddenly, to the amazement of all, the real Boris, having effected his escape, presents himself, and, recognizing his supplanter, denounces Karatoff. The prince, threatened with immediate death, seizes the bomb, and, holding it high above his head, declares that if any one advances a step, he will dash the deadly missile to the ground. The conspirators, cowed, fall back. At the same moment the door opens and the police pour into the room."

The New England Conservatory of Music.

The New England Conservatory of Boston, Mass., stands deservedly at the head of American Schools of Musical Training. During the life-time of its founder, Dr. Tourjee, it had already won the confidence and support of the American people, and since his death the acceptance of the directorship by the scholarly musician, Mr. Carl Faelten, has given the institution an impetus and standing second to none in this country.

A careful investigation will quickly convince any one that nothing is left undone for the highest intellectual improvement of its pupils, and that the moral influences thrown around them are far reaching and in every way beneficial. The Conservatory is evidently no place for the lazy or frivolous; but to those who desire the highest attainment, and are willing to devote the necessary amount of study and investigation, aided by minds of exceptional ability, this Conservatory offers inducements and privileges heretofore unattainable in America.

DCCIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, May 20, 1893.

Clam Chowder.
Broiled Chicken. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Asparagus en petits pois. String-Beans.
Roast Lamb. Mint Sauce.
Tomato Salad.
Tutti-Fruiti Cream. Orange Cake.
Coffee.

ASPARAGUS EN PETITS POIS.—Cut small asparagus in pieces about half an inch long, and blanch them for three minutes. Take off and drain; then put them in a saucepan on the fire with two or three tablespoonsfuls of broth, stir now and then for about two minutes, add a teaspoonful of flour; stir again, and as soon as mixed with the asparagus, add about an ounce of butter, salt, pepper, and chopped parsley; stir, and, when the butter is melted, serve.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatines in top to make fancy desserts.

While women of other lands have been clamoring for some intangible sort of equality with men, the women of Toulon, in France, have long had one practical privilege of their lords and masters. The profession of bootblack is not there a masculine prerogative. The fair bootblacks wear pretty white caps and aprons, and altogether look not unlike French nurses.

Summer Law School at Chautauqua.

Among the courses of study offered by the Chautauqua management for the coming summer sessions at Chautauqua are courses in law. This is somewhat of a new departure, but is one that will meet with favor on the part of very many who visit that resort for study and recreation during July and August. The courses, we understand, will not consist merely in lectures, but will embrace thorough class-room work, and cover the many branches of the law, both for students preparing for examination for admission to the bar and for lawyers reviewing. The work is to be under the personal instruction of William C. Sprague, the managing instructor of The Sprague Correspondence School of Law, Detroit, Michigan.

A New Savings Bank.

The Union Trust Company of San Francisco, 228 Montgomery Street, next door to the Mills Building, in addition to transacting all business of a fiduciary character, such as the care of estates, etc., the business of a savings bank will be an important feature. Ordinary and term deposits in this department are solicited from all classes of our citizens. The names of the officers and directors of this company, and its large capital of \$2,500,000, are ample guaranty of its responsibility.

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REMYENI Sunday Night, May 28th.

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METROPOLITAN HALL.

THE RAGAN ILLUSTRATED LECTURES

Magnificent Lectures! Superb Illustrations!

May 22d.—"Paris the Magnificent" (by invitation). May 25th.—"London: Old and New." May 29th.—"Shakespeare and the Avon." June 1st.—"Ramblings in Rome." June 3d.—"The Hudson, Lake George, and the Adirondacks." June 5th.—"Glimpses of Scotland." Course ticket, including reserved seat, \$1.50. Single reserved seat 40 either lecture. 50 cents. Ticket sale begins 9 A. M. May 23d at Pacific Music Co.'s, 206 Post St.

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638-640 MISSION ST.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

May—"Don't you think your landlady's little boy is an angel?" Frank—"Not yet. But I have hopes."—*Life*.

"That was a clever joke" Bagley played on the mind-reader. "What was it?" "Submitted himself as a subject."—*Truth*.

"Did you wear that hat when you went to meet Jack at the train?" "No; he's so demonstrative I was afraid he'd ruin the feathers."—*Ex*.

"Was your new setter of any use to you when you went hunting?" "Oh, yes; he made it possible for me to say I killed something, without lying."—*Puck*.

In Chicago: *She*—"Mrs. Lakeleigh is very lucky. Every time she marries, she gets a rich husband." *He*—"Yes; and always divorces a poor one."—*Life*.

Hunker—"What prompted you to ask Miss Giddey to be your wife?" *Spatts*—"I think Miss Giddey herself prompted me more than anybody else."—*Puck*.

Uncle Tom (at evening party)—"So you call these young society girls 'buds'?" *Mrs. Swelltop*—"Yes." *Uncle Tom*—"I should call them stripplings."—*Truth*.

"Mrs. Binks is very bitter in her condemnation of poker, isn't she?" said the caller. "Yes," replied the hostess; "you know Mr. Binks plays a wretched game."—*Washington Star*.

She (gushingly)—"Will you love me when I'm old?" *He*—"Love you? I shall idolize—um—er— You are not going to look like your mother, are you?"—*New York Weekly*.

"He was awfully wude," said Jarley; "he slammed the door square in my face." "Dear me!" returned Hicks; "it's lucky you have a hard face, otherwise it might have got broken."—*Bazar*.

"You seem to have a good deal of faith in doctors," said the friend of the sick man. "I have," was the reply; "a doctor would be foolish to let a good customer like me die."—*Washington Star*.

Wanted.—By wealthy American parents, a young nobleman of good title, whose previous record will be overlooked. Payment of purchase money accompanying daughter to be properly guaranteed.—*Life*.

"Do you think travel broadens the mind?" asked Barker at the club. "It depends on the mind," replied Warren; "I think a glove-stretcher would do quite as well for Chappie Bronson's, for instance."—*Bazar*.

Smith—"I met a man to-day who told me I looked like you." *Jones* (fiercely)—"Who was it? If I can find him, I'll knock him down." *Smith* (calmly)—"Don't trouble yourself; I knocked him down at once."—*Life*.

Astonished customer—"For heaven's sake, what is this?" *Waiter*—"That is American stew, sir. It contains Irish potatoes, sauerkraut, French peas, macaroni, and a slight dash of Russian caviare."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Old gentleman—"What would you like to be when you grow up?" *Boy*—"I'd like to be a bricklayer." *Old gentleman*—"That's a commendable ambition. Why would you like to be a bricklayer?" *Boy*—"Cause there's so many days when bricklayers can't work."—*Good News*.

Sympathetic friend—"Don't worry about it, old fellow. You'll get on your feet again some day." *Business man* (who has just failed for half a million)—"The only regret I feel just now, my friend, is that I refrained from ordering tenderloin steak with mushrooms at dinner yesterday, because I thought I couldn't afford it."—*Chicago Tribune*.

The single man—"No, sir. You might hunt the wide world over, and you would not find a more sensible, reasonable little girl than the one I am going to marry." *The married man*—"I guess you haven't known her very long, have you?" *The single man*—"Known her! Why, man, I have been with her constantly for three weeks!"—*Life*.

"If I might venture," said the guest, in a low tone, as the dignified waiter assisted him in the matter of putting on his overcoat, "to give you a tip—" "Yes, sir," said the waiter, relaxing considerably. "I should advise you to try earnestly to break yourself of the habit of fingering your mustache in a severe, abstracted manner while you are taking a dinner order. My hat, please. Thanks."—*Chicago Tribune*.

They were walking about the Grand Court of Honor at the World's Fair, gazing at the colossal female figure of the Genius of the Republic, when the bride, with the peach-blow cheeks, appealed to the happy husband: "George, dear," whispered the shrinking creature, "why does she hold up her hands?" George thought a moment. "She is not a native, darling," he replied, soulfully; "and Chicago compels all visitors to do that."—*New York Sun*.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,
A NERVE-FOOD AND TONIC.

The most effective yet discovered.

THE INNER MAN.

The American (says the *Tribune*) requires much animal food and a varied diet. Yet it may be doubted if we do not consume, as a nation, too much meat and too little of the food that gives heat and fat. The effect of a surplus of meat in our diet is to make us nervous, to stimulate the powers of the mind and body for the time to do work beyond the strength of the body. It is in some way analogous to the use of spirituous stimulants in breaking down the nervous system. This evil effect is seen when the European peasants, who have been reared on a diet of milk and vegetables, come to this country and adopt our stimulating diet of meat. They are strong and ruddy when they come over, and, after a few years, are pale, nervous, and too often confirmed inebriates. They attribute this change to differences in the air of the two lands, but astute students of the question now tell us that much of it is due to the change of diet and the excess of meat eaten by those who are unaccustomed to it.

A dinner of boiled beef, vegetables, and pie is a common dinner among plain people. Now in the very nature of things, the boiled beef must have parted from a large portion of its nutritious substance in the water in which it was boiled. And it is nine chances in ten that it has been boiled so rapidly that it has become almost valueless for food. If the potatoes and other vegetables have been cooked with the beef, as they often are, they are likely to be greasy and overdone. The pie adds very little digestive value to the food of the dinner. The heavy crust of the average plain pie is probably the most unwholesome article of food which is eaten by civilized man. It is not strange that such "plain living" leaves its subjects despondent dyspeptics. The stomach of an Esquimaux, accustomed to a diet of mutton tallow, would hardly digest such a dinner, and would certainly fail to find the elements of nutrition in it. But take the same materials of this plain dinner, substituting a light and wholesome dessert at the same cost as pie, and we may have a braize of beef, potatoes, and vegetables, cooked carefully by themselves, a simple salad, and if it be summer; a refreshing iced dessert, or, if winter, a simple steamed pudding. This second dinner costs no more than the first. It requires intelligent care in its preparation, but little more time, if any, than the first. It is an example of high economy in cooking.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Anno Domini, 1561, Sir Oliver Wilkie was chosen Member of Parliament for the city of Bristol. He was a gentleman of extensive benevolence, and gave so sumptuous an entertainment on his election that a maiden aunt of Sir Oliver's willed away ten thousand pounds from him and the family, as she esteemed him prodigal. The menu was as follows:

FIRST COURSE.		s.	d.
Calves-feet soup at the upper end.....	1	0	0
At bottom of table, roast rabbit.....	2	0	0
At Sir Oliver's right hand, stewed cockles.....	1	0	0
Left side, poached eggs, with btopops.....	1	0	0
To right of Sir Oliver, fried hasty pudding.....	1	0	0
Opposite side, broiled mushrooms.....	0	0	0
Middle, black-caps.....	0	0	0
SECOND COURSE.		s.	d.
Dish of fish, at upper end? (fried sprats).....	1	0	0
At the bottom, tripe ragoo'd in its own liquor.....	1	0	0
Next to Sir Oliver's right hand, rice fritters.....	0	0	0
Opposite, eggs a la mode.....	0	0	0
Ditto, to right, oysters on shells.....	0	0	0
Left side, radishes.....	0	0	0
To right of Sir Oliver, fried hasty pudding.....	0	0	0
Butter allowed for cooking, 1/2 lb.....	0	0	0
Salt and pepper.....	0	0	0
Two bottles of ginger wine drank at and after dinner.....	2	0	0
Toast and water.....	0	0	0
Ordered to four waiters in white waistcoats.....	0	0	0
Bread and small beer, what you please.....	0	0	0

Total..... 7 1/2
Annexed to the account is the following receipt:
RAM AT BRISTOL, June 4, 1561.
Received then of Mr. Cuthbert Cowledge, steward to Sir Oliver Wilkie, one shilling and sevenpence-halfpenny (he deducting a farthing for prompt payment), being a full consideration for Sir Oliver Wilkie's election-dinner, and received in full by me, RALPH KILDERKIN.

There are nine distinct gradations in the cooking of the *fin-de-siècle* beefsteak, counting from the one which has received the least cooking, as follows:

Extra rare.
Very rare.
Rare.
Medium rare.
Medium.
Medium well done.
Well done.
Very well done.
Extra well done.

—THE AUCTION SALE OF SAN PABLO AVENUE property held by William J. Dingee, in Oakland, on Thursday was a grand success in every particular. The attendance was the largest at any sale this season, and among the bidders were some of the most prominent citizens of Oakland. Excitement ran high, and the bidding was so enthusiastic and the bidders so numerous that there was not enough property to go around. The sellers are very well satisfied with the result, and the purchasers are exultant. The sales are as follows:

Joseph Boardman, lot 1, \$1,125; lot 2, \$1,125; lot 3, \$1,250; lot 4, \$1,700. Dr. E. H. Parden, lot 5, \$11,500; lot 7, \$5,600; lot 8, \$5,600; lot 9, \$5,600. Joseph Boardman, lot 10, \$1,300; lot 11, \$1,250; lot 12, \$1,250. Mary A. Miner, lot 13, \$1,375. Catherine Moran, lot 14, \$1,525. Charles Dougherty, lot 15, \$1,500. Richard Ahern, lot 16, \$1,150. James McDonald, lot 17 (with house), \$2,625. The aggregate being \$45,475.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

What He Wants.

I would not live away;
I ask not to stay.
But still if I am not
Too much in the way
I'd just as lief watch
A few centuries melt
To realize just
How Methusalem felt.
—*Yonkers Gazette*.

With a Difference.

"Fair maid," quoth he,
"I beg of thee,
To fly, to fly, to fly with me."
"Young fellow," quoth she,
"Now don't you be
Too fly, too fly, too fly with me."
—*Syracuse University Herald*.

Reason in Rhyme.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And merry old soul was he.
Why was he merry?
It is evident, very,
Because there was no Mrs. C.
—*Truth*.

She Shows the Hook.

She is angling for a husband,
With a rare and dainty touch;
But, alas! she scares the fishes,
For this maiden talks too much.
—*Puck*.

Why It Went Back.

Mary had a little lamb,
She gave her head a toss,
And sent it back because she lacked
The mint to make the sauce.
—*Washington Star*.

A Prospective Pleasure.

He was a doughty warrior;
He'd traveled far and wide.
To her he talked of Waterloo,
Sevastopol beside;
Of Balaclava, Tel-El-Kehir,
Scenes of carnage red.
"Oh, you'll so enjoy our stock-yards!"
The Chicago maiden said.—*Judge*.

How She Crushed Him.

He said she was so lovely that
If she went to the Fair,
No one would look at other things
While she was staying there.
Whereon upon his flattery
The maiden straightway sat,
And said if he went out there, too,
They'd rent him for a Flat.—*Bazar*.

She Sized Him Up.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"By Jove! you are wealthy, my pretty maid."
"Thanks for your taffy, kind sir," she said.
—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Fisherman.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."
The fish-man homeward plods his lazy way
To tell his whopping lies to you and me.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Is there any country on earth besides Australia where this kind of advertisement is practically kept standing in the daily press? These are all out of one issue of one paper:

I HEREBY publicly APOLOGIZE to Miss HELEN —, for having assaulted her and used obscene language to her, and I also swear that I will not molest her again from this time henceforth. (Signed) ALEXANDER —.
I F Mrs. — does not stop slandering my Daughter, I will take proceedings at once. Mrs. JANE —.
I HEREBY warn any person or persons against making unfounded and slanderous charges against me after this date, the same being untrue. SARAH —.
I HEREBY retract the slanderous language I used against ELKLAND SMITH, the same having no foundation in fact. JOHN OSCOTT.
I F Mrs. — does not stop using foul language to my BOY, I will take proceedings against her after this date. MARIA —.

PATENTS

FOR INVENTIONS.

Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases, Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

If you have an invention on hand send a sketch or photograph thereof, together with a brief description of the important features, and you will be at once advised as to the best course to pursue. Models are seldom necessary. If others are infringing on your rights, or if you are charged with infringing by others, submit the matter to us for a reliable OPINION before acting on the matter.

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
618 F STREET, NORTHWEST, WASHINGTON, D. C.
P. O. BOX 463. JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney

Cut this out and send it with your inquiry.

G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.

Young Mothers

Should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years. Your grocer and druggist sell it.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and Throat troubles. Sold only in boxes.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

"To be dyspeptic is to be miserable."

Dyspepsia Indigestion Headache } **CURED**

BY **MATHEWS' SURECURE**
Immediate Relief. Quick Cure. Easy Dose.

BUCHANAN, VA.
"I have received instant relief from it when suffering from this terrible disease—dyspepsia—which I have had for 23 years, and have resorted to almost every remedy I could hear of. I think your medicine has given me a permanent cure. I have taken great pleasure in recommending it to my dyspeptic friends."
M. V. ANTHONY.

Box containing 25 powders, 60 cents; two boxes, \$1.
THE BENEDICT CO.,
Vanderbilt Building, New York City.

ALUMINUM ALLOY COMPOSITE

Has given entire satisfaction to Brass and Iron Founders. Two per cent. added to cheap low-grade mixtures of metals gives 30 per cent. increased strength. Makes hard metal soft, sound, and non-crystallizing, prevents blowholes and sponginess. Aluminum Alloy unites copper with iron, and lead with iron and copper, heretofore unknown. Price, \$28 per barrel of 700 pounds, or \$80 per ton.
Book of Government Official Report and other indisputable testimonials from Foundrymen free.

The Hartsfield Furnace and Refining Company
NEWPORT, KY.

Branch Offices and Depot—Judson Mfg. Co., San Francisco, Cal.; Lomer & Rose, Montreal and Toronto, Canada; Hatfield Steel Foundry Co., England; Southern Steel and Aluminum Alloy Co., Rome, Ga.; Geo. Orenshaw, Henderson, N. C.; D. W. C. Carroll Co., Pittsburg, Pa.; Frank D. Espy, New York; Foundry Supply Co., Boston, Mass.

You Want

Facts When You Buy a Sewing Machine.

THEY ARE HERE:

The Light-Running **DOMESTIC** always First, always Best.

Has held this Progressive Lead for over Twenty Years.

Always in Advance of the Times, it is Practical, Simple, Durable.

Don't fail to see it.

J. W. EVANS, Agent,
29 Post Street.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 3,276,486 60
January 1, 1893.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier

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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
Draw direct on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis,
Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland,
Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg,
Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania,
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WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK

N. E. Cor. Sansome and Sutter Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst.-Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Lloyd Davis, Oliver El-
bridge, Leland Stanford, James C. Fargo, Geo. E. Gray,
W. F. Coad, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

BANK OF SISSON, CROCKER & CO.

(Incorporated April 25, 1892)

322 Pine Street, San Francisco.

Directors:
Geo. W. Scott, President; W. W. VAN ARSDALE,
Cashier; J. H. Strohnidge, D. W. Earl, J. H. Sisson, F.
H. Green, J. M. Haven.
Receives deposits; dealers in exchange; a general bank-
ing business transacted.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.
CITY OFFICE: 501 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE:
401 Montgomery Street.

London Assurance Company

Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

Northern Assurance Company

Of London. Established 1836.

GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,
N. W. cor. Sacramento and Montgomery, San Francisco.

PAINSFOR THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Mild, effective, contains no opium.
Cures Headache, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
La Grippe, Rheumatism, and all
bodily pains. Sample and book of in-
formation sent FREE. Box containing
75 doses—Price, 50c—at the druggists
or by mail.

PAINSFOR CHEMICAL CO., 87 College Place.
Direct to Post Office Box 1689, New York.

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BEST BREAD IN THE WORLD

Families find our Home-Made Bread
BETTER and CHEAPER than that made at
home AND PATRONIZE US.

We deliver in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and
Berkeley.

Main Offices—400 Hayes St., San Francisco.
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Agent wanted in every town. Send for circulars.

ANDREWS' UPRIGHT
FOLDING BEDS
Office and School
FURNITURE,
OPERA and CHURCH CHAIRS
C. F. WEBER & CO.
Post and Stockton Sts., S. F.



HAVE YOU TRIED

Bohemian Club Mocha and Java Blended Coffee?

IT'S A WHOLE BREAKFAST IN ITSELF.

ROASTED, NOT GROUND

—PACKED ONLY IN—

2 1/2 lb. Sealed Cans, Net Weight, \$1.15 each
5 lb. " " " " \$2.00 each



RUBBER
HOSE!



USE

COTTON
HOSE!



GOODYEAR'S
Gold Seal Rubber Hose
BEST THAT CAN BE MADE OF RUBBER.

R. H. PEASE, { Managers. Goodyear Rubber Co. 577 AND 579 MARKET ST.
S. M. RUNYON, { SAN FRANCISCO
Will open a store in June at 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Or.



Exact Size. Perfecto.
HOTEL BRUNSWICK.
EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send
\$1.00 for sample box of 10, by mail, to JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., 168th St. & 3d Ave., N. Y. City.



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Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself, or any member of
your family, living or dead, and we will make from same one of our
enlarged life-like portraits, together with frame complete, ABSO-
LUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. This offer is made in order to introduce our portraits and
frames in your vicinity, for one of our fine portraits placed in your home will do us more good
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Put your name and address on back of photo.
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755 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1893

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled
to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however,
that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an addi-
tional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
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The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
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This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the
Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom
we do not wish to interfere.

PALACE HOTEL.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block
in the centre of San Francisco. It is the
model hotel of the world. Fire and Earth-
quake-proof. Has Nine Elevators. Every
room is large, light, and airy. The ventila-
tion is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin
every room. All rooms are easy of access,
from broad, light corridors. The central
court, illuminated by electric light, its im-
mense glass roof, broad balconies, car-
riage-way, and tropical plants, are features
hitherto unknown in American hotels.
Guests entertained on either the American
or European plan. The restaurant is the
finest in the city. Secure accommodations
in advance by telegraphing.

THE PALACE HOTEL,
San Francisco, Cal.

THE COLONIAL

PINE AND JONES STS.

New, elegantly furnished Family Hotel.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Central to all lines of cars.

Pasturage for Horses.

The undersigned has a grass farm of 216
acres, at Corte Madera, Marin County, 12
miles from San Francisco. Thoroughly
watered in every field.
It is completely sheltered from the winds
and is a most desirable place for the pastur-
age of stock.

It is thoroughly provided with spacious
and elegant barns, which are filled with hay
of the best quality.

Horses stabled and taken care of at night
and fed with hay during the entire season
when it is wet or windy.

Experienced men will take charge of the
stock.

For terms of pasturage apply to the Golden
Gate Stables at 24, 26, and 28 Golden Gate
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Farm house, partly furnished, on the same
place, with orchard and vineyard, to let.
Apply to FRANK M. PIXLEY.

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Your Stomach Distresses You

after eating a hearty meal, and the
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tion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn,
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Promote Digestion, Regulate the
Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Purify
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Constipation, Sick Headache, Bil-
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from a disordered condition of the Liver and
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Geary Act gives rich promise of being useful to the United States in directions its framers and supporters did not contemplate. The frantic opposition which it has aroused among certain Eastern elements indicates much more than an ignorant partiality for Chinese immigrants. It betokens the continued existence, and helps to give the measure of strength—numerical, intellectual, moral, and political—of a class of people who have hindered the advance of rational civilization on this continent ever since the British Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock and the Dutch bought Manhattan Island from the swindled pagan Indians for twenty-four dollars. The descendants lineal of these original immigrants and all their heirs mental, whether of the blue-nose strain physically or not, still think the thoughts and speak with the voices of their enlightened and liberal forebears. The clergy of the East, and a portion of their congregations with them, have again risen in a body to lay down the law, with the perfect assurance of the inwardly illumined, as to a matter about which they have no actual knowledge. And, after the good old fashion, they are unable to regard such as differ from them as otherwise than blinded by the Evil One and doomed to eternal destruction,

to say nothing of the degradation to be endured in this life in consequence of the unpardonable sin of taking issue with the elect. The manner in which the decision of the Supreme Court, affirming the constitutionality of the Geary Act, has been received by the Puritan preachers and many of the newspapers of the East, which, when they do not share the Puritan prejudices, thriftily pander to them, would be alarming to any thoughtful American, were he not inured by experience to such manifestations, and confident that the spirit of the age must in the end prevail against the inherited bias of religious bigotry and that dull, complacent consciousness of superior wisdom and righteousness which ever accompanies the New England man in his walk and conversation wherever the Lord, his servant, may lead him. With a disregard for facts, for a law of Congress, and for the authority of our chief judicial tribunal, that wants hut arms to make it treason in act as well as spirit, these preachers and their followers call upon the President night and day, with mingled beseeching and threatening, to refuse to execute the law and so justly invite impeachment for violating his oath of office. This deliberate repudiation of the duty of submission to law, this hardy contempt for the obligations of good citizenship, would, were the actors the "hoodlums of California," raise a patriotic storm throughout the Union. But the public is used to such revolts by the class who care no more for law than they do for sense when their inward promptings move them. In themselves these preachers and their flocks who are raging against the Geary Act are of no great importance; it is the influence which their roarings have upon the respectable, well-to-do classes of the East that is to be deplored. With the help of ill-informed and truckling newspapers, they have succeeded in keeping alive the illusion that advocacy of Chinese exclusion is cruel, un-American, and disgraceful; that such opposition is due almost wholly to race hatred, a passion to which only the lowest stratum of society is subject. It is this illusion that the friends of American civilization have had to combat for many years, and will have to face for many years more. In the East, as elsewhere, the working-people have been taught by their self-interest to reach correct views on the Chinese question, and men of brains, who care for the welfare of their country, have arrived, by study of the facts of experience and by reasonable deductions from them, to come at the truth. But the mass of middle-class men and women, who neither fear the effect of Chinese competition on their incomes nor have acquired the habit of thinking for themselves, are prone to take the color of the opinions which environ them. Hence the strength of the pro-Chinese sentiment in the East and the grave acceptance of arguments that ought to put a simpleton to the blush.

The Geary Act is a just law, because exclusion of the Chinese is right—right from the standpoint of the Christian and the patriotic American. Exclusion is impossible of enforcement without such regulations for identification as the Geary law provides. The intelligent advocate of exclusion commonly finds the Chinaman, as an individual, no more obnoxious to his taste than many other immigrants. But the coolie differs in one vital respect from even the lowest and most objectionable Irishman, Italian, Hungarian, Croat, or Russian Jew. We know that these latter will become at least the grandfathers of acceptable American citizens, whereas the Chinaman can breed only other Chinamen; or should he find white women to bear his children, they and his progeny would be below his own level—the women loathed by their own race and their husbands, and the offspring despised as hybrids. The hundred thousand Chinese now in this country are, in the main, like the tremendous swarms of the common people of China—coolies; that is to say, slaves. If they are not owned by masters as chattels, they are as securely enslaved by hereditary custom and fixed industrial conditions as ever were the negro slaves of the New England Puritans by English law and biblical text. The Chinese are a servile race, and this republic wants no more servile races. We have more than enough race problems to wrestle with now. The introduction of the African

handsman to this country—a benefaction, the credit for which history fixes inexorably upon the godly ancestors of the contemporaneous pietists of the East who are shaking the land with their outcries for free immigration of the Chinese—subjected the United States to a century of shame and moral perversion, and cost it one of the bloodiest wars of all time. In that war, fought in expiation of New England's pious error and obedience of the South to her example, more than half a million men of our own race laid down their lives, and its money cost reached the inconceivable sum of eight billions and a half of dollars. This does not include, either, the treasure wasted by the South. The total valuation of the property of the eleven States of the Confederacy in 1860 fell short by three billions and a half of the amount directly spent for the suppression of the rebellion. That frightful squandering of life and wealth was in punishment for the crime of enslaving the negro; shall we pass on to our successors the risk of a worse retribution for the crime of opening our gates to the Chinese and fixing upon the white masses the fouler slavery to which the competition and mode of life of the coolies would degrade them? Even an Eastern preacher can grasp the idea that in business one merchant or manufacturer can only hold his own against another by practicing like economies and keeping his wages fund down to the lowest point which his workmen will tolerate. It may be beyond the powers of the preacher to grasp the equally undeniable fact that wages are regulated by the competition of workmen for employment. Let in the Chinese in sufficient numbers, and they will, by the operation of a law that is as imperious as that of gravitation, regulate wages in the United States. That means simply that white men, in order to compete with coolies, would be forced to become coolies. Does any American, who is not more concerned about keeping four hundred missionaries in the Chinese Empire, with its population of four hundred millions, than for the future of this republic and Christian civilization, think it desirable to welcome, without restriction, the Chinese immigrant who brings with him the microbes of such industrial and social potentialities?

That California should be incensed at the misrepresentations, the falsehoods, the insults, and abuse leveled at her by the ignorant, brainless, presumptuous, and self-righteous zealots who, in pulpit, press, and church convention, set themselves up in judgment on a community and a question of which they know nothing by observation and experience, ought to surprise no man possessed of better brains than a Salvation Army drummer. California has led in the anti-Chinese agitation for the natural reason that she has within her borders many more Chinese than all the rest of the Union put together. Here the coolie is not a shadow of approaching evil—he is an acutely realized curse. For forty years and upwards he has been with us, and we know him in all his aspects. He is our slave, as the negro was the slave of New England, the Middle States, and the South, and we have made use of him. He constitutes a formidable part of the foundation of our industrial edifice, for capital has been invested and many enterprises of permanent importance entered upon with reference to his presence. To deport him would disturb seriously for a time the business of California, as the deportation of the blacks would disturb the business of the South. But will any sane man affirm that the South would not be infinitely advantaged ultimately by the exchange of her black for white laborers?

We of California aim at the establishment and growth of an American civilization. If we can not have that, but have our social state on the coolie, as seems well to the brethren of the East, we shall offer to the country for solution another problem identical with that presented by the South—an American State, with an alien, inferior, and servile race at the bottom and a white aristocracy at the top. It will be in essence the Spanish civilization which the pioneers of the '40's and '50's supplanted here—the half-clothed, penniless peon at one end and the haughty, heddened don at the other. No doubt a rich, luxurious, and highly cultivated society would thus be developed, even as slavery evolved the civilization of the South, but it would not be an American society; and, as

it spread beyond California and the Pacific Coast in the wake of the welcomed Chinese coolie, he would carry with him and plant wherever he went the seeds of another Civil War.

We are told by the brethren that California could not have built her railroads, developed her mines, dug her irrigating ditches, or planted vineyards and orchards but for the Chinese. The answer to this is that it is not true. But even were it true, it would have been better for the United States had California lain dormant until her resources were developed by a race fit for American citizenship. Wealth derived from servile labor is not good for a republic. Free labor, however, would not long have been wanting in California had the coolie not forestalled it. Because the coolie was here, the immigrant-bringing demand was decreased. Other new States have not needed the coolie to redeem them from the wilderness. What a monstrous affront to common sense is this reiterated assertion of the benefits conferred on California by the Chinese! If the coolie has enriched us, and is still relieving us of toil and filling our pockets, how comes it that we are so insensible to our own interests as to desire to get rid of him? It requires the large mind of a grace-illuminated Chinophile to reconcile that contradiction. That the anti-Chinese cause has been discredited by the howlings of the Irish, who hate all other inferior races, and by the politicians, manœuvring for the votes of the rabble, there is no need to deny. But this howling and manœuvring are as unpleasant to the average Californian as to men of intelligence and self-respect elsewhere. The argument against Chinese immigration, however, goes to depths not stirred by race hatred, labor jealousies, or the eloquence of political demagogues. It reaches down to the foundation of the republic. This nation, if it is to endure, must rest upon the free labor of free white men.

As for the brethren of pulpit, convention, and pew, and the sanctified editorial room, we weary of them exceedingly. They are as devoid of real patriotism as of knowledge and modesty. Before the war, their predecessors defended African slavery as Chinese slavery is now being defended. They are creatures of their sentiments, and prejudices, and selfish interests, as were their prayerful New England forefathers who traded Indians in the West Indies for rum and asked God's blessing on their adventures to the coast of Africa for negroes—the exemplary saints who freed their slaves when slave labor was no longer profitable to them, and then called down the vengeance of heaven on the Southerners who purchased their blacks. The assumption of superior morals and superior means of knowledge made by these people—the good, old Pharisaical thanksgiving, uttered in the temple of their own righteousness, that they are not as other men—separates them as a class from their fellow-citizens, and renders them interesting if not agreeable. Precisely as the Massachusetts Puritan—fresh from a witch-burning, or a Quaker-haiting, or a profitable transaction in Indian or negro slaves, or a deal in Jamaica rum—felt competent, by reason of his patronizing intimacy with the Almighty, to pass another blue law for the regulation of the life of his neighbor, so does his descendant never question his title to mount the pulpit or platform and lecture the rest of us on any subject, political or social, under heaven. It is discreditable to the people and press of the East that they should cower as they do under the shouts of this class. To brains they are much inferior to the men of the professions and business whom they bully. They do not speak as individuals whose confidence in the soundness of their opinions rests on their ability to defend them by reason, but as arrogant, truculent leaders of an obedient and unthinking following, powerful enough in numbers and wealth to punish dissent by business boycott or social penalties, even as their ancestors spoke with the authority conferred by possession of the key of the jail and the coal of fire to light the fagots at the foot of the stake. They are survivals, out of step with the march of their time—narrow, ignorant, ill-tempered, worse-mannered, and malignant. Courtesy is to them an unknown grace, and to dispute their judgments is a proof of depravity. These men dominate but do not fully represent the churches of the East. To think otherwise would be to believe that the air of the nineteenth century has not penetrated the tabernacles and ventilated the pews. Their following is composed of the spiritually timorous and the intellectually lame, halt, and blind. They hector and browbeat because the New England tradition of clerical supremacy gives them the courage to shake their fists in the face of the natural and acquired good sense of this generation and to rage like so many petticoated scolds against the majority of the American people, who are as far in advance of them on the Chinese question as in most things which go to make up the equipment of a modern civilized man.

Though every pulpit in the United States should (out of concern for the souls of the heathen and indifference to the souls and bodies of our own race) roar against the Geary Act, that act will stand and be enforced. President Cleve-

land may be scared by the thunder and the shouting of the parsons, but the masses elect congressmen and Congress will insist upon the executive doing his constitutional duty. The American people are wiser than the preachers, and have given their sanction at the ballot-box to the Christian, statesman-like, and patriotic policy of excluding from our national life a servile race which can not be digested and which has worked evil wherever it has touched the republic.

The World's Fair has now been open nearly a month. It is hardly just to judge it by that experience, because it was prematurely opened, and another month, at least, will elapse before it will be really ready for examination. Visitors who have lately returned from Chicago report that most of the buildings are still in a state of chaos, and that the traveler who pays his fifty cents at the gate is met at door after door by the objection that "there is no use of your going in—everything is in confusion; you could see nothing, and you would be in our way." Machinery Hall, Electricity Hall, and one or two other buildings are partially in order, and some of the side-shows are complete; but the visitor who goes to Chicago at the present time expecting to view the fair as a whole, is courting a disappointment. Our friends, the Chicagoans, were six weeks too previous, that is all.

Two or three things are becoming obvious. It is reasonably certain that, when the exhibits are all in place and the buildings are complete, it will eclipse the Paris Exposition in volume and splendor, and will leave the Centennial a dim dream of a primitive age. So much is made plain by the waifs and estrays of information touching the exhibits on the ground or on the way. Never before has such a display of the marvels of art and nature been presented to the public eye. It is, also, almost certain that the show can not be seen in all its perfection before the end of June or possibly the beginning of July. In other words, it will realize public expectation two months later than was anticipated. The delay has been a source of annoyance to those who were in a hurry to go to Chicago, apparently from a fear that the fair would fly away. On the other hand, it will be a satisfaction to those who took things quietly and waited. The latter constitute a majority of sight-seers. To see the show in all its glory, August, September, or October will be soon enough; and, as it is fairly probable that it will remain open for a few weeks beyond the six months, it is quite possible that November, or even December, might not be too late. From the middle of August the climate of Chicago is delightful. Cool breezes blow in from the lake, and the power of the sun's rays is diminished. In the fall, traveling is really a pleasure instead of being a torture, as at present.

The public's interest in the profits of the fair as a pecuniary undertaking is not direct. But every one would be glad to hear that the enterprising men who subscribed their money and pledged their credit to make the fair possible were not going to be out of pocket. As matters stand, they run some risk of drawing Irish dividends on their stock. The daily working expenses of the fair are \$45,000; it is expected that this outlay will be met by receipts from concessions, privileges, and monopolies sold by the management to purveyors of various kinds. On the first of January, 1894, the Fair Company will have to meet its six per cent. debentures, its \$5,000,000 loan from the city of Chicago, and \$5,500,000 subscribed by individuals in aid of the fair—in all, about \$15,000,000. This represents 30,000,000 tickets at fifty cents each. From June 1st to December 31st, assuming that the fair remains open so long, and that its gates are not closed on Sundays, there are 212 days. To realize \$15,000,000, there must be an average of 141,500 tickets sold on each of these 212 days. Thus far, the attendance has not approximated to any such figure. During the first week, leaving out the opening day, the attendance averaged 26,000; on Saturday last it was 28,643; on Monday, 30,732; of these, a small proportion were half-tickets. But on several days during the month, the number of tickets sold has been as low as 15,000 and 18,000. Since May 1st, the directors report total receipts of \$665,370. Of course in the unfinished state of the show, no better could have been expected.

But there is a limit to the public attendance at such shows. At the Paris Exposition, the average daily attendance ranged between 100,000 and 125,000, according to the weather and the temper of the people. At the Centennial, the average daily attendance during the opening month was 28,000, though the show was in order; after that month it fell off. Fifty thousand people are an enormous crowd; a hundred and forty thousand can hardly be conceived by the ordinary mind. It amounts to one-half the population of San Francisco—men, women, and children—or nearly one-half the population of Oregon. Yet unless the fair is visited daily by an average crowd of this size, it can not yield a profit to its promoters.

It is due to truth to say that the reasons for staying away from Chicago, which were so potent a few weeks ago, have vanished. The Chicago papers have done yeoman work in

waging war on the cormorants who proposed to bleed and skin visitors. Extortion is still practiced on the fair grounds by restaurants and purveyors of various kinds. But the hotels and boarding-houses have been brought to their senses. A traveler who has just arrived from Chicago reports that he was offered his choice of rooms at several first-class hotels at the old rates, and that the shop-keepers were not charging over two prices for the goods they sold. We hear less about strangers being decoyed into dark places and relieved of their valuables. Mayor Harrison appears to have given the gamblers and bunco-steers a hint that they must be careful how they preyed on the unwary. The markets are well stocked with good food at fair prices. Thus the traveler need not be as careful as it behooved him to be a few weeks ago to secure his return ticket and a pocket full of crackers before he trusted himself within the precincts of the Windy City.

The rush will probably come in September. That will be the month in which the Chicago landlord will expect to pick the bones of his guests. But two or three weeks of wearing waiting will probably have taken off the edge of his rapacity. Among the Arabs of the Atlas Mountains, where the lion is hunted with success, the hunter studies his beast before engaging in battle; if he is very fat, there is little danger in pot shots; if he is lean and spry, the Arab will manœuvre for a coigne of vantage from which he can pour in three or four shots before coming to close quarters; if he is so emaciated that you can count his ribs, the rule is to shoot boldly, the brute can not retaliate. By September it will be possible to count the ribs of the Chicago innkeeper with the naked eye.

Though a Catholic ecclesiastic, high or low, is intellectually a slave of His Holiness the Infallible One of Rome, as truly as ever was a Southern negro the bondsman in the flesh of his white owner, it is not in human nature to love one's chains when they abrade the cuticle of either the body or the spirit. Mgr. Satolli, fresh from the Vatican to America, clothed with the plenary power of a proconsul, to restore the sweetness of peace to the distracted church in these latitudes, did so by resorting to Buck Farnshaw's method of preserving order, which was to whip into submission everybody who showed fight. Archbishop Corrigan, the mediæval hat of New York, who made a specialty of hating the public schools and proscribing priests who differed from him not only in religious but secular matters, was knocked down by the Ahlegate's club of authority, and made to sweat blood in a crucifixion of mortification by the restoration of Father McGlynn to his priestly office. The Cahensleyites, who, besides loathing the public schools, were clamoring for the preservation of race divisions in this republic by handing over all immigrants to distinct hierarchies, according to their nationalities, were as rudely flogged. Bishop Wigger, of New Jersey, engaged in a row with Father Corrigan, of Hoboken, one of the priests of his diocese, and ordered him to be tried by an ecclesiastical court for insubordination, *à se majesté*, and, in general, conduct unbecoming a centurion. Bishop Wigger, being a German, and not, therefore, enamored of unrestrained Irish dominance in the American church, threw in his lot with the Cahensleyites, and, at the German Catholic Congress in Newark, delivered himself in abusive fashion of his sentiments regarding the American common-school system. Hereupon Father Corrigan sprang forward as their champion in the worldly press and wielded his pen upon his revered bishop as if it were a shillalah. The outraged bishop, supported by all his German and Italian priests, haled the temerarious Irishman before the bar of church justice; but before the trial, conviction, and sentence of the hould Corrigan could be achieved, the puissant Ahlegate intervened. The priest made an apology that was no better than an additional insult, which, nevertheless, the slave bishop was obliged to swallow as if he liked it.

On all sides, in fact, Mgr. Satolli, acting for the Pope, gave the victory to the liberals, and crushed the conservatives. The latter kissed the rod, to be sure, but though they have held their tongues in obedience to their master's command, the souls of them are bitter and sullen. Recently Father Corrigan, bent, good man, on rubbing salt into the unhealed wounds of his German and dumb bishop, invited Mgr. Satolli to visit him at Hoboken and partake of a grand banquet to be spread in his honor. The Pope's viceroy condescended to accept the attention. Brother Corrigan issued other invitations, generously hiding to the feast the infuriate Wigger and all his adherents among the local priesthood. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, was also tastefully asked to come over and eat humble pie. Whether a card was at the same time mailed to Father McGlynn has not been disclosed. Bishop Wigger, meek from his heating, sent word that he would sit at the Corrigan board, but later, being braced by the counsel of more courageous spirits, he wrote to the Ahlegate, in effect, that it would not com-

port with his ecclesiastical or personal dignity to figure as the captive of the recalcitrant Corrigan's bow and spear. Many of his priests likewise refused to contribute to the glory of the successful rebel, and New York's bruised and limping archbishop intimated that important business elsewhere on the evening of the dinner would prevent him from enjoying the felicity of mingling in Hoboken with his beloved brethren. To add to the horrors of the situation, it became known that the American pope would not do the customary thing on his arrival in New Jersey by paying his first visit to the bishop, but intended to go straight to the humble abode of the hilarious Corrigan. American citizens who have not insured their happiness in the next life by surrendering their brains to the Catholic Church in this, may not comprehend how deep, and damp, and in all ways disagreeable and unsanitary was the hole in which this announcement put Bishop Wigger and his indignant priests. Mgr. Satolli is loaded with spiritual dynamite that, if touched gently, is liable to explode and wreak temporal as well as ghastly destruction. His commission, signed by the infallible Pope of Rome, absolute despot of the Catholic world, reads that "We command you to go and weed out the seeds of dissension. Whatever sentence or penalty you shall declare or inflict duly against those who oppose your authority we will ratify, and, with the authority given us by the Lord, will cause to be observed inviolably until condign satisfaction be made, notwithstanding constitutions and apostolic ordinances or any other to the contrary."

In other words, Mgr. Satolli carries around with him in his hand-bag, as the Prince of Wales did his haccarat lay-out, the Pope's proxy and power of attorney. How were Bishop Wigger and his brother slaves to show proper respect to this overseer with the whip, without submitting to the intolerable humiliation of entering the favored and triumphant Corrigan's detestable door? Fortunately for Christian harmony and the interests of the Wiggerites here and hereafter, Father Blakely, of West Hoboken, solved the problem. That child of light is blessed with the wisdom of the serpent as well as the innocence of the dove. He happens to be the rector of St. Michael's Monastery, and he dispatched an epistle to the perilous Satolli, craving the boon of a visit. Graciously the Deputy Pope replied, and his presence at this abode of Father Blakely and the holy monks was taken advantage of by the harassed bishop and his desperate followers. To a slave, they rushed to the monastery, prostrated themselves before the terrible Satolli, and retired with whole skins.

The Corrigan blow-out came off according to programme, and the reverend revelers had an average good time, despite the empty chairs. Nevertheless, the incident has planted the seeds of a new crop of woes for Mother Church in this enlightened land, where millions of citizens yield their first allegiance to the Pope of Rome. A somewhat formidable abal has been formed against Satolli, and the Holy Father is to be humbly prayed to transfer the overseer's whip to a more kindly hand. But the sun of hope does not heat the acerbated breasts of the flagellated to the burning point. Mgr. Satolli appears to enjoy a high degree of solidity at the Vatican.

The old duenna controversy is revived by the New York *Herald*. That journal declares that no matter what a girl may do in the West—which apparently includes the country from Baltimore to San Francisco—she can not enter a restaurant, tea-room, or theatre with a young man, unless be is accompanied by a chaperon, without condemning herself to social reprobation. This is an old topic of debate, and the correct laws on the subject were long ago laid down. They are as applicable to San Francisco and Chicago as to New York.

Where a young lady goes alone to a restaurant or theatre with a young man, she will, in some social circles, be supposed by her friends to be engaged to him; and if she is not, she will, to some extent, be placed in a false position. But the rule is subject to reservations. Where a girl has no father, brother, or other male relative to escort her to the theatre, and must debar herself the pleasure of seeing plays and operas unless she accepts the escort of a young man, she is undoubtedly justified in accepting that escort, and those who blame her are unreasonable. On such occasions, it is best for the young lady to decline the invitation of her escort to accompany him to a restaurant for supper after the theatre. A girl who goes unchaperoned to supper at midnight with a young man, who pays for the meal, provokes criticism. Supper is not a necessary of life, while stening to good plays is an important part of a girl's education. If the couple are debilitated by famine, the lady should ask her friend to join her in crackers and cheese in her own home.

Mrs. Grundy argues that a girl can always get a chaperon in the person of her mother, aunt, sister, or female friend, and thus the proprieties will be saved. That is true, as a

general rule. But the chaperon involves inconveniences. No woman likes to play gooseberry, knowing that the couple whom she accompanies are wishing she was at the bottom of the sea. She is a restraint on the conversation of both man and girl. Even when the two are in the plastic stage of liking, which precedes the graver stage of loving, they are apt to shape their conversation, even on the most harmless topics, so as to fit one person only. When they discuss the woes of Juliet or the ardor of Claude Melnotte, they use one form of expression for the world at large and another for the one individual with whom they are on terms of semi-confidence. If the chaperon sits by with the sharp hearing peculiar to the breed, the young couple must talk as if they were addressing an audience. Again, between young people, even when they are not in love with each other, a good deal of conversation is carried on mutely by the eyes. A duenna will intercept these fair speechless messages, interpret them, and report on them. For these reasons, the duenna is hateful to the young man and a trial to the girl.

The two words which are used to describe her—"duenna" and "chaperon"—are borrowed from countries where neither men nor women were to be trusted. In Spain and France, in the days when female escorts were compulsory, a young man could not be trusted alone with a young girl. Hence prudent parents take precaution against such disasters; the balcony on which the Spanish maiden listens to the guitar of her admirer stands so high from the ground that he can not even reach the tips of her fingers. If she stands at a window, it is iron-barred. Almaviva could only obtain access to Rosina by disguising himself as a singing-teacher.

Throughout the United States generally, and particularly in the West, young ladies can receive the visits of gentlemen without fears of rudeness; they can walk or ride with them, or go to theatres with them in absolute security. Partly because the standard of masculine honor is higher than it was, an American girl trusts herself alone with a gentleman and it never occurs to her father or mother that she is in any danger. It must be different in most countries of Continental Europe, for there the old precautions are still taken. Perhaps the Italian, and French, and Spanish girls are more prone to spontaneous combustion and more explosive than our girls. The officers of D'Estaing's fleet congratulated themselves on their good luck in finding that the girls of Rhode Island were not in the least afraid of them and were ready to accompany them to ball, picnic, or boating-party. Before they sailed, they understood why.

In the large cities of the Atlantic seaboard, the chaperon system prevails in what is known as "polite society." In the great middle class it is unknown. Lower down, it would be considered insanity. In the great cities of the West, it is not so general in the "upper circles" as in the East and is unknown in the lower circles. In San Francisco, the chaperon system is strictly observed among "society people" and is unknown to the remainder of the population.

If the question be squarely put by a young lady in San Francisco society whether she should attend a theatre with no other escort than a young man to whom she is not engaged, the answer of a sensible matron would be that she had better not, if she can see the show with a relative or female friend as chaperon. If she has no relative or female friend who will serve in that capacity, and the show is good, she had better accept the young man's escort, rather than miss it, and take the chances of sarcastic remarks. Men sometimes object to the chaperon, and would rather give up a theatre-party than tolerate her. Such men are too selfish to make good husbands.

Mr. W. M. Willey is at his old tricks. Some years ago, he caused a panic among our friends at Washington by telegraphing to the government that workmen were starving here, and that unless the War Department issued rations to feed them, numbers would drown themselves in the bay. Now this fellow is writing circulars to the mayors of interior cities, stating that San Francisco is full of starving people and is in such a filthy condition, especially as to Chinatown, that money is absolutely needed to defray the expense of cleaning it. The circulars end with a stirring appeal to send money quickly, "for God's sake." Mr. Willey probably reckoned that some of the money, at all events, would be sent to him.

What is to be done with a mischievous knave of this kind? Mayor Ellert has had him up, and has rebuked him in strong language. But what does a creature like Willey care for rebuke? As reasonably chide Dr. O'Donnell for indecency, or Dennis Kearney for being a brazen demagogue. The mayor answered the inquiry he received from the mayor of Hastings, Neb., in fit terms. He wrote:

"William Willey and others of his ilk are professional agitators. Nothing could offend them more than work. Their forte is to endeavor to excite sympathy from the credulous by specious pretenses, and this is their business. That from time to time there are more or

less unemployed persons in San Francisco is true, but it is true also of all other large cities.

"The charitable people and associations have been and are still amply able and willing to assist all deserving persons who may require aid.

"In any contingency of the character referred to, San Francisco and her citizens would be second to none in responding generously to all meritorious demands, and equally pronounced in exposing, disregarding, and denouncing all schemers and agitators whose greatest punishment would be to compel them to work."

If any one in the East has responded to Willey's appeal by sending money, it is to be hoped that he will acquaint the mayor with the fact; in that case, it may be possible to lay the fellow by the heels and to land him in jail. But if he has done nothing but write a lying letter, traducing the town in which he lives, it is hard to see how the law is to get a hold on him. He probably draws a small income from his father's patent medicines, so that he could hardly be reached by the vagrant act.

Eastern cities have disposed of nuisances like Willey, O'Donnell, and Kearney by police interference with their comfort. It is the law that policemen shall not arrest people unless they see them committing or preparing to commit a misdemeanor. But a good deal of discretion is conceded to the policeman. If these men were in New York, they would find themselves unexpectedly arrested every day of their lives, and the sergeant of police before whom they were brought, and the police justice to whom their case was referred, would want strong evidence to prove their innocence. There is hardly a day when they do not break some ordinance or commit some nuisance. If Chief Crowley passed the word around among his men that it was best for the public comfort that the town should be made too hot to hold professional labor agitators, they would catch on after awhile, and they would transfer their pestilential presence to another meridian. Inspector Byrne had a quiet but persuasive way of getting rid of vermin which was very effective.

It is not that the scoundrels do so much mischief in decent circles. But they have a following among the hoodlums—half-grown, headless, bleary-eyed, foul-mouthed young men of twenty or so, who are always ready to figure as a type of the unemployed, and who gather in force to hear O'Donnell or Kearney at the Sand-lot. These unfortunates are apprentices for San Quentin. They begin by listening to pestiferous speeches; they go on by brutifying with cheap whisky natures which were sottish enough before; they continue by stealing, or, in case opportunity offers, by threatening life or limb; and they fetch up naturally in the penitentiary, where the State has to support them for the natural term of their lives, for they are irreclaimable and as fast as they are discharged, they return to their normal home. These young men are the pupils of teachers like Willey and his professional colleagues. We take the pupil and lock him up, practically for life. But we let the teacher go to indoctrinate more pupils with unfitness for human society. Is this logical?

In seaports like San Francisco, as in New York, there will always be a gamin class which will graduate into a dangerous class if not cared for. Fathers who are drunkards and mothers who are that and something worse leave their boys to wander through the streets as vagabonds, to associate with habitual criminals, and to imbihe their ideas of life from the orators of the Sand-lot. When they are arraigned for misdemeanor or felony, simple-minded people wonder that they should be so wicked, being so young. But how could they be otherwise? Could it have been expected that pests of this character would have taught them the duty of self-restraint and respect for the rights and the property of others? Nobody guards them against contamination, yet we are surprised when the stain shows on their skin.

San Francisco can not afford to tolerate the existence in its midst of persons who seem to live to propagate false doctrine and disregard of all that decent people respect. In the ordinary vicissitudes of life, we are liable to have periods of hard times, when there may really be crowds of unemployed men in the streets, as there were in 1878. A failure of the wheat-crop, a convulsion in the money-market, might precipitate such a crisis any year. If it came, we know perfectly well that these agitators would mount the tops of barrels and preach anarchy and revolution to attentive audiences of starving men. That would necessitate an appeal to the strong arm of power. Property would have to be protected at the cost of life. It would be painful for the citizen of San Francisco on that dark day to reflect that the bloody vindication of law might have been avoided if the apostles of disorder had been dealt with in time and had not been allowed to cultivate nurseries of anarchists in the heart of the town.

Persons leaving the city, either to visit the Eastern States or to spend the summer in the country, can have the Argonaut mailed to their address by sending an order to this office. Changes of address should reach the office not later than Thursday evening.

THE BLONDE DRAGOON.

His Star Engagement from the Potsdamer Strasse to Los Angeles.

The band was playing the air of "God Save the Queen." Only the air of it, however. The words to the tune, on this occasion, began something like "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," and the band was that of a famous German regiment. All the pretty little maidens, with their blonde hair and blue eyes, craned their heads out of the windows all along the beautiful, sunlit Belle-Alliance Strasse, and hummed the words of the tune gently, looking the while admiringly at the glittering rows of cavalry that were filing past.

It was the day of the great autumn manoeuvres on the Tempelhofer Feld, and all Berlin was there to see and applaud. It was, too, a more than usually historic occasion, though that was not apparent at the time. It was the last time that the three great Williams of Germany, of Hohenzollern, were all together, in uniform and on review. The first William, the uniter of Germany, was there, on horseback, too, spite of his great age; Frederick William, beloved of his people and of the gods, was there, also, leading his regiment; and, lastly, the younger William, then merely the bearer of a military title, now the reigning sovereign.

And yet, it is almost impossible of belief, that the maidens in the windows of the Belle-Alliance Strasse houses did not go into nearly so great ecstasies of admiration over these three royal personages as they did over a certain officer of dragoons, who was riding a magnificent chestnut stallion.

How he sat there, like a statue on horseback, a blue god of the sword! How immense that waving mustache was, and how the maidens all envied the breeze which was permitted so persistently to kiss this well-curled appanage! And how fiery were his eyes as he threw them upwards, window-wards, with such a killing motion!

The maidens looked at one another and sighed. "Is he not heavenly?" they asked. Then they glanced at one another fiercely. But no, thought each one, it is not possible that he could endure her for a moment, while I—

As for the Premier-Lieutenant von Schadowitz, this beautiful blue dragoon, who was the apple of all these lovely eyes, he rode on, triumphant, conscious of a victory that was far more delightful than a battle won at the sword's point. He was winning hearts; are not hearts better than glory?

That evening the Premier-Lieutenant von Schadowitz said to himself that the exertions of the manoeuvres required that he should take a little recreation. He was dining at a pretty little *restaurant* on the Potsdamer Strasse, where you get a delightful dinner, with a private view of the officers of the general staff thrown in *gratis*, for something perfectly ridiculous. The presence of these luminousities of the imperial general staff was sufficient to scare away the ordinary officer; but Von Schadowitz was above such paltry tremors. Was there a page in his life that he would not willingly disclose to these high personages? No. Besides, he looked so perfectly fascinating in the grace with which he arose several times in the course of his meal and saluted the gentlemen of the general staff as they stalked in, one after another, and he was so completely sure that his figure was in its very best evidence at these moments, that he patronized Potsdamer Strasse No. —, with a feeling that he was really getting a great deal of satisfaction for his money. So, then, it was here that he gazed smilingly at the yellow stem of a just emptied Roemer, and said to himself: "Go we to Kroll's!"

There was nothing exceptional about the audience at Kroll's that night, beyond the fact that Von Schadowitz was there. There were the usual Englishmen in costumes that would have been impossible at the Lyceum, but which they considered quite good enough for Kroll's and Berlin.

But on the stage! Ah, was there ever such a prima donna at Kroll's before or since? She was an American; one knew that, and not much more. She had a voice, a face, and a figure! Thou dear heaven, an elegant appearance! She was singing "La Traviata," and as Von Schadowitz caressed the waving tresses of his lip's adornment, he said to himself that he had never heard the part sung so divinely, acted so forcibly. Who was this woman? The programme said merely "Ella Flutter." His neighbors could tell him nothing. No one knew. She was magnificent; that was the one fact indisputable.

The fat manager handed her a huge bouquet of roses; the bursts of applause were thunderous. Von Schadowitz went out into the cool gardens, his eyes rolling skyward with a glistening *schwaermerei*.

All Berlin was talking about the new prima donna at Kroll's, but every one knew as little about her as every one else. Not even were her photographs to be had. It was tantalizing.

Old Major Fewsleer (who earned his title by shooting a horse-thief in Texas) was dining in the Potsdamer Strasse a few days after the autumn manoeuvres had been forgotten. He looked around anxiously, as if seeking for some one. Then he called to the waiter.

"Will you tell me," he said, "what has become of the officer of blue dragoons who used to sit here, opposite?"

The waiter shook his head. "I regret—" he began, but the major merely ordered another bottle of Pilsener, and went on trifling with an *entree*. Still, he was a little put out; he had got used to seeing that blonde god of war, to admiring the magnificence of his self-complacency and the splendor of his manners.

The days passed, and still the sunlight of Von Schadowitz's presence fell not upon the Potsdamer Strasse.

In the Belle-Alliance Strasse, the blue-eyed maidens twined their tresses in vain, and vainly looked out at the window. The blue dragoon no more rode past, no more looked up and threw a languishing glance.

And there was also desolation at Kroll's. The Premier-Lieutenant von Schadowitz had eloped with Miss Flutter.

sively, as he stood with a number of the other cowboys, leaning over the fence of one of the corrals on the "T-Square" Ranch, apparently unmindful of the fierce glare of the Texas sun, and observant only of the antics of two figures on the brown prairie stretching out in front of them endlessly—"I gaze with regret," he repeated, solemnly, "at the play this yere man Shadow is a-making to ride that there cow-pony. He deals it out to me that he has rode horses some while running in the fighting herd over in this Germany that he claims to be from; but I don't see that it's availing him much with that there critter."

Seeing that at this precise moment the bronco ungently and firmly deposited the "man Shadow" on the hard prairie, the remarks of Bad-Man Tom were eminently well chosen. The cowboys smiled stolidly and rolled fresh cigarettes.

"But," observed Bad-Man Tom, after a few moments, "while I shorely realizes that he don't ride a whole lot well, I has no play to make against his grit; none whatever. Which I certainly admires in a man, whether he's branded my way or not."

And this opinion very soon came to be of general acceptance on the "T-Square." In the first place, Shadow was a man of very polite manners, and the cowboy, who may not be polished in the very latest fashion himself, has all the instinctive qualities of a gentleman, and recognizes the earmarks thereof at once. Second, Shadow's pluck was undeniable. He worked tremendously hard to lose the knowledge the military riding-school had given him, and after awhile he succeeded sufficiently to ride any bronco on the place. Third, he was understood to be a man of great strength, though of mild disposition.

In a word, the verdict of the "T-Square" concerning this "man Shadow" was that he was a "white man, shore!" And the language of the great South-West contains no greater compliment than this. If you are accounted "white," many things will be forgiven you.

The one grief that cankered the new-comer's heart was the matter of his nomenclature. That he, the Premier-Lieutenant von Schadowitz, should be known as Shadow, forsooth! But that was the fate ordained. When he had told out his full appendage of names to the boys, they had smiled scornfully. One of them began rolling the name around on his lips. "Shaddywits," "Shadd—" Oh," he said, after a few more vain efforts, "I reckon we brands you 'Shadow,' and lets you go at that." And the name stuck.

Concerning his past the boys cared to know, and did know, very little. Nor was he anxious to divulge. There were occasional stories of German army life, of old, boisterous student-days, and these won him some fame as an entertainer for dull evenings. About Miss Flutter, he said nothing; about his former glories, he said nothing. He still had that huge *n* ustache; but it was no longer used to kill hearts with; his experience with Miss Flutter had, perhaps, been a saddening one. Who could say?

The "T-Square" as an exemplary ranch had only one disadvantage. It was comparatively close to a town, and that a large one; in fact, the capital of Texas. This may sound like an advantage; as a matter of fact, and mindful of the plan upon which the genus cowboy is constructed, it is quite the reverse. The cowboy is much like those animals that come to life only in the sun. He works hard all the year round, but occasionally, if the occasion be possible, he rides him away to town and engages in a sharp, jolting combat with whisky, which makes him of no use to anybody on earth for a little while. These occurrences are not so frequent now as of yore, because, in the first place, there are not many ranches left now; and, in the second place, the breed of cowboys has changed. But in the days of the "T-Square," it was still the occasional custom to swoop down upon towns, and, for a period, own them and abuse them.

It was after a slight skirmish of this kind that Bad-Man Tom returned to the "T-Square" one day, looking somewhat sad and shy of speech. Concerning his exploits, he said little or nothing. But, in the course of after reminiscences, he did let drop some news of the town.

"I goes to a bang-up show," he remarked, casually to Shadow, one day, "while I was in town here a while ago. That is, I puts it up that it was a bang-up deal, because I didn't understand it none whatever. Which is, perhaps, due to my condition at that stage of the game. But they sings a whole lot, and it sounds a good deal melodious. Likewise, there was a maverick in the herd as could give Venus cards and beat her. She has a voice that reaches further than a coyote's and sounds sweeter than a mockin'-bird's, and she captures me entire. Though, as I says," he added, dubiously, "that was all maybe because my wits was mostly stampeded by the whisky."

"Ach!" said Shadow, his face lighting up, "is it possible that you have heard an opera? Ah, heavenly thought!"

Two days afterward, the boys of the "T-Square" were smoking cigarettes and chatting idly.

"And so I inquires of the barkeep at the Crystal Front," one of the boys was saying, "concerning the last time he lays eyes on this yere man Shadow. Which he informs me was yesterday, when this lamb as has now strayed from our fold walks in calm and peaceful and wishes to sell him a saddle and bridle and sick-like riding-weapons. The barkeep buys the gear mighty cheap, I understands, and then Shadow he walks out, and there we loses the trail."

"Do you reckon," was the next question that was drawled out of the circle of smokers, "that he's loosed on some species of nose-paint?"

"None whatever. He being especially white in the matter of liquor, and never letting it hold a stronger hand than he's got himself."

"I hates to do it," observed Bad-Man Tom, finally; "but I sees myself compelled to believe that there's a female lead in this yere play as separates Shadow from this camp. Has you all observed that he favors the heifers any whatever?"

Nobody had; but the solution last offered was generally then and there accepted as the only plausible one. There were a few lazy regrets expressed, from time to time, at the

ranch; but the routine went on as before, and Shadow became but a memory. And in the fullness of time there came to the "T-Square" the news, full of grateful flattery to Bad-Man Tom's wisdom, that the very excellent Shadow had eloped with the prima donna of the Nightingale Opera Company, lately playing an extended engagement at Millard's, Austin. It was further learned that the elopement had called forth exceeding wrath in the manager of the aforesaid company, and that said gentleman was reported looking for Shadow's blood; the latter aristocratic river of life being, however, by common supposition, safe and fast in the veins of Mr. Shadow, far from the whole sunlit State of Texas. "Which I shorely hopes," added one of the "T-Square" boys, pensively jerking death into an ambitious horsefly, "that Shadow gets the call on this yere theatrical sharp whenever they locks horns."

Whereat they all grunted approval. They had been fond of Shadow.

* * * * *

"No, sir; the gentlemen themselves—the gentlemen, Level & Loomis—are at present not to be seen. But I represent them, sir; I am now in charge. With what can I serve? Will you not seat yourself?"

It was in Los Angeles, California. The day was a languid one; in the office of Level & Loomis, real-estate agents and loan brokers, the state of business had been even more languid than the weather. In consequence, the partners had gone home very early in the day, leaving the office in charge of their assistant.

"Anyway," as John Level observed, as they were walking home together, "he's the man that can sell in an hour to a man you or I have spent a day on. He has got the most remarkable powers of persuasion."

"Yes; and then consider his imperfect English. Oh, he's a bird—he is!"

After a moment of hesitation, the prospective customer sat down by the first speaker's desk and proceeded to state his case. He had made money in the East; he wanted a home now—a nice, quiet place, with a few acres of ground. And he had heard so much about this climate! But was it really so? Was it not all—how should he say—a plot of the agents? It seemed a delicate thing to ask about; but, truthfully, was this at all to be believed?

"Ach!" said the other, raising his eyes as if asking heaven to be his witness, "the half you have not yet heard. I tell you, this is a true Paradise. Such a climate is to be found, I swear it you, nowhere else. And cheap! Thou dear heaven, quite horribly cheap! Look you only at these maps. There is now, for example, a place just a mile or two from town, with orange-grove and market-garden. That would be something like, truly. The owner has himself settled in San Francisco; he asks a mere nothing for this place here. It is colossal, the cheapness! You must gaze upon the place with your own eyes. I drive you there in great speed. What think you?"

The man from the East, overwhelmed with this flood of discourse, had but little to say. He merely hemmed and hawed, ventured something about the validity of the title, and then relapsed into quiescence before the storm of explanation that again began pouring from the other's lips.

"Oh, if the title is also good? The title say I to you, is as good as well—bow sball I say?—as the German Emperor's. Now, you wonder to yourself, perhaps, why I take in you such interest? Truly? It is because I have seen at once that you are a solid man, a good fellow. I will to you openly say that we do not wish to sell these properties here at all, if we can not sell them to the solid men. It is not the money, look you; that is not it at all; it is the building together of a good community. Therefore, when I you coming saw, said I to myself, that if we could obtain you among us to live, we should be very happy. This place you can buy for—" He took out a pencil and wrote some figures on a slip of paper, holding it out airily with the manner of a man bestowing a valuable gift. "I need not to say," he went on impressively, "that this is quite between us; to no one else would I offer this so low. Well, we drive out then, so soon as I the livery-stable telephone."

It was in this and likewise that Shadow, for it was he, made himself indispensable to the leading real-estate firm of Los Angeles. So few customers ever escaped him that Loomis, in a moment of inspiration, evolved the axiom, concerning Mr. Shadow, that "whoever tackles him, is lost—in lots." He had appeared one day, no one quite knew where from, and planting himself in the glad sunlight, his blonde mustache waving jauntily in the breeze, had informed the firm of Level & Loomis that he would consider himself much honored if he could offer them his valuable services. They were both young men, and they were Athenians by instinct. They listened to his delightful jargon for a while, long enough to discover that here was certainly a very new thing, and then they engaged him. They said to themselves, and rightly, that a man who could roll such seductive jumbles of language into the ears of wise stagers like themselves and almost succeed in hypnotizing their judgment thereby, could certainly do the trick most completely with the very "soft" people whose desire to purchase sections of California climate provided Level & Loomis with a decent affluence. So, without very much further questioning concerning his past, Mr. Shadow, as he now allowed himself to be universally known, became one of the institutions of the office of Level & Loomis. They had never yet regretted their impromptu decision in the taking on of Shadow; he was energetic in their behalf to an uncommon degree; he was perfectly sober and a gentleman of much breeding, as evidenced in his manners. Concerning a certain Premier-Lieutenant von Schadowitz, Mr. Shadow told nothing. Neither did he, by so much as an injudicious boast, disclose any knowledge of life on the Potsdamer Strasse or the "T-Square" Ranch. He had grown exceedingly cautious. No one in Los Angeles obtained intimacy with him; he lived very much to himself. Not all the ogling of the fairest maidens that climate *à la*

champagne can produce could pierce the armor of his indifference. Only, sometimes, he would stop in his solitary walks, listening to the voice of some singer; but he always went on again, shaking his head sadly.

And then, one morning Mr. Level came into the office laughing in a manner that was almost, as Shadow would have said, against the police. He laid a copy of a San Francisco daily down on Mr. Loomis's desk and laughed again. Mr. Loomis read. The paragraph went this way:

"Manager Budsl, of the Tivoli, announces that the part of Estelle will be taken to-night by Miss Annie Wilmeton. This change is due to the departure, without previous notice, of Miss Julie Dareby, the prima donna of this comic-opera company. It is stated that Miss Dareby has cloped with a man named Shadow, who has been in the city only a few days, bailing originally from Los Angeles."

Mr. Loomis laughed also. "Oh," he said, cheerfully, "he's a bird, he is!"

"That's what!" observed Mr. Level, emphatically.

Major Fewsleer was walking slowly along the sunny side of the avenue, when he uttered a sudden exclamation, prophetic of his future, and stopped short, awaiting the nearer approach of a tall figure, appeared in the height of fashion, about the head of which a blonde mustache waved as an aureole.

"I'll be damned," reassured the major, reaching out his hand, "if it isn't Von Schadewitz! Caesar, but you're looking tip-top. Haven't changed much in all these years, by gad, you haven't. How's Mrs. —er, that is, what ever became of Miss Flutter?"

To all of which the tall gentleman responded with a very sincere handshake, a rattle of laughter from under the golden mustache, and a "Ah, it is the major—the dear Major Fewsleer! Ah, how you do look so well! How it pleases me that to behold! And you ask after Miss Flutter? Miss Flutter? A moment, until I bethink myself. Miss —, ah, that was in Berlin, if I err not? Yes? Ah, that is so long ago; so very long ago. But to you, my dear major, I will tell the thing from beginning to the end. Only you must mark yourself this: I am no longer Von Schadewitz; I am the Count von Meerhafen. I explain that presently. Let us eat here a little something, with a glass of wine thereto."

They turned, presently, into Delmonico's, and after the wine had put them both into a comfortable mood, the Count von Meerhafen began his narrative.

"I will explain firstly to you," he said, "that I have my whole life long been in search of a certain combination—a beautiful woman and the ability to reach a certain note in the scale. Wherever I have found that, I have always for myself wanted it. The curious belief was also mine that with a prima donna I could live happily. To me it appears almost as if in my family there must once have been a prima donna; of course, a very long time ago. But this has been the cause of all my travels. You remember my sudden departure from Miss Flutter? It was she who caused me to come to this magnificent land. But we were soon of one another tired. Ah, and you have here such a colossal idea—this divorce! Quite famous, this idea. So, when we were of one another sick, we let ourselves be divorced. Then I descended upon Texas. I became—can you think this for yourself?—a cowboy. Yet even there, in that wild State, I again found a face and a voice—oh, heavenly, I tell you! We eloped. But she, also, tired of me and went back to the opera. And so it has gone, again and again. I have been—ah, where have I not been? This is such a huge land!"

"But now?" inquired the major.

"Now? Now I am the Count von Meerhafen. Oh, this country of yours, it is magnificent! It has such magnificent ideas! You see, I was in Chicago. There I behold and hear once more such a glorious face, such a nightingale voice. But—would you suppose it?—the manager of this prima donna had seen me before—in Texas, where I had eloped with one of his other prima donnas. He insulted me openly. I—what you call him—wiped the saloon with him. After that he was a very good friend of mine. He say to me, be say: 'Look here, Shadow, let's play fair. You're mashed on this Torrent girl, and I want to keep her in the company. You claim that if you marry her you couldn't think of her staying with the show, you not being in the profess yourself. All correct; now listen. We need lots of things in this business; but after you've said advertising, the eleven other things can go further and warmer. And the great thing in advertising is not to let the people know that it is advertising. All of which means that I need you in this show, or I should say, outside of it. You do the Swedish court act—see? You're a Swedish nobleman, of fabulous wealth, who has become enamored of Miss Torrent, and follows her around all the time, overwhelming her with presents on the side, and eventually aiming to win her stubborn heart. In return for which act of yours I allow you to marry Miss Torrent right away; you travel with the show, I find you in fashionable clothes and a fairish salary. Oh, I tell you, it's just pie for you—that's what it is—pie! All you've got to do is to look aristocratic and in love, both of which you appear to me to be eminently built for. What do you think?' Of course, my dear major, you can think for yourself that I said yes. And now, *Ach*, I am so happy! You can not at all fancy for yourself. Ah, while we are here, you must call upon my dear Alma and myself some evening, my dear major; you shall see how happy we are. Ah, this is a wonder-beautiful and! The 'land wo die Citronen bluehen,' this is it here—these glorious United States.

"Only one thing I regret, my dear major—the beautiful uniform of the blue dragoons. I even suggested to the manager that it might suit the part of the count; but, alas! he said no. He said I must not overdo the thing. So I try to forget the beautiful blue uniform. But"—he sighed contentedly and gazed at the major with a peace-on-earth-and-good-will-toward-men expression on his face—"let us sink to America!"

J. PERCIVAL POLLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1893.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Wedding Under the Directory.

[Our readers have all doubtless seen the engraving of Kaemmerer's beautiful painting, "A Wedding under the Directory," the original of which is in the possession of Thomas Howell, of New York. It, and its companion piece, "The Christening," are two of the most popular of the many engravings of the day. The poem which follows was suggested by "Une Noce sous le Directoire." It appeared in the old *Scribner's* many years ago.]

In the French Republic, second year,
About the first of May,
(It was Germinal, they say,)
A wedding party went on their way
Under the newly budded trees
In the Garden of the Tuilleries,
That was crowded far and near;
And old, and young,
They chatted, and sung,
For the wind was mild, and the weather was clear.

This newly wedded groom and bride
Strolled slowly homeward side by side,
He holding her reticule and fan,
And counting himself a happy man;
She thinking herself a happy wife,
And Buddha the brightest season of life.
Oh, she was fair in her long white dress
Of silk or satin—who cares which now?
With her yellow curls low down on her brow,
Under her flowing bridal veil,
That made her look just a trifle pale—
Pure as the rose-bud in her breast—
(Ah, little bird, to have such a nest!)
A picture of perfect loveliness!

What do you think of your Aucassin,
O beautiful Nicolette?
He is brave without, and good within,
And he will never forget!
Life is rosy with him to-day,
As he struts along with your big bouquet,
And his jaunty hat—no cockade there!
(Does he think of the 13th Vendémiaire?
No, he lives, so he was away,
Or was *not* in the Rue St. Honoré!)
Do you guess what songs are singing within
The half-turned head of your Aucassin?
Hearken, and you will hear
In your inner ear:

"Ma mie,
Ma douce amie,
Reponds à mes amours.
Fidèle
A cette belle,
Je l'aimerais toujours."

What do you think of your Nicolette,
O Citizen Aucassin?
Without, a coy rosebud coquette,
She's as chaste as a lily within!
The sprays above her are not so sweet,
Nor the day so debonaire,
As she with her delicate, noiseless feet
Tripping from stair to stair.
You lucky fellow, you have on your arm
A loving, confiding, perfect charm!
"Tra-la! tra-la!" her light heart goes
As she trips and skips on the tip of her toes.
Her slippers were made by Bourdon; her hair
Was dressed by Léonard—*Peste!* Why do you smile?

I know his style,
And, as Buffon says, the style is the man,
The Citizenne's is à la Persane.
Do you know what pretty chansonnette
Runs through the bead of your Nicolette?
"Je le veux; car c'est la raison
Que je sois maître en ma maison."
(That elderly person looking this way
Wrote that *vieille ronde gauchoise*—Beaumarchais!)
He is lifting his hat. "Merci, M'sieu."
Such is the song she is singing to you;
But deeper down, where her feelings are,
She is crooning the dirge of the Queen of Navarre,
(See that she does it never!)

"Je n'ay plus ny père, ny mère,
Ny saur, ny frère."
Here she sighs,
And looks in your eyes,
And hopes you will love her forever!

What do you think of the bappy pair,
O saucy, pert Dorine?
You only think that you are fair,
And you know you love to be seen.
You have no heart, but plenty of art,
And you flatter yourself that you are smart—
Don't be so quick,
It is my vile English—"Tu es chic!"
You are wearing a love of a hat, Dorine,
And what dainty satin shoes!
Whose miniature is that, Dorine,
On your little white neck?
Do you run at his beck?
But remember you still have something to lose;
She heeds me not—she is lost, not won,
And is singing a song of Villon:
"Dictez moy, ou ne en quel pays
Est Flora la belle Romaine,
Archipada, ne Thais
Out fut sa cousine germaine?"

(HE SINGS.)

"Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mironton, mironton, mironontaine:
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra."
And Nicolette hummed the refrain,
And Dorine went "Tra-la-la."

(HIS FRIEND WARNS HIM.)

"What are you doing, and why so gay,
Georges Cadoudal? A word in your ear.
Barras and Carnot have seen you here,
Mon cher camarade at Savenay!
O General Cadoudal, fly with your wife!
Madame, beseech him to save his life!
I warn you, *ami*, have nothing to do
With Pichegru;
For he is rash as you are brave,
Or you will fall in the Place de Grève,
Riddled with bullets." "We'll change the strain,"
Said Cadoudal, "with a new refrain:
'General Cadoudal est mort,
Mironton, mironton, mironontaine:
General Cadoudal est mort,
Est mort et enterré."
"Fi donc," Dorine said, "Mais il est fort."
—And he was, on that terrible day.
—Richard Henry Stoddard.

The young Earl of Dudley is said to hold the largest life insurance ever effected, the amount being \$6,000,000.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ex-President Harrison is counsel in a street railroad suit just filed in the Federal Court at Indianapolis.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor has set out to have the best racing stable in England. He is buying every thoroughbred of reputation that is offered to him, but it is said that he does so with a caution and shrewdness that do honor to his ancestry.

Historian James Anthony Froude is described as a tall, keen-eyed, handsome man, of singularly genial manner, with a ruddy, clean-shaven face framed in close-cropped, iron-gray side-whiskers. He is seventy-four years old, and looks ten years younger.

George W. Clifford, Traveling Passenger Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, confirms the report that Mr. Cleveland will make a tour of the world at the end of his term. Mr. Clifford says that Colonel Sheedy, of his road, is making a tour of the world, mapping out a route, and is now in Australia on his way home.

Guy de Maupassant is now in what his doctor calls a vegetative state and incapable of connecting two ideas together. He suffers greatly from cold, and during the continuance of the recent warm weather in France, he sat wrapped in blankets, but shivering. He shows a preference for corners, as if fearing an attack from behind. Two keepers watch over him constantly.

Edwin Booth's physical disability is generally ascribed to excessive indulgence in tobacco. The cigars which the famous tragedian smokes are marvels of strength, yet it has been smoke, smoke, smoke from morning till late at night for many years. When he was playing, Mr. Booth used to have his valet stand at night at one of the entrances to the stage, holding a cigar and a light, so that as soon as the scene was ended Mr. Booth would have his favorite weed at hand.

One of the two gold medals annually awarded by the Royal Geographical Society is to be given this year to Mr. Selous, whose new book will be one of the most interesting records of exploration and sport ever written. Mr. Selous is popularly reported to have shot, speared, trapped, or otherwise circumvented every sort of bird, beast, insect, or reptile in the African continent, and to be the original of Mr. Rider Haggard's Allan Quatermain. He is believed to have killed more elephants than any one else in the world. He will talk about anything but his own doings.

The continued absence abroad of the Princess of Wales is attributed in some quarters to her objections to the marriage of the Duke of York to Princess May. The late Duke of Clarence was the best beloved son of his mother, and his death nearly upset her reason. She resented the apparent complacency with which the bereaved bride was early prepared to console herself, and, so the story runs, she did her best to prevent the betrothal; but everybody except herself and one of her daughters was in favor of the match, and when it appeared certain that she could not successfully oppose it, she went off in anger on the trip which has lasted several weeks.

From an article on "Unknown Husbands of Famous Women," we learn that Mr. Humphry Ward is an art critic of the *London Times* and is author of quite as many books as his wife; that the husband of Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, lives in Topeka, and says: "It's all right for my wife to make speeches, but it's the drug-store, just the same, that keeps things a-running"; that the husband of Margaret Deland is a hustling advertising agent and won fame by devising the "flying wedge" in foot-ball; that the husband of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger ("Julien Gordon") is Colonel S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, manager of the vast Trinity Church Corporation in New York city; and that Mr. Burton N. Harrison is a New York attorney, and that "when his wife's literary work is mentioned, he is dumb."

The royal family of England is said to be the most money-loving of the princely blood of Europe. The queen has accumulated a vast fortune from her savings, and she pays her servants less than they can get in any first-class hotel. Her daughter, the Princess Louise, inherits this parsimonious spirit, and just now the radical press of London is making an outcry because the princess competed with other sculptors for a statue to the queen and got the contract through royal influence. The princess charged full price for the work—two thousand five hundred dollars—and exacted five hundred dollars in advance. The poorer sculptors had to stand aside. The Prince of Wales, however, does not inherit the thrifty instinct. He wears one thousand pairs of gloves a year, and buys them all from Denmark instead of encouraging the home industry.

Young King Alexander of Serbia is as precocious and energetic in his love-making as in statescraft. When he was but fifteen, he met at a court ball the beautiful wife of a minister representing a foreign power at Belgrade, and, though she was fully thirty-three, he spent the entire evening at her side and met her by appointment the next morning in the park of the royal castle, Topischider. This *liaison*, so energetically inaugurated, progressed favorably, on the assumption that it was but the innocent attachment of a boy. The countess's husband, however, discovered after awhile evidence which completely destroyed the theory of the platonic character of young Alexander's love-making, and promptly packed off his wife to her mother. Alexander was furious. His first thought was to follow his *inamorata*. He succeeded in getting away as far as Buda-Pesth, where Ristics caught up with him. Being forced to return to Belgrade, the little majesty threatened to insult her ladyship's husband publicly as a punishment for his interference, and he had to be watched for months afterward in order that trouble might be avoided.

THE WALL STREET CRASH.

"Flaneur" on the Cordage Trust—How it was Composed—Society Men as "Promoters"—Reckless Speculators—From Riches to Poverty.

The topics of the day are the wrecking of the Cordage Trust, which has gone into the hands of receivers, and the question how many other trusts will follow its example. The Cordage Trust was a concern with thirty millions of dollars authorized stock and twenty-five millions of dollars stock actually issued. It was organized to monopolize the business of making rope and twine, and though old John Good, who had been in the business all his life and had refused to go into the trust, declared to every one that rope and twine were selling for less than the cost of raw material and labor, swarms of people believed that the trust was bound to make the fortune of every one who had the luck to secure a little of the stock. It is true that the fortune was to be realized less from the manufacture of hempen products than from the manipulation of Cordage stocks in Wall Street.

The promoters, chief owners, and directors of Cordage were not known as rope-makers. They were selected because they belonged to the cream of society and were rich in their own right. Among them were James M. Waterbury, who inherited three millions from his father, including a rope-walk at Williamsburg, and who married two millions more; his friend and neighbor, Frank T. Wall, who, with his brother Berry Wall, the King of the Dudes, had likewise inherited a fortune; and George Weaver Loper, a millionaire and exquisite of Cincinnati, who, after rising to the throne of society in Porkopolis, deserted it lately to become a shining member of the Four Hundred in this city. They were all so rich, and so smart, so perfect in their manners, such exemplars of honor, and so splendidly connected, that their followers were certain to make money. Accordingly, the whole crowd of outside stock-gamblers hung on their coat-tails, begging for points. Of these the polished Cordage managers were profuse, and the consequence was that, though every bank in New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati was full of Cordage paper, the stock rose from ninety to one hundred and forty-seven. A time came when the banks would take no more acceptances; an attempt to float new stock proved a failure; an inspection of the books showed that the trust was selling rope and twine for less than it cost to make them; wicked bears began to sell the stock short; smash resulted, and the trust was ordered by the courts into the hands of receivers.

There is nothing new in the story. It has been an ancient tale since the days of John Law and the Rue Quincampoix. But in these histories of financial crises, or "crashes," as they call them at Vienna, where a fine sample of the commodity is produced, few people ever study them from the only point of view in which they are really interesting—that is, their effect on women and society. The ups and downs of men who are engaged in speculative business have no features of thrilling human interest; it is the women who furnish the drama and the picturesque. No matter how rich a man is, he can spend so little on the gratification of his own wants that the transition from riches to poverty only affects him slightly; it is the woman who falls from Paradise to Hades, when she has to give up her carriage and her fine clothes, retire from society, exchange her noble mansion for a flat in an obscure neighborhood, and gush gratefully when an old maid whom she knew in her halcyon days condescends to visit her after her sun has set. The dagger of poverty pricks a man, but sinks deep and wide into the heart of a woman.

Some women, bright and level-headed, realize how ephemeral Wall Street fortunes are, and adjust their households on the basis of probable collapse in the future. I have in my mind's eye a certain man who began to operate in Wall Street in the old boom days of the war. His wife was startled at first when he brought her word that he had made several thousands. But she grasped the situation. She bought a small house and furnished it; nor would she be induced to leave it for more splendid lodgings when her husband's fortune was counted in six figures. He had the usual vicissitudes of stock speculators—rich to-day, poor to-morrow. She received his tale of the day's fluctuations with amused indifference. She used to say: "My dear, it seems to me that your operations result in nothing more than alterations in the footings of your broker's account. Sometimes you tell me that he has four hundred thousand to your credit, and sometimes that you owe him twenty thousand; but it never makes any difference in your living. You eat the same food, wear the same clothes, drink the same wine, smoke the same cigars, sleep in the same bed, whether you are a half-millionaire or an insolvent debtor."

Where a man makes a great strike, and adjusts his way of life to his increased means, a turn in the luck is serious. I knew a man who was worth a million. He had been a dealer in grain in some city in the West, and had probably never spent over fifteen hundred dollars a year in his life. He hired a ten-thousand-dollar house, and set up everything on a corresponding scale. His wife raged because Mrs. Astor had not called upon her. The tide turned one day, his broker sold him out, and wrote him a sharp note to say that his account showed a debit balance of \$96.15, which he was requested to remit at his earliest convenience. It was the death of his wife. What she could not stand was the condolences of the grocer's daughters. She took to her bed, and slowly languished, until the doctor, finding her mumbling "forty thousand, and eighty thousand, and two hundred thousand, and five millions, and six hundred and forty millions," advised her husband to consign her to an asylum for the insane, and sent in his little bill.

Some men in Wall Street fail, and fail, and fail again, and always bob up serenely. There is S. V. White, better known as Deacon White. How many times has he laid down? The other day a *Tribune* reporter interviewed him; he declared that others might fail, but, as for him, he was as

firm as the Rock of Ages. Nothing could shake him. No fluctuations could interfere with his bank balance. Next day he failed. Two days afterward it was announced that a million in cash had been given to White by Havemeyer, the sugar-refiner, who would not give a million to the Angel Gabriel if he needed such a sum to get back to Paradise. In a few days White will be back on the exchange, and the devout members of Plymouth Church will render thanks to beaven that so pious a man has been restored to a place where he can pluck the unwary.

Reckless speculators sometimes exhaust the patience of the exchange. Early every morning an old man in rusty black may be seen emerging from one of the streets on the East Side on his way down-town. A few years ago that man was one of the leaders of the street. His house was shown to strangers. His horses were the envy of connoisseurs. His wife's diamonds were noted in reports of fashionable balls. He owned one of the finest yachts in the squadron, and entertained royally thereon. He had a brand of Chateau Yquem which Delmonico spoke of with a sigh. One day he was caught in a cyclone, and he had to settle with his creditors. The same accident befell him again and again, and so the fine house, and the yacht, and the horses, and the diamonds took wings. Still he got back to the board, being personally popular, and he did a little brokerage business for a living. But when a man is born with the instinct of agio, he can no more abstain from operating than a drunkard can decline a cocktail. And his day of luck having passed away, all his ventures were unfortunate. It used to be said of him, at last, that his days for failing were Mondays and Thursdays; on other days, his contract was good. When the governing committee told him that this periodicity was inconvenient, and that he had better try some other calling, he meekly acquiesced and accepted a book-keeping at twelve hundred dollars a year.

The trouble with our New York brokers is that they live too high. They spend twice or three times as much money as merchants, or lawyers, or doctors, or manufacturers. Now, it does not matter much what a man's business is. If he is fairly successful, his average income will be about the same in every calling. Brains realize about the same price however they are used. And he who adjusts his outlay to twice the average income of his own class in society, will be apt to come to grief.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1893.

Bulletin Number Three of the New York State Library, concerning the legislation of 1892, contains many curious and suggestive things. It would be interesting to know the reason of the New York act exempting bicycles and tricycles from the operation of the act requiring contracts for sale of personal property on credit to be filed in town clerk's offices. Why not pianos as well? Vermont seems to have "let up" a little in cases of conviction under the prohibitory liquor law, by limiting the sentence to *three years*! A humane law of the same State is that prohibiting barbed-wire fences around school-houses. Let the small boy take green apples, and pumpkins for jack-o'-lanterns without hindrance. They could not do it in Maryland; for that State passed an act last year making it larceny to take melons from vines, fruits from vines, and vegetables from soil, the other conditions existing. This is probably aimed at the nocturnal and predatory Ethiop. That is a good law of New York State forbidding that any child under sixteen, under a criminal charge, shall be confined with adults. In Ohio, sheriffs are permitted to ride with their prisoners on freight-trains. Louisiana provides artificial limbs for maimed Confederate soldiers. Georgia lets them peddle without license when indigent; and Mississippi gives pensions to them, their widows, and their colored servants. Georgia properly lets the inmates of insane asylums correspond without censorship. In Georgia, we read of chain-gangs and whipping-posts; but black and white must not be chained or confined together. In New York, people are forbidden to descend from balloons by parachute or trapeze. Here is a dangerous symptom of anglomania—in Massachusetts, English bloodhounds are exempted from the act prohibiting the keeping of bloodhounds. Bar-maids are prohibited in New York.

They have a judge down in Mississippi, Chrisman by name, whom every law-abiding American is proud to honor. The other day one hundred armed marauders rode into the town where he was holding court, and demanded, with threats and violence, the release of ten white-caps under indictment. The plucky judge, although deserted by most of the court officials, left the bench, and facing the mob bristling with shot-guns and muskets, denounced them as criminals; then, finding them persistent in their purpose, broke through their ranks, made his way to the court-house, rang the bell, summoned a posse of citizens, and compelled the attacking party to retire. It is not often that judges are called upon to vindicate in this virile fashion the majesty of the law, but it is to be hoped that whenever such emergencies arise, they may be met in the courageous spirit manifested by this Mississippi judge.

Major John W. Powell, of the United States Geological Survey, explodes a venerable tradition in his article on Indians in the *May Forum*. The number of Indians originally in the United States, he says, has been often estimated in the millions, "even as high as twenty-five millions." The Bureau of Ethnology, however, has looked into the subject and discovers that there were really only something between five hundred thousand and a million, of whom at least two hundred and fifty thousand still survive. The major hints that we have already reached the point where we may hope to save the remnant, to be absorbed into modern civilization.

A bill before the Massachusetts legislature provides that all patent and proprietary medicines containing any poisonous ingredients shall name them on the wrapper, and the antidote for the same.

THE QUEERNESS OF WOMEN.

Have They had the Sense of Justice Coddled Out of Them?

I once knew an old New England woman (writes Anna C. Brackett in the *Independent*) who used to comfort her soul with the frequent exclamation: "Well, most folks in the world are mighty queer; and I am glad I'm not one of 'em!" This used to be to me in my childhood rather a mystical saying; but I have since found some meaning in it.

A few days ago I was in the "Ladies' Room" of a railroad terminus, and the official had just announced the departure of the next train. A throng of women and children were surging through the door to take their places, when one woman in the midst of the crush suddenly said to her companion: "Let's wait for a little while," and, turning round, the two stood immovable there, forcing twenty or thirty other women, many of them with small children, to stop, to turn, and to find their way around the obstacles. As I walked round them, I thought of my old friend's saying, and wondered why they did not see that they were directly in the way of many others. I went down the muddy street in a hurry; but when I came to the crossing there were three women there, waiting, and they had stopped directly upon it, blocking up the way; they were entirely forgetful of the fact that the crossing was intended for any one else than themselves, or, indeed, that any one else was in the city. Every one who came up had to walk around them in the dirt, push them one side, or wait patiently behind them till their car, which was half a block off, should arrive and take them on board. Finally I did succeed in crossing, and was about to enter the door of my destination when a young woman pushed by me and hurried in through the heavy swinging-door, never looking to see whether there might be any one behind her and letting go of the door as soon as she had entered. Released, and under the force of a newly tightened spring, it came flying back against the luckily stiff brim of my hat, nearly knocking it off my head. I thought that "mighty queer," too.

When I had safely passed the ordeal of the doors on my exit, I hailed an omnibus nearly filled with women, taking the seat next the door, the only one vacant. The pavement was not of the best and the vehicle not at all steady. I had my fare in my hand, and hesitated whether to wait for a stop before venturing the length of the passage; and not one of all the women offered to pass up the fare, though I never saw men in an omnibus fail in this little courtesy to women or to each other. This would have struck me as "queer," also, had I not learned, after many years' experience, that no one woman has any rights which any other woman is bound to respect, unless, indeed, she has been introduced to her.

At a notion-store the other day there were many would-be purchasers and but few saleswomen. Many of the women had been waiting patiently for a long time, and one little woman was just beginning to state what she wanted, when another, clad in all the habiliments of the deepest affliction, came in from her carriage, and sweeping up behind the little woman, announced: "I must have some one wait on me immediately, or I must leave. I was here yesterday and couldn't get waited on." There was silence for a space, and the saleswoman hesitated, till she was released by a glance and "I can wait," and then the lady of sorrow was served with some insignificant article, and swept loftily and self-satisfied to her carriage. It is a pity that sorrow makes some people hard instead of soft; but I suppose they can not help it, if they were made "queer" to begin with.

Here is another incident related to me by a friend: "I was coming down-town," he said. "A woman, beautifully dressed, ordered her handsome carriage and horses directly upon the crossing—she on the sidewalk, speaking with the coachman. Coming upon them, I hesitated, but she made no motion, so I walked around twenty feet out of my way—a very dirty place on one side of the crossing and rough ice on the other; I went over the ice. Then I waited to watch. A man came, then hesitated, and walked around; then a woman ditto, apparently very fearful of the ice. At last the 'lady' got into her coach, still on the crossing, and drove off." "Some folks are queer," I said. He paused for a moment and then went on, as if addressing an audience: "There seem to be women that the sense of justice has just been coddled out of! They have taken a different form of manners—what is called feminine manners. They act as if they were free from all the consequences of their own acts. Their manners are surely bad, contrasted with those of men to each other, even in the freedom of club life. In fact, there is no sweeter courtesy than at a club. Women seem to have no idea that they have any duties to anybody but their own people. They follow nothing but their own feelings. It seems as if women had no sympathy for women as such, no fellow-feeling for their kind."

I suppose what makes people seem so "mighty queer" is their thoughtlessness more than it is their hard-heartedness. Sometimes it is an unfortunate lack of imagination, so that they are unable to put themselves in the places of others, or to realize that there are any others but themselves.

I saw an elderly lady once refuse a seat which was offered to her in a crowded street-car by a courteous young man and persist in standing, greatly to his confusion. And I heard her then say to her companion that she never accepted seats from strangers, for fear that they might make her action the pretext for claiming her acquaintance. But this was in a Boston car, toward the West End, and all cities are not Boston. If possibly a like fear may be haunting the minds of women in other places, we, who have some spice of a broad humanity left in our composition, and who are often moved to do little kindnesses even to women we have not been introduced to, here hasten to inform them that they may spare themselves any anxiety on that account. We are not on the lookout for new acquaintances; but we shall probably be foolish enough to continue forgetting that people are "queer" and to treat them as if they were rational. The self-respect must be very small which can be endangered by a kindly word or look even from a fellow-woman.

THE TWO SALONS.

"Parisina" attends the Private Views of this Year's Pictures—
What French Artists have Done during the Year—
Some American Paintings.

AT THE CHAMPS-ELYSEES.

Strangely enough, one of the first pictures that caught my eye on entering the Salon yesterday (when the members of the press were permitted to creep through the back door into the palace), was a view in California, painted by W. L. Picknell—a long, somewhat rough country road hounded by a straggling fence, fields on either hand, a small cottage embedded in grass, and beyond, in the distance, the purple mountains, and, to give animation to the scene, a funny, patched hybrid vehicle—half chaise, half cart—drawn by four sturdy beasts. The Bostonian artist is a traveler and culls subjects now here, now there. He also contributes a Provençal landscape; and I am again reminded of what has struck me before, namely, the resemblance between this part of the South of France and your State in America. There are the same purple mountain distances, the same rugged foregrounds, the same clearness of atmosphere.

Another American whose work immediately challenges attention is the idealistic Carl Guthertz. Carping critics will tell you that there are faults in the foreshortening of Adam's arm; but what he undoubtedly wished to paint was a vision of Paradise, and he has succeeded. The sixth day after the creation has dawned, Adam and Eve, on their knees on a flowery sward, behold the Almighty and his angels through a roseate glow that envelops and glorifies the picture and is redolent of heavenly bliss and beauty. I do not think any one could look on Carl Guthertz's curious work unmoved.

Technique is at its best in Raybet's conqueror riding with his armed men into the sanctuary, and cutting down right and left the women, children, and old men who have taken refuge there. What a splendid mass of color it is, and how clever the grouping; but though it ought to be harrowing, the scene does not move you to tears or even send a shiver of horror through your frame. On the whole, I prefer Raybet's other picture—the jolly Lansquenet troling out tipsy compliments to the market-woman of exuberant form—a bit worthy of Jordaens. Some piquancy is given to the picture by the fact that the burly fellow in a green doublet is the portrait of a man well known in the artistic world, who, bad he lived in the sixteenth century, would doubtless have courted buxom beauty wherever he met with it—in the market-place or in his liege lord's pantry. Henri Delacroix is also an admirer of the Rubens class of women, and he has chosen a curious subject wherein to place as many nude females as possible. "The Struggle for Life"—this is the title of his picture—is represented by a boat full of strong men, who, to lighten the frail bark they are on, are remorselessly throwing the weaker vessels overboard. In the same room is another sensational subject, treated on equally huge lines. Dead and dying men lie on the ramparts, while others, impaled on huge stakes, stand out against the lurid sky. Passing among them, serene in tragic indifference, goes a stately empress, her imperial robes trailing in the gore. Chalon *pinxit*, but Chalon, too, leaves us unmoved. Nor does Rochegrosse, it must be admitted, succeed in enlisting much of our sympathy in the woes of a Gallo-Roman family, whose elegant villa and their own persons have fallen victims to the invading Hun.

Alma Tadema exhibits in Paris this year—a somewhat exceptional proceeding on his part—an incident in the lives of those self-indulgent Romans of the decline and fall. Some choice spirits of the Empire have been feasting and making merry with their beautiful female companions beneath an awning, which has given way under the weight of a ton of rose-petals, and there they lie, smothered in the fragrant shower. Executed by a less super-refined artist than Alma Tadema, this subject would have been voluptuously suggestive, but there is nothing lascivious about the most beautiful of his females.

Infinitely more suggestive is Collin's sleeping beauty pillowed on a fur—the mother-of-pearl tints of her rounded bosom are exquisitely rendered. Henner has given us another round-limbed female lovely in her repose. It might be one of his many nymphs or Mary Magdalene he has so often painted. Is she lying in a cave? No; closer scrutiny shows she, too, reclines on a rug of brown fur and is merely a model. But it is all one. Subject has little to do with Henner's art. Henri Martin, who usually paints the nude—after a different fashion, truly—this year repeats the oft-told tale of Dante in the pine-wood, dreaming of long-dead Beatrice, whose spirit, surrounded by other spirits, is floating in the tree-tops. Another mystic painter, P. Lagarde, has given form to the winds and painted a weird moonlit landscape with fleeting white-robed figures sweeping through the branches of the poplars.

Corwen and J. P. Laurens deal only in corporeal realities. The white-robed monk of the former is a fine bit of realistic painting. Laurens shows us St. John of Chrysostom preaching against the dissolute life led by Eudoxia and her court, to which the Byzantine empress listens with brow unruined. I prefer his other picture—an incident drawn from the First Revolution, the little daughter of General Bonchamps, the famous Vendéan hero, before the members of the convention. The child has been sent to ask her mother's pardon; they tell her it will be granted if she sings them a song, and in her innocence she bursts forth with "Vive le Roi," and the grim tyrants of the republic are disarmed for once and give her what she asks.

Bouguereau has painted one more big picture of the Arcadian order. Cupid on a pedestal is surrounded by females fair and dark, each one coming toward him, her hands full of gifts. One offers him fruit, a second flowers, a third leads a young lamb—all are anxious to conciliate the God of Love. Talking of Bouguereau, one naturally thinks of Miss Gardner. Supposing I were a great admirer of the master

and could not afford to pay quite so long a price as he would ask for a picture, I should content myself with a Gardner. Her contribution this year is an admirable imitation of the Bouguereau line of art. "The Judgment of Paris" is the title; but instead of Priam's son, a nice boy, and for goddesses, three little girls; he is offering the apple to the fairest, and offended pride and jealousy are marked on the faces of a Minerva and Juno of tender years.

Many artists of this school love to reproduce the reverberation of sunlight like Carl Guthertz. G. Roux, as yet unknown to fame, has achieved a remarkable picture. A rotting boat lies on the seashore and a heap of bleached human bones tell a dismal tale of wreck and death, and in the sunlight hovers the glittering mirage of another bark, garlanded with roses, with Joy sitting at the prow and Pleasure at the helm. No one paints the southern sun with such intensity of expression as Vuillefroy. "Un Venta dans la Sierra d'Avila" is a splendid bit of coloring—the mules heavily laden and the group of swarthy Spaniards in the shade form a delightful composition. Ridgeway Knight, pleases me exceedingly. "La Flaneuse" is a peasant maiden sitting on a parapet, her hands clasped listlessly in her lap, but there is nothing lachrymose in her attitude; she may be thinking of the absent sweetheart, recalling soft love-passages—she is certainly not nursing vain regrets, this fine summer evening, as the twilight falls around her.

Renouf has attempted and succeeded with a stupendous subject—the Falls of Niagara. You hear the swish of the water and feel the spray in your face. The sea at Dinard during the bathing hour has attracted the hush of Smith Lewis. The tide is low, and the bathers have waded out in the distance and are disporting themselves right joyfully, while near at hand on the wet sand are a barefooted child and two young women in very becoming black bathing-suits, which veil but do not conceal their charms. Julian Story has painted a subject which always stimulates the student of the nude—the contrast of a brown-limbed satyr and a lithe, blonde nymph—with the band of a master. His other picture is entitled "In the Conservatory—a Group of Portraits," among whom we recognize the artist's wife—the Juliet of our dreams, once Miss Eames. There is a great fancy this year for grouped portraits. We are shown—by Barchet—Francisque Sarcey, the admired critic of *bourgeois* Paris "at his daughter's"; Mme. Hasson, her husband and child thrown in as make-weights. Brouillet calls a family group of mother, father, and child, with grandmamma in the background, "Intimité," quoting, moreover, the poet of the *décadents*, Verlaine: "L'heure du thé fumant et des livres fermés." Benjamin Constant has painted Lord Dufferin in his peer's robes, the scarlet of which dazzles the eye, and also Lady Helen Vincent. No ordinary portrait this, however: the slim, aristocratic Englishwoman, attired after the manner of an ancient Greek, in pale rose-colored robe, is seated on a marble throne and holds in her hand a statuette of Victory.

I am glad to say official art is not largely represented at the Palais des Champs-Élysées. But in Schommer's huge canvas there is enough, if not a feast, of it. When nature created Sadi Carnot, it never meant him to figure in a picture; he is about as little adapted to pictorial exhibition as the coat he wears. Boulogne was naturally proud of welcoming the president within its walls, but this is no reason for inflicting sixty square yards of daub upon us, and, unfortunately, it is the first thing that greets your eye on entering—a tiresome frontispiece to a collection that is certainly full of interesting canvases.

AT THE CHAMPS DE MARS.

What at first glance strikes the eye in the Second Salon is the wide difference there is between the method of coloring adhered to by the devotees of the Champs-Élysées and that adopted by the artists who seceded from the mother society. Here, at the Champs de Mars, the general impression conveyed is that of light and air; the color is put on sparingly, and the tones are vivid and transparent, like those of the pastelists or the water-colorists. At the Champs-Élysées, body and solidity seem to be the aim. The difference between the two schools is best seen in the works of those who exaggerate the methods on either side. An excess of Champs de Mars coloring leads to chalkiness, and too close an adherence to Champs-Élysées principles produces dirtiness of tone.

Perhaps this year the percentage of rubbishy paintings—*croûtes*, as they are picturesquely styled here—is less great at the Champs de Mars than at the Champs-Élysées.

American art is as much to the fore as ever here, and the small but brilliant phalanx of artists who hail from the States is headed as usual by such men as Harrison and Donnat—to mention the best known to the Parisian world. The first of the two shows some seven productions, of which we have already had occasion to admire three at one of the *petits salons* this winter. Mr. Harrison's three pictures of a calm, oily sea, sluggishly creeping over the polished sand, viewed at three different times of the day, are most artistic. In one, the moon is just rising and throws a pale, weird hue over the sleepy stillness of the hardly rippling water; in another, the moon has risen high in the skies and illumines the scene with a whiter and brighter light; in the third, the sun is setting, and the stretch of unruined water is resplendent with streaks of vivid pink alternating with deep blue. The site depicted may not be the same in the three works, but, if I mistake not, Mr. Harrison's intention has been to give three different phases of a still, calm sea, such as he seems peculiarly to admire. The three works this artist shows for the second time this year are studies of nude figures by a river side. A woman is standing, her back toward the spectator, gazing at the water in one; in another, a woman is leaning against a willow; in a third, a boy is seated on the grass, his shoulders resting against a trunk of a tree. At the Rue de Sèze gallery, I heard some *bon bourgeois*—why *bon*, heaven knows!—exclaim that to see three human backs in a row was not artistic! His companion complained that the green of the trees and the reflections in the water were too vivid. As a matter of fact, the landscape in all three is the best part and admirably fresh. Another of Mr. Harrison's pictures pleases

me less—a naked boy is standing on the stern of a boat, slowly drifting along a sombre lake overshadowed by trees. However, the effect of the sun, which, just setting, is throwing its last rays through the foliage on to the dark water, where the light produces here and there a deep ruddy streak, is cleverly done.

Mr. Donnat made a hit last year among artists with his troop of Gitanas seated on a bench and wildly playing their castanets and shouting hoarse applause to one of their dancing comrades; the crude and violent light on their painted faces was strikingly rendered. That twice is not too much of a good thing is evidently Mr. Donnat's opinion, and he is right. He has given us a second edition of his Gitanas, with identically the same effect of coloring. We are not wearied of his Spanish dancers yet, so I welcomed with pleasure his two women in vivid dresses performing the curiously modulated dance made familiar to us Parisians at the Exposition of 1889. In a nude figure of a Gitana, seated, her arms outstretched, I recognized one of the identical women in Mr. Donnat's last year's picture, whom he has merely divested of her clothing, leaving her in the same position and with the same poise of the body as before. The brown skin and lithe figure of the southern woman are most artistically painted.

Among the lesser lights of the American school many artists' work is worth mentioning. Mr. John Alexander shows three portraits, and reveals—too plainly, for obvious imitation is ever painful—himself a disciple of Whistler. His girl in gray-green dress, which she holds up on one side, is after the manner of his famed compatriot. His portrait of a girl in pearl-grey ultra-fashionable attire is less Whistler-like, but also less good. Timidity was never Miss Lee Robbins's failing, and audacity always her pet vice. The beautiful New Yorker attempts foreshortening which a Michel Angelo might find some difficulty in managiog. Accordingly, her study of a nude female figure, distorted by the extraordinary position which Miss Lee Robbins has chosen to make her assume, is best left unnoticed.

Now for a word about our hosts, the Frenchmen. Let me first confess that no exceedingly striking picture stands out from the rest this year. Still the Champs de Mars artists deserve praise for not having crowded the rooms with unnecessary lumber in the way of immensely big and proportionately bad canvases, such as are legion at the Champs-Élysées. By mentioning Roll's official picture—really an artistic production, considering the subject—an equally official but less praiseworthy canvas by Leonhardt, a gigantic but vulgar thing by Girardot, and a few others, we shall have cleared off the largest productions. Roll's work represents the centenary fête at Versailles in 1889, the crowd cheering M. Carnot and the cabinet, while the famous fountains are playing in the background. The front figures are cleverly done—two men in "claw-bammers," who are parleying with a sentinel—and others are well sketched in the uniforms and robes of the magistrates, giving variety to the scene. Alas! poor M. Carnot's solemn physiognomy commands the situation, and somehow no artist has succeeded in giving any artistic effect to our worthy president's countenance. M. Girardot has depicted the scene of a murder, the victim being a woman of the *demi-monde*, who is lying curled up on the ground at the feet of the commissary of police and other officials, who are busy taking notes and whose placidity of feature and stoic indifference is meant, I suppose, to impress the public with the moral tendencies of the composition.

Portraits are numerous as usual. Carolus Duran supplies eight of them—all faces known to the Parisian world. That of Mrs. Campbell Clarke, the wife of the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, occupies the central position, and is not only an admirable likeness but an extremely pleasing picture. Another is the composer and organist, Widier; a third, the famed writer and wit, Arsène Houssaye—now an old man—in a red dressing-gown. The technique of "Carolus" is as brilliant as ever, and, as usual, his stuffs are magnificent. Rixens—whose collection of portraits is usually imposing—only sends three this time. His principal work represents a crowd of street loiterers surrounding, with up-turned faces lit by the light of a flickering lamp, a street-singer who is accompanying his dreary chant on a fiddle. Gervex, the Parisian painter *par excellence*, is not quite up to the mark this time, though his very official, full-length portrait of a dainty lady in black is clever as regards the textures of her robe and surrounding of red curtain. He also shows an imitation of David's famous portrait of Mme. Récamier reclining on a severe Empire sofa; the principal difference being that Gervex's lady is even less clothed than the famous beauty, and that—well, I prefer David.

Let us now turn from the vivid and somewhat hard school of the Caroluses and Gervexes, and plunge into the nebulous vagueness of the mystics. Aman Jean, a very clever young artist who has made a name with astonishing quickness, shows a number of gray portraits, which, although perhaps too colorless, are very artistic and admirably harmonious. I like less a "symbolic" picture entitled "Venezia la Bella Regio del Mare," in which a nude female, peculiarly wooden, impersonates Venice the Beautiful, while a very hard sea, in which she is half immersed, symbolizes Venice's maritime power. Three portraits—of which the peculiar feature is that in each the background is formed by the same white door decorated with gold—by the Spaniard Gandara also exemplify the neutral-untint school, the sitters whereof are generally attired in grayish green or cobweb gray.

PARIS, May 5, 1893.

PARISINA.

A bill looking to the reestablishment of the State banking system has been introduced in the Arkansas legislature. The basis of the circulation system is to be State bonds at fifty per cent. of their face value, and the bills issued are made receivable for all debts due in the State, except interest on the public debt. This last provision is suggestive. If money issued by the State is not good enough to pay for other purposes.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Some of the articles which Richard Harding Davis will contribute to *Harper's Weekly*, as results of his recent observations along the Mediterranean shores, will treat of Gibraltar, Tangier, Cairo, Athens, Constantinople, and the English rule in Egypt. They will all be illustrated. Mr. Davis has also prepared for the magazine a series of papers on English life which will appear during the summer and autumn, with illustrations by English artists. The first paper, "Three English Race Meetings"—descriptive of Ascot, Henley, and the Derby—will appear in July.

Apocryphal of Gladstone's tender of the laureateship to John Ruskin, who is in his eighty-fourth year, the *Sun* says:

"To those who have not read his autobiography, published under the title of 'Præterita,' in which he owns, like Silas Wegg, to dropping into poetry, and who have not seen two obscure, little-read volumes of verse by him, published a year or two ago, the announcement that John Ruskin has been made Poet Laureate of England will come as more than a surprise. In 'Præterita' he says of lines on Mount Blanc, written when he was twenty-six, that it was his last attempt at 'serious' verse writing, as he 'finally perceived he could express nothing he had to say rightly in that manner.' He came to this conclusion as long ago as 1845. Since then he has written some rhymes for music of his own composition and some rhymes of a nursery character, little else. A piece written April 21, 1887, was his last of the sort. Mr. Ruskin is, perhaps, more widely known as the explorer of Turner than as the writer of some of the most musical of English prose. He made himself famous at the age of twenty-four with the first volume of 'Modern Painters.' The last volume was not published until seventeen years afterward. The first volume of the 'Stones of Venice' was printed in 1851, the other volumes in succeeding years. Between the intervals of publication of his more elaborate works he wrote a small library, which has given him an almost equal title to fame. Mr. Ruskin is his own printer. In so doing, he keeps his works at a price which renders them the dearest of works of art, while he receives an income from them which, as the author alone, he probably never would have got. It is now about fifteen thousand dollars a year, and for many years was much more."

"Appletons' Guide to Alaska and the Northwest Coast," which Miss E. R. Scidmore has written, will be a complete hand-book for all the coast country between Puget Sound and the Arctic Ocean. It will be fully illustrated and contain many maps. The Guide fully describes the new scenic regions opened by the extension of the summer excursion routes to the Aleutian Islands.

Mrs. Burnett's autobiographical story of her youth, "The One I Knew the Best of All," now in course of publication in a magazine, will be issued in book-form in a few weeks.

Harper & Brothers have just ready:

The second volume of the illustrated edition of Green's "Short History of the English People," "Raffaello," a narrative of an adventurous voyage down the Mississippi from Minnesota to Louisiana, by Kirk Monroe, illustrated by W. A. Rogers; "The Story of a Boy, and Other Stories," by Brander Matthews; "The Unexpected Guests," a new farce by W. D. Howells, and "The Rivals," a characteristic story by François Coppée, two new volumes in Harper's Black and White Series; and "Adventures in Thule" in the revised edition of William Black's novels.

D. Appleton & Co. have just ready the tenth and last volume of Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy." This is the second volume of "The Principles of Ethics," in which, along with "Justice," previously published, there are now included two new parts on "Negative Beneficence" and "Positive Beneficence." Mr. Spencer has not finished, however; for there still remains to be filled up the gap left in "The Principles of Sociology."

Zola thus describes his method of laying out the work of writing one of his novels:

"My faith has always been that hard work is the first essential of a book. When I start, I never have any idea as to what it is going to be, and the first thing I do is to prepare an *ébauche*, or sketch. This I do in hand, because with me ideas come only in writing. I write as though talking to myself, discuss the people, the scenes, the incidents. The *ébauche* is a sort of chatty letter addressed to myself, which often equals in length the novel which is to spring from it. I then draw out the plan of the book, the list of characters, and a most elaborate *scénario*. Each character and each scene is then studied in detail, places are visited, characters studied and photographed with the pen, incidents prepared in detail and staged. It is only then, having actually written much more than the novel itself, that I set to work to write it."

Henry B. Fuller has written for *Harper's Weekly* a serial story called "The Cliff Dwellers," a story of Chicago life, the action of which takes place in a large business block. Mr. Fuller says the story "ranges over the whole building from roof to engine-room, from bank presidents to lunch-counter girls."

James Payn, writing in the *Illustrated London News*, says:

"One is often asked by persons of good taste in literature how it is that the rising generation can not be got to read books. The wand of the Wizard of the North has been lately laid upon me; his spell is as powerful as ever, his digressions are delightful to me, but I recognize how great an obstacle they must be to the new-come accustomed to the comparative brevity of modern fiction. One can not say that Scott 'cramped' by his books, but as a novelist he was unconsciously the vast knowledge he possessed upon subjects that were sometimes not very interesting except to himself. This is done even in his best books; in the whole range of fiction, I do not know a greater bore than the Baron of Bradwardine. It requires a reverence for the writer, which is wanting in our modern youth, to endure him. Nay, even in that admirable story, 'The Heart of Midlothian,' which seems to me more beautiful every time I read it, what terrible morasses have to be got over in those theological opinions of Mr. David Deans! He has never done with them. At the very last, when, as we hope, is about to end happily, he begins to preach again, having got a sort of second theological wind. Another thing that must amaze and not much interest the youthful reader, is Scott's casual allusions to people and things of his own day, with which this novel is plentifully bespattered. With a leer, a winkle, and a shrug inimitable unless by Emory, Dick turned to in steel, and in the next page, after describing Jeanie's hospitable reception at the Saracen's Head, Newark, we have this first-rate advertisement: 'The travelers who have visited Newark more recently will not fail to remember the remarkably civil and gentlemanly manners of the person who now keeps the

principal inn there, and may find some amusement in contrasting them with those of his more rough predecessors. But we believe it will be found that the polish has worn off none of the real worth of the metal.' This is the result, of course, of Sir Walter's inherent good nature; but if a modern novelist should take such liberties, we should certainly think he was paid for it."

A new book by Sara Jeannette Duncan, author of "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London," will be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co. The title is "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib," and the subject is the humorous experiences of a young lady who goes to India, where she is married and begins housekeeping under entirely fresh conditions.

Mark Twain is back again at home, at Hartford, after spending a year or more abroad. He has materials for a new book.

A. Conan Doyle's historical romance, "The Refugees," will complete its course in *Harper's* in the June number. During the summer, short stories by Doyle will appear in *Harper's Weekly*.

Alfred Austin, although he has not received the laureate's crown, has written "A Betrothal" poem (which it is to be supposed he calls an "Ode") celebrating the engagement, in true laureate fashion, of Princess May and the Duke of York. That it is not of particular value, the opening lines will show:

"Lift up your gaze from the ground,
Maiden mourning too long!
Lift up your heart at the sound—
The sound of a Bridal Song,
And the New Year bringing a living lover to banish
The Old Year's wrong!"

Messrs. Appleton have ready in the International Science Series a "Handbook of Greek and Latin Palæography," by Edward M. Thompson, principal librarian of the British Museum.

New Publications.

"Pieces to Speak," by Emma Lee Benedict, has been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Napoleon," by Richmond Sheffield Dement, a drama in which the chief events of Napoleon's career are depicted, has been published by Knight, Leonard & Co., Chicago.

"To Leeward" is the latest volume of F. Marion Crawford's novels to be issued in the new "dollar edition" published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

Mrs. Frank Leslie has collected a score or so of her "essays," and they are published in a paper-covered volume entitled "Are Men Gay Deceivers?" by F. Fennison Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"El Nuevo Mundo," by Louis James Block, is a long poem, dedicated to the women of America, in which are celebrated the discovery of the New World and the birth of Freedom on our shores. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

Anson K. Cross, instructor in the Massachusetts Normal Art-School, has supplemented his little book on free-hand drawing in the public schools by a companion volume which is a manual for teachers. Published by A. K. Cross, Normal Art-School, Boston.

A new edition of "Abroad and At Home," by Morris Phillips, containing practical hints for tourists, based on the author's personal experiences in Great Britain, Paris, Italy, Switzerland, and the United States, has been published at Brentano's, New York.

"Geological and Solar Climates: Their Causes and Variations," a thesis in geology and physics at the University of California, written by Marsden Manson, C. E., has been published and is for sale by William Doxey, San Francisco; prices, 75 and 50 cents.

"Taken from the Enemy," by Henry Newbolt, is a wild story in which Colonel de Monsaut's money, assisted by his fair wife's wiles, almost succeeds in bringing about the escape of Napoleon from St. Helena. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The latest volume in the Heroes of the Nations Series is "Napoleon," by William O'Connor Morris. It presents the facts of the great Corsican's life impartially and in compact form, and the text is interspersed with interesting portraits and other pictures, together with a number of maps. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

Mrs. Custer's very interesting book on army life, "Tenting on the Plains," in which she relates her experiences with General Custer in Kansas and Texas immediately after the Civil War, has been reprinted in an attractive little volume, which, while not so luxurious as the first edition, will be just as attractive to a great many readers. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.

Justin McCarthy's new story, "The Dictator," is a novel of politics and society. Its hero is Ericson, a Saxon with Viking blood, who has been dictator of the South American republic of Gloria and is in exile in London when we first see him. He is trying to enlist English sympathy with his cause, and so enters much into politics and society in the British capital, and he woos and wins the daughter of a British

cabinet minister. It is a clever story, and holds the reader's sympathies to the end. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Elementary Woodwork," by George B. Kilbon, of the manual training school at Springfield, is a series of sixteen lessons, fully illustrated, designed to give fundamental instruction in the use of all the principal tools needed in carpentry and joinery. It is an excellent book to give a boy who has a liking for mechanical work, as well as an admirable textbook. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

In "A Riddle of Luck," by Mary E. Stone, we are introduced to a tramp with literary aspirations, who strikes a bargain with a ghost by means of which he writes a book that brings him fame, fortune, and a wife. But the other side of the bargain is that the ghost shall have the use of the tramp's body during six months of the year. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann.

A new edition of "Pepys's Diary" is being issued under the editorial direction of Henry B. Wheatley, of which the first volume has already appeared. This edition will contain Lord Braybrooke's notes, but its principal feature is the addition of one-fifth more matter than was given in its predecessors—that is, it contains "the whole of the diary, with the exception of a few passages that can not possibly be printed." The first volume contains a portrait of Pepys and other illustrations. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by William Doxey.

"Outlines of Forestry," by Edwin J. Houston, is an exposition of the elementary principles underlying the science of forestry. It is an earnest plea for the proper care of our wooded territory, showing how climate and the distribution of rainfall are affected by denuding large areas of forest, and advocating more intelligent methods in cutting timber. There are chapters, too, on reforestation and tree-planting, and in an appendix are given approved lists of trees suitable for planting in different sections of the United States. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann.

Following the recent tasteful reprints of Peacock's, Miss Austen's, and other novelists' works, comes a new edition of the stories of Miss Ferrier—Susan Edmonstone Ferrier. Her novel, "Destiny," is the first issued, being in two well-printed volumes, prettily bound in half ruby morocco, with gilt tops. Her novels were generally ascribed to Sir Walter Scott when they were first out, and when their authorship became known, the Wizard of the North was one of Miss Ferrier's strongest admirers, ranking her delineation of character above, in some respects, that of the novelists of the sterner sex. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$2.50 for the two volumes; for sale by William Doxey.

Frederick Harrison's essay on "The Choice of Books" has been issued in a little book of modest exterior that gives no hint of the flagellation Mr. Harrison inflicts in it on such as have other gods than his. He rails against the reading of new books and draws up a list which, to his mind, comprises all that one should read. Here it is: From Greece—Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Sappho, Alceus, and Tyrtaeus. From Rome—Livy, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Catullus, Juvenal, Plautus, Terence, and Lucretius. From Italy—Dante, Boccaccio, and the epics of Ariosto and Tasso. From France—Corneille, Racine, and Molière. From Spain—Caldéron and Cervantes. From Germany—Goethe and Heine. From England—Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Fielding, Defoe, Goldsmith, Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, etc. From America—nothing. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

THE Popular Science Monthly FOR JUNE.

Irrigation in the Arid States. By CHARLES HARRISON SHAW. (Illustrated.) Describes practical irrigating operations and their results, with the aid of many illustrations.

The Ceremonial Use of Tobacco. By JOHN HAWKINS. An account of the use of tobacco as incense and sacrifice and in the operations of seers and medicine-men.

An Ethnological Study of the Yuraks. By ALICE T. M. D'ANDREA. (Illustrated.) A popular description of a wandering people in Turkey, with pictures showing their features, dress, and dwellings.

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VANITY FAIR.

"You American girls are spoiled—utterly spoiled," said an English matron. "You frequently reject a young man for no other reason than that he is the first who has done you the honor to offer you his hand!" "But I don't care for him," said the one addressed. "There is no reason why you shouldn't care for him, since he is eligible and with nothing about him to which any reasonable creature can make objection. But you Americans pick and choose and are entirely too particular. The trouble is that you are sure if you don't take one you can get another. The men make fools of you. I assure you an English girl would be ashamed of such flippant and capricious behavior." This conversation is quoted in the *New York Times* to illustrate the status of Englishwomen in the home. A study of English novels will reveal that the roughness of the course of true love is almost invariably occasioned by ineligibility, the suit of a younger son, or the passion for the daughter of a gardener or a gamekeeper. That a girl should reject an offer merely because she did not care for the man, is incomprehensible to the majority of English maids and matrons. "The great dread of an English mother," says a New York woman who has lived years in England, "is lest her daughter should acquire the unpardonable reputation of 'being fast.' Little girls are taught to be shy and quiet. I remember reading a most amusing article, which was not intended to be funny—far from it—in a girl's paper printed in London. It was a regular sermon on society manners, preached from the scriptural text, 'Study to be quiet.' An unmarried woman, unless she be of an age when she is awarded the same license as the matron, which is not before forty, can commit no greater solecism in society than to engage in a natural, vivacious conversation with a young man, even in a drawing-room where numbers are present. 'Why, what harm could there be? You were all there and could have heard every word that I said,' protested a young American, who had been reproved for such a misdemeanor. 'A young girl should never lead in a conversation. She should be an attentive listener,' was the sententious reply of a typical English matron." If such restraints are placed upon English girls when in company, it may readily be imagined to what extent the system of chaperons is carried. "I never spent half an hour in a room alone with Mr. — until the night before we were married," said an Englishwoman. "How did he propose?" was the question that burst involuntarily from the listener's lips. "He asked my brother for me," was the complacent answer.

A clever Boston author, with whom Arlo Bates talked about the Artists' Festival, to which all the world went in costume of the time of the Renaissance, remarked that it was impossible to get over the habit of looking at the faces of the persons present and of neglecting to examine their costume unless with an effort to turn the attention. "It is simply because we are so accustomed to finding the costume, and especially the costume of men, so uninteresting that we never think of looking at it," one remarked. "I am not sure," the author returned, "that it doesn't go a good deal deeper than that, and that there is not a profound psychological reason there. The face is the thing which expresses the mind, and the whole tendency of civilization is toward the keener appreciation of the mental side of being. We have suppressed costume in man because we are more interested in his face, and we do not care to be distracted from it. That is only one phase of the process of evolving the appreciation of the mental. We do not, as a matter of fact, care for clothes in this age. I mean as a race. There are, of course, exceptions, and there is still personal vanity, as there always must be. It is possible to get up this sort of a show, not because anybody is greatly interested in the costume of others, but because each is willing to admire himself and to allow others to admire him."

Three sedan-chairs are in actual construction over in London, and one intended for a peeress, whose name is discreetly withheld, is said to have several improvements on the old style. It is to be provided with doors, the hinges of which are placed at the end furthest from the occupant, so as to allow the greatest space for entry and exit. The windows, fitted with thick silk shades, can be raised and lowered at will, which is another point of difference. The colors of the owner's livery, crimson and gold, are to be used in upholstering the chair.

There is much excitement in New York society over the organization of a new chapter of the Society of Colonial Dames. This is the direct result of a tremendous rumpus in the ranks of the original organization. Women of equal prominence in the other original States started similar societies. These applied to join the one known as the Colonial Dames of America, and were given to understand by Mrs. Van Rensselaer that the Society of the Colonial Dames of America would amalgamate with the later similar ones of other States—making it national—if to the society in New York would be conceded permanently the privilege of taking precedence

of the others in all cases of general celebration. It is said the first delegate sent from Virginia—who, as it happens, was a descendant of Patrick Henry—was told by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, as secretary, that Virginia, having been a penal colony, was not entitled to consideration. The first intention of the society in New York was that it should be historical; but it has gradually become simply an inharmonious social club, run on very peculiar lines. Papers that are sent in by women of position and required ancestry, desirous of joining the society, are simply laid over for months when applicants are not personally in favor. It is said that one of the highest officers of the society has succeeded in keeping out her own two sisters ever since its organization, and that, on some general personal principle, it is in the main opposed to some of the most prominent families, such as the Jays and Livingstons. All these high-handed ways have not been acceptable to many of the conservative members, and the result is the new National New York Chapter. The very latest excitement was caused indirectly by a new member admitted to the Society of Colonial Dames. The vice-president of the society, it is reported, suggested and vouched for Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart, at a meeting, as a descendant of General William Armstrong. On matters being looked up later, it was found that no claim existed within a great many years of the specified required pedigree. Upon this it is said that Mrs. Stewart was requested to resign, but declined. The Colonial Dames then said that they would no longer recognize her as a member. Upon this Mr. Stewart took a hand in matters, and attempted to demonstrate that the society, being an incorporated one, would be compelled to, Mrs. Stewart having become a member. After many pow-wows of the Colonial Dames, they decided to omit to notify Mrs. Stewart of contemplated meetings. Bickerings on this and other personal subjects reached such a climax at the annual meeting on May 1st, that no fewer than twelve members resigned on the spot. All this has so impressed the seceding members, who now belong to the new chapter, that they have given loud voice to their opinion that a society run entirely by women is sure to be unsuccessful in the end. Consequently the new chapter is to be as much as possible on the same basis as the Society of the Cincinnati.

There is a rumor moving mysteriously about (says a writer in *Hearth and Home*) that gloves may shortly go to some extent out of fashion. One or two well-known dandies have practically ceased to wear them. One of these is Lady Tichborne, who may often be seen out-of-doors with hands bare to wind and weather. Another is Lady Grey Edgerton, who always goes to the play without them. The beautiful Lady de Grey, too, generally takes her gloves off whenever she has a chance. I have seen her come into a concert-room in the afternoon, holding her gloves in her hand like a man. But as yet few ladies have the courage to be seen about the streets altogether gloveless. Many would hardly welcome such a fashion. In the first place, gloves give a finish to a toilet; in the second, it is hardly possible to keep one's hands perfectly clean for any length of time without them. This last fact will surely keep the fashion out. Then hands get brown in the summer sun, and though brown hands may be all very well in the country, they hardly do for evening wear in town. A white arm, with a brown hand at the end of it, is scarcely prettier than a pale face decorated with a red nose.

The nude figures of a young man and a young woman were the centres of interest in Mr. Henry H. Kitson's studio in Boston recently, being the composite statues modeled by Mr. Kitson after Dr. Sargent's measurements of hundreds of students from the leading colleges of the country. The statues were by no means ideal; they were "fifty per cent. figures," representing the average—the "mean"—of development, and therefore showing the typical American student of both sexes. They are not at all mean-looking, however, being fairly well-built young persons, symmetrically developed, and without serious physical defects. The faces are handsome and thoughtful, being modeled after composite photographs made from the students from whom the measurements were taken. The face of the young man is the handsomer of the two, but Mr. Kitson says that the figure of the young woman is nearer the classic standard than that of the masculine type. There are some marked features of difference from the classic standard in the young man. The hands are large, the wrists are small, and the knees are large. The height of the male is 5 feet 8 inches, and of the female 5 feet 3 inches; the male represents a weight of 138½ pounds and the female 115 pounds. Each figure represents measurements taken from 42 leading parts of the body, and these show the average development of each sex at the age of 21 years. The type of student nearer physical perfection would be found in the measurements of 70 and 80 per cent. on Dr. Sargent's anthropometrical charts, and these measurements would probably be found much more nearly approaching the classic standard, as illustrated by the *Hermes of Praxiteles* and the *Venus de Milo*. It is worthy of note that the typical American student has a better physical development than that of both

the British and German, as shown by measurements made recently in those countries.

The "Roman Week" of the silver-wedding festival of the King and Queen of Italy came to a close with the most magnificent private ball which has been given in any capital of Europe since the fall of the Second French Empire. Now that the shadow of ruin has fallen upon the Palazzo Borghese, there is no princely residence in Rome, except the Palazzo Doria, in which a hall at once so gorgeous and so artistic could possibly be given. The main entrance on the Corso was reserved for the imperial, royal, and princely guests and their suites, while the rest of the company, to the number of more than a thousand, came in through the entrance on the piazza of the Collegio Romano. Massive candelabra in bronze, reproductions of those at Versailles, had been made expressly for this occasion, as well as plate-glass doors inclosing the galleries, which were sent out from London. Electric lights had been laid throughout the suites of salons and galleries, and the marble stairways were lined and festooned with the most exquisite roses, orchids, and tropical plants. The fanfares of a superb Hungarian band, brought for the occasion from Buda-Pesth, announced at eleven o'clock the arrival of the German Emperor with the King and Queen of Italy. They were received at the foot of the grand stairway by Prince Doria and his princess, still almost girlish in her blonde and graceful beauty. The Emperor William stood for a moment at the foot of the stairs with his host and hostess to express his admiration of the really brilliant and magnificent spectacle presented by the palace; and then putting himself on one side of the Princess Doria, to whom the King of Italy offered his arm, he mounted the stairway with them, followed by the Queen of Italy on the arm of Prince Doria, the Hungarian band striking up first the Italian royal march in honor of Queen Margherita, and then the German imperial hymn. Escorted by the prince and the princess, the emperor made the rounds of the state apartments and galleries, followed by a cortège of the Italian and foreign princes, including the Prince of Naples, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, the Queen Maria of Portugal, the widowed sister of King Humbert, the stately Archduke Rainier of Austria, the young English Duke of York, the Duke of Oporto, Prince George of Greece towering above all the others except his Russian kinsman, the hereditary Prince of Montenegro, the Dukes of Aosta and the Abruzzi, and the Conte of Turin. No less than twelve sumptuous salons, some of them entered through portières of the costliest antique lace set in borders of velvet, led from the grand staircase and the beautiful conservatory to the ball-room, where, after the quadrille of honor, dancing began and was kept up with great spirit, the young Italian princes, the Dukes of York and Oporto, and Prince George of Greece devoting themselves to this duty with much zest and animation. The beauty and fashion of the whole Italian peninsula were brilliantly represented, and the foreign colony in Rome were in force. The display of jewels recalled the palmiest days of Papal Rome, when the diamonds of the Roman princesses were admitted to be matchless in Europe. The beautiful young hostess wore the finest of the Doria diamonds chiefly in her coiffure. The Duchess of Aosta blazed with jewels, almost literally from head to foot. The Duchess Massimo and the Countess Sounnagha—the two stately sisters of Prince Doria—the Countess Compagna, the Countess Pasolini, the American Princess Brancaccio, and Mrs. Osgood Field, of New York, were all marked out, even in this glittering array, by the splendor of their parure; the pearls worn by Mrs. Osgood Field attracting the particular attention of Queen Margherita. Among the guests was an East Indian feudatory of her Britannic Majesty, who stood for the greater part of the evening a shining image in gold and silver raiment, gazing, with voiceless oriental wonder, at the procession of unveiled hours and peris circling and whirling around him in the mazes of the Western dance. What he thought of it all it would be a pleasure to know.

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SOCIETY.

The Haggin Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin gave an elaborate dinner-party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs last Monday evening at their residence on Taylor Street. The table was richly decorated with fragrant flowers and beautiful Bohemian glass ware. After dinner, musical selections were enjoyed in the drawing-room. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Count and Countess Festetics, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fage, Miss Howard, Mr. Henry Babcock, and Mr. Henry Redington.

The Drexler Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Drexler gave a most enjoyable dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1603 Van Ness Avenue, to Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. The table was prettily decorated in tones of yellow, and a delicious menu was served. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Drexler, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Alexander, Miss Marian Bybee, and Mr. Richard Hotelling.

The Houghton Lunch-Party.

Miss Minnie B. Houghton gave a very pretty lunch-party last Thursday, at her residence in Oakland, complimentary to Mrs. Oelrichs. Covers were laid for ten at a round table, which was decorated in exquisite taste with lavender and corn-colored sweet peas. The young hostess entertained her guests most hospitably, and the afternoon was made pleasurable in every way. Miss Houghton's guests were:

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Frederick Tallant, Mrs. George Rodman Shreve, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Pott, of Santa Barbara, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Miss Grimes, of Oakland.

The Oxnard Dinner-Parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have been entertaining most hospitably of late at their residence, 1613 Van Ness Avenue. Last Saturday evening they gave a charming dinner-party to Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, at which the other guests were Miss Oxnard, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Maud O'Connor, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Richard H. Sprague, Mr. Chauncey Winslow, and Colonel C. F. Crocker.

They gave another delightful dinner-party on Wednesday evening when their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Dr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Oxnard, and Mr. Albert L. Stetson.

A Dinner to Mr. Oelrichs.

A thoroughly enjoyable affair was the dinner-party given at the Pacific-Union Club on Friday evening to Mr. Hermann Oelrichs by a number of his intimate friends. The decorations were in quiet taste, and the affair lacked formality in every way. An excellent menu was provided, with its complement of fine wines, and several hours were happily spent in dining. Those present were:

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. H. Henry Veuve, Mr. A. Page Brown, Mr. R. H. Sprague, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. Robert Oxnard, and Mr. William Berg.

The Crocker Dinner-Party.

Mr. William H. Crocker gave a sumptuous dinner-party at his residence on California Street, last Wednesday evening, in honor of Mr. Francis G. Newlands. Sixteen gentlemen in all were gathered around the festal board, and the affair was made one of much pleasure to them. The table was embellished with magnificent silver service and a profusion of beautiful Jacqueminot roses, while the menu was a perfect one, admirably served. It was about midnight when the affair ended. Those present were:

Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Francis G. Newlands, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, General W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. Hall McAllister, Mr. Edward L. Eyre, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. W. B. Bourne, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. James E. Tucker, and Mr. M. Francis Michael.

The Jennings Theatre and Supper-Party.

Miss Sister Jennings entertained a number of her friends very pleasantly last Friday evening by giving a theatre-party and supper. After witnessing "The Gilded Fool," under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher, an elaborate supper was served by Ludwig at the home of Miss Jennings, 1210 Sutter Street. The table was handsomely decorated, and the name and menu-cards were very artistic. The affair was one of much pleasure. The party comprised:

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher, Miss Sister Jennings, Miss Lella Ellis, Miss Nellie Drum, Miss Marian Forrest, Miss Mabel Hollis, Mr. Edward Marriott, Mr. Frederick Marriott, Jr., Mr. James Watson, Mr. John Stevens, Mr. W. B. Jennings, and Mr. Merriam Chadbourne.

Trinity School Reception.

The rector and students of Trinity School gave an enjoyable reception last Thursday evening which was attended by a couple of hundred of their friends. The spacious grounds fronting the school were illuminated with hundreds of lighted Japanese lanterns, and the guild hall was prettily decorated with draperies and flowers. Excellent music was provided for the dancing which was enjoyed until one o'clock, with an intermission for a delicious supper.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Helen Smedberg and Lieutenant George W. Melver, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., will take place on Wednesday, June 28th, at the residence of the bride's parents, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis G. Schiffer, of New York city, have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Clara Schiffer, and Mr. Joseph Livingston, of this city, which will take place at their residence, 10 East Sixty-Third Street, at half-past five o'clock on Monday evening, June 5th. It will be followed by a dinner at Delmonico's at seven o'clock, after which there will be dancing.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Pauline Auerbach and Mr. Nat M. Raphael, of this city.

Mrs. Trenor W. Park will give a matinee tea today (Saturday) at her residence in San Rafael. About four hundred invitations have been issued.

The Sainte Claire Club, of San José, will give its annual bull's-head breakfast next Tuesday at the Guadalupe Mines.

Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor and the Misses Lillian and Maud O'Connor gave a charming dinner-party recently at their home, on O'Farrell Street, at which they entertained Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Virginia Fair, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, and Miss Oxnard, of New York.

Mrs. William S. Wood gave an elaborate lunch-party on Friday at her residence, 1920 Clay Street, in honor of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs.

Mrs. H. M. Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook gave a lunch-party to a few friends last Wednesday at their residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clunie entertained several of their friends at dinner last Tuesday evening at their residence, 114 Ridley Street.

Mrs. E. B. Young gave a pleasant matinee tea last Saturday at her residence, 19 Baker Street, in honor of her sister, Mrs. F. A. Strahler, who sailed last Tuesday on the *Oceanic* for her home in Yokohama. The rooms were beautifully decorated with potted plants and choice roses. A large number of ladies called and were charmingly entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mohrhardt gave a delightful reception to "Camp Alpine," last Thursday evening at their residence on Lott Street, opposite Golden Gate Park.

A basket picnic to the Bishop Armitage Church Orphanage, San Mateo, will take place, Saturday, June 3d, in which a large number of church people are interested. Special excursion tickets will be issued for this occasion, and will be placed on sale at the Third and Townsend Streets Depot and at Valencia Street Station. These round-trip tickets will be sold at the rate of one dollar each, and will include carriage transfer from the depot at San Mateo to the Orphanage and return. For those who can not make it convenient to provide their own luncheon, an opportunity will be given to purchase refreshments on the grounds at moderate rates. This occasion will afford a fine opportunity for a delightful day in the country and at one of the prettiest spots in San Mateo County.

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To the eye, bread, cake or biscuit made with an Alum or Ammonia baking powder may look very nice, but made with

Cleveland's Baking Powder

it will be finer grained, will keep moist and fresh longer, and will not have a bitter or unpleasant taste; and above all, it will be perfectly wholesome.

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Santa Barbara, Cal.

Cottages, with hotel accommodation, have recently been built for the accommodation of guests. The location is on the foothills of Montecito, about six miles from Santa Barbara and two miles from a fine sea beach. Orange and Lemon Groves cover the adjoining slopes, and the mountain canyon in rear of Cottages is well wooded with Oaks, Sycamores, Alders, and other natural trees. A fine mountain stream flows through the property. Magnificent views of the Valley and Santa Barbara Channel with its Islands. Pleasant walks and drives. All appointments new and first-class. Apply to GOODRICH & JOHNSTON, P. O. Box 11, Santa Barbara, Cal.



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And Cottages.

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M. CLARK, Proprietor,
SAN MATEO, - CALIFORNIAAn Illustrated Circular will be mailed to any address.
Rooms may now be secured.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

THE MOST POPULAR

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THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

Completely Renovated and Improved. No Winds or Fogs, and surpassingly grand Mountain and Valley Scenery. Write for particulars to JOHN S. MATHESON, Assistant Manager.



SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. J. B. Crockett returned last Saturday on the steamer *Rio de Janeiro* from a two months' visit to Japan and China. Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson and Mrs. Henry T. Scott expect to reach here on June 13th.

Mrs. Frederick L. Castle and the Misses Castle will pass the summer in Santa Cruz, and in September will go to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond have returned in the city after a prolonged absence. Mr. Hammond went to London a couple of months ago, and on his return to New York, was met by Mrs. Hammond. They visited the Columbian Exposition while en route home. Mr. Hammond contemplates an early departure for South Africa to look after some mining property there.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Miss Scott, and Mr. Laurence Irving Scott will be at Castle Crag during June. Mrs. Henry Barroillet is occupying the Beyleard cottage in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and the Misses Nita and Sophie Borel will pass the summer at their San Mateo residence.

Mrs. Fisher Ames will pass the season at Castle Crag. Mrs. Henry McLean Martin and family will pass the summer in Switzerland.

Mrs. Crittenden Thornton and Miss Thornton will go to Santa Cruz in June to occupy Mrs. D. D. Colton's cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean went up north last Friday to pass a couple of weeks on their ranch.

Mrs. Byron G. Crane and Miss Crane have returned from Southern California, and will leave for the Yosemite Valley next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will go to the Hotel del Monte in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggins are occupying their cottage in San Mateo.

Mr. P. D. Martin and Mr. Samuel H. Knight were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas at Mountain View last Sunday.

Mrs. L. S. Adams and Miss Ella Adams have taken rooms at Castle Crag for June.

Mrs. A. J. Ralston, of Oakland, is in New York awaiting the return of Miss Claire Ralston from England.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and the Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan are occupying their villa at Menlo Park.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Eva Shaw have gone to visit the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States.

Mrs. James F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton have returned to Oakland after an enjoyable visit to San Jose.

General W. H. Dimond and the Misses Eleanor and Mae Dimond will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Misses Aileen and Genevieve Goad have been visiting relatives in Colusa during the past week.

Mrs. William Dunphy, Mrs. Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy arrived in Chicago last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker are occupying a cottage at Cazadero.

Mrs. Joseph Durhrow, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Holman, and Mrs. Spencer Cone Buckhee have been in San Jose during the past week after a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Poett, of Santa Barbara, is here on a visit to her friends.

Miss Lillian O'Connor and Miss Virginia Fair returned last Wednesday from a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis at their ranch, near Bakersfield.

Mrs. William T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis will pass the season at Castle Crag.

Miss Emmeline Hager has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Hugh Tevis at the Boat Club near Cloverdale.

Mrs. Pedar Sather, of Oakland, has gone to Chicago.

Mr. John Scott Wilson has gone East to visit St. Louis, Chicago, and New York. He was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, who will visit friends in St. Louis.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and Miss Laura McKinstry will pass the season in Santa Cruz.

Mr. George Crocker and Mr. E. F. Preston are en route home from New York.

last Sunday from a month's visit to San José and the Hotel del Monte. On Thursday they left here, accompanied by Mr. J. William Byrne, to visit Los Angeles for a few weeks.

Mr. Arthur E. Shattuck is staying at the Auditorium in Chicago.

Mr. Duncan Hayne left last Thursday on a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. A. A. Son left for the East last Monday, and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and the Misses Alice and Birdie Rutherford are enjoying a visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and family will pass the summer at the Hotel Mateo.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing have left New York for Europe.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith have returned from their visit in San José, and leave to-day on a trip to Chicago, Cleveland, O., New York, and Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. M. Driscoll and Mr. Thomas A. Driscoll, of Oakland, were at the Hotel del Coronado during the week.

Mrs. L. P. Drexler will pass a portion of the season at her former home in Mendocino County.

Mrs. T. G. Warkington is visiting San José.

Mrs. C. L. Waller will leave next Saturday to visit her daughter, Mrs. Edwin Stevens, of New York city.

Mrs. Robert F. Bunker and Miss Ivy Bunker will pass the season at Larkspur.

Mrs. A. G. Kinsey, and Mr. Griffith Kinsey will pass the month of June at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Charles Sonntag will leave soon on an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Meehan returned last Monday from a pleasant visit to San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. O'Kane will leave early in June to pass the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William A. Magee, and the Misses Hush, of Fruitvale, will pass the season at the Hotel Rafael.

Dr. J. Thomas Boyson has returned from a prolonged Eastern trip. Mrs. Boyson remained in New York owing to the death of a near relative.

Dr. E. R. Bryant has returned to the city after passing several years in Berlin, Vienna, Hamburg, Heidelberg, Billrath, and London, and is residing on Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson are visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Fulton G. Berry returned to Fresno last Wednesday after a prolonged visit here.

Miss Evelyn Hamhurger will return from the South next week, and will then accompany Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Marx to the East. They will pass several weeks in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradford, *nee* Badlam, have arrived in New York city, after visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. Alfred S. Moore has returned from New Orleans, and is now settled for the summer in her villa, "Hill Crest," at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Main left for Chicago last Thursday.

Mr. James M. Goewey, Jr., is visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. H. Morgan Hill is in Chicago.

Dr. L. Neumann will pass June and July in a cottage near the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Bernice Bates has gone to Portland, Or., on a visit to Miss Paxton.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess have been enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. J. G. Gaula, of Portland, Or., is visiting her mother, Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle, at her residence, 2120 Jackson Street.

Colonel L. E. Van Winkle and Lieutenant E. T. Houghton have gone to the Yosemite Valley.

Colonel William Macdonald and Miss Hilda Macdonald returned last Monday from an enjoyable Eastern and European tour.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N., has been granted three months' leave of absence. It is supposed that he will be placed in command of the Mare Island navy-yard afterward.

Surgeon William Martin, U. S. N., who left last year for treatment at the Marine Hospital in Washington, D. C., has recovered his health to such a degree that he has been ordered to duty to the Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital. In connection with this duty it will be necessary for him to go abroad.

Lieutenant Samson L. Faison, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant S. D. Sturgis, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., who was stationed here a couple of years ago, has been recommended as military attaché to the United States Legation at Vienna, Austria.

Mrs. Downs L. Wilson is expected here soon from Washington, D. C., en route to Honolulu, where she will join her husband, Lieutenant Wilson, U. S. N., who is aboard the *Mohican*.

Commodore Farquhar, U. S. N., left Washington, D. C.,

last Monday to inspect the new dry dock at Port Orchard, Wash. He will also inspect the new dock at Mare Island.

Lieutenant-Commander W. T. Swinbourne, U. S. N., executive officer of the *Boston*, now stationed at Honolulu, is here on a brief leave of absence.

Major John A. Darling, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Post Chaplain J. H. Macomber, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Commander C. T. Hutchins, U. S. N., has relieved Captain Reiter, U. S. N., from the command of the *Thetis*.

Surgeon A. M. Moore, U. S. N., is convalescent after his recent severe illness.

Paymaster J. B. Redfield, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence*, and has gone East on waiting orders.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late General Edward Fitzgerald Beale, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The will bears date of July 8, 1892, and was witnessed by J. B. Eustis, of Louisiana, C. M. Kull, and Rear-Admiral Upshur, U. S. N. The testator requested his entire estate to his wife, Mary E. Beale, stating the omission to provide in the will for his children was intentional, and named his wife as executrix without bonds. The estate is valued in excess of one million dollars.

By the will of the late General R. W. Kirkham, of Oakland, the following testamentary provisions were made:

His estate is valued at \$2,000,000, which he bequeathed to his wife and his three daughters, Mrs. Walter Yarde Butler, Mrs. J. D. Stafford, and Miss Kate B. Kirkham.

A story is told by the *New York Times* of a certain young New York woman, who was recently abroad, and while walking out in Dresden one day the stolidity of the soldier sentinels, pacing back and forth like automata, attracted her notice. A sudden impulse seized her to test this cast-iron rigidity, and, waiting till one had passed, she slipped into his little sentry-box. When he reached it on his return, marching with measured precision, she suddenly jumped out before him, crying "Boo!" in his very face. The soldier was completely upset at this most unexpected performance and actually dropped his musket and ran away, while the young woman, having thus routed a portion of the German army, walked on and demurely rejoined her friends. The incident, it is said, came to the ears of the emperor himself, who expressed a wish to meet this extraordinary young woman, but Miss ——— admitted that her desire did not equal his, as she was not sure in quite what light her jesting impulse would be officially regarded.

We reprint the following from an English paper as a curio in sporting literature: "We learn with great pleasure that Lady Hilda McNeill, young Lord Strathbrooke's sister, who, since her marriage to a nephew of Sir John McNeill, has been living at Rothley Grange, near Loughborough, is rapidly recovering from the nasty fall she lately experienced in the hunting-field. Lady Hilda is an accomplished horsewoman, and her spill throws no discredit upon her as a cross-country rider. The accident was the result of a cannon, another horse colliding with hers as she negotiated a stiff fence."

Secretary Hoke Smith recently attended a semi-private dinner in Washington and was called upon for a speech. Quite a number of newspaper men were present, and Mr. Smith concluded his remarks with an appeal to them to stand by the administration and stop criticising it. His remarks were pitched in a strong religious strain. When Mr. Smith sat down, the gentleman who was presiding at the dinner said with a perfectly grave face: "The choir will now sing 'I Want to Be an Angel.'"

There is probably no more profitable class of business to a lawyer than that arising out of disputes about wills; and the following extract from a French advocate's will pitifully expresses his opinion of his clients: "I give one hundred thousand francs to the local mad-house. I got this money out of those who pass their lives in litigation; in bequeathing it for the use of lunatics I only make restitution."

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

If Ireland gets home rule, it is quite probable a new set of postage stamps for use in that country, and distinctively Irish, will be issued. Mr. Gladstone tells the *Philatelic Journal* that this matter "will be one for the consideration of the Irish Government."

Are You Going to the World's Fair? Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-a-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

Archduke Joseph of Austria has assumed editorial charge of a journal published in Vienna.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender Skins are literally On Fire with Itching and Burning Eczemas and Other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the



CUTICURA

Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fall in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disgusting eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

63 "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



PAINS AND WEAKNESSES

Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cents.

REOPENING.

HOTEL BEN LOMOND.

This hotel will be reopened for the reception of guests on or about May 5, 1893, under entirely new management. Situated ten miles from Santa Cruz, in the heart of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Climate perfect. Lovely walks and drives, good hunting and fishing. Three hours and a half from San Francisco. Four trains daily to Santa Cruz. Trains stop near hotel grounds.

For terms, etc., apply to G. L. A. SMITH, Manager, (Late of Hotel Pleasanton).

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The leading family hotel, located on the beach, with the finest land and marine view on the coast.

Electric cars connect the hotel with the cliffs and all parts of town. Strictly first-class. For terms address JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

The Fiske Photographs

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YOSEMITE AND BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Reduced to 30 cts. each, \$3.00 per dozen.

W. K. VICKERY,

224 POST STREET.

"It is impossible to choose subjects more fitly or to do better work."—Extract from letter written by John Ruskin to Mr. Fiske.

HELP WANTED. Agents paid a good commission, and \$3,000 divided among them next winter. Special attractions to be pushed this year for which we want the services of best agents everywhere. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Room 30, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

ANTEDILUVIAN WHISKEY



VERY OLD. RICH AS CREAM —AND— SMOOTH AS SATIN

THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO. PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.

If you want cake, biscuit and bread that are superior in lightness, sweetness, and delicious flavor, you can have them only by using



We recommend the Royal Baking Powder as superior to all others. It is indispensable for finest food.

—United Cooks and Pastry Cooks Ass'n of the United States.

A GHOST OF THE PAST.

How it was Laid by Mr. Bester, of Scotland Yard.

Sir Robert Lisburn and his wife were not particularly silly, as newly married couples go. For one thing, Sir Robert was thirty-something; and when you are thirty-something, gravity comes. But he was very much in love with his young wife. He handed her out of the family omoibus carefully, and the very prettiest ankle and the tiniest shoe peeped out for a moment as she stepped down before one of the big hotels on Trafalgar Square.

As she tripped up the broad carpeted stairs to her room, there was a look of great happiness in her eyes.

"And is my dear girl quite happy?" said Sir Robert. Young Lady Lisburn (she was tall and pleasant-looking) turned to him affectionately.

"Your dear girl," she said, "has had her worries in her life. She had one big worry."

"How big?"

Lady Lisburn wideeyed her arms to give an idea of the size.

"But it's all over now, and I am very, very happy."

"Perhaps," said Sir Robert—"perhaps the dear girl will tell me all about it some day."

"She may—some day," said the young bride, flushing. "Just now she is so contented that she doesn't want even to think about it."

The next morning they went off to the Engadine. It was two months later when they returned, trunks and portmanteaus plastered all over with square and circular labels—Hôtel Bellevue, and Hôtel Beau Rivage, and a lot of others. Both Sir Robert and Lady Lisburn looked very jolly and well.

There were letters waiting for Lady Lisburn. She read them in her bedroom. As she saw the writing on one of the envelopes, she grew red, and then very white. She perused the letter again and again, with hands trembling and a face that looked into the mirror with a frightened look. Then she turned off the electric light and sank on her knees and sobbed. They stayed in town for some days. They drove out a good deal, visiting; but young Lady Lisburn looked ill and out of sorts, and scarcely spoke to her husband. He seemed to be repelled by her coldness. Once or twice Lady Lisburn tried to rouse herself, but the look of worry quickly came back, and her husband, placid and even as he was, could not help feeling disturbed.

One evening in the latter part of the week, Lady Lisburn was sitting at the open window of their room, her face resting on her hand, looking out into the square and seeing nothing.

A page-boy entered with a foreign message. She opened it, read the type-written words, and crumpled quickly the sheet in her hand as Sir Robert came in.

"I want to say something to you, Robert," she said, in a shaky voice. He came over to her.

"I want to go away from you for a few weeks."

"A few weeks?" he repeated, blankly.

"A few weeks. Unless you want me to be a miserable woman all my life, you must let me do this. Let me go; and when I come back I shall be quite jolly, and I shall love you more than ever, and we—"

"My dear," said Sir Robert, "you are perfectly unreasonable! You are not yourself."

"Unfortunately I am," interposed the young wife, sadly.

"Or you wouldn't dream of proposing such a preposterous thing. Now, love, just you go to bed early to-night and have a good rest, and you'll be all right in the morning."

"If you don't let me go, Robert, I shall never be able to rest again. I shall be nothing but a curse to you and a misery to myself for all my life. Do let me go."

"My dear love," said Sir Robert, rising with a very decided air, "if you absolutely refuse to tell me the motive for your disappearance, I absolutely refuse to let you go."

"Then I—then I must go without your permission." She said this without defiance and in the humblest way.

Sir Robert went down-stairs and stood at the hotel door for a few minutes, smoking his cigar rather quickly. Then he turned and went to the telephone-room, and looked in the book and rang up. Lady Lisburn, white and set of face, returned to her room and prepared for her journey.

It was a surprise to Sir Robert to find in the hall not ten minutes later the man for whom he had telephoned. He was a burly, scarlet-faced man, and he gave his card to Sir Robert with an awkward, fat bow.

THOMAS BESTER,

Fayre, Sweetser & Co., Inquiry Agents.

"Come into this room, Mr.—Mr. Bester."

Mr. Bester wiped his boots with particular care.

"You'd like something to drink, perhaps?"

Mr. Bester pulled his waistcoat down and coughed slightly, and said that he didn't know as a drop of whisky would do him any particular harm. At any rate, he said (he said this with the air of a man prepared for any experiment in the interests of science), he'd try.

Sir Robert ordered a large whisky, and gave instructions that he was to be told when Lady Lisburn left the hotel.

"We need not hurry until that happens," said Sir Robert. He explained to Mr. Bester what was required.

There was to be no fuss, insisted Sir Robert, and no interference. All that Bester had to do was to follow Lady Lisburn, and if she was in any danger to wire Sir Robert at once, and himself take such steps as he might think were necessary.

"That's the way," said Mr. Bester, with approbation; "take things calmly. Much better in the long run. I ought to know. I've been at it, in the Yard and out of the Yard, thirty year come next February."

"I suppose you have had some interesting cases to deal with," remarked Sir Robert, politely.

Mr. Bester stood up and looked at himself in the mirror for a moment, and then sat down again heavily.

"The most interesting," he said, "are them that nobody don't deal with."

Mr. Bester took another sip from his tumbler and essayed to rest one knee on the other, but found the position for a gentleman of his rotundity uncomfortable, and relinquished the endeavor.

"Look here, Sir Robert," said Mr. Bester; "here's a case in point. Just what you may call a little incident. Look here. This" (taking a wax tablet from the box and sticking it upright on the table)—"this is Mr. Bertie Ellenborough; and this" (taking another and sticking it upright)—"this is Miss—Miss Whatshername. Reelly, I forgit the name. However, that don't matter."

The door opened softly, but neither of the men noticed it.

"Very well, then. Few years ago Mr. Bertie Ellenborough (that's this one) knows Miss Whatshername (that's this one); and she loves him and writes him warm, rapturous letters—letters that she would be ashamed now to read, or for anybody else to read. Still, a good girl, mind you. Mr. Bertie comes up to town, forgets her, goes to the bad, slips himself off to America, and gets worse and worse. He becomes hard up, and what does he do, then, but blackmail Miss Whatshername."

"Damn'd scoundrel!" exclaimed Sir Robert, heartily.

"Blackmails her. I happens to go out to trace a chap, and I meets Mister Bertie in a bar, and he tells me all about it."

"Ought to be hanged!" remarked Sir Robert.

"But that isn't the worst. I tells him for a lark that I'm a bit of a scamp myself, and brags a bit; and then Mister Bertie goes one better, and assures me that he burned those letters long ago, and he was only pretending he'd still got them. That beats anything, don't it? There's a scamp for you. Making a regular income out of it, too."

"Girl married, I wonder?"

"So I understood," said Mr. Bester.

"Poor girl!" said Sir Robert; "wonder who her husband is?"

"Sir Robert!" said a voice. They had not turned on the light, and the room was growing dark.

"My love?" he said.

"They told me you wanted to see me," said Lady Lisburn; "and, my dear, I'm—I'm not going. I could not have known what I was talking about just now."

"My dear heart!" exclaimed Sir Robert, delightedly; "tell me what it was that was worrying you?"

"Why, absolutely nothing," answered his wife, decidedly; "there was no excuse for it."

They took each other's hands.

"Shall I look in again, Sir Robert?" said Mr. Bester, respectfully. He had been standing aside and pretending, with excellent *savoir faire*, to look out of the window.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Bester!" said Sir Robert; "no, you needn't look in again. I'll send your people a check for your trouble."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Fortune-Seeking Emigrants.

Many a poor family that seeks the western wilds in the hope of winning a fortune, is preserved from that insidious foe of the emigrant and frontiersman—chills and fever—by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. So effectively does that incomparable medicinal defense fortify the system against the combined influence of a malarious atmosphere and miasma-tainted water, that protected by it the pioneer, the miner, or the tourist provided with it, may safely encounter the danger.

The chaplain of the senate of Nevada has been accused of plagiarism. One of the members complained that the good man introduced in his remarks the other day, word for word, ideas the senator had heard expressed at a funeral two years ago. Inquiry showed that it was the Lord's Prayer that the senator had reference to.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
MAKES AN INVIGORATING DRINK

With water and sugar only. Delicious.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale says: "Experienced editors know that no paper should allude to its own successes. It is only a novice who says: 'The public observed yesterday that the *Daily Drag Net* was the only paper which printed a full account of the Cain and Abel murder.'"

Ripans Tabules assist digestion; sweeten a sour stomach; cure liver troubles.

THE NAVAJO WAR.

Down the side of Buckskin Mountain
Came a pack-train winding slowly.
Sunset shadows gloomed the valley.
Featherless, without his hogan,
Strode the war chief Winamuka.

Hosten Throw-the-Rope, the cowboy,
Mumbled with the old chief's daughter;
Gracefully she shied the dagger
From her brown and nimble fingers.
From her nose and chin; then laughing,
From her teeth she threw the dagger
Hilt-deep in the horse behind her.

This wild maiden, Ogallala,
Was as much like Minnehaha
As Caliban was like Adonis.
Oh, to see her twilight tresses,
Not unlike a horse's whiskers,
Falling, as the dark Missouri
Falls about its banks, about her
Warty naked neck and shoulders,
Hued like to a brand-new saddle.
Ogallala was a lula.

Now the pack approached and halted,
As the old chief Winamuka
Blocked the trail and grunted "Howdy."
While the trader showed his trinkets,
From his tent came Shoot-the-Rabbit.
He was Ogallala's brother,
And the Prince of Rabbit Valley.
Defly from the peddler's panier,
Came a can branded "Chicago."
Not lard filled it. Shoot-the-Rabbit
Quickly cached it in the willows;
And the old chief Winamuka
Saw the play, winked at the cowboy.
Then the genial Winamuka
Asked the trader to unsaddle,
Pass the night at his plantation.
Which he did.

Just after midnight
Hastened Throw-the-Rope, the cowboy,
Made a sneak, secured the liquor,
And lit out for his dominion
Over in the San Juan Valley.
'Bout ten-thirty the next morning,
Hosten Move-the-Store, the peddler,
Hit the trail.

Old Winamuka
Was much pleased, for he did hanker
For the bug-juice in the willows.
Noble chief! You should have seen him
When he tumbled to the fact that
Hosten Throw-the-Rope, the cowboy,
Cruelly had stole the liquor.
Had he driven off his cattle,
Stole a horse, or even taken
Ogallala from the hogan,
He might hope to be forgiven
By the chief.

"Kiuse!" he shouted.
Which means horse, to horse, as we say,
"You can bet your bottom peso
I'll get even with that cowboy.
I will cut his hair and whiskers
So his mother-'n-law won't know him,"
Quoth the war chief Winamuka.

Then his daughter, Ogallala,
Boarded an unbridled bronco,
Headed toward the San Juan Valley.
Seeing this, her father shouted:
"What do you?"

"I go," she answered,
"Now to warn and save my lover!"
"Leave me!"

"Even so," she answered,
As she vanished down the valley.
'Twas a goodly sight to see her
Swaying, swimming like a swallow
O'er the vast and verdant valley,
With her black hair blown behind her,
Fleeing to her flying lover:
Ogallala was a lula.

Then the chieftess, Distant Thunder,
Came from out her tent and squatted
Near her husband, Winamuka.
And she crossed her bony fingers,
Like the toes of a dead turkey,
On her lap.

They called it a council,
And the wicked Huntentrouble,
Brother to old Winamuka,
Volunteered to lead the warriors
Out against the cruel cowboys.
"Navajo," he said, "has never
Yet been conquered. We will use our
Guns and pistols on the cowboys;
Club is good enough for soldier."

This, as near as I can tell it,
Is the cause of the late trouble
On the San Juan Reservation.
I am truly yours,
CY WARMAN,
—New York Sun.

—GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER STREET,
near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

In "The Lady's Dressing-Room," by Baroness
Staffe, the advice is given that mothers should pre-
vent their children from being too frequently kissed,
for "the velvety skin of a baby suffers much there-
from. Too much kissing is bad for the complexion."
This, of course, can not apply to children of a larger
growth.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies

—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the
preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely
pure and soluble

It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

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A Pure Norwegian

oil is the kind used
in the production
of Scott's Emul-
sion—Hypophos-
phites of Lime and
Soda are added
for their vital ef-
fect upon nerve
and brain. No
mystery surrounds this formula—
the only mystery is how quickly
it builds up flesh and brings back
strength to the weak of all ages.



Scott's Emulsion

will check Consumption and is
indispensable in all wasting dis-
eases.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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INVIGORATING TONIC,
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Peruvian Bark, and
Pure Catalan Wine.

Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of
Paris, as the Best Remedy for

LOSS of APPETITE,
FEVER and AGUE,
MALARIA, NEURALGIA
and INDIGESTION.

An experience of 25 years in experi-
mental analysis, together with the val-
uable aid extended by the Academy
of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M.
Laroche to extract the entire active
properties of Peruvian Bark (a result
not before attained), and to concen-
trate them in an elixir, which possesses in the highest
degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free
from the disagreeable bitterness of other remedies.

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30 North William street, N. Y.

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If you have not
the time or patience to
elaborate a delicious soup,
you can avail yourselves of the
services of an experienced chef
by purchasing any of

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SOUPS.

They are skillfully
blended from the best materials
into flavors that
always delight,
though they vary with
the kind of soup.

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TOILET SOAP

Over 1,000,000 Ladies who
have used it pronounce it
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For the Complexion.

Excels any 25c. Soap. Ask
your dealer for it. Full size
sample, 12 cents. Beware
of imitations.

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\$12 buys a \$65.00 Improved Oxford Slicer
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table to ship to any part of the country. Are cheaper than
brick and can be put in place by ordinary workmen.



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strength than any other stone. Apply to

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San Francisco. Telephone 771.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Judge Bleckley (says the *Atlanta Journal*) has some very origial ideas which he sometimes expresses in reodering his decisions. In deciding a very leoghy case lately, in which a very small principle was involved, he said: "In the ornithology of the law, this case is a tom-tit with plumage enough for a turkey."

Shortly after the death of the illustrious pbilanthropist, Sir Moses Mootefore, the *Saturday Review* eoded an eulogistic notice of his life with: "Such a career can not be crystallized into an epigram nor summed up io a *bon mot*." Oo this statement *Punch* felicitously commented: "Yes, it can—*Bon Mo* (Good Moses)." Wheo Lord Rothschild took his oath as a peer, with his head reverently covered in accordance with Jewish usage, the same journal suggested that he should assume the style and title of Lord *Hatton*.

During the era of "reconstruction" io South Carolio, one Pompey Smasb, a coal-black negro, became a "trial justice." It was oot loog before Pompey had a case before him. When the jury arose and began moviog toward the adjoining room for consultation, one of the lawyers interposed, and said: "May it please your honor, you have not charged the jury." Whereupoo Judge Pompey gathered himself up, and, with all possible digioity, said: "Gen'men of dis jury, as dis is de fust time I have had you befo' me, I cba'ge each ooe of you one dollah and a half."

Neander, professor of theology in Berlin, was one day overtaken by a thunder-storm. He jumped into a cab, but could not give either the number of his house or the name of the street. The driver thought the nian was mad, and was about to tell him to get out, when the professor, spying a student, called out to him and said: "Just tell the man where I live." Neander's sister, who kept house for him, took fresh apartments nearer the university, as she thought the distaoce too great for her brother. A few days after their removal, he complained of the long and tiring walk, and it then turned out that he had always gone first to the old lodgings and so round to the university.

General Knyphausen, who commanded the Hessian merceoaries in America, in 1776, knew little of the sea, and less of geography. On the voyage to America, he was on board Lord Howe's ship, where he passed several uocomfortable weeks, as the voyage was unusually long. Knyphausen had the strongest scruples agaiost interfering, but the time came when he could keep silence oo looger. He marched stiffly up to the admiral and said: "My lord, I know it is the duty of a soldier to be submissiv at sea, but being intrusted with the troops of his serene bigbness, my master, I feel it my duty to ioquire if it be not possible that, during the extremely dark night we have lately had, we may have sailed past America?"

One day during the war, while a Middle Tennessee regiment was stationooed in the city of Nashville, ao Irish recruit was put on guard duty on one of the principal streets in the city. He thought it his duty to challenge every one who came along, just as he would in camp. By and hve a well-dressed citizen approached. "Halt! Who goes there?" says Mike. "A citizeo," answered the man. "Advooce, citizen, and give the countersign!" "But I don't know the countersign," said the citizen; "and if I did, I think it is very strange and unusual that it should be demanded in a public place like this." "Well, be jabbers then," said Mike, "ye don't pass this way till ye've said 'Boonker Hill'!" "Bunker Hill," said the man, with a grin. "Right! Pass on!" said the sentinel at "present," and the citizen went on about his affairs.

In the early days of the Civil War, the uniforms of Federals and Confederates were much alike, and straoce mistakes were sometimes made. As General Cheatham was riding out ooe day, he met a squadron of cavalry coming down the road toward his position. He had no sure means of knowing whether the force was friendly or hostile. He resolved to ascertain. Kiding up, accompanied by an orderly, to witbin a few yards of the troop, he asked: "What cavalry is that?" "Illiois cavalry, sir," was the reply. "Ob, Illiois cavalry," said the Confederate general; "all right; just stay where you are." The Illioisaoas had no doubt but that the officer was a Federal. They obeyed his order. Cheatham looked about for a moment, and then rode back to his own command under the guns of another Federal regiment, who, seeing him come from the cavalry troop, supposed he was "one of them."

A person who was supposed to be the French General Mouton, Count de Lohau, was once captured by an English vessel; but after a time the captain discovered that his prisoner was the Count de Montrond. "Why did you deceive me?" he demanded, angrily, of the count. "I did not deceive you," replied Montrond; "not at all. You thought I was General Mouton. You told me so. You have a fifty-gun frigate. Was it for me, so,

have only a pocket-pistol, to contradict you?" The captain did not forgive Montrond, and took every opportunity to treat him rudely. Ooe evening at dinoo, some one proposed the health of the French. As Montrond rose to acknowledge it, the captain cried: "They are all cowards! I make no exceptions." When Montrond's turo came, he gave this sentiment: "The English. They are all geotemeo, but I make exceptions."

When I got back from my latest trip (says "A Drummer" io the *New York Tribune*), I went bome at something after nine o'clock in the eveoing. Tbere was my house lighted up from top-story to basement; carriages were leaviog the door, and affairs seemed to be goiog on inside on a grand scale. I let myself into the basement with a latch-key and walked into the dinioo-room. Strains of music came from the back part of the hall, and the mingled laughter and conversatio ioicated a host of guests. Presently my wife came into the dinioo-room dressed like a princess; she ran up to me, saying: "Oh, Jack! I'm so glad you've come bome early." "So'm I," said I; "what's the racket—surprise-party?" "Surprise-party?" said she, with a pout; "no, indeed, it's the anniversary of my wedding." "Tilda," said I, "you're off; you're way off! This is the mouth of March—it was io summer we were married!" She serenely replied: "I know that very well; this is the anniversary of my first marriage. Go put on your dress-suit, dear."

During the war (says the *Sun*), an Ohio minister, oo his way South as an emissary of the Christian commission, boarded an Ohio River boat at Portsmouth. At the first landing below, the mate "turned loose" at the deck-baods. He cursed their eyes, their hearts, their lubberly feet, their lazioess, their whole lioe of aocestry from Adam to that hour. Finally, exhausted with profanity, he turned to the shocked minister with the query: "Don't this heat hell?" "Yes, sir, I'm afraid it does." And the good man retired to the cabin. On another occasion, ao Ohio stock-dealer had been buying stock in Kentucky and was trying to cross at Catlettsburg. Of course the cattle ioisted oo ruoioog io every direction but toward the ferry. The stock-dealer, who was from a country distant from the river, began to swear at the cattle. The oaths were fired singly and io volleys, straight and hias cut, rough and wire-edged, double and treble. While at the highest pitch, an old Keotuckian stepped up and said, admiringly: "Well done, by God, sab! What boat ah ye ruoioin' oo?"

Things Worth Remembering.

When you feel a kind of goneness about the stomach it is a sign that your food does not sit well and that you are about to have a fit of indigestion.
- When you begin to feel nervous and are unable to sit still comfortably; when your clothes suddenly seem to lose their fit and become too tight in places, the fit of indigestion is surely upon you.
- When this fit of indigestion is repeated from day to day it finally resolves itself into dyspepsia.
- Remember that three to ten of BRANDRETH'S PILLS will cure the worst case of indigestion or dyspepsia, or both, and that a regular course of them, say two every night for a week or ten days, will act as a preventive of either complaint.

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Teutonic..... June 28th (Britannic)..... July 26th

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SOLID TRAINS Equipped with Pullman Buffet Sleeping-Cars, Free Reclining-Chair Cars.

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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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A MONEY COINER-AGENTS WANTED
MEN OR WOMEN make \$10.00 a day selling the
"Wonderful Christy Knife." Write quick for exclusive
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Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Sailings (at noon):

SS. Colon..... May 25th
SS. San Juan..... June 3d
SS. Colima..... June 13th
NOTE.—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONGKONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:

City of Rio de Janeiro..... Thursday, June 1, at 3 P. M.
City of New York..... Thursday, June 8, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking..... Thursday, June 22, at 3 P. M.
China..... (via Honolulu)..... Monday, July 3, at 3 P. M.
Peru..... Saturday, July 22, at 3 P. M.

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YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.

Gaelic..... Tuesday, June 15

Belgie..... Thursday, July 13

Oceanic..... (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, August 1

Gaelic..... Tuesday, August 22

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Jan. 27, Feb. and March 10, 24, April 15, 30.

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For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From May 7, 1893.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	7:45 P.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	6:45 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.....	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	6:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	* 8:45 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Port Costa.....	9:45 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite), and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:15 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10:45 A.
5:00 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
* 7:00 P.	Vallejo and Port Costa.....	* 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

* 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	* 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:10 P.
12:05 P.	Centerville, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
* 11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	* 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. † Sundays only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

One way to advertise is to send circulars to names taken from some old directory, most of the persons in which are either dead or have changed their respective addresses.—Printer's Ink.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 16, 1893, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:30 P. M.	Santa Rosa	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.
			6:10 P. M.
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:30 P. M.		10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	6:10 P. M.
			6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:30 P. M.		10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Caho, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays: To Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$4.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only: To Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, Agent.

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COMPLEXION
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.
THREE White, Pink, Brunette. POZZONI'S All Druggists and Fancy Stores. TINTS



The Women's Congress at Chicago had quite a gala session on the evening of May 17th. There was a great assembling of the stars that evening—the female stars of the drama. The halls, the halls of dazzling light where Georgia Cayvan, Mme. Modjeska, Julia Marlowe, and Clara Morris enthral and thrill the intelligent mob were deserted, but Washington Hall, where the Women's Congress has its meetings, was so crowded that the benches of the reporters were bodily carried away, and it was at one time feared that Mme. Rhea, one of the shining lights of the occasion, was, like Achmet Pasha, "raging without," and could not possibly gain an entrance through the throng.

It was not surprising that a crowd should have gathered upon this auspicious occasion. Not only could the spectator gaze upon the stars mentioned above, but he could also see Mrs. Potter Palmer seated in a Gothic chair and Susan B. Anthony in her habit as she lives. Later on, this time-honored lady made a speech in which she recounted her experiences when, in the days of her frivolity, she wore bloomers and was alluded to in a New York paper as being "ill-looking, awkward, and angular as a Lebanon Shakeress."

The addresses made by the stars themselves are worthy of notice. Clara Morris made a humorous speech, her high spirits triumphing even over her introduction to the audience as "She of the emotional stage." She of the emotional stage, now a lady well up in years, who has had a career of bewildering vicissitudes, who, with the one exception of Charlotte Cushman, is undoubtedly the greatest female histrionic genius this country has produced, was quite playful and amusing. The greatest of Miss Muttons and one of the greatest of Camilles described the plays of the emotional stage as: "Act I., a tiny, tearful trickle; Act II., a widening, weeping woe; Act III., the flood tears in torrents; Act IV., everything washed away." After a time, she admitted, it came to be understood that the deadliest grief, the bitterest anguish, might be tearless. Miss Morris herself, however, never indulged in this sort of dry-eyed agony. She was always a weepy actress, having what Mme. de Sévigné called "the gift of tears." She could cry whenever she wanted to—undoubtedly a gift and a very useful one.

These great actresses, with their speech-making and recollection-writing, remind one of the reclaimed sinners in the Salvation Army when they stand, hatless, in a ring of their comrades and tell the story of their reformation. They never tell the interesting things. The Salvation Army soldier uses the same old, cant phrases, and after a half an hour's discourse has said nothing at all. The speech-making actress delivers platitudes on the work of the stage, on its lofty aims on the position of the actress—all trite phrases and old truisms—and never says a word of really interesting and characteristic biography or anecdote. Henry Irving's story of Charlotte Cushman gives you a better idea of the methods and style of this great artist than a dozen impersonal and well-padded essays would. She was acting Meg Merrilies. In one scene, in answer to her appeal for money, he, personating an important character in the piece, hands her his purse filled with the broken crockery which is generally used for stage gold. One day, Miss Cushman suggested gently to him the superior realism of opening the purse, selecting a coin, and giving it to her. No matter how magnificent it might look, it was hardly natural for a gentleman to hand over a purse full of money to a crazy beggar.

It would, perhaps, hardly have been *de rigueur* for Miss Morris to introduce into her speech biographical anecdotes; but, even if it had not been according to the tradition of stage speeches, it would have been infinitely more interesting than pointless generalities. Miss Morris has probably had one of the most unusual and romantic histories of any of the great stars. Once, to some friends, she casually announced that she remembered in the days of her childhood spending hours picking up drift-wood along the lake-shore at Cleveland. Years afterward, when she appeared so suddenly at Daly's, and, with only a little Western fame as a recommendation, stepped into the position of leading lady and became the great star of the day, she was a small, brown, insignificant-looking woman, who had not only the drawback of delicate health, but was ugly in face, ungraceful in figure, and had the intolerable defect of one of the most hideous voices that ever rasped the ears of an audience. And with it all she rose to the pinnacle, for there were moments when she touched the heights of greatness. It was a wonderful genius—raw, crude, erratic, unfinished, unsatisfactory. Hers is the most interesting personality on the

stage—and she tells us nothing of herself, but makes merry on the emotional drama!

Before Miss Morris, Miss Cayvan rose and made a long, careful, and reasonable address. Miss Cayvan is Miss Morris's antithesis. She is one of the least interesting of people. She looks so comfortable, so placid, so healthy, so stolidly matter-of-fact and unromantic. She is the Mrs. Kendal of this country, and, like Mrs. Kendal, when she is tearing her hair over the faithlessness of her lover or the success of her rival, she gives you the impression that it would be much more natural if all this agony was caused by the cook having given notice or the laundress not having been able to get the claret stains out of the best table-cloth. Frederick Harrison, the English essayist, says the novel is going down because we all live too comfortably, are all too peacefully bourgeois for passion and romance. The romance and glamour of the stage would die if all the modern actresses were in the style of Mrs. Kendal and Miss Cayvan. Still their talents are admirably suited to the class of plays—good reproductions of healthy, middle-class homes—in which they appear. All actresses can not expect to have the romance of Jane Hading, the charm of Julia Marlowe, or the picturesque unusualness of Julia Arthur.

But to return: Miss Cayvan's speech is remarkable for the justness, the liberality, and the intelligence which so rarely belong to the artistic temperament. Miss Cayvan herself is not possessed of the artistic temperament, as the reasonableness and common sense of her address show. She does not exalt acting to the level of the other and greater arts, neither does she desire to vie with Mrs. Potter in her ambition to elevate the stage. She says, with a good deal of truth, that the drama reaches a class of people the pulpit never can reach—the bitter, world-worn, pessimistic men and women, the heart-broken and hopeless, the gay and frivolous. The stage amuses; but while amusing, it quietly edifies. The sight of these self-sacrificing and noble beings that rustle and stride about so gracefully behind the footlights plants in the spectator's breast a desire to imitate their noble qualities, their excellent English, their lofty sentiments, and their good clothes.

The first and greatest work of the stage, continues Miss Cayvan, is to entertain; the second, to educate. The theatre must be the place where weary, bored, and overworked men and women go to be amused, to forget their weariness and their cares. At the same time, the story being enacted for their entertainment must instruct them in innumerable ways. It shows them villainy always ugly and always punished. Nobility may suffer reverses and misunderstandings during three acts, but in the end always triumphs. The stage should furnish object-lessons on fine points of etiquette. It should be a good authority as to the correct thing in social forms and ceremonies. It should teach people with no taste how to dress, and people with no manners how to behave. In short, it should combine all the advantages of a book like "Don't" with those of a good modern society novel, a well-written article on women's fashions, and a standard work on morals and manners.

The third of the speech-makers was Mme. Modjeska. This lady, as an artist, takes a place between Miss Morris and Miss Cayvan. She is not so great as the former and is greater than the latter. She is an artist to the tips of her fingers, but not in the least a genius. Like Miss Morris, Mme. Modjeska gained her high position against great odds. She, too, was not handsome, and for years spoke such poor English that it was almost impossible to understand her. But she made herself up to look almost a beauty, taught herself to be graceful, mastered the intricacies of the English language, and walked forward to the first place.

Her address was commonplace and encyclopaedic. It had neither the humor of Miss Morris's nor the sense and judgment of Miss Cayvan's. The artistic Pole was, as a lecturer, less of a success than either of her companions. She spoke mainly of the position of women on the stage—gave a little historical glance back into the past of the drama, touched on the first days when women appeared on the stage, stating that dramatic literature came to its highest development after their appearance upon the boards. This was about the time of the Restoration. Before that, female characters had been personated by boys. The audiences of Elizabeth's day were in the habit of seeing the characters of Rosalind and Juliet portrayed by young lads in their teens.

In each of these three addresses stress is laid upon the superior position of the actress of to-day to the actress of a half-century back. The mystery and general air of unconventional picturesqueness that used to surround the stage queens has disappeared absolutely. The successful actresses of the day are merely hard-working, industrious, busy women, who pursue their art with as much concentration and conscientiousness as the sick-nurse or the governess. The curiosity of the modern newspaper reader to peer into the *vie intime* of every person whose head rises a hair's breadth above the level of the crowd, has resulted in showing the life of the great actress to be as full of real, genuine hard work, as free from romantic glamour and glittering splendor, as the life of the successful woman doctor or of the woman who is principal of a large school. Still, a prejudice dies hard. Mme. Modjeska, Clara Morris, and Georgia Cayvan have

hardly announced their opinions on the superior position of women on the stage, when Sorosis—a society of presumably broad-minded and well-educated ladies—blackballed Lotta Crabtree, one of the most charming and highly esteemed actresses of the day.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing May 29th: The Tivoli Company in "Madame Favart"; J. J. Corbett in "Gentleman Jack"; and Annie Ward Tiffany in "Lady Blarney."

Rumor among theatrical people has it that Marie Wainwright's retirement from the stage is permanent, and that Margaret Mather contemplates leaving the cool shades of domesticity for the hot glare of the footlights.

Pauline Markham, the statuesque beauty, fell and broke one of her legs in Louisville recently, and is now suing the city. Considering the known puerility of the injured member, ten thousand dollars does not seem an exorbitant sum at which to set her damages.

J. M. Barrie has dramatized a scene from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and it is to be given under the title of "Becky" at the Royalty Theatre, in London, in conjunction with three other short pieces by W. K. Clifford and Walter Herries Pollock in collaboration, Thomas Hardy, and Dr. Conan Doyle.

The novelty of an all-day vaudeville and light-opera performance—that is, from half-past ten in the morning until half-past ten at night—which was introduced recently at Proctor's Theatre, in the shopping district in New York, has proved so successful that both Herrmann's and the Union Square Theatres are soon to follow suit.

Rosina Vokes is a very smart manager as well as a brilliant comedienne, and has again demonstrated the falsity of the dictum that she owes her popularity to the pretty women and clever comedians in her company. When Leslie Chester and Isabella Irving left her company, their places as beauties were filled by Eleanor Lane and Emily Bancker. Felix Morris and Courtenay Thorpe, too, quite made up for the loss of Weedon Grossmith and Brandon Thomas. And now Felix Morris, who has thought he was the whole Vokes company for the best part of three years, finds that the public does not sigh for him, now that Miss Vokes has put Marius in his place.

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The Haywards Hotel is filling rapidly with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

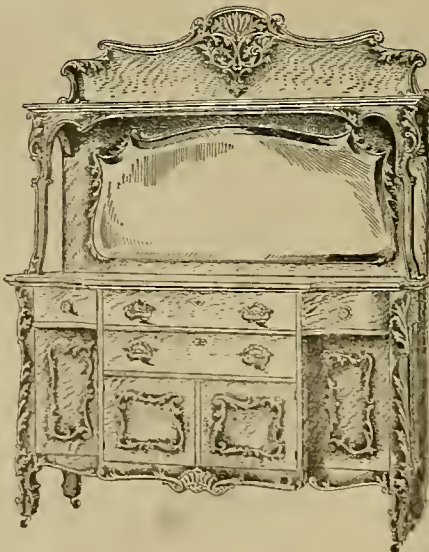
A large party of Eastern tourists have engaged rooms for June, and will arrive in a few days. This is one of the few resorts that will be well filled this summer.

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"Parslow is what you call a hack-writer, isn't he?"
"No; Parslow writes truck."—*Puck*.

Billy—"Say, Chimmie, it's de boss play!"
Chimmie—"Why?" *Billy*—"Dey's tree coppers in it, an' dey get's it in de neck every act."—*Puck*.

Chippinone—"I understand Solomoo Isaacs died suddenly. What was the cause?" *Ukerdek*—"Some one told him his life insurance would expire oext day."—*Vogue*.

Working for his friend: *She*—"What makes you think he loves me so desperately?" *Simplex*—"Oh, a thousand little things! He always looks pleased, for instance, when you sing and play."—*Life*.

"It is a pity that you are not more sociahle," remarked the cyclone to the earthquake; "instead of taking people out and blowing them off, as I do, you give every one the shake."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Budding dramatist—"Do you find that you can use my new play?" *Callous manager*—"We have already used it. We found it available for the snow-storm scene in the second act of our great melo-drama."—*Truth*.

Fortune-teller—"Would you like a glimpse into the future?" *Patriot* (who has not been appointed to office)—"No; what I want is a glimpse into the past. I would like to know if I voted for Grover Cleveland just for my health."—*Life*.

"Van Wither made an unfortunate remark at Sumner's wedding yesterday." "What did he say?" "Coogratulated him on the treasure he had won, and every one but Van knows Sumner married her for her money."—*Truth*.

Husband—"My dear! You (hic) oughtn't to shold me, you know. I only want a little fun now and then. I (hic) don't want the earth." *Wife*—"No, I know you don't. You seem to be satisfied with the fullness thereof."—*Truth*.

Syms—"Chicago presented the freedom of the city to the Duke de Veragua. The resolutions were teodered on a solid gold salver." *Smyles*—"Who held the salver?" *Syms*—"One of the aldermen." *Smyles*—"Who held the alderman?"—*Truth*.

Friday: *McGinnis* (pointing to hill of fare)—"Waiter, wud yez giv' ez wan o' those deviled lobsters?" *Waiter*—"We're just out; nothing left but roast beef." *McGinnis*—"Well, I suppose I'll have to take a—little roast beef" (aside), "but—God knows I ast fer fish."—*Truth*.

Friend—"Why, Elvira, what's the matter?" *Elvira*—"Oh, I don't know, only I'm worried to death. I've had the same girl six weeks, and she doesn't talk about leaving yet." *Friend*—"She doesn't?" *Elvira*—"No, not a word. She must be in love with my husband."—*New York Weekly*.

Annie Howe—"Just look at my new Paris gown! I got it especially to wear next Sunday, when I am going to be confirmed." *Una Lloyd*—"It is a perfect dream, dear. But I don't see how you can afford a Paris dress." *Annie Howe*—"S-s-h-h! Don't say a word. My dressmaker smuggled it in for me!"—*Puck*.

Boy—"Father sent me up to say that he would be very thankful if you wouldn't lay any more carpets to-night—he can't sleep." *B. Flat*—"Go down and tell your father not to let my hammering prevent him from feeling thankful; tell him to be thankful his carpets are laid—and, above all, to be thankful he seot you up instead of coming himself. Git out!"—*Puck*.

Young housekeeper—"I told Bridget that we'd have some eggs for breakfast, and what do you think? I went out in the kitchen and found her cooking them with chestnut coal." *Husband*—"Well, there was nothing wrong about that, was there?" *Young housekeeper*—"Why, you silly fellow! I'd like to know what we've got egg-coal in the cellar for?"—*Judge*.

"Give me your candid judgment on these lines," said the young man of literary aspirations; "do they convey the idea of poetry at all?" "Yes, sir," replied the editor, looking them over, "they do. There is something in every line that conveys the idea. Every line," continued the kind-hearted man, letting him down as gently as he could, "begins with a capital letter."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A reminiscent bridal tour: *Mrs. Nuwed* (nestling closer to his side)—"Oh, George, I'm so glad we came over this road! There are three of the loogest tunoels imagioable a few miles further oo." *Mr. Nuwed* (hissfully)—"And how does my lady-bird know?" *Mrs. Nuwed*—"How do I know? Why, this is the very same road we went over when Charley Freshleigh took me to the Sunday-school picnic last year!"—*Puck*.

"I don't think it's very good advice to give a boy to count twenty before he gets mad and hits another boy for hitting him," said Ahner; "I tried it to-day at school when Willie Anderson hit me, and before I'd got to three, he'd hit me again. Then I began all over again, and just as I got to six, he gave me another under the ear." "You should count by tens, my boy," said Ahner's father.—*Bazar*.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Van Ness Seminary.

The commencement exercises of the Van Ness Young Ladies' Seminary were held in the First Congregational Church last Tuesday evening. The chancel and organ-loft were beautifully decorated with flowers, and the class motto, "After Labor, Honor," was conspicuous. The class of '93 comprises Miss Mae R. Davis, Miss S. Gotea Dozier, Miss May C. Dozier, Miss Grace F. Holt, Miss Ethel M. Kittredge, Miss Ella E. King, Miss Marie E. McMurray, Miss Ada May Williams, and Miss Mamie Vanderhurst. The following was the interesting programme of exercises:

Organ solo, grand march, D major, A. Adam, Mr. H. J. Stewart; vocal trio, (a) "Day is at Last Departing," Raff, (b) "Waken! Day is Dawning," Misses Eaton, Vanderhurst, and Livermore; duet, two pianos, eight hands, nocturne, op. 34, Spohr, (a) marcia, (b) minuetto, (c) polacca, (d) finale, Misses Holt, Kittredge, McMurray, and Davis; song, "All Souls' Day," Cooper, Miss Edna Rickard; recitation, "The Keepers of the Light," L. V. Douglas, Miss Ada Williams; organ solos, (a) "Canticle Nuptiale," (b) "Toccata," Dubois, Mr. H. J. Stewart; romanza, "Sombre Forêt," Rossini, Miss Vanderhurst; anniversary address, Rev. C. O. Brown, D. D.; piano-forte solo, "Fantasie Polonoise," Raff, Miss Vanderhurst; address and presentation of diplomas, Dr. S. H. Willey.

Miss Lake's School.

The graduation exercises of Miss Lake's School were held in the First Congregational Church last Thursday evening, and attracted a large and fashionable assemblage. The programme was exceptionally interesting, and the fair participants were rewarded with many beautiful floral tributes. Particular mention should be made of the presentation of Lewis Morris's poem "Psyche." Mrs. Frances Edgerton's reading of it was perfect, and the vocal numbers by Miss Withrow's pupils were excellent. The tableaux were beautiful. The entire programme was as follows:

Organ prelude, Mr. Samuel D. Mayer; prayer, Rev. George Edward Walk; poem, "Psyche," Lewis Morris, interpreted by music and tableaux and read by Mrs. Frances Edgerton; address to graduates, Rev. Horatio Stebbins; conferring of diplomas; prayer and benediction, Rev. Charles O. Brown.

The Class of '93 comprises:

Miss Rosalie Goslinsky, Miss Lou Hazzard, Miss Elsie Kronthal, Miss Rosa Lauer, Miss Elsie Liebes, Miss Gertrude Naphthal, Miss Rosa Sachs, Miss Bella Schoenfeld, Miss Hilda Steinhart, Miss Grace Welsh; special student, Miss Grace Folger.

The Heyman Concert.

Mr. Henry Heyman gave a concert last Saturday afternoon to the blind students of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, at Berkeley. He was assisted by his pupils, Miss Clara McConnell, Mr. Benjamin Tuttle, and Mr. Harry Samuels, and by Mme. Thea Sanderini, Miss Anna Selkirk, Mr. Guillaume Sauviat, and Mr. Thomas Rickard. The assembly-hall was crowded, and the affair was very successful. After the concert, the artists were entertained by Mrs. Warring Wilkinson and Miss Wilkinson. The programme was as follows:

Piano solo, "Polonoise," Sauviat, Mr. Guillaume Sauviat; romanza in F, Beethoven, Miss Clara McConnell; songs, (a) "Ich hab dich lieb," Eobm, (b) "Der Schmetterling," Aht, Mme. Thea Sanderini; ninth concerto, De Beriot, Mr. Benjamin Tuttle; song, Mr. Thomas Rickard; ballade et polonoise, Vieuxtemps, Mr. Harry Samuels; song, "The Better and the Gooder," Miss Anna Selkirk; Hungarian airs, Ernst, Mr. Harry Samuels; duet, "Nocturne," Denza, Mme. Sanderini and Miss Selkirk; duo concertant (two violins, with piano accompaniment), De Beriot, Mr. Harry Samuels and Mr. Henry Heyman.

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society gave its fourth concert of the fourteenth season last Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt. The society was assisted by Mme. Alice Waltz, vocalist, Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist, and Signor S. Martinez, accompanist. A large and appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme:

Overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner; song, "Palace of Light," Batkin, Mme. Alice Waltz, Joseph Willard, violin, Dr. A. T. Regensburger, cello; Fantasy on Russian Airs, Wieniawski, Mr. Hermann Brandt; (a) Ave Maria, Schubert (orchestrated by Lux), (b) serenade for strings, Pierre; "Les Etranges," suite, Massenet, (1) prelude, (2) religieuse, (3) entracte, (4) divertissement, (5) allegro; song, "Non Fu Sogno," Verdi, Mme. Alice Waltz; "Sevillana," air de ballet, Hartog; "Invitation à la Valse," Weber-Berlioz.

Next to Paderewski, the greatest musical sensation in New York and Boston in the past season had been a mere stripling of twenty years, Henri Marteau. He is pronounced the greatest violinist who has visited America since Wieniawski was here, and his standing in Europe is shown by the fact that Gounod dedicated his "Vision of Joan of Arc" to him and that Massenet is now writing a concerto for him. He was a pupil of Leonard, who hequeathed to him his favorite violin, the Maggini, and he was awarded the first prize of the Paris Conservatoire. He is to return to America in September for a series of thirty concerts, in which he will be assisted by a troupe of European artists, and it is not impossible that his tour will extend as far as San Francisco.

Edouard Remenyi, the renowned violist, will give a concert at Odd Fellows' Hall this (Saturday) evening and his final concert to-morrow night at the Baldwin Theatre. Very attractive programmes have been arranged for both concerts.

Mr. Adolph Bauer will give his next symphony concert at the Tivoli Opera House on Friday afternoon, June 2d. Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony" will be the principal attraction.

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Fried Tomatoes, Purified Potatoes.
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Stuffed Egg Plant.
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Lettuce.
Strawberries and Cream. Chocolate Cake.
Coffee.

SOUP A LA CRECY.—Take two or three bunches of young carrots, clean them, cut them up, and put them into a saucepan with a little water. When soft enough, pass them through a sieve, add broth, season with salt, pepper, a pinch of sugar. Boil a few minutes and serve with croutons.

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With "A Woman of No Importance," as with Oscar Wilde's earlier play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," the praise is more for the brilliant dialogue than for the construction. Here are some of the sayings the London papers quote from it:

"Men know life too early and women too late."
"A bad man is a man who admits his innocence."
"Nothing survives being thought of."
"A bad woman is a woman of whom men never tire."
"American dry-goods—American novels."
"My husband is a kind of promissory note; I am tired of meeting him."
"The Book of Life begins with a man and a woman in a garden, and ends with Revelation."
"Women have a better time than men—there are far more things forbidden them."
"Women are sphinxes without secrets."
"There are only two kinds of women—plain and colored."
"Men marry because they are tired, women because they are curious."
"The man who can dominate a London dinner-table can dominate the world."
"If I have no temptation in the course of a week, it makes me quite nervous regarding the future."
"Life is an unhappy experience with exquisite moments."
"The difference between a saint and a sinner is that the first has a past, the second a future."

A Sensational Story

Has attracted attention lately, but as a matter of fact the public has also devoted time to things substantial, judging by the unprecedented sales of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Unequaled as a food for infants. Sold by grocers and druggists.

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PARENTS are entitled if soldier left neither widow nor child, provided soldier died in service, or from effects of service, and they are now dependent upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

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Survivors, and their widows, of the Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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Financiers of experience are asking each other whether the Australian crisis is likely to be contagious, and whether there is any danger of its spreading to this country. The commerce of the world is so interlinked that disaster in one country is likely to lead to disaster in others; all merchants are to some extent partners; the bacilli of distrust are carried through the air from one commercial centre to the other, like the bacilli of cholera. It is, therefore, well to study the Australian financial crisis so as to determine whether it is purely local and endemic, or whether it arose from general causes which are in operation elsewhere, and may thus assume an epidemic type.

The immediate occasion of the Australian revulsion was the long strike of 1890, reacting on a community in which the credit system had been abused. Nearly three years ago, all the workmen in Australia struck and remained on strike

for nearly six months. The strike began with the Coast Seaman's Union; but it extended sympathetically to the sheep-shearers, miners, and all other classes of wage-earners. It was not called off until all the unions of the several trades in the colonies had exhausted the funds in their treasuries, which were large, and until every workman had wasted his individual savings, which, in the aggregate, were also large. Industry had been prosperous for many years and wages high. The savings of the working-classes and the amounts realized by the assessments levied by the unions constituted a formidable sum. All this was wasted, and, not only that, for nearly or quite six months all industries were at a standstill and their product was *nil*. If an earthquake had swallowed up all the savings of labor and had locked up every able-bodied man in the colonies in an underground prison for six months, its effect would have been precisely what the effect of the strike was.

This disaster struck a community which was already on the top wave of an unprecedented financial inflation. Within the past five years, a banking mania has raged in Australia. Banks have been established by the score, and some of them have begotten as many as one hundred and fifty to two hundred branches. Every little village, every cross-roads hamlet, had its one, two, or three banks. The parent institutions were of such magnitude that nothing as potential can be found in this country outside of New York city. Their aggregate deposits exceeded seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars—nearly half as much as the entire deposits of the national banks in this country. About half this volume of deposits was derived from England, and was paid for by the Australian banks at the rate of three and one-half to four and one-half per cent. No English bank could afford to pay such a rate of interest; English capitalists, eager for income, sent their money to Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide. To earn interest on this vast volume of deposits, the Australian banks were forced to lend on any security that was offered, from the wool on a sheep's back to shares in a hole in the Broken Hills, or lots in Sydney valued at six thousand dollars a front foot. It was evident that the first mishap would precipitate a liquidation which would be disastrous.

The mishap came when the strike forced the workmen and their employers to withdraw their deposits to live. For a time the banks paid dollar for dollar. But presently other depositors who were not pressed by personal needs, but who watched the gradual decline in the resources of the banks, began to take the alarm, and withdrew part of their deposits. Some English money which was lying subject to call, was cabled back to London. This went on until the banks were not able to stand the drain, and one after another they suspended payment. In the course of six weeks fifteen banks failed, with liabilities of over five hundred million dollars. Others have since followed.

It appears from private accounts from Australia that the chief losses will fall upon the English stockholders and depositors. Most of the Australians had warning in time, and withdrew their money. But the failure of financial institutions which, with their branches, must have numbered not less than a thousand, must place the merchants who did business with them in such a position of peril that they can not tell whether they are solvent or bankrupt. When a merchant has to take care of both sides of the ledger, he can not know where he stands. It seems, therefore, that we must wait awhile before we can see where the colonies are going to fetch up. From a revulsion of this character there is but one way out—that is by the road of liquidation. And in the present state of business in Australia, six-thousand-dollar-a-front-foot lots and shares in mining companies are not likely to find eager buyers. In the panics we have seen in this country, there have been times when no kind of property seemed to possess value. Yet the Australian banks must realize on their assets, for it is only by so doing that they can hope to pay their debts.

Our relations with the Australian Colonies are too slight for failures there necessarily to involve failures here. The recent decline in wool shows that we are feeling the effect of

the transpacific trouble; but our banks do not appear to have mixed themselves up with the colonial banks.

Nervous people have drawn attention to the stringency of money at Chicago and to the failure of the Columbia National Bank, which was followed by the suspension of twelve banks in Indiana, six in Michigan, and one or two elsewhere, as evidences that confidence was being shaken here. But the apprehension seems ungrounded. The banks which have failed were creations of the notorious Zimri Dwiggins, who has been going around starting banks wherever the soil was a little damp, after the fashion of the famous George Smith and St. Paul Mitchell. This enterprising financier seems to have flooded the grain States with banks which failed whenever they got a few thousand dollars on deposit. They generally had a bucket-shop in the rear of the bank, where the cashier stood ready to let the unsophisticated buck the tiger to the extent of their means. Of course the failure of such institutions has no commercial significance.

Looking over the whole country, nothing strikes the eye which can be construed into a genuine premonitory sign of disaster. All the staples are low in price in comparison with the past. There is no speculation in Wall Street and little in the Pit at Chicago. The position of the industrial stocks is not satisfactory. If the Whisky Trust should fail, on the heels of the failure of the Cordage Trust, other industries would probably follow the example, and some disturbance might result. But the great trusts are probably out of the wet. The Standard Oil is in liquidation, and the Sugar Trust is probably impregnable. A dozen of the smaller trusts might collapse without bringing down a single bank or a notable banking-house. It might be wished that the disproportion between imports and exports at New York were not so large as it is, especially just after the banks have lost so much gold for export. But in the present days of arbitrage a profit of one-eighth of one per cent. on importations of specie would bring all the gold back, as the Bank of England foresaw when it raised the rate of interest to four per cent. In the present age of credit, when everybody is doing business with some one else's money, ill gales are always possible, and, when they come, frail tenements may go down. But at the present moment, the reasons for fearing a spread of the Australian epidemic to this continent are slight.

Mr. Ward McAllister recently for one instant commanded the attention and respect of his fellow-countrymen. It was when he boldly announced his daring purpose to ask the Infanta to dance with him. Everybody in reading of that hardy intention felt that, however vulgar, stupid, and insane the New York plutocracy might be, at least the McAllister had read the Declaration of Independence and meant to assert the equality of man, even in the presence of royalty. Nathless, we notice that he did not dance with the Infanta. None of the accounts of that ball as yet received tell us that our first citizen ventured to challenge the fair Spaniard to walk a quadrille. Possibly the omission was owing to affairs of state. Mr. McAllister has the administration on his hands. The dispatches inform us that the President has submitted himself in all things to New York's social dictator. Mr. Cleveland was expected by the infatuated people of Spain to return the call of the princess; he did not do it. He was confidently relied on to foot it with her in an international reel; he did not do it. The constrained world had its eye fixed on him, and, in obedience to its desire, he should have doubled his inconvenient person and pressed his republican lips to her monarchical hand; he did not do it. And why not? Because, so far as light is given by telegraph, Mr. McAllister urged him not to.

The readiness with which the administration has yielded compliance to the advice of Mr. McAllister and its obvious need of him, in view of the previous embarrassments, compel patriotic attention. There should be a Department of Etiquette. We may grieve, yet be reconciled to the suppression of the Hon. Jerry Rusk, and, outside of the States and hay regions, accommodate ourselves to free trade and bad

weather; but since we have to greet royalty in style under this Jeffersonian régime, give us (heaven help us!) a man to follow. Ward McAllister is that man. He has secured the *visé* of Grover the First. There are those, of course (low people), who have been unfavorably affected by the visit of the Infanta Eulalia, deeming the observances of worship submitted to her shrine derogatory to American dignity. Such people are not to be considered. When we have killed bogs enough, cinched foolishly trustful friends in wheat and mining-stock corners, and done up the world in general, this question presents itself: "Now that we have got everything that belongs to other people, what more can we annex?" Titles, naturally. Yet, pending the marriage of the daughters to the hard-up but still not modest nobility of the worn-out Old World, we have to assert ourselves. When the wearer of a hereditary name comes among us, we must, in justice to ourselves, lay our bodies in rows that he or she may walk in comfort upon us. To know how to discharge this democratic duty acceptably is in itself a liberalizing education. Vassar, Wellesley, Berkeley, Palo Alto, may not have chairs of American Department in the Presence of Royalty, but the deficiency is compensated by the existence of Ward McAllister. That great man, being almost in daily touch with London, is enabled to think out and announce his conclusions. He offers himself to the republic and is accepted as the *arbitrer elegantiarum*. And he is equal to his job. The White House submits, and is glad to do so; likewise the Astors, and Vanderbilts, and all the New York *nouveaux riches*. They assembled to receive the Infanta, and their *gaucherie* embarrassed her. As at a corn-husking among rustics, sex sought sex. The men were too clumsy of mind to feel that the display of fashion would be made effective by the mingling of hes and shes. They boggled the thing in a manner to draw blood from the crucified McAllister. He remains calm, and up to this writing has not lifted his voice as to the Madison Square function. When he does speak, we trust it will be in advocacy of a more serious acceptance by the American populace of the truth that we are in tutelage to Europe. Our forefathers repudiated Europe, to be sure; but then our forefathers, it should always be kept in mind, were excited. President Cleveland has laid the seal of his red, royal hand upon the McAllister, and, though the vulgar may buck, there is nothing for the genteel of this republic to do but to kotow.

The dinner that Father Corrigan, of Hoboken, N. J., gave to Mgr. Satolli, the Pope's American astral, was a big success and must have struck terror to the souls of the Cahenslyites. The Cahenslyites are German, French, Greek, and Italian Catholics in this free land who object to being ecclesiastically bossed by the Irish. Father Corrigan defied and insulted his superior, Bishop Wigger, a German, who at the congress of his brethren in Newark gave voice to his distaste for Hibernian domination. Father Corrigan, it is true, apologized, but the apology was so couched as to amount to a crack of an Irish shillalah on the Germanic episcopal crown. His eminence, under the compulsion of Rome's representative, swallowed the affront and put up with the rebellion. Corrigan desired to celebrate his victory, naturally, and the expression of his triumphant joy took the form of a state dinner to the viceroy of His Holiness. Brother Wigger and all his priests who have not the happiness to be Irish, declined to attend, but paid their homage to the awful Satolli at the Convent of St. Michael in West Hoboken. Father Corrigan evidently understands his environment. Hoboken is a part of New York, and New York belongs to the Irish. No matter what you happen to be there—waiter, hod-carrier, lawyer, journalist, hotel-keeper, or shoveler—if you are not Irish, you are not in the swim. They discriminate against you if you do not prefer your claim to consideration in a voice that has the *impresario* of the brogue. The Hoboken *padre* bade not alone his church superiors, his professional enemies, but also the brethren of other communions to the feast. He rioted in universality. Though the chair provided, with due conspicuousness, for Bishop Wigger was empty, the Rev. Dr. Brett, of the Bergen Reformed Church of Jersey City, was there, and the Rev. Dr. E. L. Stoddard, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, of the same Hibernian town, likewise; also the Rev. Dr. Houghton, of Trinity Episcopal Church, Hoboken. Why these Protestant brethren—who ate the food and absorbed the wine of the conquering Corrigan—do not go over to Rome, does not appear. They bowed to the laughing priest and presented the backs of their reverential heads to the monseigneur—who is loaded for bear, theologically speaking. But if the chairs left vacant by the Dutch bishop and his dago myrmidons were annoying to the Hibernian eye, other chairs were so filled as to make a great night for Ireland. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York—who was born physically in this century, but belongs to the seventeenth—sent his regrets, which the grinning and potential Satolli, on be-

half of his friend of Hoboken, accepted, for the peace of Mother Church must be maintained. American Catholicism was there in force, however. The list of guests included Dean Flynn, Dean McNulty, Dean Fitzsimmons, and the Rev. Patrick Hennessey. The stars and stripes were further upheld by Mayor Wanser, of Jersey City, and all the councilmen, together with Mayor Kelly, of Weehauken, the Rev. Thomas Killeen, the Rev. Patrick Sullivan, of Ridgefield, the Rev. Patrick Connolly, of Amboy, the Rev. Eugene Egan, of Morris Plains, the Rev. Patrick Cody, of Newark, the Rev. Phelim O'Neil, of Elizabeth, the Rev. O'Connor Mulligan, of Rahway, the Rev. Patrick McSweeney, of New York, the Rev. Dr. Nolan, of New Brunswick, the Rev. Sylvester Malone, of Brooklyn, Dr. Hickey, of Cincinnati, the Rev. Dr. Quinn, of Jersey City, and a long list of true Americans whose names are a guaranty of their love for their country. Father Corrigan made a happy little address, in which he expressed his ability to live although he is obliged to say mass in the shadow of a German bishop. The Protestant preachers put on the yellow plush of deferential oratory and jumped up behind the coach of Rome, as such preachers (forgetting why they exist as a class) always do. Then Mgr. Satolli, chock full of authority, and food, and wine, up-ended his puissant person and delivered his sentiments in strong Italian. Being the American representative of the Vatican, it is needless to say that Mgr. Satolli does not speak English. His little speech was translated for the behoof of the devout New York mayors and aldermen at the board. He told them how he loved this country, and how republican the Catholic Church is, and what an ardent democrat Leo the Thirteenth has become. And when the speeches were all spoken, and the gowned Catholic gentlemen had sung their songs and shed the tear of sensibility, the American waiters no doubt did their duty and showed the sacred boys to bed. Bishop Wigger, perhaps, is inquiring of his consciousness and his crucifix for information as to where he should place himself, but the rest of us need not be troubled. Mgr. Satolli, ablegate, besides being able to enjoy a good dinner, has the additional ability to comprehend that the kicking priest is an American institution that has to be indorsed.

No President, before or since, has had greater distinction of party adherence and personal devotion than Andrew Jackson. He stood foremost as the embodiment of the military force, of the heroic spirit of the country, because of his victory at New Orleans. There was popular sympathy for him because of his severe reprehension by Calhoun, for his conduct in the Indian War in Florida, in which he was eventually successful. There was strong popular feeling for him on account of his non-election as President in 1824, when he had received the plurality of the electoral votes, but lacked the majority, and John Quincy Adams was elected by the vote of the States. No succeeding Democratic President attained the personal adherence and devotion and consequent independence of General Jackson. Polk lacked, Pierce wanted, and Buchanan signally failed in the commanding attributes of Jackson. Yet Jackson, with all his popularity, never in any of his acts violated the letter or the spirit of the constitution. The line of Republican Presidents has never trespassed beyond recognized and popularly accorded authority. Abraham Lincoln did not exceed the constitutional limits. General Grant, apotheosized as conqueror of peace while President, has not against his record any attempt to subvert the authority of the constitution. The popular chieftain of the best-educated campaign of 1888, Benjamin Harrison, scion of illustrious American statesmanship and heroism, himself the embodiment of both, conscientiously maintained the constitution during his term as President.

President Cleveland came into office with the advantage of having served a previous term. He can not be supposed to be misinformed or ignorant of the grant and limit of the Presidential authority. Yet his acts show a woeful disregard of the checks and safeguards with which the constitution has hedged about the rights of the people in prescribing the executive authority. He has repeatedly overstepped the constitutional limits; he has suspended and annulled acts of Congress; he has set at naught the express provisions of the constitution itself.

In the instance of Hawaii, he commissioned Mr. Blount to proceed to the islands on a secret mission and to report to himself or to the government at Washington. The constitution ordains that the President "shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to . . . nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint, ambassadors, other public ministers," etc. At the time of the appointment of Mr. Blount, there was an American Minister duly accredited at Hawaii. Yet President Cleveland, without recall or dismissal of that minister, without submitting to the Senate for approval or rejection the appointment of Mr. Blount, ordered him as his own special commissioner "to visit the Hawaiian Islands to make report

to me (President Cleveland) concerning the present status of affairs in that country," and, in addition, that "in all matters affecting relations with the government of the Hawaiian Islands, the authority of Commissioner Blount is paramount."

The Geary Law was passed by Congress and approved by President Harrison. It rested with Cleveland, when he became President, to enforce the direct provisions of that law. Yet he not only suspended its operation but called upon the governors of the various States to "employ all lawful means" to make his suspension of the law effective. Last year Congress amended the immigration laws with the intention to shut out the undesirable immigrants from Europe. Early in the session a bill was introduced by Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, who had devoted studious care in its preparation. It provided for necessary restriction and incidental prohibition, for proper safeguards concerning all who might be allowed to land, and for rigorous exclusion of the loathsome and dangerous. The bill passed the Senate. The chairman of the House Committee on Immigration was Mr. Stump, of Maryland, a foreign-born citizen, representative from an interior district, bred to agricultural pursuits, and with very limited personal knowledge or study of the subject. The Senate bill was retained in his charge, after favorable action upon it by the House, until the closing hours of Congress. Then he returned it for final action, altered in most important particulars—eliminating entirely the clauses for exclusion, even of the most pestilent and dangerous immigrants; and substituting, in place of salutary restrictive provisions, amendments of a supervisory nature, alike impracticable and absurd. He had virtually destroyed the bill for efficacy and remedy. It was forced through in imperfect condition, and the Senate had no alternative but to concur in the mischievous amendments or reject the bill. And so it went up to the President for either approval or veto. President Harrison signed the bill. President Cleveland has appointed as Commissioner of Immigration this identical Mr. Stump.

It was not contemplated by the founders of the government that the executive should ever encroach upon or attempt to influence the legislative department beyond his public proclamations and official recommendations—as messages, etc. No occupant of the executive chair of all his predecessors has ever trespassed upon this unwritten law of the republic. But it is openly charged, from credible sources and not authoritatively denied, that President Cleveland is withholding appointments to Federal positions and is dispensing Federal patronage with the view to influence, or warp, or coerce legislation in Congress in conformity to his own wishes. A foretaste of this disposition was given during his first Presidential term in his interference to displace Samuel Randall, a protectionist Democrat, from the Committee on Ways and Means, and his discrimination against the friends of Randall in the dispensation of Presidential favors. He is now employing like means to bring Congress to his own views upon the silver question and the tariff, and he holds also in the balance the authority to call an extra session of Congress. Furthermore, it is apparent that it is his purpose to make Federal appointments and bestow patronage upon the score of personal favoritism and personal partisan revenges—to reward his partisan supporters and ignore the Democrats who opposed his nomination at Chicago last year. The friends of Senator Hill, of New York, of Senator Gorman, of Maryland, of Senator Brice, of Ohio, of Governor Penoyer, of Oregon, and the Democrats of the California State Convention at Fresno, who opposed his renomination, are all included under the ban of President Cleveland. He appoints only those on whom he counts as adherents of his own, and disregards the recommendations and personal solicitation of senators and congressmen. Fat-witted in his own conceit, puffed up with pride until he can see no restraint in constitution or in party obligation, he hopes to form a party of his own. Such a party will have the virtue of cohesion, for it will include only one man.

People in California are used to having railroads ride over them. But the meekness shown by the average San Franciscan in a Pullman booking-office is almost beyond belief. At present, there is a very large travel to the East, and the Pullman office in San Francisco is crowded all day long. Pressed up against the counter, in rows three deep, stand the patient San Franciscans. Behind the counter lounge from two to four leisurely clerks, of varying degrees of inefficiency and insolence. They converse affably with *confères* in the crowd about "Charley's jag last night" and other matters of grave public interest, while the patient travelers wait. Between chats, they deign to do some business with the various ticket-touters who have come to secure sleeper accommodations for their patrons. The ordinary citizen waits until the ticket-peddlers are attended to. There is absolutely no provision for priority. The intending travelers are served en-

tirely at the whim of the clerks. Age and sex make no difference to these gentry. Women wait the same as men.

The old rule of "first come, first served" should be enforced. It is easy to make a hand-rail which would cause all the applicants to fall into line. As it is now, in addition to the high rates charged in the Pullman cars, it is almost impossible to get a chance to pay these rates without an exasperating experience with the booking-clerks. When the irritated traveler has finally secured his checks, he does not bless the hand that gave them, but curses it. And when he enters one of the gorgeous peripatetic palaces of the Marquis Pullman, and is attended by one of that nobleman's overworked and underpaid porters, he devoutly wishes that the marquis may some day be slammed up and asphyxiated in one of the upper shelves of his highly varnished cars.

The city is beginning to thin out, and the summer widower may be seen at clubs and tooling a road-wagon through the park. We are now in June, and no self-respecting American woman will allow her drawing-room curtains to be undrawn, so as to betray the fact that the family are still in the city. The normal American differs in this respect from the Englishman, the Frenchman, and the German. Among the latter only the fashionable set go to the country in summer as a duty. The lawyer, doctor, merchant, broker, or editor is content to snatch two or three weeks when he can, in the course of the year, for a trip to foreign parts, or a sojourn at the sea-coast, or a few days shooting or fishing—and then he takes his family with him; unlike the American, he does not regard it as a religious duty to send his family to the seaside or to the mountains for July and August, and sentence himself to the loneliness of celibacy, enlivened at intervals by a resurrection of bachelor joys. The reason is the one which underlies most of our social peculiarities. In this country, men live for their wives; in Europe, they live for themselves.

Whether we are wiser than our kin over the sea may be a question. Our present habit certainly familiarizes husband and wife with a life of separation. The latter goes to a watering-place, where she has nothing to do but to flirt if any flirtable male turns up; the former yawns his head off in an empty house, and thinks of forbidden pleasures as a relief from dullness. When the couple are together, they have much to say to each other and kill time without effort. When they are apart, they are simply bored. Mrs. A. gives her husband no peace till he consents to her spending a month at Monterey or Castle Crag. When she gets there, she finds that her life is bottled misery. She soon sickens of the tittle-tattle which constitutes conversation at country hotels. She pines for the streets, the shops, the theatres, the libraries, the concerts, which occupy her when she is at home. She misses the men above all things; men give a fillip to the monotony of feminine life, they have always something to say to waken a woman from tating and novels. There are no more men at country hotels than there were at the hermitage in "The Princess."

And if the lady no sooner takes possession of her comfortable cell at the Del Monte than she wishes she had not come, the summer widower is a subject of deeper commiseration. When a man packs his family off to the country, he revels in his secret, wicked soul over the thought that he is going to have a high old time, when he will make sure that there are still cakes and ale and that ginger is still hot in the mouth. This delightful delusion lasts about three days, or at most a week. He eats one or two crack dinners, prepared by an accomplished chef; the result is a parched throat, a headache, and other premonitory symptoms of indigestion. He mingles in the gay and festive throng of which he was an ornament in his callow days; he is astonished to find how empty-headed the young men are, and how stupid and vulgar the women. Is it possible that he ever enjoyed that sort of society? It gradually breaks upon him that he has outgrown the joys of the *coulisses*, and that he can no more relish the rather liberal jokes of Asia than he can eat candies. He drifts into his club, where he finds a lot of old fogies who say dull things in a dull way upon dull topics. He flies headlong from a fiend who wants to discuss the tariff with him, and takes refuge in his empty home, where he finds that the single servant who had been left in charge has drunk up all the sherry and forgotten to make his bed.

For all ailments which they can not cure, the doctors prescribe change of air. It is an undoubted panacea. One who lives by the seaside, should spend a month in the mountains. He who lives in the mountains, should take dips in the sea. Persons who usually breathe the trade-wind should, for a part of the year, live where it does not blow. Thus strained nature finds relief, and organs which are enfeebled by disease recover strength through exercise. But country life is not necessarily hotel life; the latter is apt to involve drawbacks which counterbalance the advantage of country

air. In the East, while the great watering-place hotels are abandoned to the fashionables, the rank and file of mankind take refuge in the dog-days in farm-houses and boarding-houses which were farm-houses. In these resorts they mortify the flesh with hard beds, poor food, mosquitoes, and unpleasant acquaintances. But, at any rate, they find bracing air and shady nooks, where they nestle under spreading trees. In this State, we are short of such places to summer in. Outside of Marin County, there are few places within easy access of San Francisco where woods can be found. One has to wander over a good deal of parched, naked, brown country in Alameda, Contra Costa, San Mateo, and Santa Clara before a farm-house is found near which a lot of children can play in a shady forest. On the line of the railroads running north through Marin County into Mendocino County, there are such places. But they are a long way from the city. It is impossible to sleep at any of them and do business in San Francisco. The husband and father must be content to go up on Saturday afternoon and return on Monday morning.

It would seem that some of the land barons, who are suffering tortures from land poverty, might turn their estates to good account by planting forests of swift-growing and wide-branched trees and by building among them cottages for summer boarders. In San Mateo County the land is held too high for such purposes; though what the owners ever expect to make of the vast moor which adjoins the cemeteries, it were difficult to say. But in Alameda and Contra Costa there are plenty of sites for summer colonies in spots, where shade could be created in ten or a dozen years and where boarding-houses might flourish at a distance of not over an hour from the city.

Things are getting into shape at Chicago. Authority is going to be concentrated in the hands of Director-General Davis, with Director Burnham as his chief of staff. This will impart unity and consequently efficiency to the management. The effort of the Sabbatharians to prevent the working-class from attending the fair has probably been defeated; the gates were opened last Sunday in spite of the Tartuffes and the Chadbands. It may be hoped that these betterments will be followed by the establishment of order in belated departments, such as the exhibit of this State; when that is done, there will be little left for malcontents to cavil at.

The fight over Sunday opening deserves to be chronicled in detail, as a part of the history of the times. Without an authentic record, posterity will hardly believe that benighted bigotry prevailed so late as the year 1893, in the most progressive city of the Central States. The demand for Sunday closing came from Congress. In that body, the members who deemed it unconstitutional for Congress to grant aid to the fair so nearly balanced those who were in favor of an appropriation that the Sabbatharians held the balance of power, and the friends of the fair were compelled to acquiesce in a provision of the Sundry Civil Appropriation Act, requiring the fair to be closed "on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday." This enactment appeared to tie the hands of the directors, but subsequently the executive, for reasons to itself satisfactory, declined to pay over all the money appropriated, thus breaking its bargain and liberating the fair managers from theirs. Guided by an unerring public sentiment, they repealed the order closing the gates on Sunday. But their action did not pass without protest from the Sabbatharians. The Presbyterian clergy especially vociferated against Sunday opening, in the spirit of John Knox.

Secretary Knowles, of some clerical association, denounced any attendance at the fair as a sin, and called upon good Christians to boycott the whole concern. Rev. W. D. Sloane, of the Union Centenary Church at Shakersburg, Pa., states approvingly that if the fair is to be open on Sunday, the Christian Endeavor Societies and the Epworth Leagues will stay away from it altogether. Pastor Collins, of the United Presbyterian Church of Alleghany, Pa., avers that his people will not only not attend, but will use their influence to deter others from going. Pastor W. I. Wishout, of the same region, declares that he will not give the patronage of his presence to an institution which unblushingly tramples under foot the laws of God, and every one of his congregation will follow his example. Sylvester S. Scovel, of Wooster College, says that thousands, including his faculty and his students, will be kept away if the gates are opened on Sundays. Secretary Schell, of the Epworth League of Chicago, says that the local leagues (Methodist) are pledging themselves not to attend the fair if it is open on Sundays. The *Ram's Horn*, a non-sectarian religious paper with one hundred and ninety thousand circulation, announces that it will withdraw its support from the fair if "its officials take any action by which the law of God is broken." Hundreds of letters, petitions, appeals, and telegrams in the same sense have been received by the managers of the fair. These documents should all be preserved to show the future his-

torian how long intolerant bigotry lingered in the heart of the United States.

In Massachusetts, the legislature took a hand and demanded that the White City should turn the crowds from its gates on the Sabbath that they might seek in the dance-halls, and saloons, and gambling-dens a substitute for the entertainment and instruction that the fair might offer. Worthy descendants of those stern old Puritan fathers who came to these shores to seek liberty, and then, in the name of that liberty, denied the most ordinary rights of man! They prescribed the price of the corn a man sold or the skins he bought; they regulated the rate of wages, and fined and imprisoned the servant for disobedience to his master. What wonder that their descendants, confident in the superiority of their own moral vision, should seek to dictate the conduct of those who differ from them.

The advocates of Sunday opening proposed to close no churches, to interfere with no man's religious belief. They did not object to people attending church before they went to the fair or after they returned from it. They merely aimed at giving the workman who has to toil for six days, and can not spare an hour of his week day for sight-seeing, an opportunity of contemplating the beauties of nature and the marvels of art on the seventh. They invited him to a spectacle which could not but uplift his soul and soften his heart, and so draw him nearer to God. Their opponents denied him the privilege of beholding this elevating scene, and demanded that he should spend his Sunday in listening to sermons which put their hearers to sleep. Conscious of the unattractive nature of the entertainment they offer, they tried to make it unlawful to attend any other; had they succeeded, they would not have drawn the public to their dreary shows, but would have driven them to the saloon, the gin-mill, and the gambling-house. This would have so obviously been the fruit of their success that one is almost tempted to suspect that these Presbyterians, and Methodists, and Epworth Leagues, and Christian Endeavor apostles must have been in the pay of the rum-sellers and the gamblers.

The preachers whine over the growth of religious indifference. But who is to blame but themselves? The action of the churches since the fair opened can not but have filled reasonable men with contempt and loathing for the profession of a religion which is so narrow-minded. If the lesson of Christianity is that the working-class should be excluded from the contemplation of objects which are calculated to refine, and elevate, and civilize, can it be a good religion to profess, and are not its preachers enemies of human progress? Time was in France, and Spain, and Italy when the priests of the church set their faces against progress, and learning, and civilization; the consequence is that it is hard to find in either of these countries a man of education who goes to church or is a professor of religion. The priests educated the people to despise them, and the lesson was well conned. Will it not be so here? Like causes produce like effects everywhere. Bigotry begets infidelity. Intolerance provokes rebellion. The fruit does not ripen in an hour, nor is its coming heralded by brass bands. But unless all the teaching of history is misleading, the attempt of the schismatics to close the doors of the World's Fair on Sunday has dealt a blow to the Christian religion which it may require a new Martin Luther to cure.

The self-constituted moral arbiters who dwell in the Eastern section of this country continue to strain their throats and dull their pens in protest against the Geary law. Their mighty contention is marked by a characteristic ignorance. The law is a brutal enactment, say they, directed against an unoffending, law-abiding class of residents and depriving them, through no act of their own, of the right to live peaceably in this country. But what are the facts? There are certain Chinese who admittedly had a right to live here. There are certain others who had not that right, but who were smuggled across the borders of the country and mingled with those of their countrymen already here. The similarity in appearance of all Chinese in dress and in features made identification impossible, and, therefore, it was enacted that those rightfully in the country should be registered and identified. In order to make the law effective, a penalty was attached to a failure to obey its provisions, and just here the trouble arose. A large majority of those "inoffensive, law-abiding residents" refused to obey the law. They would have lost no rights, and would have been put to no greater inconvenience than the ordinary citizen endures before he is allowed to vote; they knew the penalty of a refusal. And yet they set the law at defiance, and now these Eastern exponents of the laws of humanity declare that it is brutal to inflict the penalty the Chinese have brought upon themselves. The punishment may be severe, but it would be far more cruel and unnatural were the Chinese retained here and compelled to dwell in the midst of those self-satisfied ignoramus who crush forward to pose as champions of the law.

"RECKLESS."

A Miner's Son and Born to Poverty.

To a boy brought up in a mining town, knowledge of life's evils comes early; yet to "Reckless," his childhood seemed a period of blissful unconsciousness, when, after the first shock, he looked back over it.

He had not known the physical pleasures and the humanizing love for animals and fields which the country gives, nor had he enjoyed the sophisticated variety of a city boy's life. There had been no delicious, busy-idle days of fishing and hunting, no adequate mental training for his vigorous individuality; for Silver Hill is ugly, dry, and arrogantly ignorant. The children of the mining towns are modeled upon no conventional pattern. Each springs up from the rocks, aggressive and active, and the influences he encounters modify but slightly his bristling originality. "Reckless" knew of nothing better than the free life the dusty town afforded, and his self-reliant nature and strong, dark face bespoke a close assimilation with the mountains, the mines, the stern aspect of the barren country. He reveled in long rambles over the sage-brush covered hills, made golden in the summer with sunflowers, and his merry heart and sturdy body delighted in the rough fun which the heavy winter's snows give the mountain boys. The craving of his developing mind was satisfied with any book or paper that came to him, for his imagination ennobled characters and events till they became heroic.

Of course he had long ago understood the vital significance of the rise and fall of stocks, and in a casual way kept himself posted as to the selling price per share of the more important mines. Being a wide-awake lad, with what he fancied was a talent for financing, he later invested large sums of imagined wealth in certain stocks, and after worming himself in among the excited crowd in front of the brokers' offices, would stand with panic or exultation written upon his eager face, according to the fluctuations of his supposed investment. The spirit of gambling took possession of the boy's impulsive nature, and, being a miner's son and born to poverty, he gloried in daring risks and enormous imaginary purchases upon margin.

As he grew tall and broad-shouldered, he became ashamed of the little book in which he had entered the wonderful transactions, where one page made him a millionaire and another a beggar. But his interest in the stock-board was strong as ever, and he longed for the time when he might invest his own money and, perhaps, realize his boyish dreams, for he felt unbounded hope in the future.

A Nevada child sees wrecks all around him, his own life may be clouded by poverty which is the result of providence; yet as surely as the time comes when his physical strength shall enable him to earn money, he will trustfully follow the path which his father followed before him. "Reckless," despite his unchild-like experience, was assured of success. He meant to be rich, and great, and happy; he intended to win where others had lost; he had a confident expectation of triumph, a consciousness, which to him seemed infallible, of special power.

But he wasted little time on dreams. A healthy boy's life is too full, no matter where he may be, to allow much room for thought. In the bustling, billy town where all his life had been passed, "Reckless" knew every person of importance, every piece of news that the day furnished. His eager mind absorbed experience, and he could talk with precocious intelligence of the quality of ore in the cross-cut of the Bertha Mine or of the latest scandal, in which mining towns are prolific.

Silver Hill people measure time from important mining events. An occurrence happened, they will say, when "Bertha" touched five hundred; a year after the fire in the south-end mines; or just before the rise in "Day & Cummings." "Reckless" left boyhood behind him after the panic caused by the failure of Grayson & Grayson, stock-brokers.

He had been out on the hills with his dog in the early morning, when, looking down upon the grade below, he saw a swiftly moving team. Surprised, he put both hands to his mouth and shouted cheerily to the driver; but a pale, frightened face looked up at him, and the horses were urged on madly. On their way to school an hour or two later, the boys noticed that the Graysons' office had not been opened, and loog before twelve o'clock the infuriated miners, who besieged the closed doors, knew that Edgar Grayson and his brother had left Silver Hill before daybreak, taking with them the fruits of years of labor and all hopes of future ease. There was hardly a home untouched by the disaster. No Nevada miner is too poor, no millionaire too rich, to be indifferent to the glorious possibilities of stock investments.

After school, as they hurried along the street with an unnatural perception of trouble, the children discussed the news. "Reckless," whose uncompromising spirit had earned his nickname, was in disgrace and sat in the empty school-room, scowling at his books. He looked up resentfully as the door opened, expecting the teacher's entrance and familiar homily, but a little maid with smooth, brown hair and rosy cheeks came toward him, her hands outstretched, a pitying look in her eyes.

"Oh, 'Reckless,'" she said, softly, "isn't it dreadful? I ran back to tell you what they say of your father."

"What?" he demanded, rising from his seat and shaking the dark hair back from his face.

The soft, brown eyes were suffused with tears as she raised them to his face.

"He—he's dead, you know. They say he's shot—"

But "Reckless" waited to hear no more. He tore out of the school-room and rushed madly up the hill.

In the next week "Reckless" grew old. As he became familiar with the details of his father's hidden life and shameful death, the honest lad's pride suffered fearfully. He had had no hero-worship for his father; all his heroes dwelt in books; but although his unguided youth had taught him

much, his instinct was still Puritan. He could find no pity in his rigid code for the man who had neglected his wife and finally killed himself for the miserable woman who no longer feigned affection when his small savings were swept away in the Graysons' failure. In time, however, his bitter resentment for his mother's humiliation roused him from his grief, and he squared his shoulders for the burden they had inherited. He put away his ambition, he made it the sole aim of his life to keep his mother and her brood of younger children in the humbly respected position they had held. He told himself that he was fortunate to be permitted to take his father's place in the mine, and he assumed, as a matter of course, the responsibilities his father had laid down.

There came a day when the tax upon his young strength proved too severe, and, with a despairing moan, he threw aside the pick and shovel and lay gasping and faint in the dark drift. Hughes, the shift-boss, found him and brought him to the surface; and "Reckless" came back to life, after his illness, with a sweetened consciousness of the generosity and charity of his mates.

As he lay back in the luxury of convalescence, "Reckless" smiled to himself, recalling the weary cry he had given as he fell, and in the confidence born with reviving strength, he attributed his former despair to the latent illness. One of the children came running into the bare little room. The big brother's mood was tender and hopeful. He held out a great, sinewy hand to the child, and, as the little fellow approached, leaned over and lifted him up on the bed.

"Better?" the child inquired.

He nodded.

"I told her you was."

"Reckless" sat up straight and his rugged face lit up wonderfully.

"Who, Jack?"

"Miss Gertrude West," he said, pompously; and then in a confidential tone: "Gertie West, you know."

"What did she say, Jack?"

"Nuthin'. She jest asked how you was."

"Yes?" encouragingly.

"Uh-huh," Jack assented, smiling fondly up at him.

"Then what did she say?"

"Oh, nuthin'. She jest said she was glad."

"Did she, Jack?"

He nodded again. "Got a bit?" he said, slyly.

Jack left the room with the dime in his hand, and his brother leaned back with a long, satisfied sigh.

Every house in Silver Hill, no matter how humble, has a view, for the town is built on the side of a mountain. The mild evening air came through the window, and "Reckless" could see the hope-inspiring mountains rising nobly out in the west, the sun sinking behind them in a gorgeous tinting of clouds. He lay quite quiet, his arms above his head, a smile upon his lips, his eyes looking earnestly beyond the straggling, irregular town clinging to the mountain-side, till nothing was left of the crimson and golden glory but a faint band of pink, above which a star trembled.

The mines of Silver Hill never stop working. By day their whistles count the time for the miners' wives, and at night the steady throb of the engines, pulsing through the high, clear air, forms their children's lullaby. Silence is ominous and cessation means death, either to the men who are at work underground or to the mines, at once the creators and destroyers of life. To miners the sight of a shut-down mine is an affliction, for it is eloquent of desperate men, overworked, weary women, and criminal children.

Yet these mines, which the people of Silver Hill count such a boon, are tyrants, taking the best years of a man's life, remorselessly crushing out hope and plans for a better future, mocking him with high wages (inadequate, for living is higher), and, having sucked away youth and strength, they claim at last the broken-down body for a sudden, horrible death or the lingering pains of miners' consumption.

Woe unto the man who works in the mines of Silver Hill, if he have imagination, or ambition, or high hopes; or if he long for the taste of happiness or pleasure; or if he have even a dim, undeveloped craving for the noble and beautiful things of life. During his ten hours of labor down in the damp depths, if he pause for a deep inspiration and a heartening glance above, there is only the damp earth all about him, the oppressive underground heat envelops him; his eye strains in vain for the blessed light, but the candles are dim and the moisture clouds the lanterns.

Yet every day is a miracle worked, for he ascends to the surface and is a man again. But a leaden-faced, exhausted, silent man, who drags his weary limbs up over the hills to the wife who makes day night and night day according to the changing shifts—unless there be children. Then she steps softly around the darkened house, hushing their cries, herself living in an unnatural stillness and torpor that he may rest.

When the miner wakes from his deep sleep, he is almost a human being. He may snatch a short hour to play with the children or walk with his wife. Other innocent pleasure there is none. The principal street, the Row, as it threads its crooked way along, is crowded, when shifts are changing, with men whose lives, apart from their work, are utterly empty. There is nothing in Silver Hill to bid a young man hope or to help him rise. The men he meets are like himself, and in the old miners who work beside him he sees his end, which was his beginning. However, the fact that his destiny is inevitable, reconciles him to it. He is moderately happy, dissatisfied and envious, or vicious and degraded, according to his temperament and the degree in which he can withstand temptation. The men of Silver Hill need be miracles of purity and strength to resist the corrupting influences which flourish in this unenlightened, dreary little town up in the mountains.

At night, the men of the three-o'clock shift walk up the hill together. When pay-day comes, the shift is almost complete as it reaches the Row, but it is broken into squads as

the numberless saloons and gambling-rooms are reached. The Silver Hill standard is not very high, and the miner who does not make a detour down the Row on his way home is exceptional. But to those who have no home, the cheerless miners' boarding-houses are more unattractive than ever on a cold night when the stinging wind blows the fine snow in their faces and body and brain are both numbened. They are boys yet, many of them, but they spend their nights here; and, when morning dawns, they have left behind more than the money for which they live enslaved.

Merely to live was a boon to "Reckless," when he recovered. He felt that it was good to work, to walk the long distance to the mine, and breathe the glorious mountain air. Fatigue itself was part of the beneficent plan. After he had left the crowd at the Row and reached the street where he and Gertie West had played together in childhood, the frost-hardened snow crunched under his quick tread and his steps kept time to the clear, sweet melody he whistled. It rang out from the corner defiantly above the shrieking wind, as if to carry to the sleeping girl his paean of love and hope. He would stop by her gate and stand for a moment, silent, alone in the deserted, snow-shrouded, moonlit street, on nights like this when his yet unconquered spirit strove with fate; but he fled past the house like a guilty, conscience-driven wretch when youth and strength to battle had left him.

For the years that went by brought nothing to "Reckless" to compensate for the gradual hopelessness that closed him in. Slowly and despairingly he recognized that his work merely kept them all alive; his task was too great; there were too many growing children to feed and clothe. He smiled bitterly when he thought of his boyish plans for rehabilitating his family, for his mother was white-haired, embittered, and humbled and the children coarse and ignorant in consequence of their poverty. Yet, for a time, "Reckless" strove and found courage to uphold patiently and even cheerfully those who leaned so heavily and heedlessly upon him. He worked on mechanically, hoping at best for freedom from the insatiate longing for a life of his own, for release from the wearisome monotony and an opportunity to show the girl he loved that he was not unworthy.

When she went away from Silver Hill, he made no effort to see her. There was nothing for him to say. But he tortured himself wondering whether she knew or cared. At times the old spirit awakened in him, but every ambitious hope had become a scourge; it brought with it nothing but unavailing regret, and "Reckless" had learned how not to endure unpleasant thoughts.

Down at the cooling-station the men stood half-naked, wiping the perspiration that streamed from their panting chests. Hughes, the shift-boss, lingered behind when the others went back toward the shaft, and, calling "Reckless" to him, said kindly:

"I say, 'Reckless,' you'll have to look out for that smart little brother of yours."

"What's the matter with Jack?" he asked, sullenly.

The shift-boss laid a hand on the young man's shoulder. "Perhaps of late you haven't given him the best example yourself; but Jack is going to the dogs," he said, gravely.

"What business—"

"It's none of my business, my boy, so long as you do your work. Never mind that. Look here, can't you get him to work? It'll do the boy no good to run the streets as he does. What chace has an idle hoy—"

"And what chance is there to get him something to do?" said "Reckless," bitterly. "He's not old enough yet to work in the mines."

He walked away. Hughes, following, said in a low voice: "You seem down on your luck, my lad. Brace up. You've had a hard pull of it. Don't give up." He beld out his hand. "Reckless" grasped it; the hard lines in his face softened, but he did not speak.

They got to the shaft, and the cage slid noiselessly down. The men, gathering their lanterns, picks, and shovels, stepped upon the small platform. "Reckless" stood among them as the cage sped upward, silent, desponding, prematurely old. His head was bent, his arms hung listlessly from his naked, knotted shoulders, his bearded face, under the shapeless soft black hat, was gray and haggard. He was looking back over his barren, eventless life, which seemed an unavailing sacrifice. For he dared not look forward. It was all a failure. Little Jack, his mother's favorite, already vicious—lost; Kate, who had helped at first and done her share, back again at the little crowded house with her child, deserted by her unwilling husband and living on with a wretched sort of complacency that madened the brother whom she had disgraced. The mother was gone—he felt bitterly grateful for that; but the undisciplined, selfish, turbulent children remained. Too plainly he saw their future. What hope was there for them? And for himself—

They were nearing the upper levels and the cage stopped, with a sudden swing, to take on more men.

"Reckless" put down his lantern and quietly stepped from the platform. He fell down, down, thousands of feet, and from the hollow, black shaft reverberations rose, telling the miners the manner of his death.

AFRA YORKE.
SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1893.

M. Jules Simon has discovered the secret of old age, and he has formulated the recipe in two words—intellectual work. Nothing, he declares, helps so materially to conserve physical strength as mental employment, and in proof of this theory he points out that the French Institute is a perfect congregation of hale and hearty octogenarians.

Naphtha evaporates very rapidly. Its effect sometimes is not unlike that of laughing-gas. One day at the American Rubber Works, Cambridge, Mass., where naphtha is used in the cement for rubber seams, a number of the girls suddenly started laughing and singing, and a few of them fainted. They had taken too much naphtha.

A FIN-DE-SIÈCLE YOUTH.

The Portrait of Mr. Val Redmond, by a London Girl.

He was curiously pretty, incredibly malicious, and indisputably "smart," with a nice house in Sloane Street, where he entertained a great deal, and a little following of young gentlemen, who copied his neckties and button-holes and whom one sometimes saw giggling together in corners and calling each other by pet names. When one of them wanted to give Val Redmond a birthday present—in that set the young men constantly make each other little presents—he chose a silver vinaigrette, which Val took out with him to dinner all that season. And yet the boy was very far from being a fool. If he had lived in less degenerate days, and had been obliged to work for his living, he might have made a name for himself. But as it was, he only gave amusing parties; while one was haunted by misgivings if one had to leave his drawing-room early—with one's reputation behind.

When he gave dinners and Sunday lunches at his house in Sloane Street, his aunt, Lady Marchmont, presided. To have had only men's parties would not have suited Val. He liked the society of women, and particularly of old women; but then his elderly female friends were invariably clever, and some had had, in addition, an almost historical past. "Dear Julia Calverly," he would say of the dowager countess—he had the most astounding way of talking of his elderly dames—"I love that woman. It is as good as reading a scandalous 'Mémoire pour servir' to talk to her."

One of the most amusing things about Mr. Valentine Redmond was his imperturbable coolness. Though hardly two-and-twenty, he had none of the tremors, the diffidences of youth. I have seen him talk to an archbishop or a foreign potentate with the same ease with which he would tackle an undergraduate or take a young lady down to supper. Not that you would ever have caught Val Redmond wasting his acidulous sweetness on a young girl. Women under thirty seldom went to his house.

One of his least pleasing characteristics was a tendency to flout and pout. He was constantly having little quarrels with his intimate friends. His intimate friendships lasted, on an average, exactly six weeks. In other houses where they talk scandal it is usually about acquaintances; but in Val's drawing-room you generally heard his bosom friends deprived of their reputations. This is a trait which makes society feel uneasy, and to it one may, perhaps, attribute the brief duration of Val's friendships. Ours, for instance, though it was never perfervid, lasted but a brief two months.

The Duchess of Birmingham brought him to our house. She was going to have her portrait painted, and Val was brought along to help to decide on her costume. He knew a great deal about clothes; his taste was charming, his house as pretty as a house need be. Her grace was a stout little person from Philadelphia, who was at vast pains to acquire an English manner. Her chief desire, so far as I could make out, was to be painted in a coronet. But Mr. Redmond, with his head on one side and his eyes half-shut, taunted the idea of a diadem. He was rather in favor of saffles, of dark velvets, of heavy brocades. Father, I remember, was furious when he had gone. "Does the young puppy think he knows more about it than I do? Confound his impudence—why, I have been painting portraits for twenty years."

And yet, after all, it was Valentine's costume which was chosen, and the duchess brought him again more than once to see the picture as it progressed. Father always liked to have me in the studio when he was painting, so that every time he appeared we made a little more of each other's acquaintance. I think I was rather rude to him than otherwise, but he was the sort of person who disliked gush—in women. Gushing was too much the prerogative of his "boys," who usually, by the bye, were heard addressing each other as "my dear."

Sitting on the oaken staircase of the studio, talking to Val while the duchess's portrait went on below, I learned a number of surprising things about London society. He told me of all the houses where a young man might permit himself to be seen, where it would be to his advantage to do so, and where it would be fatal, absolutely fatal, for him to appear. "I had the imprudence to lunch with the Patterson-Taylors, those new people in Prince's Gate; and though, of course, a lunch doesn't count the same as a dinner, I assure you it was weeks before I heard the last of it. A young man can't be too careful where he goes," Val confided to me one day with a rueful air. He had found me filling the howls and vases with roses, and had insisted on being allowed to help. It was one of his talents, that of arranging flowers. He was sitting on the hall table, swinging his feet, and holding his head on one side as he twitched an amethyst-colored orchid in front of the light. "There is the question of dancing, too. Ah, not *that*," screamed Mr. Redmond in his rather shrill voice, as he plucked a huge poppy out of my hand; "you can't possibly put that in blue and white; Nankin is only for roses! What was I saying? Oh, yes, about halls. Isn't it absurd of people to expect one to dance everywhere? . . . Some of us were at Mrs. Vandeleur's hall the other night—you know the woman I mean, with a quantity of drah daughters?—and she actually had the effrontery to seize me by the elbow and ask me why I wasn't dancing the polka? As if any one ever did anything but sup at the Vandeleurs! and as if she didn't know perfectly well that one only dances at the houses where one dines! I resisted for a long time, and then she had the shocking taste to remind me that she had seen me leading the cotillion at the duchess's with Lady Susan, when she knows that Lady Susan is one of the most amusing persons in London. She is the *fin-de-siècle* old maid."

I shall never forget our first dinner at his house in Sloane Street. It was the oddest party. There was something strange and unusual not only about the guests, but the very dishes and the flowers. The dining-room, painted and decorated like that of a Roman villa, contained nothing but the

table and one or two giant palms in pots of old faience. The table-cloth was nearly covered with a mass of pink rose-leaves, with here and there a spray of roses thrown carelessly on to this pink carpet. A huge lamp of oriental workmanship, hung by gold chains, lighted up the mass of rose color, and there were none of the usual fripperies of a lady's table. But, perhaps, what struck one most on glancing round the room was the fact that all the men were boys, though they appeared prematurely old, and that all the ladies were elderly, though they, to be sure, looked unnaturally young.

"The glories of the past," simpered the pale, clean-shaven youth who had taken me in, surveying the ladies with unabashed effrontery. "It reminds one of the ruins of the Acropolis, don't you know?"

My neighbor got very confidential as the dinner progressed. He gazed at me critically with tired eyes, under lids which drooped a little at the corners.

"Do you know our host well? No? A pity, he's so shockingly malicious. Gives charming dinners—as far as the people go—but I don't think much of his cook, do you? Oh, no, I've only known him a fortnight; he insisted on being introduced to me at the Vandeleurs' hall, and I thought, as he is a great friend of one of my dearest friends—Tommy Singleton, you know—that he would be sure to be nice. . . . And I really do think he's charming. He would take no denial; I've dined here already three times. . . . We go everywhere together. Do you see that weird old person opposite? She says such quite too deliciously amusing things; she is a great friend of the Prince of Wales. Tommy Singleton seems in great form to-night. He is so very charming! I must introduce you to him, though I'm afraid, my dear Miss Wynman, that you won't get on very well. Tommy is so dreadfully frightened of déshabillés. Don't you think dear Lady Rougemont's new *touffée* is quite delicious? I do. But then I *adore* the meretricious and the artificial. That is Miss Van Hoyt, the American heiress; she always wears that miniature of an old gentleman with a hook nose and powdered hair. She says it's her grandfather; but Tommy Singleton declares—and he had it from the duchess—that Miss Van Hoyt's grandfather kept a small cheesemonger's shop in Ninth Avenue. How quite too weird Lady Susan looks; but then she always has her gowns made from remnants bought at the summer sales. She must have said something dreadfully improper to Val, he is laughing so; look, he has got quite pink! I wonder what it is? I shall ask her directly; she loves to have the whole table listen to her stories—though really her stories are *d'un raide*! Lady Susan, you know, is not afraid of *le mot qui choque*."

And, of a truth, the ladies at Mr. Redmond's dinner-table denied themselves nothing in the way of speech. Nor, when the cigarettes were handed round, did they show the usual feminine reluctance to light up; though this may have been a protest on their part against the effeminacy of the age, for it was a remarkable fact at Mr. Valentine Redmond's parties that, though the elderly ladies invariably smoked, none of the young gentlemen indulged in nicotine.

After that night Mr. Valentine Redmond was pleased to indulge in one of his wild enthusiasms. He brought all his boys to see me, one by one, and insisted that they should admire me as much as he did; which was as tiresome for them, poor things, as for me. My photograph, framed in gold and turquoises, was, for exactly five weeks, a conspicuous object on his drawing-room table; after which, for a fortnight, it stood on a cupboard in a dark corner, and finally, I hear, disappeared altogether—to the limbo where the rest of his departed "enthusiasms" languish. But I am anticipating the catastrophe. For six weeks, at least, Val and I saw a good deal of each other. At one of our big parties Mr. Redmond and some of his young friends made quite a little sensation when they appeared. They were all clean-shaven, and all had tired eyes, exaggerated button-holes, and shoes of phenomenal luminosity.

"Gracious heavens!" whispered my sister, Christina, when she saw them all file in—they always went about in cahuts—"what are they? Where did you find them? And what's to be done with them now they're here?" But Valentine Redmond and his friends never wanted amusing. They all had a passion for being introduced to other young men of their own age, and, failing that, they gathered together in corners and smirked over their own little jokes.

The chief amusement of these boys, I soon found out, was to go to music-halls. They spoke of Miss Bessie Bellwood with hated breath; and would hear of no other comedians than Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Albert Chevalier. It was Val Redmond's delight to get two or three smart women to dinner, with a corresponding number of boys, and then to take the party on to the Empire or to the Pavilion.

"Why do you like tumblers and topical songs so much?" I asked Val one day, when I had refused, for the fourth time, a pleading invitation to make one of a party to the Tivoli. He shrugged his shoulders and looked rather annoyed.

"Culture is such a bore," he said; "on a *besoin de s'encanailler quelquefois*."

This London idyll lasted, I think, nearly two months, and then, as London idylls will, it came to a painless death. Its end was hastened by gossip, and it was killed with a *mot*.

"Val Redmond's ambition was to start a salon in Sloane Street, but he has only succeeded, so far, in running a restaurant," Christina had said on one of her unamiable days.

Some one, of course, told Val.

The rupture left no sense of loss. Though good-looking, clever, and amusing, Val Redmond's personality somehow "left one cold." It was an essentially thin nature. Had I ever had occasion to appeal to his help, his sympathy, I fancy I should have had a charming, gushing little note to say that he was going out of town.

Once a year or so we still go and dine with Val. The swinging-lamp, the spreading palms, the wealth of hot-house flowers are always there, but it the rarest thing to find the same face. Our host renews his friends as often as the bouquets in his button-hole. MARGARET WYNMAN.

THE INFANTA IN GOTHAM.

"Flaeour" writes of the Princess Eulalia and the Ball in her Honor—Her Appearance—The Spicy Chronicle of her Ancestry.

The Four Hundred, who by special dispensation were last evening expanded into five hundred, are getting over the fatigue and excitement of the hall given to the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. It was, on the whole, a success. No *contretemps* marred the festivity. People did not rudely crowd round the scion of royalty. When she first made her appearance, a few handkerchiefs were waved; but the apprehension that the exuberant hero-worship of the New Yorkers would find expression in plebeian cheers was not justified. She was stared at a good deal, but that she must have expected. She produced rather a good effect. She is a small, thin woman, with gentle manners, a pleasing rather than pretty face, fine eyes, and red hair. She wore a simple blue and white gown, with a necklace of stones to match. Her expression was sad, which was ascribed to the receipt of a telegram informing her of the illness of her youngest child. But she has done so much sight-seeing that she must be tired, and fatigue may account for her drawn features. It was observed that she took a good deal of interest in the toilets of the well-dressed women who promenaded round her box. Ladies dress better in New York than they do at Madrid.

It is to her credit that there have been no scandals about her. If there had been, gossips would have been reminded of the proverb: "Bon chien chasse de race." Beauty and grace had ceased to have power to rouse the pulse of her worn-out grandfather, when, to satisfy the importunities of Spanish statesmen, he married for his fourth wife Christina of Naples, a girl of twenty, who was guaranteed to be without principle and without conscience. Had she possessed either, she would have been unfitted for her station. She was told when she arrived at Madrid that she had been chosen to supply an heir to the Spanish throne. She cast her eyes down and promised to do her best. The marriage took place on December 11, 1829; on October 10, 1830, her daughter Isabella was born. It was remarked, as a coincidence, that before the birth of the Infanta, a tall, strapping fellow, named Munoz, with a hull neck and a flashing eye, had been attached to the queen's household, much to the amusement of old King Ferdinand. When the decrepit monarch gave up the ghost, three years afterward, Christina married Munoz, whose solid qualities she had learned to appreciate; she bore him ten children.

Of the two children born during the life-time of Ferdinand, the younger, Maria Louisa nearly plunged Europe into war by becoming the wife of the Duke de Montpensier, who had pledged himself to Queen Victoria not to marry her. She now does—or did till lately—the honors of Montpensier's estate on the Guadalquivir, in which he grows oranges for the Seville market—a frightful derogation, according to Spanish ideas.

The other sister, Isabella, was brought up in an empty palace at Madrid, where she combined the desolate freedom of the wild ass with the sportive vivacity of the frolicsome kid. She was thirteen when that awful scandal took place which cut short the diplomatic career of one of England's most promising diplomats; but, as every one said at the time, what business had he to wander round a palace, opening doors which were closed?

The story of her marriage is a thrice-told tale. The groom chosen by the powers was so much more like a girl than a young man that Isabella dubbed him Fanny; he was rickety on his legs, he slathered at the mouth, he had the pip in the most aggravated form. Isabella would have none of him. She was sixteen and in her hed when her mother, Christina, tackled her with three bishops and a father-confessor. Each poured his fire in turn into the crying girl, while the mother threw in hot-shot at regular intervals. Toward morning the resistance of the garrison became feeble; the child was worn out; with the eye of a strategist, Christina introduced the Archbishop of Toledo, who proceeded to read a homily on the duty of obedience to parents. This was a finishing stroke. Isabella surrendered, and became the wife of her cousin. Her post-nuptial adventures fill many a page in *La Chronique Galante*. The Spanish satirist expressed public feeling in the distich: "For Serrano, *passé*, he was a man; but when it comes to Marfori!" There is probably some exaggeration in the story that when Isabella and her husband met the Emperor Napoleon at Biarritz, on her expulsion from Spain, the king held Marfori's hat; but the favorite was a far more influential person than the monarch, and though Espartero, who was a stickler for the proprieties, being a Spanish gentleman, would not speak to him, Narvaez did not disdain to give him a light for his cigar. And now he has gone the way of all men who trust in women's smiles; the place that knew him, knows him no more, and a Hungarian officer, young and beautiful as Apollo, gathers roses to lay them at the feet of this siren of sixty-three.

Our Spanish Infanta, to whom New York has been kowtowing for the past week, is the daughter of this lady. Of that fact Eulalia may be reasonably certain; of other things, she may cherish more doubt. What does it matter? Leonato's guarded reply is in point. Whatever mysteries the past may hide, it is certain that the Infanta is a self-possessed, modest, lady-like young person, whom New York did well to honor. She will have the satisfaction of knowing that the metropolis of the New World spread two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Persian rugs for her pretty feet to tread upon and put a hundred thousand into flowers to canopy the hower in which she rested; also, that though New Yorkers did not display the effusive personal loyalty which greeted her in the Spanish islands, they nevertheless gave her a hearty American welcome, which could not have been more sincere had she been a reigning sovereign or had she sprung from a lineage whose members were entitled to pose as exemplars of the virtues. FLAEOUR.

NEW YORK, May 27, 1893.

A FAIR BOHEMIAN.

"Sibylla" writes of Louise Abbéma, the French Artist—Her Interesting Personality and her Work—A Pretty Woman who has the Maely Virtues.

All habitués of fine art exhibitions and of theatres in Paris have remarked the striking appearance of a young woman, rather short in stature, but very well made, who seems to combine the two elements of strength and gracefulness. Her hair, of a Tintoretto-red color, is cut close and curled tightly to her head, after the fashion of a page of mediæval days. Her physiognomy is energetic and full of intelligence; her manner somewhat brusque, very decided; her *ensemble* producing the effect of a very open, frank, and sympathetic nature, with a touch of manliness in it, the suggesting of which is increased by her dress, for Louise Abbéma is always attired in a tailor-made gown, a man's jacket and waistcoat, a white shirt-front, a cravat, in which is stuck a pearl scarf-pin, and, on her head, a small felt hat simply ornamented with a bird's wing.

At present, this style of dress no longer astonishes us, being adopted as it is—at least for traveling and for morning wear—by the greater number of Parisian women who are, to use a French slang expression, *dans le train*. But a few years ago, when our eyes were not yet accustomed to it, this peculiarity of dress alone sufficed to attract attention to Louise Abbéma, who is, moreover, so interesting in herself that on seeing her for the first time people always ask: "Who is she?" She has by no means, however, abdicated the coquetry of her sex, which is clearly manifested in the elegance she displays in all the minor details of her attire, notably in the way her small foot is shod and incased in silk stockings matching her toilet.

Born at Etampes, in that flat and rich wheat country of *la Beauce*, Louise Abbéma is, as her name indicates, of Dutch origin, or to speak more correctly, *Frisonne*. But she is always anxious that it should be known that this origin dates far back, so much a Frenchwoman does she feel to the very marrow of her bones. She counts among her ancestors an illustrious actress, Louise Comtat, who "created" the rôle of Suzanne in Beaumarchais's "Mariage de Figaro," and Comte Louis de Narbonne, better known as being the natural son of Louis the Fifteenth. It is doubtless from these, her two great-grandparents, that she inherits her great love of the theatre and her firm royalist sentiments. If it did not seem too imaginative—although the coincidence is curious—one might attribute her artistic vocation to the quasi-similarity of her name to that of the great Dutch landscape-painter, Hobbéma.

Although her childhood was passed in Italy, she received none of her artistic education in that land, having been brought back to France when she was ten years old. One of her parents' friends, M. Devedeux, gave her her first lessons in drawing, and, recognizing veritable artistic genius in the child, induced her parents, who wished her to learn to paint on porcelain, to direct her talents toward oil-painting. Contrary to what is usual, M. and Mme. Abbéma (the latter, by the way, belongs to an excellent old Auvergnat family) did not in the least interfere with their only daughter's vocation, who found in their devotion every possible encouragement in her artistic aspirations. Her first master in painting was Chaplin, whose studio, at that time, was the only one open to female students. One day, when she was working at the Louvre, copying an "Infanta" by Velasquez, the great master, Carolus Duran, who was passing through the room, remarked the young girl's picture, and complimented her upon it. The result of this fortunate meeting was that she entered the class of painting for women which he, with another great master, Henner, had just founded.

Her mother's portrait was the first work she exhibited, when she was only sixteen; and her next, which attracted the public's attention, and that also of the great art critics, was a portrait of Sarah Bernhardt, and its merit was enhanced from the fact that the painter was a young girl eighteen years of age. Every year since then the annual Salon's catalogue contains her original name.

To give the complete list of Mlle. Abbéma's pictures would be long and tiresome, for she is an indefatigable worker. It will suffice to cite the principal ones in the three species of art that she cultivates in preference: portraits, decorative panels, and fans. Among the first are those of Mlles. Samary and Baretta, of the Comédie-Française, the former the charming and merry soubrette, who died recently in the full force of her brilliant artistic career; the second, one of the first actresses of the above-named theatre, and wife of the comedian Worms of the same troupe. The portraits of the late Auguste Vitu, the regretted dramatic critic of the *Figaro*; of M. de Lesseps; of the late Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, finished a few days before his death; that of the very clever writer "Gyp"—whose real name is the Comtesse de Martel—which was exhibited last year at the Salon of the Champs-Élysées, are among the most remarkable on account of the personality of the originals. But she has painted a number of portraits of other well-known men and women whose artistic value is in nowise inferior.

One of her most remarkable decorative pictures is an allegory of "Tragedy and Comedy," which is in America and belongs to Mr. de Castro. "The Four Seasons," personified by four charming full-length portraits of the celebrated actresses, Sarah Bernhardt, Reichenberg, Baretta, and Samary, is, also, in America. In the same style, but smaller, is a composition, containing several portraits and recalling various episodes in the lives of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, entitled "Breakfast in the Conservatory," which their children, the Duc d'Orléans and the Princesse Hélène, presented to their parents on the day of their silver wedding. A picture of a lady on horseback was painted by her for the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and for this she was presented with the decoration of the *Mérite des Arts de Saxe*. The portrait of her father, exhibited in the Salon of 1887, obtained for her the Academic Palms.

As to the great number of decorative panels, ordered for private houses—notably for the Countess Jacquemond, Madeleine Brohan, Sarah Bernhardt, and others—the subjects she most prefers are large bunches of flowers, standing out from a background of sky or of water, with often a figure in it or a bit of Japanese landscape accentuating the *Japonism* of her decorative style, her female figures being always long, lithe, serpentine, and rather vaporous, painted in very light harmonious tones.

As to the numberless fans Louise Abbéma has painted, they are even more individual, on account of a certain method she has invented and uses of mixing pastel and *gouache* painting, which gives wonderful effects of softness and transparency. She gives full scope to her graceful and original fancies in these little compositions, which are at once very idealistic and very modern, and whose allegories are full of fascinating ingenuity. For example, on one of her fans she represented Winter by a draped female figure, lying on a cloud in a gray sky, shaking snow from a powder-puff upon the clear winter landscape that lies beneath her. The Duchesse de Chartres, the Prince de Joinville, the Comtesse d'Eu, ex-King Milan of Serbia, and other royal personages possess fans signed by Louise Abbéma. We must also mention one she painted for the Princess of Monaco (who was Duchesse de Richelieu by her first marriage), which was presented to her serene highness by the ladies of the principality, when she made her first *entrée* into her state. It was mounted by Duvelloy, who has a great reputation all over Europe as a maker and mounter of fans beyond compare.

Louise Abbéma is too devoted to her work and too much of an earnest seeker after perfection to confine herself to these three styles of painting in which she so excels. Every year she holds a small private exhibition in the gallery of George Petit, the picture-dealer, where she exhibits all the variety of her great talent. You will find there studies of open air, hits of landscape, marine views, and small *genre* pictures. A Parisian and modern artist, she succeeds, *par excellence*, in painting fashionable, handsome interiors. She renders in a wonderful manner the effects of light in a drawing-room, softened by curtains and portières, and illuminated by its reflection on rich materials, and she possesses a remarkable art for arranging accessories and for painting still life.

She delights in painting her portraits in the midst of their originals' private surroundings—which is termed "a composition portrait," a most difficult kind, for the accessories must be subordinated to the figure, while retaining their own proper value.

She is such a Parisienne that she scarcely ever leaves her beloved city except to make short sojourns by the seaside in the forest of Fontainebleau, or at a country-seat her parents have lately purchased near Chantilly, in close proximity to Paris. Her landscapes are often simply Parisian, taken in the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs-Élysées, and even on the Place de la Concorde. When she wishes to put on canvas some aspect of her dear Paris, she sits in a cab at the chosen place and quietly takes her sketch.

She is never so happy as when in her own home: a large apartment on the fifth floor in the Rue Lafite, in the heart of active and joyous Paris—the Paris of the Boulevards. She scarcely ever leaves her studio, which is small—not an inconvenience to her who paints especially small pictures—and here you will find her at work as long as the daylight lasts. She lays down her brush only at five o'clock, and from that hour to seven she receives those who wish to call upon her. If you go then you will be received with the most frank and cordial welcome. Putting you at ease at once by offering you a cigarette and a glass of Vermouth, she smokes while she is talking, with the simple, child-like gaiety of one who has well earned her day. Around her are the pictures she is painting and a few canvases not yet sold, notably her large allegorical figure of Japan, which doubtless will not long remain there. Perhaps even while she is talking she will put the last finishing touch to some work about which she is in a hurry—a programme for some fashionable fête or for a charity concert, a pencil-portrait for an illustrated journal, perhaps only a sketch of flowers which she must take before the model fades and which she does for mere pleasure to keep her hand in, simply to be working and to be learning more—"an exercise," she calls it. And there, surrounded by charming bric-à-brac and works of art under the shade of the immense Japanese parasol suspended from the ceiling, or of that of a tent made of oriental stuffs, under which a soft, luxurious divan invites you to repose, she and her friends chatter of art, of literature, of the theatre, of fashionable gossip, and of the *on dits* of the Boulevard, with that gay, light, and indulgent banter which is the essence of Parisian wit.

Her intimate circle is a small one—not that she does not open her studio most hospitably to every one for whom she feels sympathy, but because she very rarely goes into the world and does not seek new acquaintances; also, because her friends of both sexes are, for the greater part, busy persons like herself—artists, writers, actors, and actresses—who have but little time to waste in making visits. As for herself, her favorite amusement is the theatre. The very close intimacy which, from her earliest youth, has linked her to Sarah Bernhardt, has contributed also, perhaps, to familiarize her with the stage and with the foyer. Louise Abbéma is an accomplished fencer; she loves to ride, and is devoted to hunting, exercises which are very wholesome to nerves that are always on the stretch in constant artistic labor. For the same reason, doubtless, she seeks in the blue spirals of cigarette-smoke that brain-calming which so many workers in creative toil ask of the sweet Virginian weed.

Almost a man in her costume and her tastes, Louise Abbéma keeps all her femininity for her work, for versatility, elegance, softness, and brilliancy are the master-qualities for a painter of modernism and worldly vanities. One day, a visitor, entering her studio, exclaimed, on looking at a portrait half-finished on her easel: "What a charming pastel!"

Then, perceiving that it was done in oil, blushed and tried to make excuses for her mistake.

"You have no excuses to make," replied the artist, smiling; "nothing could give me more pleasure. I am trying to give to my oil-painted pictures the lightness, the delicacy, the transparency, and the vaporous quality of a pastel, and the mistake you made at your first glance proves to me that I have succeeded."

PARIS, May 9, 1893.

RECENT VERSE.

King Sethon's Allies.

To Vulcan's temple Egypt's king,
Oppressed with terror, flies;
In Vulcan's temple, as he sleeps,
A visioo fills his eyes.
The dusky fane is dim with light—
The God of Skill stands near;
His voice is heard amid the hush:
"King Sethon, be of cheer!
The Arab and the Syrian host
To-morrow shalt thou meet;
Thou shalt be master of the field,
Thine be the flying feet!
I will to thee such allies send
Thy foes shall flee like chaff,
And thou and all thou ledest forth
Shall at their ruin laugh!"
In Vulcan's temple Egypt's king
Awoke with joyous cry,
"The great Artificer hath sworn
To send a strong ally."
The voice of Egypt's king goes forth:
"No longer troubled be;
My legions stay not till they reach
Pelusium by the Sea!"
They reached Pelusium by the Sea,
King Sethon and his host;
They saw the ivy-draped banners wave,
They heard his trumpet's boast:
Yet there, encamped by night they dwelt,
And dreadless slept till dawn;
At morn they look to see the foe
To battle-line updrawn.
But not the Syrian banner droops,
The trumpet's blast is mute;
A dastard and retreating foe—
King Sethon gives pursuit!
Before the Egyptian's breath they flee
Like chaff of winnowed grain!
Where is the knotted club, the spear,
The bow and shaft of cane?
Like chaff before the wind they flee,
They strew in death the field!
Where are the buskio and cuirass,
And the stout leathern shield?
Let Sethon's allies answer make,
Who, in the silent night,
While Egypt's foes securely slept,
Disarmed them from the fight!
Let Sethon's allies answer make—
Small legions of the field,
Whose teeth devoured the bow of cane,
The arrow and the shield!
(Small timorous dwellers of the turf
Whose foes beset each way!
Yet, to an old and sacred realm,
'Twas ye that saved the day!)
In Vulcan's temple Egypt's king
Gives thanks unto the God,
For that the mighty Framer raised
Such allies from the sod.
In Vulcan's temple Egypt's king
In sculptured stoos doth stand,
With bowed head and musing eyes—
A field-mouse in his hand!
Aod on the statue's base these words
In golden work appear:
"Now, whosoever looks on me,
Let him the gods revere!"
—Edith M. Thomas in the Independent.

Two Faces.

When that enchanted tapestry unrolls
The pictures wrought in old Homeric song,
Where heroes wrestle with their dual souls
Who, boro of gods, do yet to earth belong;
Where white-armed women ply the woodroos looms,
While long-haired Greek or crested Trojan falls;
Where desolation sits in lofty rooms,
Aod old meo weep upoo the fated walls;
Where skies are red with glare of burning pile,
Of cities sacked, of beaked ships aflame;
Where gods insatiate bend with awful smile,
Above the countless hecatombs of slao;
Where that superb procession of the past
Sweeps through the ages and with noiseless tread
Marches aod counter-marches, till at last
I seem myself to stand among the dead;
Ther two young faces, vivid and intense,
Eothral my spirit whene'er I turn;
Two visions sweet of girlish innocence,
Of eyes that shine, of cheeks that pale aod burn,
Aod them I follow through the fital light
That weirdly shifts o'er human grief and joy,
E'eo as they follow, from her chamber white,
The Argive Heleo to the walls of Troy.
Silent they watch, with widely wonderiog eyes,
Her tender tears at Menelaus' oame,
Discerning there that olden sad surprise,
Immortal beauty and immortal shame.
Silent they wait, these maids-in-waiting sweet:
What sudden thoughts within your bosoms stir,
O mute companions, as at Helen's feet
Ye watch the life-tide ebb and flow for her?
What part have ye in jealousy and hate,
In love and loss and sin's unseemly woe?
Alas! Of all the mysteries of fate,
There is oot one ye shall not live to know!
Across life's web the shuttle-rainbow-hued
No more heoceforth can send its stainless thread;
A dull red seam, with this day's blight imbued,
Marks woman's faith despoiled aod lying dead.
And no dread picture on the ancient page
So moves my being—ah! not even he,
The great Achilles, awful in his rage,
Nursing his wrath beside the wailing sea;
Nor fair Andromache, who through her tears
Holds up her boy again and yet agao
For that farewello which, ringiog through the years,
Makes womeo weep and men ooce more be meo;
Nor, where the fount of swift Scamander runs,
The glorious Hector falters for relief;
Not aged Priam, spoiled of many soos;
Not Hecuba, still royal in her grief;
But, unclipsed by all the mighty shades,
Your faces haunt me, threatened by the Fates,
Æthra and Clymene—O silent maids,
Who stand with Helen at the Saeon gates!
—Emma Huntington Nason in June Atlantic.

SIXTY YEARS IN PARIS.

Some Anecdotes from Ernest Legouvé's "Recollections."

Ernest Legouvé, the man who collaborated with Scribe in writing "Adrienne Lecouvreur," has just published his "Recollections of Sixty Years," and you can be sure (writes Jeannette Gilder in the *Chicago Tribune*) that a man who can recollect Paris for the past sixty years has a fund of anecdote and reminiscence that is worth relating. No actor, actress, or writer who flourished during those years was unknown to Legouvé, and he writes most interestingly of them. Scribe was not the only playwright with whom Legouvé collaborated, as this story shows:

"Labiche and I wrote 'La Cigale chez les Fourmis' without ever working together. One day I met him coming out of the Théâtre Français, to the committee of which he had just been reading a one-act comedy entitled 'Les Fourmis.' He was dissatisfied and more or less hipped and offended. The committee had accepted his piece, but lukewarmly, not to say coldly, and solely because it was by him.

"The committee is absurd," he said; "the piece is very amusing and there is a capital part for Provost. I should like you to read it." With which he hands me the piece. Two days later I gave him my opinion.

"My dear Labiche," I said, laughing, "I am inclined to side with the committee. The first third of the piece is delightful, the rest should be rewritten. What you want in it is a young girl's part. Face to face with the frugal, saving ants, you want a lavish artist, a grasshopper."

"Your idea strikes me as excellent; will you rewrite the piece by yourself?"

"I can, at any rate, try. I leave for Cannes to-morrow; I'll take your manuscript with me, and in a fortnight I'll show you what I have done."

"I returned in a fortnight, I showed him the piece, we read it to the committee, it is accepted and played, and we score a genuine success, on the occasion of which I composed the following small distich:

"Entre Labiche et moi la partie est égale;
Il a fait les fourmis et j'ai fait la cigale."

Of Firmin, the best stage-lover of his time, who found it almost impossible to remember his lines, Legouvé says:

"When excoating a long scene at the far end of the stage, he was obliged to have a second prompter somewhere within earshot. He invented the strangest devices in order to refresh his memory. Sometimes he would select this or that arm-chair, at others, part of the design of the carpet, then, again, this or that lamp to help him out with a hemistich or a line which was sure to escape him at the moment he wanted it. How did he manage to suit his spirited, his impressive style to those frightful lapses of memory? Simply by making those lapses contribute to those bursts of passion. Like Molière, whose memory was as defective as his, he drew from his struggle with the text indescribable effects; he appeared to be dragging his words from his very entrails, his stammering and stuttering simply became so much quivering, head-long passion."

Of the first appearance in Paris of the great Malibran, M. Legouvé says:

"My good luck took me to a charity concert at the Conservatoire on the very day she sang for the first time in Paris. There was an immense crowd, and expectation had reached a high pitch. Seated on the platform amid the lady performers, the new-comer was the object of general curiosity, though there was nothing striking either in her face or figure. In her small, mauve bootee, which, nevertheless, hid half of her features, she gave one the impression of an English girl who had not long left boarding-school. When it is her turn to sing, she rises from her seat, takes off her bootee, and walks to the piano, as she is to play her own accompaniment. But the moment she is seated again, there is a gradual transformation.

"First of all, people are surprised at the simple way she wears her hair; there are no curls, no cleverly piled-up rolls—simply flat and soft bands, showing the outlines of the head. In addition to this, a somewhat large mouth and a short nose, but such a pretty oval face and such a shapely neck and shoulders that the absence of facial beauty is forgotten in the contemplation of the purity of bodily outline. To complete the whole, a pair of eyes the like of which have not been seen since the days of Talma—eyes which had 'an atmosphere of their own.' Maria had eyes like Talma's, floating in some indescribable electric fluid, and the glance of which was both luminous and veiled at the same time, like a sunbeam piercing a cloud. They were dreamy looks full of pathos and passion. She began by singing the 'Willow Song' from 'Otello.' At the end of a few bars the public virtually surrendered; at the end of the first strophe they felt intoxicated; at the end of the song itself they were simply frantic. As for myself, I felt like a man in the car of a balloon at the moment they let go the ropes. But a second or two before the balloon was softly swaying hither and thither a few yards from the ground, and all at once it darts into space like the arrow from the bow. It is the only way I can describe my feelings."

It was also Legouvé's good fortune to accompany Mme. Malibran on her first borsehack ride. They came to a ditch, and one of the men of the party cleared it at a bound. Legouvé continues:

"I want to jump it, too," said La Malibran, immediately.

"But you do not know how to jump, madame."

"Then teach me."

"But your horse may refuse to take it."

"Your horse did not refuse it."

"But—"

"But me no huts; seeing that you did it, I can do it."

"And after a few explanations and instructions, she bravely jumps the ditch and turns round, laughing and triumphant. She not only had the contempt for, but the love of danger. Poor woman, it was that passion that killed her."

"And then there were people idiotic enough to say, and others sufficiently idiotic to believe, that her genius was made up of drunken fits, and that she imbibed rum in order to wind herself up. One might just as well talk of throwing red-hot coals on a volcano to make it flare up."

"She had a boundless admiration for Mlle. Sontag. 'If I only had her voice,' she said, one day.

"Her voice, her voice," repeated one of the company; 'I admit she has a pretty voice, but not an atom of soul.'

"No soul," protested La Malibran. "Say she has known no sorrow, and you'll be nearer the mark. Her misfortune is that she has been too uniformly happy. In that respect, I have the advantage over her. I have been sorely tried. But you provide her with a tragic subject, and you will soon see what she'll do with the voice which you choose to treat as merely pretty."

"A twelvemonth later, La Sontag, after a great misfortune that had befallen her, appeared for the first time in the part of Doña Anna. She was simply superb and scored an enormous success. 'I told how it would be!' exclaimed La Malibran."

M. Legouvé speaks of the dual souls of many actors—one for the stage, the other for the home. Mme. Ristori possessed this dualism in a marked degree, as Legouvé records:

"I have never met with a more passionate, fiery actress, with one possessed to the same degree by the demon of tragedy. Yet, when she came to Paris for the first time, she was nursing her last child. Well, on the days she was acting she brought her baby with her to the theatre, put it to sleep, and went to give it the breast during the intervals of 'Myrrha,' of 'Myrrha,' which is simply the most monstrously passionate of all dramatic works. Did the part of nurse detract from the part of the tragic actress? By no means. Did the part of the tragic actress detract from the part of the nurse? No more than in the other case. I am, no doubt, quoting an exceptional fact, which may be solely accounted for by the strength of organization possessed by

Mme. Ristori; but La Malibran also showed us numberless contrasts of feeling altogether unlooked for."

Such a man as Berlioz should never have married, as this extract proves:

"When Berlioz married Miss Smithson, he was madly in love with her; but she herself, to use a term which drove him frantic with rage, 'only liked him well enough.' It was a kind of 'namby-pamby' affection. Gradually, however, their common existence familiarized her with the savage transports of her lion, the charm of which began to tell upon her; in short, in a little while, the originality of her partner's mind, the magnetic spell of his imagination, the magnetic influence of his heart, won upon his apathetic companion to such a degree as to transform her into a most affectionate wife; tender regard changed into love, love into passion, and passion into jealousy. Unfortunately it often happens that man and wife are like the plates of a pair of scales—they rarely keep balanced; when the one goes up, the other goes down. Such was the case with the newly married couple. While the Smithson thermometer rose, the Berlioz thermometer fell. His feelings changed into a sterling, correct, and placid friendship, while, at the same time, his wife became imperiously exacting and indulged in violent recrimination, unfortunately but too justified."

There are many anecdotes of Eugene Sue, among them the following, which shows the author of "The Wandering Jew" in a new light:

"On the twenty-fifth, Pleyel had given Sue eighteen hundred francs to pay an acceptance due on the twenty-eighth. On that evening we went to dine with Sue, and almost immediately after our arrival Pleyel says to Sue: 'Did the man come, and where is the bill?'

"Thereupon Sue began to stammer and look confused; then, in his caressing voice, he said: 'My good Camille, you must not be vexed, but—'

"You did not pay the bill," cries Pleyel, leaving him no time to finish the sentence.

"I was going to tell you, my good Camille, it was—"

"It was what? Some new piece of extravagance on your part. Really you are unbearable. I am going—I am not going to dine here. And, suiting the action to the word, Pleyel gets up to go.

"Don't go, my good Camille; stop, I couldn't help myself."

"Which simply means that you could not resist some sudden whim. What new piece of furniture or old silver has bereft you of your senses this time? I can see what it is: Froment-Meurice came and showed you—"

"Not at all, my good Camille; Froment-Meurice has not been near the place, and I have bought nothing."

"Theo how did you spend the money?"

"Well, I would rather not tell you."

"But I intend to know, and in spite of you," says Pleyel, and raising his voice, he shouts: 'Laurent! Laurent!'

"Sue's servant answers the summons."

"Who has been to see monsieur to-day?" asks Pleyel.

"A poor joiner, monsieur, who is in business for himself. He came with his wife and children. They were going to seize his furniture, and his debtors were going to make him a bankrupt. The poor fellow was crying fit to break his heart, and monsieur gave him the eighteen hundred francs."

Contrasting MM. Guizot, Villemain, and Victor Cousin, Legouvé says of the latter:

"M. Cousin had more natural sprightliness, more passion, more imagination, and was, strange to say, at the same time more artificial. One felt rather than saw the comedian in every one of his gestures, in every one of his attitudes. He was both spontaneous and cautious at the same time. The lurid gleam of his eyes, the black, unkempt hair, the sharply defined features, the lantern-jawed face, gave him an inspired look, of which he was fully conscious and of which he availed himself. No one has played at improvising with greater effect than he. Like a great many orators, he took care to prepare certain passages beforehand. Nothing was easier than to find out where these passages began. By what sign? By the ease and fluency of his speech? On the contrary, by his hesitations. He pretended to be unable to find the right words."

These few passages will give an idea of the character of M. Legouvé's recollections. Covering the ordinary period of a man's life, they include reminiscences of several generations of actors, authors, and artists in Paris, and afford interesting glimpses of notable men and women in the unconstrained of friendly intercourse.

One of the features of the new suffrage law which was recently wrested from the Belgian Parliament by the uprising among the workmen is very novel. It is the bestowal of a double vote upon every man who is married or who has attained the age of thirty-five. In the former case, he is supposed to represent not merely his own share in the public weal, but that of his family; in the latter, he is supposed to have at least a double share of judgment. The theory, it will be noticed, is by no means undemocratic. The double vote is not the privilege of any class, so far as classes are divided by birth or property. The humblest miner is as likely to acquire it as his employer, and a coachman has it on the same terms as a millionaire. It is simply giving greater weight to those who by marriage have assumed a greater responsibility, or by age may be taken to have a keener sense of responsibility. Nor is it unreasonable to infer that this added vote will, by the great body of the voters who possess it, be fairly used. The idea is a novel one and it may not work in practice, but in theory it is sound enough. France may yet adopt it as a means of promoting marriages, with the chance, of course, that "La Fédération des Sociétés Féministes" may claim and get the extra vote for the wife.

An English correspondent takes occasion to point out to Americans, in the course of a recent letter to a New York newspaper, that the outrageous quality of what is sent abroad from this country as news is working wonders in lowering us in the esteem of foreigners, and in corrupting all classes of transatlantic readers. Of the few days preceding the transmission of his angry letter, he states that more than half the whole matter sent during that week was given up to stories of lynching in the South, including minute details of the burning of a negro for outrage, after an hour of torture with red-hot irons, and nearly as long a story of the lynching of a black nurse-maid. "It is a small thing," says he, "that Americans living and traveling here should be continually insulted by opinions based on this garbage; but if international respect and amity mean anything, it is not a small matter that our people as a whole should be persistently and libelously given away in this fashion, and from their own side, too."

Persons leaving the city, either to visit the Eastern States or to spend the summer in the country, can have the Argonaut mailed to their address by sending an order to that effect to this office. Changes of address should reach this office not later than Thursday evening.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Henry Jones, *alias* "Cavendish," the well-known writer about whist, is visiting America, and will attend the Whist Congress at Chicago on June 20th.

The three sons of George du Maurier, the artist, are all clever amateur actors. Recently they won golden opinions by their performance at some Rugby theatricals.

Dean Hole, of Rochester, says that if he had not been brought up a dean, he would have liked to be either the master of a pack of hounds, the head-gardener in a big nursery, or a bookseller, with a decided preference for the last named.

The King of the Belgians, when Henry M. Stanley visited him recently, once more broached the question of his return to Africa as an employee of the Congo Free State. Mr. Stanley replied that he meant to win a Unionist seat in Parliament before embarking on any other venture.

Kaiser Wilhelm is now said to pass a good deal of time wandering about Berlin in disguise. He is reported to have gone through the Hebrew quarter of the city recently in the guise of a Hebrew peddler and to have discussed the condition of the Hebrews with a great number of the working-class of the race.

The reports that George Alexander Baird, better known on the turf as "Squire Abingdon," would leave little or no property, do not seem to be well founded. The will was recently entered for probate, when the entire value of the estate, personal and real, was sworn at between \$4,500,000 and \$5,000,000; probate duty amounting to \$150,000 was paid by the executors.

The lion of the bour in London is the Maharajah of Bhownugger, an Oriental potentate, who has traveled from India to England to attend the opening of the Imperial Institute. He is an enlightened young man of thirty-five, and is considered one of the most benevolent of the native rulers of India, having spent five millions of dollars in charities. He has sent his young daughters to a high school to be educated.

Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, who has just made a gift of his fine chateau and grounds, valued at over two millions of dollars, at Reichenau in the Styrian Alps, for a consumptives' hospital, is the elder brother of Baron Ferdinand and senior member of the Vienna branch of the Rothschild family. By his father's will, his youngest brother, Baron Albert, was made head of the local firm. Baron Nathaniel takes no active part in the management of the bank; he is single, and fifty-six years of age.

One of the incidents of the queen's stay at Florence was her reconciliation to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, whom she "received" at the Villa Palmieri. Prince Alexander had been in the very deepest disgrace at court since his marriage. It was not merely that he made a misalliance, but in order to do so, he calmly jilted the queen's granddaughter, Princess Victoria of Prussia, to whom he had been for some time engaged, but who has since consoled herself by marrying Prince Adolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe.

Sir James Anderson, who has just died in London, commanded the monster ship *Great Eastern*, which was employed by Cyrus Field in his third and successful attempt to lay the Atlantic cable. For this important service, he received the honor of knighthood at the hand of the queen. Sir James had been foremost in establishing cable communication between England and all parts of the world. He was one of the first authorities on cable matters, and was actively connected with nearly every cable company of importance throughout the world. He introduced the American stock-ticker into England.

Society in Rome is greatly interested in the decision of Prince Hugo Boncompagni, Duke of Sora, to enter the church. The prince is under middle age, and has been a familiar figure in the gay circles of the ancient city. The family is one of the oldest in Italy, and has had at least one representative in the Papal chair. Don Hugo is the father of five children. He was married first to a Patrician, and the second time to an Altieri; but he has been a widower for some time. With the scores of other Italian noblemen who have been "playing with fire," the prince has lost his great wealth in speculation, and deems it easier to live with a deficit in a convent than in Rome. His children are to be cared for by relatives.

The Earl of Derby, who died a few days ago, was seriously considered as a candidate for the throne of Greece after the retirement of King Otto, the Bavarian, in 1862. At the time he was Lord Stanley, a member of the House of Commons, and one of the most intimate friends of Lord Beaconsfield, then still Benjamin Disraeli. This interesting historical fact first became public two years ago, through Froude, the English historian, who found letters referring to it in the correspondence between Beaconsfield and Mrs. Brydges. Although Disraeli favored the candidacy of Stanley, he expressed the belief in a letter, dated December 9, 1862, that the Stanleys would prefer Knousley to the Parthenon and Lancashire to the plains of Attica.

The etiquette maintained by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the vice-regal court is illustrated by an incident described by a recent interviewer. The writer was seated in the drawing-room of Dublin Castle, when the door suddenly opened, and a tall, singularly handsome, well-groomed young man in mourning-dress entered the room. Upon his appearance, the Hon. Mrs. Henniker and her sister, Lady Fitzgerald, and the remaining ladies and gentlemen present rose to their feet, for this was His Excellency the Viceroy of Ireland. Not only do Mrs. Henniker and Lady Fitzgerald always rise upon their brother's entrance into the room, but it is further their custom, as it is the bounden duty of every lady, to courtesy to him profoundly on leaving the luncheon-table.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Stevenson's book on the recent Samoan troubles, which he called "A Foot-Note to History," has been burned in Germany, and Tauchnitz, who published it, has been heavily fined. The author's narrative was severely critical of German conduct in Samoa.

A series of four volumes to be known as the Distaff Series, to be sold at Chicago as souvenirs, are described as follows:

They have not only been written and edited, but have been printed and bound by women, and the designs of the covers were made by women. Two of the six will soon be ready. They are "The Higher Education of Women," edited by Anna C. Brackett, and "The Literature of Philanthropy," edited by Frances A. Goodale. The entire set has been compiled under the supervision of Mrs. Frederick P. Bellamy.

Robert Grant—whose "Reflections of a Married Man" repeated the success of his early work, "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl"—begins in the June *Scribner's* a sequel to the former book entitled "The Opinions of a Philosopher," which will run through four numbers of the magazine.

Denmark is the seventh (and latest) country to comply with the requirements of the American copyright law necessary to secure mutual copyright.

A London authority gives this account of a noted English novelist:

"George Meredith never drinks anything but milk, and he has given up bread and meat in favor of eggs and of fruit, especially oranges. He has been married twice. His first wife was a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, the English humorist, who is said to have been a singularly brilliant and witty woman. She died after they had been married twelve years. The novelist remarried, but again death invaded his home and he was left alone."

Mr. James Ford Rhodes's history of the United States between 1850 and 1885 is to be a much more imposing work than its author had originally intended. The volumes already in print set a pace which he has been compelled to follow, and the work will probably fill eight volumes when complete. The Civil War will occupy two of them.

The *Century* for June contains the following list of articles:

"Caught on a Lee Shore: Pleasures and Perils of a Cruise on the Florida Coast," by Lieutenant William Henn; "The Death of the Prince Imperial," by Archibald Forbes; "The Father of Modern Illustration (Vierge)," by August F. Jaccaci; "College Athletics," by Walter Camp; "Notable Women: Christina Rossetti," by Edmund Gosse; "The Juno of Argos," by the director of the American School of Athens, Charles Waldstein; "The White Islander," Part I, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood; "The Story of a Day," by Grace King; "An Hour with Robert Franz," by Henry T. Finck; "The Public Health: The Duty of the Nation in Guarding It," by T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D.; "With Tolstoy in the Russian Famine," by Jonas Stalling; "Writing to Rosina," Part II, by William Henry Bishop; "In Cowboy-Land," by Theodore Roosevelt; "Benefits Forgotten," Part VII, by Wolcott Balestier; "Mrs. Pettibone's Dinner-Horn," by Charles Battell Loomis; "Uncle Obadiah's Uncle Billy," by William Henry Shelton; and verses by Laura E. Richards, Jennie E. T. Dove, Ellen Burroughs, Florence Earle Coates, Lucile du Pré, Grace Denio Litchfield, Margaret Vandegriff, Maurice Thompson, and others.

The Mermaid Series is the name given to a collection of unexpurgated editions of the best plays of the old dramatists, which the Messrs. Scribner will publish in this country by arrangement with Mr. Unwin, of London. Vol. I. consists of the best plays of Ben Jonson, edited with introduction and notes by Brinsley Nicholson and C. H. Herford.

Henry C. Lea has nearly completed a "History of Avaricious Confession and Absolution."

Edmund Gosse has collected another volume of his recent contributions to periodicals, which will have the title, "Questions at Issue." It will be issued in style about uniform with his "Gossip in a Library."

An interesting addition has just been made to the Baedeker guide-books in a new volume devoted to the United States, including, also, an excursion into Mexico. The publishers' announcement says:

"It has been prepared by J. F. Muirhead, the compiler of 'Baedeker's Guide to Great Britain' and is issued by the Scribners, the American agents of the Baedeker guides. Mr. Muirhead has spent three years in this country, traversing every section of it and gathering his materials with the utmost care. The volume contains numerous maps and is fully up to date. As a feature of special interest, the volume contains introductory chapters on 'A Short History of American Politics,' by J. E. McMaster; 'Constitution and Government of the United States,' by James Bryce; 'Physiography of America,' by Professor N. S. Shaler; and other subjects by equally eminent authorities."

For the English version of the volume on Théophile Gautier in the series devoted to French writers, Andrew Lang will write an introduction. Maxime du Camp has written the work. He knew Gautier well.

Mr. Louis Meyer, of the firm of Amblard & Meyer Brothers, of New York, has just returned from

Europe, after an absence of several months. He has made special arrangements with most of the leading French publishing-houses, by which his firm will be able to carry a full line of every important French publication. They will publish shortly new volumes by Bourget, Daudet, and Coppée.

The table of contents of *Scribner's* for June is as follows:

"Life in a Logging-Camp," by Arthur Hill; "Under Cover of the Darkness," by T. R. Sullivan; "An Artist in Japan," by Robert Blum; "The Trouble in the Bric-a-Brac Mission," by William Henry Bishop; "The Birds that We See," by Ernest E. Thompson; "The Opinions of a Philosopher"—Chapters I. and II., by Robert Grant, a sequel to "The Reflections of a Married Man"; "The Haunt of the Platypus," by Sidney Dickinson; "The One I Knew the Best of All: A Memory of the Mind of a Child"—Chapters XIV-XVI., by Frances Hodgson Burnett; and poems by H. C. Bunner, Edith M. Thomas, Anne Reeve Aldrich, E. S. Martin, and W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen.

The London *Bookman* gives currency to the report that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is engaged in writing his autobiography.

Walter Scott, the English publisher who has done so much in these days for cheap literature, went to Newcastle more than forty years ago as a journeyman mason, and, beginning work at the Central Station, gradually rose to be one of the largest contractors in the north. He is engaged in a multitude of enterprises—soap-factories, mines, iron-works, and what not.

The series on Men's Occupations, represented in the June *Scribner's* by "Life in a Logging Camp," will include the "Merchant Sailor," by W. Clark Russell; "The Actor," by John Drew; "The Journalist," by Julian Ralph; and the "Machinist," by F. J. Miller.

New Publications.

"Donald Marcy," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, a well-written story for boys, has been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," with notes and an introduction, has been issued in the English Classics for Schools published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 20 cents.

"Merely Mary Ann," by O. Zangwill—an example of "the new humor" to which England was introduced by Jerome K. Jerome—has been published by Raphael Tuck & Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

George Sand's "Nanon," with English notes by B. D. Woodward, and "Près du Bonheur," by Henri Ardel, with English notes by E. Rigal, have been issued in the Romans Choisis and Contes Choisis respectively, published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 60 and 25 cents.

The latest of A. C. Gunter's novels, which have enjoyed great popular success since he wrote "Mr. Barnes of New York," is "Baron Montez of Panama and Texas," in which he proves that his vein has not been worked out. Published by the Home Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Columbia's Emblem: Indian Corn. A Garland of Tributes in Prose and Verse," a little book containing extracts from the writings of Captain John Smith, Professor Shaler, John Fiske, President Hayes, Whittier, Longfellow, Lanier, Celia Thaxter, and others, has been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 40 cents.

"Stories from the Rabbis," by Professor Abram S. Isaacs, of the University of the City of New York, contains several short stories taken from the Talmud. They are, in some cases, familiar tales—as those of Marguerite and Faust, Rip Van Winkle, and Baron Munchausen—which reappear in many literatures; but their oriental setting gives them a new charm, while the more novel ones are a welcome addition to our stock of fairy tales. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

General O. O. Howard's biography of "General Taylor" in the Great Commanders Series, is gossipy and quotes other historians at length; but in the military portions—descriptions of battles, etc.—the soldier-biographer is at his best. His theme is one that has inspired him, and his record of the life of a man who rose from being a poor lad on the Kentucky frontier to the Presidency of the United States should inspire young Americans to patriotism and ambition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Odd Women," by George Gissing, is a story in which a sad social condition is vividly painted.

The "odd women" are such as Monica, one of six well-bred girls who are left almost penniless. Three of the six sisters die, two become colorless drudges, and Monica, the beauty of the family, goes to work in a shop. She marries a man who is above the shop-girl, but very inferior to the woman Monica really is, and he leads her a dog's life till she takes to drink and dies. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The first two volumes of the stories from *Scribner's* are "Stories from New York" and "Stories of the Railways." The first contains: "From Four to Six: A Comedietta," by Annie Eliot; "The Commonest Possible Story," by Bliss Perry; "The End of the Beginning," by George A. Hibbard; "A Puritan Logé," by John S. Wood; and "Mrs. Manstey's View," by Edith Wharton; and the second contains: "As the Sparks Fly Upward," by George A. Hibbard; "How I Sent My Aunt to Baltimore," by C. S. Davison; "Run to Seed," by Thomas Nelson Page; and "Flandroe's Mogul," by A. C. Gordon. These stories are—or ought to be—familiar to readers of good short stories, for they are all taken from *Scribner's*. As to the books, they are the daintiest little volumes imaginable. The paper, type, and printing are such as to delight a connoisseur, and the illustrations are those that accompanied the tales in the magazine, reduced to much smaller size but in no wise hurt thereby. The books measure three and one-half inches by five, and are bound in white paper, cloth, or half calf. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price: 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.50, according to binding; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

The forty-fifth volume of the *Century Magazine*—the twenty-third of the new series—is made up of the six issues ending with that of April, 1893. It contains a splendid assortment of articles ranging through almost all fields of human knowledge and culture, with fiction and verses of the highest class. Glancing through the table of contents, we find among the important series: "Pictures by American Artists"—W. M. Chase, E. H. Blashfield, George Inness, and others; eight articles on the Columbian Exposition; "The Cosmopolis City Club," by Washington Gladden; "To Gypsyland," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; seven papers on the kindergarten movement; "Autobiographical Notes," by Massenet; "Franz Liszt," by Saint-Saëns; and "Saint-Saëns," by Krehbiel; "An Embassy to Provence," by T. A. Janvier; Salvini's autobiography; the correspondence of General and Senator Sherman; and articles on Jenny Lind, Dorothea Dix, and Margaret Fuller. The serial fiction is by Wolcott Balestier and Mrs. Burton Harrison, and shorter tales are by Grace King, Mark Twain, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, F. Hopkinson Smith, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Thomas Nelson Page, Brander Matthews, and others. The verses are by Kipling, F. D. Sherman, J. W. Riley, Aldrich, R. W. Gilder, Edith M. Thomas, H. C. Bunner, Louise Chandler Moulton, Louise Imogen Guiney, Walter Learned, and other leading modern poets, and the illustrations are up to the highest standard. Published by the Century Company, New York.

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THE ESCAPE TO THE ISLAND.

The White Islander,

A Tale of the Indian Massacre at Mackinaw, begins in

The June CENTURY

This is a novelette of great interest by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. It is illustrated by Francis Day and will run through four numbers.

Other contents include:

WITH TOLSTOY IN THE RUSSIAN FAMINE. The first of two articles by Jonas Stalling, who assisted Tolstoy in the work of relieving the starving peasants. Illus. THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL in Zululand, described by the famous war correspondent Archibald Forbes. With full-page portrait of the Prince.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS, "Training," "Rules," "Eligibility," etc., by Walter Camp. IN COWBOY-LAND, by Theodore Roosevelt, with pictures by Remington.

THREE COMPLETE STORIES, by Grace King and others: "The Father of Modern Illustration," illustrated; "Caught on a Lee Shore," a cruise on the Florida Coast, illustrated; "The Public Health—The Duty of the Nation in Guarding It," a plea for a National Board of Health by Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden; papers on "The Juno of Argos," "Christina Rossetti," and "Robert Franz"; "Topics of the Time," "Open Letters," "In Lighter Vein," etc.

Ready Thursday, June 1st. Sold everywhere. Price, 35 cents a copy; \$4.00 a year.

THE CENTURY CO., Publishers, 33 E. 17th St., New York.

The "Advertiser's Handy Guide" for 1893 has just been issued by the Bates & Morse Advertising Agency. It is a fat little volume of nearly eight hundred pages; but its convenient size and flexible leather covers make it a really handy book. As to its usefulness, it is a mistake for advertisers whose business is not purely local to try to get along without it. It contains a selection of the best advertising mediums in the United States and Canada, arranged alphabetically by States and towns; lists of papers grouped under "agricultural," "coöperative," "foreign language," "magazine," "medical (etc.)," and "religious" publications; and finally one hundred-odd pages of advertisements. Compiled and published by the Bates & Morse Advertising Agency, 38 Park Row, New York; price, \$2.00.

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VANITY FAIR.

People in society who remember the very strict manner in which Sunday was observed in Mayfair two and three decades ago, may have some difficulty in crediting the statement of an Englishman, writing in the New York *Tribune*, that not only Sunday evening diners, but even Sunday evening dances have become the fashion there. The principal offenders in this respect are ladies who occupy an altogether privileged position in court circles, one of them being a god-daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, while another was for several years a favorite maid of honor to the queen. During the early period of the Prince of Wales's marriage, and even well on into the '70's, there was hardly a single house in Mayfair where dinner was served on Sunday evening. The practice in those days, even in establishments where forty and even fifty servants were kept, was to have dinner during the afternoon, generally between two and three o'clock, and then to substitute for the usual evening meal a supper served from nine to ten o'clock. Nobody dressed for this meal, and it was delightfully informal. Only intimate friends ventured to call on Sunday afternoons and evenings, and they generally stopped for supper. Another characteristic feature of the Sunday of fifteen and twenty years ago was the fact that it was exceedingly bad form to have out one's carriages and horses on that day. On one occasion, when the late Lord Granville (who had spent much of his life on the continent, where he had imbibed less Puritanical notions with regard to the observance of Sunday), attempted to drive through Hyde Park one Sunday afternoon with the countess, he was actually mobbed. Since the beginning of the present season, the park has been literally crowded with equipages of every kind on Sunday, among the principal delinquents being Lord and Lady Dudley, Lady Chelsea, Lady Londonderry, Lady Lonsdale, and the Duchess of Portland. With regard to the Sunday evening dinners and dances, the people to whom Mayfair is indebted for the increasing laxity of Sunday observance in this respect are the Hebrews, notably the Rothschilds, the Bischoffsheims, the Oppenheims, the Hirsches, the Sassoons, etc. It originated with, first of all, Sunday evening suppers and then Sunday evening dinners, given by Mr. Alfred Rothschild and by Mr. Reuben Sassoon in honor of the Prince of Wales. These entertainments were characterized by much informality, and afforded to the prince an opportunity of coming into contact with many people with whom he could not otherwise have become acquainted. Many, indeed, are the elocutionists, actors, and actresses, and virtuosi of one kind and another who are indebted to these Rothschild and Sassoon Sunday evening entertainments for the princely imprimatur which gave them their vogue in London society. The Princess of Wales and her daughters made a point of ever attending any of these Sunday evening entertainments at first. During the season which preceded the death of the Duke of Clarence, however, they were present at a Sunday evening entertainment given by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and at a Sunday evening dinner given by the famous violinist, Mme. Norman Neruda, who is a special favorite of the princess. Indeed, all these Sunday evening dinners, concerts, and dances seem to be characterized by a strain of Bohemianism. The Prince of Wales sets the fashion in London, and almost everybody "who is anybody" in London has fallen into the habit of giving Sunday evening dinner-parties; indeed, quite a large number of hostesses, who are High-Church Episcopalians, have even begun giving Sunday evening dances and balls.

Feminine shoulders are large in the Parthenon pediment, small in Græco-Roman sculpture; small and highly bred with Gainsborough, square and heroic with Mr. du Maurier. Raphael has several types; but for his celestial Galatea he chooses shoulders a little narrow, but rounded and free. The shoulders of his Graces are decidedly light and Græco-Roman; those of the Sistine Madonna are square and very broad; the neck is long, but the collar-bone goes up a little toward the shoulder, a form that denotes physical strength. Sir Joshua Reynolds never varies from the long, gradual slope. It is the patrician line of the day, and a lady was bound to have it, whatever might be the form of goddess or fishwife. Nor is literature altogether agreed. Villon is for small shoulders, and all his successors in French literature, writing of the squarest women in the world, write in praise of sloping shoulders. *Epaules de porte-manteau* are the reproach of the Frenchwoman.

An American's house, like the Englishman's in the traditional declaration, is "his castle," and he seems to think it chiefly useful as a place in which to guard his prejudices of personal and family conservatism, for in most parts of the land he is conducting his household affairs on the principles followed by his grandfather under conditions that bring him infinite bother or exasperating failure. In his business, in his pleasures, in his church, and in his club he claims and gets the advantages of the subdivision and organization of labor to the last available degree, and finds both better results and less cost. But in the great mass of the homes of the United States (says *Harper's Weekly*), subdivision or organization

of labor is only vaguely understood, and the consequences are painful or comical, according to the point of view. The average American either undertakes, or, what is worse, allows his wife to undertake, to get about everything that is to be done, done at home by persons employed, and lodged, and fed there. The heating, the preparation of food, the laundry-work, the cleaning—everything is thus done in homes of men of moderate means by one or two women, with the help of the wife and daughter. Spinning and weaving, and, save in rare cases, soap-making have gone out, but the rest is as it was fifty years ago. Why should it be? Why, in large cities especially, should not all the laundry-work and much of the preparation of food be done, as they are in some European cities, outside the house; and why should not much of the occasional work be done, as it is in office buildings, by persons who come in for the purpose? There is a large and promising field in our cities for a "Domestic Service Company," and if we do not get one before long, evolution as a theory of life will have suffered a serious set-back.

An English magazine lately offered a prize for the best answer to the question, "What kind of a man does a woman most admire?" The answers vary widely. The one which took the prize has, among the requisites of the ideal, the following: "The man must interest by uncommonness, either in appearance or manner; or he must have the indescribable quality called charm. He must know his own mind and steadily work thereto, even to masterfulness. He disregards 'they say,' and is not one of a herd. His friends are men—not women. He is only once deceived by the same person. His, perhaps, hasty temper never runs to unkindness. He has not the abiding peace of commonplaceness. He needs sympathy and solace in a sometimes divine discontent. He abides under no failure, but goes on. His occasional want of success only attaches and rivets his determination."

The corset in this nineteenth century is an indispensable article of woman's attire (a writer in the *Bazar* declares). There is no use in pointing to classical models as disclaimers, for we are not living in the days of the ancient Greeks. A little while ago one of the leading daily papers in Paris published interviews with Rodin, Falguière, and some of the most famous of the French sculptors, on whether the corset spoiled woman's figure from an artistic point of view, and the universal answer was "No." "Our modern ideal of beauty in the human form is different from that of the ancients," said Falguière. "There is a fashion in nude. To do classic figures to-day would be untrue to the realism of modern sculpture." The French corset, made to order, fits as the sheath fits the flower. It is boned only here and there, as the sheath is veined, and the bones are so supple and flexible that they can be bent double anywhere without breaking. If a Frenchwoman has only one hundred dollars a year to spend on dress, she spends six dollars of it on a corset. This is the lowest price for one made to order, and from that on you can pay anything you please up to fabulous sums for corsets trimmed with real lace and jeweled clasps. Even the cheap ones, however, will wear two years, and afterwards can be kept in repair by the corset-maker as long as a vestige of them lasts. An elegant Frenchwoman always laces her corset by measure. For instance, if a corsage is made according to a waist measure of twenty-two inches, before putting it on the wearer measures her waist with a tape, so as to be sure that it is the same size that it was when the dress was fitted. In this way dress-waists keep their shape, and there is no risk of straining the seams. Frenchwomen wear no belts around the waist. All skirts are bound, and hang off the corset, where they are held in place by a large hook. The real *élégante* has a separate style of corset for every gown. That is, for riding she has one to give her a "tailor-made figure," for visiting she must have a certain elegance of style, and for ball-dresses still another effect is sought after. And nearly every woman with money enough to have what she pleases has a tiny corset for mornings, scarcely more than a slender band with a few bones in it, and delightfully cool and restful.

The problem of the surplus female population in England is a serious one, and the steady diminution of marriage, in addition to the tendency of Englishmen to seek wives among the daughters of the Philistines, is a burden grievous to be borne by the fathers and mothers of large families of girls. It was proposed in a London women's periodical a few years ago that an association should be formed to induce widows to refrain from marrying a second time as a matter of justice to their own sex. It was broadly hinted that royalty had purposely set an example. Reference was not made to the queen, except as an instance of undying loyalty to the memory of her husband, but to the young Duchess of Albany, who might reasonably be expected to have taken unto herself "another mate."

It is likely enough (says the *London World*) that, had the Second Empire lasted, France, and not England, would have been selected by the American millionaire as his European refuge. Paris, not London, was the place to which it was said that good Americans went when they died, and to which Americans, good, bad, and indifferent, used to flock

to former days. At the court of Napoleon the Third, eminent citizens and citizenesses of the United States were always especially welcome, and the court of Napoleon the Third created and controlled Parisian society. At that time, too, Americans were, above all things, urban in their tastes and pursuits. With the sports and pastimes in which Englishmen of rank and fortune occupy themselves, they had little or no sympathy, and a hotel in Paris was infinitely more in their line than such a rural retreat as Mr. Astor has just purchased from the Duke of Westminster. A palace on the banks of the Thames would then have been about the last place in which one could have expected to find an American millionaire, and the Champs-Élysées, not Cliveden, would have been as far into the country as he would have cared to go. Only a quarter of a century ago, two well-known citizens in New York, Mr. William Butler Dunwoody and Mr. Samuel R. Barlow, were much wondered at for having each bought a retreat, one at Staten Island, the other at Long Island, to which they were in the habit of retiring from Saturday to Monday, and there entertaining their friends. What the astonishment would have been if, not Long Island, but the island of Britain had been the site of their acquisitions, it is not easy to imagine. Now, however, that Mr. Astor has set the example, the chances are that American millionaires will soon take a prominent place among the landed gentry of the old country. As an investment and a source of revenue, agricultural land has almost ceased to be thought of, and it will probably become more and more a luxury for the rich, to whom it is a matter of indifference whether it does or does not yield them any pecuniary return. In these circumstances, the American millionaire is not likely to have much difficulty in gratifying his taste in acquiring it, and American gold will assist to complete a revolution in the rural economy of England which American wheat has so largely contributed to bring about.

Two lawsuits are about to take place at St. Petersburg and at London, the defendant in each case being a professional beautifier of the Mme. Rachel species. At St. Petersburg the plaintiff is an old princess, well known in society, while in London the prosecutor is a widow who has hitherto been wrothly believed by Mayfair to be on the sunny side of forty. In each case the defendant had undertaken to obliterate wrinkles; and while the princess has merely to complain of the failure of the effort on the part of the "dynamodermic professor," as the charlatan called herself, the London widow is asserted to have been poisoned by the lotions prescribed for her. There are only two certain cures and preventives for wrinkles (says the *Tribune*). The first and most important one is repose, both of mind and manner; the other is fat. Thin women naturally wrinkle sooner than fat women, for obvious reasons; while in the case of a fair one inclined to *embonpoint* the epidermis is kept sufficiently tightly drawn to prevent any crease. The principal thing, however, is repose, and a proof of this is furnished by the fact that the women who wrinkle the soonest are the Americans, the French, the Spaniards, and the Russians, who are noted for their vivacity; whereas the German and Scandinavian women, the Italians, the Oriental harem ladies, and the English well-to-do woman of the provinces—all noted for either their indolence or quietness of character and manner—remain free from wrinkles to quite an advanced age. Here, as in France and Spain, women talk with their faces; they frown and scowl when they ought to use adjectives; they laugh more than is requisite, and their features are altogether far too mobile to avoid becoming wrinkled by frequent creasing. The wrinkles which descend from the nostrils to the mouth come of smiles or laughter, the crow's feet from contraction of the brow, due to worry and anxiety, while horizontal lines across the forehead result from manifestations of surprise and astonishment. A certain religious order dreads wrinkles so much that they have a strict rule against contracting the eyebrows. The reason for this is that the wrinkles on the face constitute a language of their own; and, indeed, there are some who assert that a man's or woman's history could be written from the wrinkles which furrow the face.

THE TIMES, LONDON,

Says of

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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Queen Victoria used an elevator for the first time in many years at the opening of the Imperial Institute in London the other day. There is nothing of the kind in any of the royal palaces. So far as the country residences of the queen are concerned, there is no special need for a passenger lift, as her majesty never by any chance ascends above the first floor, and the private staircases are made as comfortable as possible.

Miss May Dalzell, daughter of Private Dalzell, has been dismissed from the Treasury Department, because of her father's offensive partisanship.

General Booth has passed over his son, Lieutenant-General Bromwell Booth, and has nominated his daughter, La Maréchal Booth-Clibborn, to succeed him in command of the Salvation Army, and explains himself by saying that women "make the best rulers."

The lot of the woman suffragist is not a happy one, even in Massachusetts, as the following shows:

Mrs. Lucy Stone, of Boston, the wife of Dr. Blackwell, is an ardent woman suffragist, and when the privilege was granted to women of voting for the school board, she went happily off to register. But she found that, in registering, she must sign her name as Blackwell. This Mrs. Stone declined to do, and went mournfully away. Now her sister-suffragists are pondering on whether loyalty to the cause required that she vote at any cost, or whether it was more progressive to refuse to sign her husband's name.

When there came to the household of the Duke and Duchess of Portland a baby daughter some years ago, the duchess insisted on the duke's converting the gift of diamonds he contemplated purchasing for her into a hospital where the tenants on his estate might be cared for. Now that a son has come to inherit the name and title, the duke has remitted twenty per cent. of the rents of the tenants on the Welbeck Estate, and has directed his agent to prevent the carrying out of the proposed baptismal present from the tenants to the infant marquis, because in these times such a gift would be a serious tax on their resources.

Miss Mary Redmond, the Irish sculptor, whose colossal statue of Father Mathew was recently unveiled in Dublin, has been having a hard time of it. A correspondent writes:

"She is a young woman scarcely over twenty, and won the commission for the statue in competition. As a model, she accepted a youth of twenty, whom some philanthropist had recommended from a reformatory. When the statue was finished and waiting the approval of the committee, the boy, from spite, entered the studio and entirely destroyed the model. An extension of a year was given to Miss Redmond, who set to work again with pluck and courage, and remodeled the figure to the satisfaction of the committee. When the upper stone was laid by the lord mayor of Dublin, the sculptor was mounted upon the pedestal which was to support her work, and was cheered by the multitude."

Mrs. William Walter Phelps has a record as an ocean traveler that probably is without an equal in the list of her acquaintances. In the course of her journeyings back and forth between this country and Europe, Mrs. Phelps has crossed the ocean no less than sixty-five times.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox wears a thumb-ring, and uses five quarts of milk to one complexion bath.

The death of Maria, Marchioness of Alibury—known among her friends as "Lady A."—will leave a very well-marked void in the salons of London and the country-houses of England and Scotland. Says the *St. James's Gazette*:

"She was born in the reign of George the Third, six years before the Battle of Waterloo was fought and ten years before her present majesty was born, having thus lived through four reigns and six generations of royalties. She was a girl of eighteen when Lord Byron died, a woman of twenty-three when Sir Walter Scott died, and middle-aged when the Prince of Wales, who was, perhaps, her greatest friend, first saw the light. Having a remarkable memory and having known everybody who was worth knowing, she was a store-house of valuable reminiscences. She lived to be eighty-four, and spent her life in lurching out, attending afternoon hazards, five-o'clock teas, dinner-parties, and theatres, and in going about from musical parties to balls, and from suppers to receptions. It is said that in 1833, when the Duke of Wellington heard of her engagement to marry Lord Alibury, he had just time to recall a letter to her in which he had himself proposed to her. She belonged to the school of *grandes dames* who finished their education at an epoch when it was bad form to know how to spell. Not many years ago, certain ladies resolved to present an address of congratulation to a royal princess on the celebration of her silver wedding. 'Lady A.' was deputed to draw up the document. When it came to be read over, however, by a marchioness well known in political society, the latter declared that it contained throughout bad grammar and worse spelling. She therefore refused to sign it."

Mme. Albani began learning music when she was only four years old. Her father, who was an organist at Chambly, near Montreal, was determined that she should become a musician. The future prima donna, therefore, used to practice six hours a day, and could play Beethoven's fine sonatas when she was only eight years old.

The other day a wedding took place at St. Petersburg which excited a very general interest. Says the *Sun*:

"It was that of the daughter of the Semenovsky Regiment of the Imperial Guard with Lieutenant Alexander Redansky of the Eighty-Sixth Infantry Regiment. The young lady, who is now eighteen years of age and has always gone by the name of Eugenie Semenovskia, taking her patronymic from the regiment, was found as a baby, lying half-naked in a ditch, by the men of the Semenovsky Regiment as they were marching from Plevna upon Constantinople, in December, 1878. The little Turkish foundling was tenderly cared for, and after a time baptized into the Russian orthodox religion, her godfather being the surgeon of the regiment and her godmother the Princess Eugenie of Oldenburg. The regiment intrusted her education to qualified persons, and the bride now brings to her husband a handsome dowry, provided by her military guardians."

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Hartzell have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Grace Walling Hartzell, and Mr. Francis Pratt Britton, which will take place at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, June 14th, at St. John's Episcopal Church. They will reside in Santa Rosa.

Miss Laura Blanche Huff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Socrates Huff, will be married to Mr. Bush Finnell at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, June 14th, at the family residence, "Grasmere," in San Leandro.

The wedding of Miss Mamie Knowles and Mr. Harry Adams will take place next Wednesday in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Alice Condit-Smith and Mr. Cyrus Field Judson will take place next Thursday in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Joseph Livingston, of this city, and Miss Clara Schiffer, of New York city, will be united in marriage next Monday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 10 East Sixty-Third Street. An elaborate dinner will be served afterward at Delmonico's.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Jeannette Paulsell, daughter of the late Hon. A. C. Paulsell, to Mr. Frederick Townsend Huddart.

The Sketch Club will give its first exhibition of studies and sketches from one until three o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon at the studio in the carriage-house, corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street. The Sketch Club is a body of young women art students who are members of the School of Design and the Art Students' League.

The San Francisco Yacht Club will give a dance this (Saturday) evening at the club-house in Sausalito.

It is expected that there will be a large attendance of society people from this city at the Bishop Armistead Church Orphanage, in San Mateo, to-day (Saturday), when a basket picnic will be held there. The round-trip tickets will be one dollar, and refreshments will be sold on the grounds at moderate rates.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands gave a most enjoyable private picnic at San Mateo last Sunday, and charmingly entertained some twenty gentlemen.

Mrs. Charles Wilson gave a delightful luncheon Thursday at her residence, 2310 Sacramento Street. Those present were Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. Coombes, Miss Vethere, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Eugenia Chapin, Miss Florence Weihe, and Miss Gertrude Wilson.

Mrs. Trenor W. Park gave a charming matinee tea last Saturday at her residence in San Rafael. A string orchestra gave concert selections, and light refreshments were bounteously served under Ludwig's direction. About three hundred friends of the hostess enjoyed the affair.

Mrs. William H. Smith and Miss Belle Smith gave a delightful matinee tea to Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair on the day prior to their departure for their Eastern home. About fifty ladies were invited to meet them, and the afternoon was passed most pleasantly.

A number of Oakland people gave a coaching-party to Haywards last Wednesday evening, and enjoyed dinner at the hotel and a pleasant drive back in the moonlight. The party comprised Mr. and Mrs. Powning, Misses Knowles, Miss Hall, Miss Wheaton, Miss Grimes, Miss Tubbs, Miss Farrier, Mr. Adams, Mr. Harry Adams, Mr. G. D. Greenwood, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Mr. Harry Knowles, and Mr. W. A. Powning.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. THE SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

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The white horse has been taken out of the German cavalry, experiment having shown that it can be seen at such a distance as to make it a special mark for an enemy.

The Ziska Institute closed on the last of May to re-open on August 3d. The graduates were Miss Carrie Beel and Miss Olga Adelsdorfer.

The commencement exercises of Irving Institute will be held in Metropolitan Hall next Thursday evening.

In Persia, when a railway train kills a man, the natives pull up the track for miles and boycott the trains.

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Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-a-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

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SOCIETY.

The Cutting-Luhrs Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place in the St. Markus Church last Thursday evening when Hon. John T. Cutting was united in marriage to Miss Christine C. Luhrs, daughter of the late Nicholas Luhrs. Rev. Julius Fuendeling performed the ceremony in the presence of a limited number of friends. Afterward the bridal-party enjoyed a bounteous supper. Mr. and Mrs. Cutting will leave soon on an Eastern trip.

The Rosenberg-Brandenstein Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Linda Brandenstein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Brandenstein, and Mr. Joseph Rosenberg, took place last Thursday evening at a down-town hotel. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jacob Voorsanger at half-past six o'clock in the presence of a number of relatives and intimate friends, the young couple not being accompanied by attendants. The bride wore a rich robe of white satin, trimmed with point lace. After the wedding an elaborate dinner was served, which was followed by dancing until a late hour. The wedding gifts were numerous and elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg have gone South on their wedding tour.

The Paige Dinner-Parties.

Mr. Cutler Paige gave a delightful dinner-party at his residence on Pacific Avenue last Wednesday evening as a compliment to Miss Nellie Boyd. It was a progressive dinner-party, with pretty decorations of pink blossoms, and was pleasurable in every way. Those invited to meet Miss Boyd were: Miss Peterson, Miss Maud Magee, Miss Alice Merry, Mr. Charles K. MacIntosh, Mr. Frank Peterson, and Mr. Jesse E. Godley.

Another elaborate dinner-party was given by Mr. Paige on Thursday evening in honor of Miss McNutt. There were some new and pleasant features introduced at this dinner. The ladies ascertained who their partners were to be through the medium of cards placed beneath their napkins, upon which were pen-and-ink sketches and appropriate poetic effusions. Beautiful corsage-pins accompanied the bouquets as souvenirs of the affair. The others present were: Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Helen Perrin, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, and Mr. C. K. MacIntosh.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John W. Mackay and Mr. Clarence H. Mackay will sail from New York to-day for Europe.
Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair returned to New York last Saturday. They will pass the summer in their cottage at Newport.
Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson are at the Auditorium in Chicago.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell are at the Hotel Rafael for the season.
Mrs. Monroe Salisbury will pass a couple of weeks at Santa Cruz this month.
Miss Susie A. Russell is passing a few weeks with Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at Stag's Leap.
Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Miss Daisy Van Ness, and Mr. Thomas Van Ness have returned from a pleasant visit to the Hotel del Coronado.
Mr. Wilfred B. Chapman will depart for Europe in a few days.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle will return from Japan on Monday.
Mrs. Alexander Forbes and the Misses Forbes will pass the summer in San José.
Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. E. E. Wise, and Miss Eva McAllister will pass the summer in Santa Cruz.
Miss Laura McKinstry has gone to Santa Cruz to pass the season at the Sea Beach Hotel.
Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre left last Wednesday to visit the Eastern States, and will be away about six months.
Dr. and Mrs. Beverley MacMonagle have left New York and are in Chicago.
Miss Eleanor Dimond will leave to-day to pass a month at the Sea Beach Hotel, in Santa Cruz.
Mrs. L. L. Baker has taken a cottage at Cazadero for the summer.
Mr. W. Frank Goad and the Misses Ella, Aileen, and

Genevieve Goad will visit the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States in July. Miss Genevieve Goad will remain East at school.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitney have gone to the King's River mountains, and will be away a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott and family have gone to Casile Crag for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins are occupying their villa at Menlo Park.
Miss Fanny Crocker will return from Europe this month.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston will pass the summer at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher and family will pass the summer at the Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill are at the Wellington House in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young have returned from a month's visit to the Eastern States.

Dr. Robert A. McLean left last Wednesday for Chicago to meet Mrs. McLean. They will travel in the East for about a month.

Dr. and Mrs. S. Walter Todd and Mrs. Shreve, who were at Redondo during the winter, will pass the summer at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. W. C. Clark and the Misses Clark, who have been making Pittsburg their home for the past two years, will pass the summer here with Mrs. Clark's father, Mr. H. H. Russell, at his residence, 2020 Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples will pass this month at a resort near Ukiah.

Mrs. H. W. Vemans, with her nieces and nephews, has gone to pass the summer at a resort in the mountains back of Redwood City.

Dr. and Mrs. K. M. Fischl are passing the summer at the Hotel Mateo.

Mr. Arthur E. Shattuck is at the Coleman House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Morse and Miss Jessie Morse are at the Hotel Rafael. They will pass July at Casile Crag, and then go to Chicago.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Eva T. Shaw are at the Windsor House in New York city.

Mrs. Luke Robinson and family will pass the summer at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Leonard have returned from Europe and are visiting the exposition at Chicago.

Mrs. William Dunphy, Mrs. M. Flood, Miss Jennie Dunphy, Miss Viola C. Piercy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy are at the Leland House in Chicago.

Mrs. James Irvine and her sons, Mr. J. William Byrne and Mr. Callaghan Byrne, are in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Alban B. Butler, of Fresno, have leased the residence, 2101 Pacific Avenue, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams are entertaining the Misses Castle at their cottage in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rothwell will pass the season at Sausalito.

Mrs. A. J. Lewis and family will pass the summer at the Sea Beach Hotel, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen and Miss Alice McCutchen will return to the city next Thursday after a prolonged Eastern trip, and will pass the summer at their cottage in Ross Valley.

Dr. H. B. de Marville will go to the Yosemite Valley to-day, and will be away two weeks.

Mrs. Edward Hunt, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Florence A. Davis, Miss May Austin, and Miss Cora Smedberg, who have been making a tour of Europe, arrived in New York a week ago on the White Star steamer *Teutonic*.

Miss Kittie Michler, who was one of the party, will remain abroad several months longer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Dooty are at the Hotel Mateo for the season.

Mrs. Fisher Ames left last Thursday for Casile Crag.

Mrs. W. P. Harrington is at her home in Colusa. Miss Mamie Harrington is staying at 1101 Pine Street.

Mrs. P. McG. McLean is at Casile Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and family are at the Hotel Mateo.

Mrs. Birdsall and Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, are in Chicago.

Colonel W. R. Smedberg left on Thursday for West Point, to be present at the graduation of his son from the Military Academy. Miss Cora Smedberg will accompany him home.

Miss Florence Reed is visiting the Misses Elliott at their residence, 2877 Sacramento street.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Audenreid will pass the season at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., has gone to San José to visit her parents, Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer, until her husband returns from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis and Mr. Norris K. Davis are in Chicago.

Miss Nita Earle left last Thursday on a two weeks' visit to Captain and Mrs. Seabury in Berkeley.

Miss Mahel Love will leave to-day for a month's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley at their ranch near Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerritt L. Lansing are visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. Albert L. Langermann and Mr. Robert B. Hochstadter leave to-day for a month's trip through Lake County on horseback.

Mr. James Anderson, Miss Lillian M. Anderson, and Mrs. F. Eruff and son, of Boston, Mass., are at the Colonial.

Mrs. Homer S. King, accompanied by Miss Yerrington, Miss Bender, Mr. Frank King, and Mr. Ralph Carr, has gone to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Platt, of Portland, Or., are staying at the Colonial.

Mrs. Charles Nelson, of Seminary Park, is slowly recovering from her recent severe illness.

Misses Florence and Mahel Richardson, of Rockford, Ill., are here on a visit and are staying at the Colonial.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas went to San José last Monday for a brief visit.

Mrs. Huile and Miss Salie Huile are passing the summer in Bakerfield, Cal. County.

Mrs. Frank Allyn and Mrs. George Turner, of Tacoma, Wash., are at the Colonial.

Mrs. R. E. Williams and Miss Marie Williams are viewing the Columbian Exposition, while en route to the East and Europe.

Miss Grace M. Spencer has returned to San José after a week's visit to her sister, Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr.

Mrs. William Be Dell and Miss Gussie Be Dell are visiting friends in Brooklyn, N. Y., and will stop over at Chicago while en route home.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and Miss Lottie Clarke have returned from Europe and are at the Gilsey House in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Weaver, of Santa Barbara, left New York last Saturday on the steamer *City of Rome* bound for Glasgow.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Esberg and the Misses Esberg have arrived in Bremen.

Mr. John N. Featherston returned last Tuesday from a pleasant visit to Camp Taylor.

Mrs. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins and Miss Maud Mullins will soon leave to visit the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Ehrman have returned from a three weeks' visit to San Rafael.

Miss Mamie Deane has arrived in Chicago and will be there six weeks.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas, the Misses Antoinette and Josephine Delmas, and Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes will leave on June 15th, to pass the season at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Hon. Paul Neumann, of Honolulu, is the guest of his nephew, Dr. L. Neumann, at his residence, 822 Sutter Street.

Mr. Joseph Sloss will leave this evening to make a tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. Bert Hecht left on Friday to pass the summer in a cottage at San Rafael.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood were at the Hotel del Monte early in the week.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway returned from Santa Cruz last Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry Gibbons is visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. M. Shainwald and Miss Martha Shainwald will pass the summer in Napa Valley.

Miss Alice Ziska will leave in a few days to pass the season at Santa Cruz.

Miss Millie Ashe and Miss Jennie Hooker have been en-

tertained by Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson during the past week.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas entertained Miss Nellie Murphy, Mr. Henry Chancey, and Mr. E. M. Greenway last Sunday at her residence in Mountain View. Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, and Mr. Louis Heine were there, and played during the day.

Miss May Sharon is visiting Miss Ada Dougherty at her home in Fruitvale.

Miss Bertha Blanchard will pass part of the summer at Santa Cruz as the guest of Mrs. H. Alston Williams.

The Misses Boone, of Baltimore, will pass the next fortnight at the Hotel Rafael, after which they will go to the Hotel del Monte for a month.

Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Charles K. MacIntosh, and Mr. Peter D. Martin will go to Mountain View to-day to visit Mr. and Mrs. Delmas and the Misses Delmas.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander W. L. Field, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Charleston* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Medical Inspector George W. Cook, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Baltimore* and granted three months' leave of absence. His position has been filled by Medical Inspector James M. Flint, U. S. N.

Lieutenant N. J. K. Patch, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Charleston* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Reeder, U. S. N., has been detached from the Naval Academy, and ordered to the *Charleston* as executive officer.

Lieutenant-Commander E. D. F. Heald, U. S. N., has been detached from duty in the Bureau of Navigation and ordered to the *San Francisco* as executive officer.

Lieutenant-Commander B. B. Tilly, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *San Francisco* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon S. S. White, U. S. N., of the *Baltimore*, has been granted three months' leave of absence, and Passed Assistant-Surgeon George T. Smith, U. S. N., goes to the vessel from service at the Naval Hospital in New York.

Ex-Surgeon-General and Mrs. Browne, U. S. A., are expected here soon on a brief visit from Washington, D. C., where they have decided to reside permanently.

Lieutenant W. W. Galbraith, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., was in Carlisle, Pa., recently visiting friends.

Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., will go East in a few days to be absent several months.

Captain E. L. Zalinski, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has returned from Europe, and is residing at 8 Averill Park, Rochester, N. Y. He is still in ill health, and has been granted an extension on his leave of absence.

Captain and Mrs. H. S. Howe, U. S. A. (retired), of Washington, D. C., will pass the summer at Vancouver Barracks, Wash., with Captain and Mrs. C. H. Ingalls, U. S. A.

Lieutenant and Mrs. J. S. Oyster, U. S. A., *de Tuhbs*, are rejoicing over the advent of a baby boy in their household.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., are en route here from the East, and will pass several months at the Miller ranch in Napa County.

Captain Joshua A. Fessenden, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Brooklyn, N. Y., and ordered to join his regiment.

Chief-Engineer W. H. Shock, U. S. N., and his daughter are expected here soon on a visit from Washington, D. C.

Persons leaving the city, either to visit the Eastern States or to spend the summer in the country, can have the *Argonaut* mailed to their address by sending an order to that effect to this office. Changes of address should reach this office not later than Thursday evening.

The wine-cellar of the House of Commons is capable of holding some \$150,000 to \$200,000 worth of wine. It is over 200 feet long, with innumerable small cellars branching from the main avenue. In this store-house there is seldom less than \$75,000 worth of wine. The various brands are selected in a curious way. Two or three well-known merchants send in samples of the wines they can supply. A napkin is fastened round each bottle and a number given to it. The judges then meet together, each having by his side a sheet of paper. As the wine is handed round, the judges record their impression of it, and the brand that is most generally liked secures for the owner a lucrative order. On the way to the cellar is a cigar-room, a little apartment containing \$5,000 worth of the best weeds. In the Parliamentary session of average length, 7,850 luncheons and 10,650 dinners are served to members, and 1,120 luncheons and 1,190 dinners in the strangers' room.

The route from England to India is strewn with treasure, owing to the many shipping disasters. An industrious statistician reckons that fully four billions of dollars' worth of gold and jewels lie at the bottom of the sea on that frequented way.

The Overland Flyer to the World's Fair, Via the Central and Union Pacific—only 3½ days to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Drawing-room Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars to Chicago without change.

Select Tourist Excursions every Tuesday and Thursday to Chicago without change, in charge of experienced managers.

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Harriet Beecher Stowe is living her childhood over again cutting out paper dolls, singing the old-time songs, and hymns, and nursery ballads. Her health seems to grow better as her mind loses itself.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

Queen Victoria long ago discarded the use of stays. Princess Beatrice, following her mother's example, has discarded the use of corsets.

—LADIES OUTING SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER AT Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street. All the latest fabrics.

SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure.



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SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures. Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston. 47—"How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS,

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

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makes food
lighter, sweeter,
of finer flavor.
No other
should be used.

THE INFLATED DOG.

How it Promoted Hog-Raising in the Black Belt.

Jackson Peters had just observed that a friend from the South was visiting him.

"Indeed?" was Jones's comment. "Well, doo't tell him any of your impossible stories, or he'll never visit you again. How do you think that soulful symphony of yours about the Montana young lady you used to know, who killed the mountain lion and twisted off his agile tail and wore it for a boa, would impress a personal friend?"

"That is one of your own stories, Jones," returned Peters, stoutly.

"Originally, yes, of course; all of your stories, Jackson, were once mine. But I long ago forswore such crass, open-faced romances. If I can't tell an artistic story now, I keep still. By the way, speaking of the South, did I ever relate my experience at hog-raising in the Black Belt?"

Jackson Peters was inclined to think that he had, but he said "No."

"I thought not," replied Jones, as he looked at Smith complacently. "I seldom repeat myself. The recollection, Jackson, which is galloping through the reaches of your mind is of my experience in Ohio at crossing the common honey-bee with the fire-fly, and getting a bee which could work all night. You should strive not to allow your memories to become confused. I went down into the Black Belt shortly after the war, when it was a good deal blacker than it is now. It was in central Alabama. The niggers, gentlemen, were so thick that they actually darkened the landscape. The whole region was gloomy with Africans. It seemed like a partial eclipse of the sun all the while. I had a plan at one time to set up reflectors about, here and there, to lighten up things a little, but I never carried it out. I said that I engaged in hog-raising. I did, but I did not grow the native razor-back variety. You know the old Southern excuse for this style of swine—that it doesn't pay to raise a hog that can't run faster than a nigger. Still, I determined to grow the obese style of porker which we see in the fashion-plates of the agricultural papers." Jones paused and puffed reflectively at his cigar.

"Makes me think of an experience an uncle of mine had in Georgia," said Jackson Peters, "raising chickens—chickens disappeared every night. He rigged up an artificial explosive pullet on the principle of a torpedo, and set it on the ground near his hee-house. After that, neighboring negroes disappeared every night. Ran oo uotil finally the pastor of the African Methodist Church mysteriously dropped out of sight, and then the government—"

"Jackson," broke in Jones, solemnly, "who was telling a Black Belt story—you or I? I never thought when I had you in my second-reader class at Hemlock Hollow that you would so forget the respect you owe the mao responsible for your early education. As I was saying, gentlemen, I determined to raise portly, short-legged hogs. I knew what I had to contend with. I owned at that time a fine full-blooded bull-dog named the White Sepulchre. He was a very intelligent beast, and game. I sent to New Orleans and had made a rubber hog—that is, a rubber bag which, when inflated, had the exact outlines of one of my fine swine. It was light, strong, and pliable. I put this on my dog precisely as a diver puts on his suit. I allowed the animal's feet, nose, and eyes to remain on the outside; and then I blew up this artificial skin with a small bellows. It transformed him into a very presentable half-grown blooded pig. A farmer or stock-raiser could, no doubt, have distinguished him from the genuine article, but I believe that he would have deceived the editor of an agricultural paper. I then trained him to stay with my swine, but not to run off with them when they were frightened. In fact, intelligent as the beast was, I doubt if I could have taught him to run from anything. The chapter on 'The Retreat' seemed to have been lost from that dog's book of military tactics. The first evening I had my hogs turned out in the pasture in charge of my inflated dog, I determined to watch the proceedings. The swine were busily engaged in hunting for pecan-nuts, when a friend and brother, in the guise of a large colored person, with a fondness for fresh pork, emerged from some neighboring brush. Instantly seemed to teach all of those hogs, except one, to make off as fast as their short and largely ornamental legs would carry them. The dark voter came up rapidly, and started to fall upon this loitering swine. Gentlemen, I was myself startled to see that hog rear on his hind legs, utter a deep, blood-curdling bark, and leap for the throat of the gentleman from Africa. He just missed, and the nigger turned and ran as I never saw another free American citizen run before or since. The White Sepulchre kept close behind, giving vent to hollow barks. They crashed away through the underbrush and were lost to sight. In a half-hour the dog returned, and I was alarmed to see a calm expression of satisfaction in his eye which made me fear the worst. However, I conducted my hog plantation for two years and never missed a hog. I cleared thirty thousand dollars, but lost it all the next year on a pop-corn farm in Kentucky."

Jones paused, leaned back in his chair, and looked reflectively at the floor. Jackson Peters sniffed the air and said:

"Jones, this is unworthy of you. This silence is but a flimsy scheme to make us ask you how it happened."

"As usual, Jackson, you're mistaken. It is a matter of public record in the reports of the Agricultural Department that tramps fired my barn where I had my crops stored. Of course the crop popped, and there being several thousand bushels of it, it foamed all over the township to the average depth of ten feet. I was sued right and left for heavy damages, and came out, gentlemen, with only two thousand dollars in the world."—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

How She Won Him.
She isn't much to look at;
The girl he calls his pet;
But she won him by the skillful way
She rolls a cigarette.
—*New York Herald*.

The Dog-Days.

'Tis the melancholy season
When doggie may be found
At morning in the parlor
And at evening in the pound.
—*Washington Star*.

A Musical Gem.

Betty has a banjo,
Though Betty can not play.
She's put blue ribbons on it;
She's strumming all the day.
The girls are wild with envy;
For a banjo is the thing
To set off to best advantage
A new engagement-ring.—*Puck*.

Equal to the Emergency.

"If I should die to-night, love"
Her voice oiled the tender grove—
"If I should die to-night, what,
My darling, would you do?"
He gazed into her eyes, where
The love-light shone so often;
"Why, in that case, I think, dear,
I'd have to huy a coffin."
—*Kansas City Journal*.

The Kodak-Fiend Foiled.

"Avaunt, Chicago, with your fair!"
The picture-maker bellers,
"Since I can't press the button there
Unless I pay \$2."—*Washington Star*.

A Paradox.

The contradictions in our slang
Should make us somewhat bumble—
When we "get on" to anything
'Tis then they say we "tumble."
—*Mount Vernon News*.

The Secret She Can Keep.

Can't keep a secret? Well, I'm free
To say she can, and I'll engage
That when she passes thirty she
Can keep the secret of her age.
—*New York Press*.

Just His Luck.

He bought himself a new silk hat,
And to the street he flew,
And then for weeks he walked and walked,
But he met no girl he knew.
—*New York Herald*.

The Bride's Prelude.

She was a sweet Milwaukee bride,
Blue-eyed, with golden hair;
Her husband on her gazed with pride—
They'd come to see the fair.
She gazed across the lake and sighed.
He said: "Why pensive, dear?"
"Oh, Charles, the velvet voice replied,
"If it were only her!"—*Judge*.

Reason Enough.

The girl refused him flatly, not alone
Because he was (alas, that truth should pain so!)
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
But more than likely to remain so.—*Puck*.

Summer in the Suburbs.

New fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And solemn stillness bids the evening air,
Save where the lawn-mower wheels his drowsy flight,
And clips the fingers from his skin and hair.
—*Minneapolis Journal*.

Woman in the Street-Cars.

Though a woman will demand that the men get up and stand
And let her sit in street-cars when she rides, when she rides,
You will bear the crack of doom ere she herself makes room
For another in a street-car when she rides.
—*Troy Press*.

Look Out.

There are children saving pennies where the noble Hudson rolls,
And men in California are stacking up their "doles,"
The farmer sells his yearling colts—most prized of all his stock,
And the city man is coming—his wife with gorgeous frock.
In short, with cash well laden from Beersheba to Dan,
They are coming to make happy the Chicago bunco man.
—*Quips of Buffalo*.

For Tired Brain

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. O. C. STOUT, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit and ultimate recovery followed."

The plume of the Prince of Wales, worn on state occasions, is said to be worth fifty thousand dollars. The feathers, an English writer says, are pulled from the tail of the feriwah, one of the rarest and most beautiful birds of India. Great expense and trouble are necessary to capture the bird, which is found only in the wildest jungles. The feathers are taken from the live cock.

Ripans Tabulus correct a bad breath and improve the complexion. Order of your druggist.

TONGUE-TWISTERS.

Read the following aloud, repeating the shorter ones quickly half a dozen times in succession:
Six thick thistle sticks.
Flesh of freshly-fried flyng fish.
The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us.
High roller, low roller, lower roller.
A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit-box.
Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim;
swan swam back again, well swam swan.

It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam.
'Tis all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.

A growing gleam glowing greeo.
The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shine Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round; a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round; where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster, where are the owl and oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?

Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobbs with Snobbs and nobbs Nobbs's fob. "That is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobbs's jobs," and Snobbs sobs.

Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster. Did Sammy Shoesmith see a shrieking songster? If Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster, where's the shrieking songster Sammy Shoesmith saw?

I went into the garden to gather some blades, and there I saw two sweet pretty babes. "Ah, babes, is that you babes, braiding of blades, babes? If you braid any blades at all, babes, braid broad blades, babes, or braid no blades at all, babes."

Rocked on the Crest of the Wave,

The landsman tourist or commercial traveler, speedily begins, and not only begins, but continues to feel the extreme of human misery during his transit across the tempestuous Atlantic. But if, with wise prescience, he has provided himself with a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, his pangs are promptly mitigated, and then cease ere the good ship again drops her anchor. This is worth knowing, and thousands of our yachtsmen, summer voyagers, tourists, and business men do know it.

According to the last census there are thirty-three thousand one hundred and sixty-three lawyers in the United States, who receive thirty-five millions of dollars every year in fees. That would give an average professional income of about eleven hundred dollars to every lawyer; but the unequal division of the sum total gives to about two-thirds of the whole number hardly enough to pay laundry bills.

Better than Ever.

The Haywards Hotel is filling rapidly with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

A large party of Eastern tourists have engaged rooms for June, and will arrive in a few days. This is one of the few resorts that will be well filled this summer.

In England some striking forge-workers recently decided they were in the wrong, and, besides going back to work at once, voluntarily paid their employers one hundred and twenty-five dollars indemnity for the loss caused by their striking.

Lost Time

Is money lost. Time saved is money saved. Time and money can be saved by using the Gail Bordo Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in your recipes for custards, puddings, and sauces. Try it and be convinced. Grocers and druggists.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

—PERHAPS IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN THAT some of the highest-bearing vine vineyards in the world are in the State of California; and among these is that of the Ben Lomond Vine Company, situated at an elevation of 2,500 feet. Here are produced vineyards of exquisite bouquet and flavor, similar to the celebrated Côte d'Or of the Burgundy district.

—Dr. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

—Steedman's Soothing powders are relieving teething babies all over the world.

Sufferers from Coughs, Sore Throat, etc., should try "Brown's Bronchial Troches," a simple but sure remedy. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

Perfect Baby Health

ought to mean glowing health throughout childhood, and robust health in the years to come.



When we see in children tendencies to weakness, we know they are missing the life of food taken. This loss is overcome by

Scott's Emulsion

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Almost as palatable as milk.

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CONTAINING
Peruvian Bark, Iron and Pure Catalan Wine.
GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600 FRANCS.

Used with entire success in Hospitals of Paris for the cure of ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DISEASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, and POORNESS OF THE BLOOD. Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIPE.

This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle. In its effect, it is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach. Iron and Quina are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Quina affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

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A good soup delicately takes the edge off appetite and leaves it with a satisfaction

COWDREY'S SOUPS.

that lends itself to the remainder of a dinner.

BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP



Over 1,000,000 Ladies who have used it pronounce it the Best Soap in the World For the Complexion.

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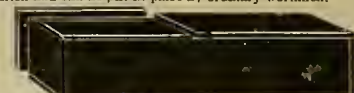
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SLATE BURIAL VAULTS

Are commended by every person who sees them. They are proof against dampness, rodents, and reptiles; are portable to ship to any part of the country. Are cheaper than brick and can be put in place by ordinary workmen.



Slate is Imperishable by nature, and has greater strength than any other stone. Apply to

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San Francisco. Telephone 771.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A story is told of a startling experience of Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, in Gorhambury. This English lady was driving along a country road, when a gate was opened for her by a small country lad. She gave him a small coin and a pleasant smile, and said: "I'm sure you are not a Hertfordshire boy, because you are so polite." "Thee'rt a liar, 'cause I be," was the convincing reply.

When Lord Erskine was made a member of that highly honorable body, the Fish-Mongers' Company of London, he made an after-dinner speech on the occasion of his first appearance among them as a member. Upon his return, he said to a friend: "I spoke ill to-day, and stammered and hesitated in the opening." "You certainly floundered," was the reply; "but I thought you did so in compliment to the fish-mongers."

Lord de Ros, in one of his official tours through South-Eastern Europe, saw a good deal of Omar Pasha, of whom he wrote to his wife: "He uses French, Italian, and German in conversation, just as he finds the suitable word, which is a little puzzling till one is used to it. I asked him if the reporters were not a trouble to him. 'No,' he said; 'quand je n'ai pas molti affari, il m'amuse de les voir et entendre se sie haben von neues zu sagen.'"

The learned Porson was staying at one time with a well-known Canon of Ely named Jeremiah King. One day at dinner, when they had got into discussion upon questions of etymology, Porson gave a derivation which King considered to be so far-fetched as to be quite ridiculous. "You might as well say," said King, "that my name is connected with cucumber." Possibly there was a cucumber on the table. "And so it is," said Porson. "How so?" asked King. "Why, thus: Jeremiah King, by contraction, Jerry King; Jerry King, by contraction and metathesis, Gherkin; and gherkin, we know, is a cucumber pickled."

The Czar studies carefully all documents put before him, and is in the habit of making marginal notes of his decisions and views. These annotations are carefully treasured in the imperial archives, where they are accessible to the functionaries whom they may concern. Recently, in the margin of the report of a prominent official, the Czar wrote, "What an ass!" The individual thus characterized by his august master was in despair, and begged the Secretary of State, Polovtseff, to bring the matter before his majesty. "May it please your majesty," began Polovtseff, "to strike out these words here, 'What an ass!' so that they may not forever be on record in the archives." "Oh!" Alexander the Third interrupted, laughingly, "I quite forgot the archives." And he took up a pen, ran through the words "What an ass!" and wrote instead, "What a philosopher!"

A man who had undertaken to climb a certain steep cliff on the Shetland Islands to gather wild-fowl's eggs, was neither very experienced nor very brave, although he boasted of being both. He pushed upward, however, briskly, without looking behind, till he had got up about a hundred and fifty feet, when he stopped to breathe. The pause was fatal to his self-possession, and he called out in tones of terror: "Men! men! I am going—I am going!" His comrades, having been thus warned, moved the boat out of the way, so that the poor fellow came sheer down into the deep water. Mighty was the plunge, but at length he rose to the surface, when he was instantly caught hold of and dragged into the boat. After many gasps and much spluttering of sea-water from his mouth, his only remark was: "Eh, men! this is a sad story—I have lost my snuff-box!"

The late Dean Burgen, when a curate in Berkshire (writes James Payn in the *Independent*) was requested by a village couple to christen their boy Venus, or as they called it, Vanus. "Are you aware," he said, "that you are asking something ridiculous as well as exceedingly wicked? Do you suppose I am going to give a Christian child—and a male child—the name of an infamous and abandoned woman? How did such a monstrous notion get into your heads?" "Please, sir," said the newly made father, "we wanted him to be called after his grandfather." "And do you mean to say his grandfather was named Venus?" "Yes, sir; there he is, sir." A poor old man, looking exceedingly unlike Venus, hobbled out of the crowd. "Do you dare to say you were christened Venus?" exclaimed the irate clergyman. "Well, no, sir, I was christened Sylvanus; but they always calls me Vanus."

Béranger once neatly rid himself of a bore who was constantly worrying him with his poetical effusions. No sooner had Béranger taken up the manuscript than he began: "This is delightful," he said. "But, M. Béranger, you have not read it." "No, I have not read this one, but I have read the others. Besides, I know you by this time, and feel perfectly sure that it is fully equal to the others." "Never mind, I should like you to do me the honor of read-

ing this, and I'll call again in about a week to have your opinion." "It would be altogether useless, for I could only repeat in a week what I am telling you now—namely, that it is perfectly delightful. So you had better take it away and not bring me any more. When, like you, a man has an individual gift, when he writes verse that is unlike that of any one else, he should never consult a second party, lest he might spoil his originality by alterations." "Ah, *cher maître*, you overwhelm me." And the would-be poet took his departure, beaming with pleasure.

A Mr. Kirbell, who had never been out of England until he went to Vienna, seems to have been a typical Briton and stubbornly insular to the extent of refusing to alter the time of his watch as he traveled eastward from England. No argument would induce him to budge, and when at Vienna he had risen at unearthly hours and perambulated about the city alone, having persisted in being guided by his watch, stoutly asserting that these d—d foreign clocks were all wrong. Kirbell was very anxious, also, to keep a record of all the places he visited, and always jotted down in his pocket-book the names of the various stations he had stopped at or passed. "How curious it is there are so many stations of the same name," he once remarked to a fellow-passenger, who replied that he had not observed it. Kirbell then showed his record to prove he was right; and, sure enough, over and over again occurred the word "Ausgang," which he had confidently entered as the name of many stations passed on the route.

A lady from Buffalo (says the *Basar*) had quite an experience in a large Berlin hotel. She was "doing" the continent alone with her two children, without being able to speak a word of any language except her native tongue. One night, having retired early with the little ones, she was suddenly awakened by a peculiar noise, which she soon became convinced was caused by some one trying to open the door between her room and the one adjoining. She got up quickly, turned on the electric light, and rang the bell. The sound at the door ceased suddenly, and after a slight delay a man appeared to answer the bell. "Speak English?" (the usual question). "I shepaks heem a leetle," was the reply. "There is some one in the next room trying to open my door," excitedly. "No; he is out," positively. "But there is *some one* there—a robber, a burglar—don't you understand?" "He is *out*! He will be een at half-past zwelf." "No—a robber! a burglar! a thief—a thief, I tell you—a thief in the next room!" "Vell," meditatively, "I do not tink he ees a thief, but he ees *oudt*. He will be een at half-past zwelf, and I—will—tell—heem—zat—you—want—to—see—heem."

The Hon. Patrick A. Collins (says *Texas Siftings*), the new consul-general to London, some years ago was presiding over a Democratic convention in Massachusetts, in which was an Irish delegate from his own end of Boston, the proprietor of half a dozen saloons and a thick, old-fashioned brogue. He was very anxious, for some reason, to get the floor, and jumped up every time he thought he saw a chance for it, until he had become a nuisance to the whole convention. At last, just as a committee was about to report, he jumped up again right in front. "Mr. President!" he shouted; "Mr. President!" Collins rapped sternly with his gavel, but did not otherwise recognize him. "Mr. President!" he continued; "Mr. President!" Again Collins rapped vigorously, this time turning his keen eyes upon the obstreperous delegate with a withering glance. But instead of withering, it so exasperated the delegate that he shook his fist at the presiding officer and yelled: "You, Pat Collins, I want the fure!" Collins leaned right over the table at that, shook his gavel at the disturber, and quietly, but fiercely, said: "Sit down, you terrier!" The "terrier" promptly took his seat, while the convention howled with delight.

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7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	† 6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	6:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	* 8:15 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	* 9:00 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Port Costa.	9:45 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, and Fresno (for Yosemite), and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
* 5:00 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
† 7:00 P.	Vallejo.	† 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

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8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

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7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:16 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:20 P.
12:05 P.	Cemetery, Palo Alto, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.	† 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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It is reported that Nat Goodwin, during his recent visit here, said that he would not play another engagement in San Francisco for some time; that, though he had played a good engagement and drawn better houses than he had ever done before, the taste here was more for the legitimate drama and for light opera than for comedy or melodrama, and that many of the Eastern companies would not in future extend their tours as far West as San Francisco.

This is rather a dreary outlook. An infinitude of "Francisca da Rimini" and "Othello," varied by "Robin Hoods" and "La Cigales," would tend to cloy the most ravenous appetite for tragedies and operettas. It is another case of spring being but gloomy weather when we have nothing else but spring. Even that large portion of the community who would not spend their money on tickets for Julia Marlowe and Augustin Daly's performances, who did not care for the comedies of Sothern or the character-acting of Mansfield, will find a season of tragedies, sandwiched in with opera bouffes, somewhat trying to their powers of patience and endurance.

Yet if this were the result of the past season, it would not be in the least surprising. No city ever showed its likes and its dislikes in matters histrionic more plainly than San Francisco has done. There can be no doubt in the minds of either Mr. Daly or Miss Marlowe that their sort of plays is not liked here. They had better take them to some other market where they are admired and appreciated. As neither Mr. Daly nor Miss Marlowe has met with a lack of appreciation elsewhere, it is improbable that they will put themselves to great trouble and expense to woo again the coy and capacious audiences of San Francisco. We may wish good-bye for a long time to come to Miss Rehan's flame-colored and lion-like Katherine, we may never see her exquisite Viola, we may never again look upon the dark-eyed, small, and fairy-fine Beatrice of Miss Marlowe or the sweetest Julia of her day. All these lovely shades have gone away, feeling chilled and slighted, to have poems written on them by British bards and poems sung in their praise by Colonel Ingersoll and Sarah Bernhart. They will not risk a "frost" here again for a long time.

Classic comedy having been snubbed here so effectually, modern light comedy took its turn, and also met with the cold shoulder. Young Sothern—who, if he were not so clever, would fall into the position of a sort of latter-day Montague—ventured a voyage for fame and fortune out to the limits of the wild and woolly Occident, and once here, prepared his brow for the amaranths with which the forehead of genius is usually decked. But no San Francisco amaranths were added to his garland. Young Sothern found himself even less admired than Miss Marlowe had found herself. Light comedy saw itself as much overlooked and unappreciated as classic comedy. Motley was no longer a garb to be proud of, the bauble, with its cap and bells, no more a sceptre to conjure with. The bells rang feebly, the red and yellow costume looked dingy and gray, and the jester's jokes were met with a chilling and depressing silence.

Comedy, unless it be of an essentially contemporaneous style, unless it be of the kind that reflects the life of the day humorously but without exaggeration, as Nat Goodwin's "Gilded Fool" does, is not in favor here just now. Classic comedy, as we see, is decidedly out in the cold. Farce comedy, for which there was once such a rage, has almost died out. An extravaganza like "Ali Baba" draws, but not for its humor. Even Eddie Foy warbling the merry lay of "Mary and Her Little Lamb," would warble to empty benches if the brilliant *corps de ballet* were to be excluded from the cast of "Ali Baba." The humor that a San Francisco audience likes is that particular kind of humor which makes merry over the comedy of every-day life among every-day people.

A good Hoyt farce will draw, for here Tom, Dick, and Harry see the comic episodes of their own ordinary existences depicted with naturalness and realism. The housekeeping trials of Mrs. Brooklyn Bridge may be vulgar, but they are perfect pictures of the tribulations that attend the housekeeping of most of the women in the audience. The perpetual irritations of "Mrs. Horg's" domestic, with her meddling comments upon Mrs. Bridge's ignorance as a *hausfrau*, are trials under which many of the spectators have themselves writhed.

In "The Gilded Fool," the actors give a picture from a higher class of life. Chauncey Short was not what one could call a genius or a hero, but he was an ordinary, possible man, and, being good-natured,

simple, and at times absurd, he was always more or less comic. His humor was eminently natural. The things he did, the things he said, were on the edge of caricature, but did not go over the edge. The spectator was conscious that he looked upon a play that was a merely intensified reflection of every-day life. He felt that he had known many Chauncey Shorts, though, perhaps, they were not quite such fools as the Chauncey of Nat Goodwin.

This is the class of comedy that San Francisco audiences like. Classic comedy they do not appreciate; farce comedy they can not tolerate. The comedy that has for its humor the foibles and foolishnesses of modern, every-day existence is the comedy they favor. Roughly speaking, the San Francisco audience is lacking in the sense of humor. It is an audience given to being quietly amused rather than to laughing openly. The rich, broad, warm mirthfulness of the great classic comedies does not appeal to them. They appreciate the quiet, unobtrusive humor of a picture which has the comic element that must belong to all delineations of life which are absolutely truthful. A San Francisco audience will be much more amused by the manner in which the professor breaks down Mrs. Brooklyn Bridge's ceiling than it will over the splendid meriment of Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Malvolio. It is like the French audience, which is infinitely more amused by wit than by humor.

But comedy is not held in great favor here. The San Franciscans, being the most pleasure-loving of people, prefer tragedy. A good, old-fashioned, blood-spilling tragedy, where every one is killed in the last act, is highly approved of. If Edwin Forrest were alive to-day, he would count his most frantic admirers in the city by the Golden Gate. Tragedy as he must have understood it—tragedy played with all the force of the lungs—tragedy where the murdered victim and the despairing suicide took half an hour to die, and died acrobatically from the footlights to the door at the back of the stage, would meet with the heartiest approval here. The element in the theatres which loved and worshiped Forrest and his energetic methods is larger in San Francisco than in most cities of its size. It is not that the audiences here do not contain individual spectators of the highest artistic insight and cultivation, it is that the majority of the audience is formed of spectators whose taste in the drama is very much on the same lines as the taste in the drama of the gods in the gallery. The spectators of insignificant education and uncultivated taste are more numerous than the spectators of cultured mind and trained powers of appreciation, and the majority rules.

The success of Warde and James at the Baldwin shows how the mass loves tragedy and the kind of tragedy the mass loves. "Othello," "Julius Caesar," and "The Lion's Mouth" were favorites. It may be said for the credit of San Francisco that there are few other cities where such a rigidly severe drama as "Julius Caesar," without great stars like Booth and Barrett in the cast, could draw such splendid houses. Whether Warde and James themselves are such favorites that they could draw even in an unpopular play, is a question. Some years ago, when Salvini played an engagement here, his "Othello" drew large houses; but his "King Lear" and "The Outlaw" were not very enthusiastically received. Tragedy, then, may only be popular as it is shown forth in certain great dramas. But it is hardly fair to draw any conclusions as to local taste from Salvini's engagement, for it took place several years ago, since when San Francisco taste has been steadily ripening, and the great tragedian was under the disadvantage of speaking only in Italian.

With its leaning to light opera—an obvious indication of the strong musical tendencies which are found here, even in the most uncultivated and ordinary spectators—and its penchant for gory tragedies, San Francisco may also be said to have a very healthy taste—somewhat of a rarity in the Western cities. It loves neither the hectic melodramas of the love-lorn French school, nor the plays of murder and adventure of the "Monte Cristo" class.

A French adaptation, such as "Deception," can not fill even a small theatre for a short run. The leading lady advertises a superb wardrobe, and has herself once been a brilliant member of aristocratic society, yet even the hope of seeing half a dozen Worth costumes and listening to Dumas's brilliant witticisms is not sufficient of an inducement to bring together an audience that will half fill the theatre. Another adaptation of the same play met with the same fate. There were more wonderful gowns advertised, and this adaptation had the advantage of having been well done by an established *littérateur*. Yet here, again, the thrilling story was enacted to half-empty benches. Even a Clara Morris can not fill a theatre when she portrays one of the lurid French heroines. It is only Sarah Bernhardt who can draw a San Francisco audience in one of these death-dealing productions, and she draws a good house only on her first visit.

At the theatres during the week commencing June 5th: The Tivoli Company in "The Golden Cross"; Annie Ward Tiffany in "Lady Blarney"; and Thatcher's "Tuxedo."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

A younger sister of Marie Burroughs, who is a San Franciscan, made her debut in New York, a week ago, under the stage name of Agnes Burroughs-Arring.

A new romantic opera, "The Golden Cross," by Ignaz Brüll, is to be sung for the first time in English on the American stage at the Tivoli on Monday night, with the following cast of characters:

Gontran d'Ancre, Arthur Messmer; Bombardon, George Olmi; Nicholas Pariset, Frank Risdale; Christina, Tullie Salinger; Theresa, Fanny Liddiard.

For the forthcoming season of grand opera in London, Sir Augustus Harris has engaged Calvé, Melba, Nordica, Zelle de Lussan, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Lasalle, and Van Dyck, and they, together with Emma Eames and Scatchi, will constitute the company for the season at the Metropolitan, in New York.

The magpie mania for collecting takes many strange forms, one of the strangest of which was that of a man who has just died in Paris. He had devoted years to collecting tights, and the entire collection has just been sold by his heirs for thirty-five hundred dollars. Twenty-five dollars were paid for a pair of *tricot*s worn by Emma Livry, who was burned to death in 1862, during the rehearsal of "The Mute of Portici."

Francis Wilson will revive "Erminie" next fall, and evidently intends to make at least one innovation, for he has offered the rôle of Ravannes, the master-spirit of the two rogues, to Henry Miller. Mr. Miller declined the offer, as he is already engaged in his usual line of leading parts, but he apparently has a future for him in light opera and burlesque. The offer was doubtless prompted by Miller's successful caricature of Oscar Wilde in "The Poet and the Puppets," the parody of Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan." This has been pronounced admirable by many who know Oscar Wilde, but Miller has never seen the apostle of the æsthetic craze and was coached in his rôle by Clyde Fitch.

Apropos of the fact that Mrs. James Brown Potter has just concluded her season by an engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in New York, one of the critics takes occasion to say that, in the five years since her debut she has "worked sedulously at her profession," and that now "we have no woman on the American stage who can equal Mrs. Potter in eloquence of gesture, in fullness of facial expression, in the trick of natural pose, and in the almost unknown art of listening." This—if the last clause did not suggest that she might be out of sight in a thinking part—would indicate that she is impressing New York favorably at last; but when the critic goes on to say that she has been "obliged to decline an offer of thirty thousand dollars for a short season in the South" because her London agent has already made contracts for her to appear in India, one begins to suspect a press-agent nigger in the wood-pile. A woman can not knock around barn-storming for three years without learning something of the science of acting, but that "no woman on the American stage can equal Mrs. Potter in" any phase of histrionic art is extremely doubtful.

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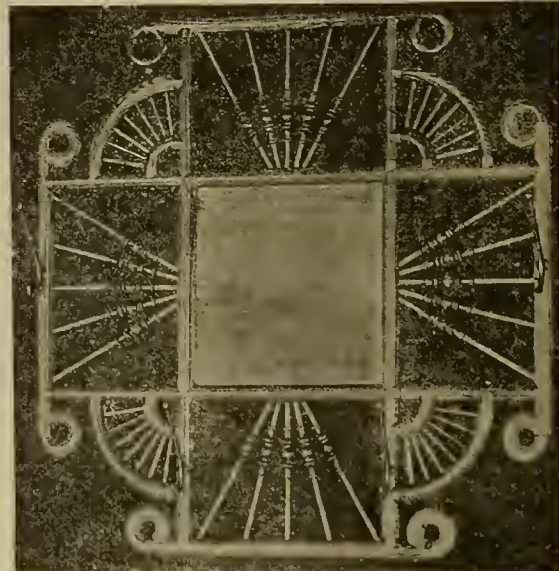
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From Page 102.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Westwater Concert.

A concert was given by Mrs. Eunice Westwater, the contralto, last Thursday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall, under the management of Mr. Philip Hastings. She was assisted by Miss Helen Hefron, soprano, Mrs. L. Brechemin, soprano, Signor R. Stantini, tenor, Signor G. Panizza, basso, Signor I. Zapelli, baritone, Mr. Walter C. Campbell, basso, and Signor G. Minetti, violinist, while Signor S. Martinez acted as musical director. There was a large and fashionable audience which was entertained by the following excellent programme:

Duet, "Liberty" ("I Puritani"), Bellini, Signors I. Zapelli and G. Panizza; piano solo, fantasia ("Moyse"), Thalberg, Signor S. Martinez; cavatina, "Se Romeo uccise un Figlio" ("I Capuletti ed i Montecchi"), Bellini, Mrs. Eunice Westwater; cavatina, "Largo al factotum" ("Il Barbiere di Siviglia"), Rossini, Signor G. Panizza; "Bolero di Bravura," Barrioli, Miss Helen Hefron; violin solo, (a) romance, douz, souvenir, Minetti, (b) "Le Muletier," Bazzini, Signor G. Minetti; aria, "My Heart at thy Sweet Voice" ("Samson and Delilah"), Saint-Saens, Mrs. L. Brechemin; duet, "Dolce Conforto" ("Il Giuramento"), Mercadante, Miss Helen Hefron and Mrs. Eunice Westwater; song, "Ho! Fill Me a Flagon, Nevin, Mr. Walter C. Campbell; duet, "La Luna è mobile" ("Meisterle"), Boite, Mrs. Brechemin and Mrs. Westwater; romanza, "La mia bandiera," Rotoli, Signor G. Zapelli; quintet, "Celeste man placata" ("Mosé"), Rossini, Miss Hefron, Mrs. Westwater, Signor Stantini, Signor Panizza, and Mr. Walter C. Campbell.

Art Association Concert.

An enjoyable concert was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Thursday evening by Mr. Henry Heyman, assisted by Mrs. E. J. Malmgren, soprano, Mrs. Marguerite Morrow, contralto, and Mr. Otto Fleissner, organist. A fashionable assemblage was present and appreciated the programme, which was as follows:

Organ solo, "Athalie March," Mendelssohn; soprano solo, "Oh! That we two were Maying," E. Nevins; violin solo, romance, op. 87, J. Adassohn (dedicated to Henry Heyman); organ solo, "Stradella Overture," Flotow; soprano solo, "My Love will Come To-day," Gounod; violin solo, (a) "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," De Koven, (b) melody, Thome; contralto solo, "The Wanderer," Schubert; organ solo, (a) allegretto pastorale, Gambini, (b) Intermezzo, "Cavaleria Rusticana," Mascagni, (c) "March aux Flambeaux," Scotson Clark.

The Bauer Symphony Concert.

The second Symphony Concert, of the summer series, given under the direction of Mr. Adolph Bauer, took place at the Tivoli Opera House on Friday afternoon. A large and appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme:

March, from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer; overture, "Rosamunde," op. 26, Schubert; aria, from "The Huguenots," Meyerbeer, Miss Rose Block; (a) valse, (b) march, from serenade, op. 63, Volkmann; symphony No. 4 (in A major), op. 90, allegro vivace, andante con moto, con moto moderato, presto (saltarello), Mendelssohn.

The Symphony Amateur Orchestra will give its first concert next Tuesday evening, in Metropolitan Hall.

In the Athenæum Club, in London, visitors are still shown the "temperance corner," where Kinglake and the essayist Haywood were accustomed to chat, and the rival nook whence Theodore Hook used to shout his orders for gin punch and other beverages of the same nature, discreetly veiling their character under a demand for "another cup of tea."

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We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.

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Dudely—"She said I looked like a very smart man." Miss Paynt—"Dear me! Did she say who the smart man was?"—Bazaar.

"Where did Johnson go last night? He told me he had a pressing engagement." "Probably; he's engaged, you know."—Truth.

"Is Chicago water as bad as they say it is?" "No, 'tisn't bad at all. I bathed in it every morning and didn't catch anything."—Puck.

"It's a wise child": Bessie (of Chicago)—"I saw papa while I was down-town to-day." Mrs. Live-wate—"How every indefinite!"—Puck.

Turner—"How did Weeks come to write poetry?" Wells—"He had dyspepsia, and for a long time thought it was inspiration."—Truth.

"What in the world is there that you see about that girl's waist that makes you think it so graceful?" "Well, it isn't about it just now."—Quips.

"I don't see why they call 'em folding-beds." "Because they fold up." "But that doesn't account for their being called beds."—World's Fair Puck.

Mr. Woodby-Wise—"Do you know, Miss Edythe, I always laugh with those people who laugh at me." Edythe—"Keeps you busy most of the time, doesn't it?"—Truth.

New boarder—"I didn't sleep well last night." Mrs. Stmdiet—"Strange bed, I presume." New boarder—"Yes; the strangest bed I ever slept in."—New York Weekly.

Riverside Rives—"You could never support my daughter on your beggarly salary." Van Dam Street—"Of course not; but I was wondering if we couldn't—er—club together."—Truth.

Mrs. Sancta Simplicitas (to husband, pointing to notice of "Birds' Nesting Prohibited")—"But, Charles, dear, what's the use of putting that up, for the birds can't read it!"—Pick-Me-Up.

Dr. Reaper—"Remember the Sprigginses, don't you? I was their family physician once for ten years." Dr. Probe—"What parted you, then?" Dr. Reaper—"They gave out."—Truth.

Scientist—"What do you suppose is the cause of the cyclones and tornadoes being so strong out here?" Citizen—"Wal, stranger, I reckon it's because they take so much exercise."—Puck.

"I saw you drinking with Jackson to-day." "Yes." "You'd drink with anybody, I believe." "No; I wouldn't drink with you, unless by a miracle." "Indeed? And what would the miracle be?" "Your inviting me."—Truth.

Attorney—"Did you see what passed between the two men during the quarrel?" Witness—"No, sir." Attorney—"You were present, were you not?" Witness—"Yes, sir; but my eyes are not quick enough to follow a bullet."—Vogue.

Housekeeper—"I don't see why a big, able-bodied man like you should be begging for a living." Tramp—"To tell yeh th' truth, mum, folks is becomin' so hard-hearted that a gent has got ter be big an' able-bodied to beg without gettin' hurt."—New York Weekly.

Her father—"You quite understand that my daughter won't have a penny until I'm dead?" Suitor—"Oh, yes, sir. (A pause.) By the bye, sir, a friend of mine is going to make a balloon ascent to-morrow. Would you like to accompany him, sir?"—Pick-Me-Up.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The project to hold a supplementary world's fair at San Francisco after the World's Fair at Chicago has closed, does not seem to commend itself to public approval. Reasons can be given why people should have come to a different conclusion, but the fact is there and is beyond dispute. It is never any use trying to boom an enterprise requiring individual subscriptions of money if it does not of itself attract public support. The causes of the cold shoulder which the scheme got are manifest. In the first place, the proposed fair would have been a warmed-over show; and as every one knows, gods and men abhor the *réchauffé*. It is like second-hand clothes bought at a pawn-shop. If the show had been opened, it would have been said that San Francisco was picking up the crumbs which fell from Chicago's table. It would be bad enough for the metropolis of the Pacific Coast to play second fiddle to New York; but when it came

to Chicago, ye gods! Has San Francisco sunk so low that it can accept the leavings of the city where the people drink diluted sewage at their meals and the tavern-keepers' motto is "He was a stranger and we took him in"?

The suggestion, however, will have one good effect. It will keep before the eyes of this community the possibility of holding a world's fair in this city. There is no reason why such an enterprise should not be a success. Melbourne once had a world's fair, and it was not by any means a failure. Melbourne is a larger city than San Francisco, but it is more out of the way. It is near nowhere. On this great Pacific Ocean, which washes countries containing five hundred millions of people—nearly one-third the population of the globe—there is but one seaport that is really central and can be easily reached from all points, and that is San Francisco. A show embracing the latest products of art and science, manufacture and invention, would draw spectators from a world's area which no former fair ever reached. It is difficult to set a limit to the number of people of all races whom such an exhibition might attract to San Francisco. It would certainly tax our lodging capacity to house them.

And if the object of a world's fair is to bring producer and consumer together, and to teach the former how he can improve his processes and add to the value of his products, there is hardly a spot where such a show could better fulfill its usefulness than here. We are in the habit of looking down upon the colored races which swarm on the coasts of the Pacific Ocean. Yet they are all being educated to consume American products, and they must be concerned to choose the best and the cheapest. Only the other day a little colony of Javanese passed through the city en route for Chicago. They could not speak a word of English, but the girls wore American clothing and the men carried American jack-knives in their pockets. By far the greater portion of the foreign goods supplied to the Chinese, the Japanese, the South Americans, and the islanders who dwell on the Pacific are furnished by Great Britain, though in almost every class we can produce better and cheaper goods than the English. What we can do, these foreigners have never had on opportunity of learning, for want of some such exhibition as the one now suggested. To catch these customers the intelligent manufacturers of the East would forward to a world's fair in this city as complete exhibits as they have supplied to Chicago, while the English, French, and Germans would follow their example in order to hold their own in the Pacific markets.

It is not by any means premature to begin to consider the matter practically. Let us lay aside, for the present, Mr. de Young's scheme for a case of appendicitis, and turn our attention to the idea of an independent world's fair of our own. Would the year 1896 be a suitable time to hold it? That would give us time to make all necessary financial arrangements and to complete the fair buildings, so as to obviate the troubles which have befallen the Chicago enterprise. In 1896, a Presidential election will be held; would that be a good year or a bad one? All the world's fairs of the past have opened with the summer. How would it do to open ours at the beginning of winter, just at the season when, everywhere except at San Francisco, the weather makes life a burden?

The possibilities of such an exposition strike with peculiar force just at the present time, when this city has been welcoming a party of Oregon merchants who came here to get acquainted. There was no exhibit of the resources of California ready to show them, no systematic exhibit of the commercial possibilities of this port. But the visit was essentially successful, and will undoubtedly result in increased business relations. An exposition which would attract people from all the Pacific countries that might trade with San Francisco would multiply the benefits many fold.

The expenses of such an exposition might be heavy and would have to be met by those who could not expect to receive their money back directly. But indirectly they would be more than repaid. In this day of world-wide commercial competition, individuals must expend money for the benefit

of the community in which they reside, and Californians have never been accused of lack of public spirit.

That the daily press of the time is doing a grand work and conscientiously fulfilling a splendid mission, the world at large ought to be by this time pretty thoroughly convinced. It is a maxim of Spanish logic that when a false statement has been repeated a hundred times, it becomes a true statement; and if the alchemy of iteration will perform this miracle for a lie, what may it not do for a verity? The day in which the press does not inform the universe that the press is good, and noble, and unselfish, and dominated wholly by its purpose to serve mankind, is a day that does not intrude itself into the modern calendar. There has been no such day since movable types were invented. Those who were hopeful enough to think it stored somewhere in the empurpled vistas of the distant future have been discouraged a good deal by the World's Fair and conspicuous incidents attendant upon that mighty summing up of civilization. For the press has taken charge of the show and made itself the chief exhibit. The visitor is permitted, of course, to bestow a curious and respectful glance on what the sculptor, the painter, and the architect have done; to pause for a moment before the results of the labors of the archaeologist, the geologist, the miner; to regard in passing the inventions of the mechanic and electrician which have enslaved nature's forces and transformed the face of the globe, made the once widely separated human tribes next-door neighbors, and given the sober workman of most lands a luxury of life that the might and wealth of monarchs could not command before the genie of steam was let loose from the tea-kettle and lightning was brought from sky to earth and taught to be industrious.

But when the visitor has surveyed these minor marvels, and, perhaps, manifests a disposition to become absorbed in them, he is taken by the elbow and told to come on the run to the Editorial Congress, if he really wants to learn what is the supreme wonder of the universe, the essence of intellectual endeavor, the consummate flower of all the human effort whatsoever that has been put forth since man separated from the kindred monkey and began to improve his mind. At the door of the Temple of the Press, he will be offered copies of special editions (at a few cents' advance on the regular price) which, were he to buy them all, would put him to the necessity of chartering drays to remove them from the fair grounds and a freight-car to bear them to his home. Within the temple he will see in the seats of honor on the stage the men and women who, in brain-power and good works, overtop the human family even as Shakespeare towered above his generation, or as the contemporary Edison outshines other electricians. These rare beings—these Mahatmas of the World of Mind, these members of the race singled out by Omniscience to lead the grand march of Progress, favorites of heaven set apart as a distinct variety of the species—will speak. And from their fire-touched lips the visitor (properly awed, let it be hoped) will hear how priceless, bow unmatchably puissant, is the perfect thing that comes from their perfect hands—the newspaper. Yet, strange to say, some of these beings, the older among them, are not devoid of modesty. Though all will tell the visitor that the newspaper has taken the place of the pulpit, rendered useless the moral philosopher who is not content to work anonymously on an editorial staff, made the hook an anachronism and the magazine an impertinence, still the diffident exceptions will raise murmurs of dissent among their brethren by admitting that here and there a newspaper may be published which is not all that it should be.

Murat Halstead, at a recent session of the congress, was sufficiently disloyal to do this and is being angrily roasted for his treason. He even allowed that the pulpit had some excuse left for existence. But he hedged by deprecating sensationalism therein, and compared the sensational preacher to the sensational newspaper. Each, he said, was given attention in inverse ratio to the influence exerted on either. While it had to be owned that there remained north a few sensational newspapers, Mr. Halstead, in his

hearers that they "do not mold opinion," and it "should be remembered that no human agencies are perfect." One can fancy the frowns that corrugated the brows of the Mabammas at this outrageous admission, and the amazement that caused the jaw of the visiting auditor to become a limp law unto itself. But Mr. Halstead has too long wielded the editorial pen to be able to express himself for long in other than the phraseology of his craft, for which he spoke when he grandly said:

"There are two great vital forces impelling our civilization at the present time. These forces are the power of the press and the power of the pulpit. These are the two great fountains that pour out continually their beneficent streams. . . . The newspaper of to-day is the one great overshadowing force of our land, because it is with the people who rule the land."

How wearisome this never-ending grandiloquent fudge is to everybody of sense nobody knows better than newspapermen themselves. When they are fit for their business, as it is at present conducted, they are the last to take themselves or their boastings seriously. It is only the dullards among journalists who think or talk editorials. It is not as a "vital force" that the newspaper rises above the level of the time into conspicuousness, like another Eiffel Tower, but as a humbug. All the tall claims made for it by itself and echoed by Mr. Halstead are gammon. The design which brings it into life is not that it shall be "a great fountain" that will "pour out continually a beneficent stream," but that it may bring in over the counter of the business-office a continual stream of nickels for subscriptions and dollars for advertisements. Incidentally, a newspaper may do good by keeping its news columns clean and uttering honest opinions in its editorial department; but, primarily and always, a newspaper is made to sell. There are newspapers whose management is not entirely on commercial lines—papers the owners of which are men with a sense of moral responsibility as well as a rational desire to make money—but they are very few in number and they never achieve an enormous circulation. Good or bad, the newspaper is as purely a business enterprise as a corner-grocery. There are grocers and grocers, of course. Some may have conscience and sell honest goods, content with a profit consistent with self-respect; others may sand their sugar, hocus their coffee, doctor their liquors, and make their boxes and barrels a blind for the bar. These latter are the brothers in method and morals of the proprietors of nineteen out of every twenty of the "great dailies" which dump themselves on the doorsteps of the households of the country. It may be added that it is these great dailies which have the most to say concerning the virtues and the power of the press.

When Mr. Halstead, in his large, journalistic way, says that the newspaper is "the one great, overshadowing force of our land, because it is with the people who rule the land," he means simply that it is published to suit the taste of the masses. That is true, and the most virulent detester of the press could allege nothing more shameful against it. The newspaper does not seek to learn what the people are thinking and saying, in order to talk to them understandingly that they may be led to better things, as does the pastor who carries with him to the pulpit his knowledge and a high purpose. Its motive is that of the village gossip, who is industrious in gathering news that she may retail it for her own malignant pleasure and the increase of her importance. The gossip does not sell her news, and that is the only point in which she fails to parallel the "great daily" as a purveyor of scandal. The newspaper is "with the people who rule the land," not as their guide, but as an expounder of their prejudices. The real editors of the great dailies, the men who "shape their policy," are the least intelligent of their readers. To voice the ignorant judgments of these, to avoid giving them offense—to "express public opinion," in a word—is the duty for which the editorial writer is paid. This writer is often himself a man of brains, education, and courage, which is why the profoundest scorn for newspapers is felt and uttered in newspaper offices. It is the journalist who best knows how base the ordinary daily paper is, how void of principle, how squalidly cowardly. He knows by professional experience that there is no forum from which the voice of honest thought, of enlightened conviction, of unsordid intention, is so carefully and systematically excluded as the editorial page of the average daily newspaper. It is the show-window of the huckster and the hustings of the demagogue.

Among all the speeches that have been made by distinguished journalists at the World's Fair Congress we have seen none in which the press had done for it the service of having the plain, the notorious truth told to its face. Had one, with the authority of high place in journalism (a Dana, a Halstead, a Waterson), risen to say that the press is great, but little; magnificent in enterprise, but mean in character; bold as a news-gatherer, but a poltroon in opinion—had he likened it to Bacon, the philosopher and jurist who took bribes, to Marlborough who bestrode the world as a warrior, yet robbed his soldiers, betrayed his country, and accepted

money from women for his favor—the Columbian year would have been made memorable and useful in the history of the newspaper press.

The lamentations of Jeremiah are joyous in comparison with the groans which John L. Stevens, ex-Minister to Hawaii, emitted in presence of the Chamber of Commerce on his return from the post from which he had been removed. It was, perhaps, hardly to be expected that he should endure such a cuff from fortune with philosophy. Mr. Stevens is a country editor from Maine, who was rewarded with small berths in the consular service, and was finally promoted to be Minister to Hawaii, where it was supposed that he would be innocuous; unfortunately, he happened to represent the United States at the time certain conspirators at Honolulu undertook their little *coup d'état*, and he could not resist the opportunity to put his foot in it and to drag with his *serape* poor Captain Wiltse, who has died of remorse in consequence. Mr. Stevens must feel that he has not only committed political suicide, but that he has guarded against a possible resurrection by driving the traditional stake through his vitals.

His account of the events in which he was an actor is not strictly in harmony with history. When he returned to Honolulu from his little junket to Hilo on January 14th, he found the city in commotion, a party of white planters, shop-keepers, and adventurers having declared that the monarchy was abolished and supreme power vested in some half-dozen gentlemen, some of whom had sworn allegiance to the queen, and not one of whom had been invited by the Hawaiians to take charge of public affairs. Under such circumstances, the duty of the minister of the United States was obviously to keep his hands off and to counsel an appeal to the people of the islands who are educated and intelligent. Mr. Stevens did neither. As United States Minister, he authorized the *Boston* to land her marines, and hoisted the American flag over the office where the usurping government transacted business. It was thus made to appear by the American representative that the United States was back of the rebels. He did not advise an appeal to the people, and that for the excellent reason that such an appeal would have been fatal to the so-called provisional government. At the last election in Hawaii, 13,593 votes were cast. Of these, 9,554 were cast by Hawaiians, 637 by Americans, 505 by Englishmen, 382 by Germans, 2,091 by Portuguese—the Chinese and Japanese being non-voters. Mr. Stevens and his confederates knew perfectly well that out of these thirteen thousand five hundred voters, they could not command one thousand votes; therefore, they did not risk a plebiscite, and they have not dared to do so yet.

Assuming that the pocketful of voters with whom he acted represented the islands and were warranted in assigning their sovereignty to whomsoever they pleased, Mr. Stevens warmly indorsed the application of Mr. Thurston's self-elected commission for annexation to the United States. That body consisted of four Americans and one Englishman, without a drop of Hawaiian blood in their veins. They had no show of authority from the Hawaiians to act for them. The commission they bore was drawn and signed by themselves and their fellow-plotters. They had no more right to speak for Hawaii than Denis Kearney has to speak for California. And yet they had the impudence to ask Mr. Cleveland to recognize them as genuine representatives of Hawaii and to listen to their tale of woe.

As Mr. Stevens hails from Maine, he must be presumed to be an American, and yet the reasons which he gave to the Chamber of Commerce for annexing Hawaii are strangely un-American. We in this country are not borrowing our foreign policy from Rome or Alexander of Macedon, nor do we consider the example of England in grabbing foreign countries a good one to follow. The American idea is that we have country enough of our own to take care of. True, we have in this country a pot-house school of politicians (they used to be called Filibusters) who are in favor of all sorts of blatant un-Americanisms, including that of robbing foreign nations of their land; but these persons constitute a microscopical section of the American people. When Mr. Stevens tells us that the shop-keepers, planters, and adventurers whom he represents "stretch out a pleading hand to this mighty nation of freemen not to abandon them in their days of imperative need," he does not affect us at all; we shall not study the question of annexation until Mr. Stevens's friends can show that they have a right to stretch out any hand at all for Hawaii. Mr. Stevens calls the islands "the Plymouth Rock of the Pacific," that "ocean fortress of Christian civilization fronting the Asiatic world"; that is very pretty and sweet. But Americans are not now looking round for Plymouth Rocks or ocean fortresses to steal in defiance of the protest of their owners. Mr. Stevens does not understand his countrymen.

His great objection to the Queen of Hawaii is her immorality. He is like O'Donnell, who has no fault to find with the Chinese as competitors in the labor-market, but can

not endure their vices; their moral conduct falls so far below the O'Donnell standard. So Mr. Stevens's high moral tone is chiefly shocked at the Hawaiian monarchy "because it is coarsely luxurious in its tastes and wishes," "constantly sending out impure exhalations," "utterly vicious and demoralizing," "an astounding exhibition of shame," with "a semi-barbaric queen at its head," and "corruption, anarchy, and barbaric sensualism" at its tail. It was as a moralist, and not as a statesman, that he consented to take a part in the farce of the "Three Tailors of Tooley Street." How sad to think that so pure an apostle of virtue should have remained so long in the polluting atmosphere of such a carnival of vice!

Here, again, Mr. Stevens misapprehends the purpose of the Government of the United States. It is no part of its business to sit in judgment on the morals of its neighbors. It may deplore the breaches of the moral law which filled Mr. Stevens's immaculate soul with anguish—after he had been displaced, not before. But its desire to see sound morals prevail everywhere can not induce it to go out of its way to administer a course of purgation to the islands in the hope of mending their moral health. Mr. Stevens has knocked at the wrong door. He should have carried his elegiacs to the churches.

If a clear majority of the people of Hawaii ever demonstrate, in an unequivocal manner, that they desire annexation to the United States, the American people will consider their request. But residents of this slope may as well understand now, as hereafter, that Hawaii could only be annexed on the condition that every resident of the islands, wherever he was born and whatever his race, came in as a citizen, with the same rights of citizenship as are enjoyed by a native white born in California. This would cover Chinese as well as Kanakas. Whether California is prepared to vote for the admission of the islands on these terms is a question which the Chamber of Commerce did not think it worth while to consider.

It is evident that the World's Fair management is going to have trouble over the awards. Most fairs have struck snags when that stage in their career has been reached, and there is small chance that the Chicago enterprise will prove an exception to the rule. It is perfectly impossible for juries to satisfy exhibitors. Every exhibitor expects to be granted a certificate of superexcellence, and is prepared to give trouble if he is disappointed. Juries are compelled to adopt certain rules to enable them to discharge their duty in the time allotted, and this involves baste in arriving at conclusions. We must expect that exhibitors who fail to draw prizes in the lottery will fill the papers with complaints that they failed because the jurors did not allow themselves time to come to just conclusions on the merits of the exhibits. If nothing worse is charged against the judges than this, they will get off well. Accusations of this kind, and of favoritism and corruption as well, were formulated against the Paris juries, though they had been selected from men eminent in each branch and of high character. It was openly stated that foreigners did not have a fair show in competition with French exhibitors, and the injustice was tacitly admitted by newspapers which observed sneeringly that Paris had not gone to such enormous expense for the purpose of advertising London and Vienna.

But the trouble at Chicago lies deeper than this. Mr. Thatcher, the chairman of the committee on awards, announced a system by which the exhibits should be judged by single experts instead of by juries, and medals were to be given for excellence and not in competition. As there are thirty-six thousand medals and thirty-nine thousand exhibitors, practically everybody would have a chance under this system; but it did not please the foreign exhibitors, and the majority of them withdrew their exhibits from the competition for awards. Mr. Thatcher claims that his system is a development of that which obtained at the Centennial Exposition, is the "American" system, has been prescribed by Congress, and can not be changed. To which the foreign commissioners reply: "Very well, then, we shall not play." And so the matter remains.

It is impossible to deny that the fair and the people of Chicago are encountering difficulties which only a few far-sighted persons discovered at the outset. And, as if to prove that misfortunes never come singly, it is difficult to say how far the wheat panic will spread. It is certainly an evil omen that it should be simultaneous with the completion of the display. Monday's collapse was something more than the last round in a ring-fight between bulls and bears. A collapse of wheat to sixty-six cents a bushel means an unprecedented shrinkage in the staple by which Chicago and its back country live. It is a slice cut off the property of every farmer in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas. There is not a Western man now in Chicago who will not feel that such a shrinkage in the price of the great Western staple warns him to go home and save instead of spending money. That shrinkage

represents millions taken out of the pocket of the West within ten days, and for aught any one knows, the loss may not be recovered in a hurry. Chicago lives on wheat. Without wheat, people could not pay their hoard or buy clothes. If the wheat trade were taken from the city by the lakes, the people would have to shut up their houses and leave. There is no present sign that it is going to be taken away; but a very slight reduction from present prices would leave nothing for the farmer on wheat shipments to Chicago, and they would measurably cease. There have been times in the past when Western farmers have burned their wheat for fuel instead of sending it to market.

It is an endless catalogue of disappointments. First one thing goes wrong and then another. There has not been up to the present time one single point of view in which the fair has been a pleasant object of contemplation. There seems to have been a "hoodoo" upon it from the first. Its history is the latest confirmation of the adage that you never get any satisfaction out of a thing you want badly.

And the terrible thought is that the worst may yet be in store. That is the danger of financial collapse. The present receipts from the fair are below thirty thousand dollars a day; the working expenses were lately figured at forty-five thousand dollars; how are the interest and principal of the debentures and other bonds, which mature in January, to be met? It looks as if the show might repeat the history of the fair which was given in New York in the fifties, when everybody lost every dollar he had put in the enterprise, and the exhibition company was actually unable to return the exhibits which it had undertaken to restore, so that a Paris sculptor, who could not get his marbles back, actually fell foul of poor Horace Greeley, who had been a director, and locked him up in Clichy Prison.

The republican spirit of the country has been chafed by the visit of the Princess Eulalia, not because princesses are any longer abhorred in the United States as a class or because this one from Spain is personally objectionable, but by the manner of her reception. She appears to be an agreeable young woman enough, though endowed with no exceptional good looks or good sense. Had her intelligence and taste been better, she would have declined the foolish invitation of Congress, or had she chosen to visit this republic would have come *incognito*, leaving her rank and the etiquette of the Spanish court behind her. She is not without humor, for the awe she has inspired in our Eastern aristocracy, manifested by a general disposition to fall down and grovel at her royal feet, has amused her. She has laughed in the faces of these trembling worshipers more than once. Doubtless she has been astonished as well as diverted by the abasement of the Four Hundred. In Europe, among all classes except those who have been here, it is taken for granted that a people who have renounced the pomps of royalty and forbidden the creation of a titled nobility carry with them into their social life the republican principle upon which their political structure rests. The surprise of the newly arrived foreigner on encountering at every turn proofs that he has been wholly mistaken in this regard has long been the theme of satirists and scoffers on both sides of the Atlantic. Nowhere in the world is rank more respected or untitled social eminence more highly valued than in America. There is not a trace of republicanism in our society, that word being understood to apply only to the rich men and women who devote themselves to pleasure and display. The great body of the people are, of course, democratic. While the struggle for a fortune is on, there is exemplary scorn in plenty for the follies of the fashionable and their attitude of abjectness toward the aristocracy of the Old World. But the fortune once won, the desire to climb the gilded ladder and scale the ramparts of Fort McAllister appears to be almost universal.

The American social ideals, in short, are thoroughly European. To this fundamental fact are to be attributed such painful exhibitions as the Infanta has been the occasion of, the voluntary exile of Mr. Astor and a multitude of other wealthy Americans, and the passion of the opulent to marry their daughters to noblemen. The citizen nurtured on the Declaration of Independence, warmed by the spirit of '76, and either too poor or too sensible to care for the victories of the drawing-room, may feel as incensed and contemptuous about it as he likes, but the fact is not to be denied. If he were suited to shine in the halls of pride and pleasure, or blessed by heaven with a wife and daughters who possessed the noble ambition to do so (and how many American wives and daughters are there so false to their sex as not thus to aspire?), a distressing condition would confront him. The social climber in these wretched republican regions can reach no higher a station than that of a rich man. The successful money-getter is our grandest product. No matter how rich he may be, or intellectual and well-bred, either, he remains but a plebeian. Let him step off his American pinnacle on to English soil, for instance, as Mr.

Astor has done, and he speedily has that humiliating truth borne in upon his sore soul. He that is highest in the United States is away down the mountain in Europe. Over there he becomes a mere *bourgeois*, who must strain his eyes hopelessly to inaccessible peaks whereon dwell in serene effulgence not kings and nobles alone, but families whose ancestry serves them as well as titles. Like the greenback, as good as gold at home, our hog lords, and oil dukes, and haughty descendants of Dutch traders do not pass current abroad. The founders of the republic denied our nobility the privilege of wearing titles, entailing estates, and establishing heirs-apparent by primogeniture. That is to say, the constitution knocked the top rungs off the social ladder. What wonder, then, that those who toilsomely crawl up the mutilated thing as far as it goes should gaze with envy and reverence upon those peoples who have taller ladders, and pay homage to such individuals as are at the tops of them? Debarred from mingling as an equal with these blessed of fortune, it is not surprising that the rich American should do the best he can and as a loving parent send his richly laden daughter ambling into the social Eden. Why marvel that the Eastern aristocracy should drop on their knees in the presence of a real princess—and a princess, at that, who is the child of Queen Isabella, the pious and virtuous? It is human nature to be dazzled by the unattainable.

Until the spirit of American society shall become American, its hearing toward the society of Europe must of necessity be that of the lackey. That good time will come when the republic has grown so grand in power and glory that mere citizenship will be a distinction greater than a foreign title, as was the case with Rome ere corruption gave Cæsar his opportunity and his country her need of him. As yet the American plutocrat, socially considered, is only a pleh, and it is but right that, hankrupt in patriotism, he should bend his prideless hack and press his devout lips to the fair hand of the laughing Eulalia.

The election commissioners have decided that this city shall have another opportunity to discard the expensive and clumsy patchwork that has served as its organic law since 1856. At first, the Consolidation Act was a compact and, for the time, a reasonable charter. During the succeeding quarter of a century, it was amended over one hundred times. The city and the science of municipal government have both completely outgrown it, and it is to be hoped that this attempt to secure a new charter will be more successful than were the three preceding ones. No feature of the administrative system of the country has received more attention or has made greater advances in recent years than the problem of city government, and San Francisco may now take advantage of this increased knowledge. In this connection it is interesting at the present time to consider some of the more important advances in municipal government that have been made recently.

The mischievous meddling with city charters by State legislatures has been one of the most potent causes for the reproach that the city governments mark the only distinct failure in the American system of government. Two remedies for this have been tried. The first, and the one most generally adopted, is the provision incorporated in State constitutions requiring all city charters to be enacted or amended only by general laws. For this purpose the cities are divided into classes according to population, and a charter is prepared to cover all cities of the same class. The second plan is more radical and takes the preparation of charters entirely out of the control of the legislatures and gives it to the cities themselves. This second plan was developed in Missouri in 1875, when a new constitution was being prepared for that State. To remedy the evils in the administration of the city of St. Louis it was provided that the city should elect a board of freeholders to prepare a charter, and, when ratified by the citizens, this charter should form the plan of city government.

When the convention met in 1879 to prepare a new constitution in this State, the city of St. Louis had had about three years of successful experience under this new government, and the St. Louis plan was suggested for adoption in California. At that time few were familiar with the new plan, however, and it was looked upon with suspicion. It was finally adopted for San Francisco alone, and the plan of a general city government act was selected for the other cities of the State. Subsequent amendments have extended the St. Louis plan to cover practically all the cities of the State. In the State of Washington, when the constitution was drafted in 1889, the St. Louis plan was adopted for cities of more than twenty thousand inhabitants and the general charter plan for other cities.

The St. Louis plan is undoubtedly an advance upon the general charter, yet, strange to say, it has not yet been adopted outside of the three States already mentioned, while the general charter has been incorporated into the constitutions of twenty-three States. The scheme of general charters

is, however, open to most of the objections that were urged against the old special charters. The cities are still at the mercy of the legislatures, and their charters are subject to change at the whim of the legislators. Further, the prohibition of special charters is often avoided by a classification of cities that places only one or two in a class. Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, St. Louis, in Missouri, San Francisco, in this State, form classes by themselves under the general classifications of cities. There has been an attempt to overcome this last defect in Kentucky, Missouri, and Wyoming by prescribing the classification of cities in the constitution. The most valid objection that has been raised against the St. Louis plan is that any ambiguity or obscurity in the charter must be cleared away by the courts for each city separately, while under the general charter scheme a judicial interpretation applies to all cities of that class.

Another peculiarly marked tendency in city government has been the concentration of executive power in the mayor. The intention has been to follow as far as possible the machinery of the national government, thus making one official responsible to the people for any shortcomings in any of the executive departments. This movement is noted in the new charters of every city in the country as large as San Francisco, and was, to a greater or less extent, incorporated in the three proposed charters for this city prepared in 1880, 1883, and 1887. It is recognized that in any scheme of government some of the officials must be appointed, while others are elected. The only question is where the line between the two classes shall be drawn, in order to secure the greatest efficiency in the government. There is no exact agreement in the recently adopted charters as to where this line shall be drawn, but the tendency is more and more in the direction of electing only the legislative officers and the mayor, leaving the others to be appointed by the mayor, as the chief executive officer. In some of these charters the appointments of the mayor must be confirmed by the legislative body; in others, the appointive power is exclusively in the mayor. In practice, the latter plan has generally given the best results.

The Spanish Infanta is learning that there are stranger things to be seen in this country than the World's Fair. Last week the telegraphic dispatches contained what purported to be a letter written by Director-General Davis to Mrs. Potter Palmer. In this letter were minute instructions as to how the Princess Eulalia should be received in Chicago, and the newspaper world hailed the doughty director-general as a second McAllister come to judgment. It seems, however, that the true hero of the occasion has remained modestly in the background. Mrs. Palmer wrote to General Davis asking him what entertainment would best please the princess, thinking that he being on the ground would be best qualified to know the Infanta's wishes. He wrote categorical answers to her questions, but thoughtlessly dictated his answer to a type-writer within bearing of one of those tittle-tattle-mongers of the daily press who live by eavesdropping and kindred exhibitions of indecent "enterprise." This individual gained only a fragmentary knowledge of the contents of the letter and knew nothing of the circumstances. But, nothing daunted, he filled in the interstices from the store-house of creative imagination, and secured a "scoop." He did more than that. He filled the Infanta with a disgust for the American press, and she has countermanded her order, previously given, that copies of all papers containing accounts of her visit to this country should be kept. Poor, simple woman, she did not suspect that this was a shining example of newspaper enterprise.

The adipose Sphinx of Gray Gables has opened his mouth and graciously taken the public, his servants, into his confidence. There shall be an extra session of Congress as soon as the congressmen show a willingness to do his bidding. This he hopes will occur before the middle of September. Mr. Cleveland thinks that the sole cause of the present financial depression is the Sherman law requiring the purchase and coinage of silver. Thinking thus, he considers it an impertinence for anybody to think otherwise. As he is certain that silver is at the bottom of the present troubles, he is equally certain that the only way to make the blind silverites see the same thing is to continue the present depression as long as possible. Therefore, he sits calmly by while banks topple and business houses assign, and sweetly says: "Be patient; there shall be an extra session as soon as you all see that I am right." Truly the Cleveland cult must be a terrible thing when you have it as badly as Mr. Cleveland has.

Persons leaving the city, either to visit the Eastern States or to spend the summer in the country, can have the Argonaut mailed to their address by sending an order that effect to this office. Changes of address should be sent to this office not later than Thursday evening.

LA PATRONA'S PLOT.

How a Strange Mexican Woman Rid Herself of a Rival.

I was ooce on the road from Durango to Mazatlan, across the Cordillera—the most wonderful trip, "according to my tell," in Mexico, what with the splendid pine forests, the break-neck, oarrow trails, the magificent scenery, with heights and distances that fairly stop your breath, the strange customs of the people, the steep, hang-over-the-edge-around-the-corners climhs, and all the marvels of the mountain part; and then, when you come down into the *tierra caliente*—the hot lands—there are swift, tortuous rivers, with cliffs above them dropping down to the water so sheerly that the peasants tilling on the steep sides lash themselves to the scrub to keep their footing; and huge spires and peaks of stone that human feet have never climbed yet; quaint native settlements; hanana groves by the mile; big trees of the fig kind that are as near like banyans as possible; colonies of parrots, nested by the huddled in community lodgings built of mud and bark in tree-crotches, where they squawk and scream till you can't hear yourself think; yes, and lyre birds—Professor Ward says I'm mistaken about that, on this continent, but I know what I have seen, if he hasn't.

As I was saying, I was making that trip, and for the first time, with a pack-train. Not as large a train as usual; it was an off season, and we had but twenty-five or thirty pack-mules. The *atajero* was Blas Arce, a fine old sample of a Mexican mountaineer, sober as a judge, but with streaks of dry fun under that, and as true, and dependable, and steadfast as the mountains themselves. I had known old Blas a long time, and always thought if I ever took that trip across, I'd make it with him. His *arrieros* were a good lot, and we had good beasts for riding. The camp at Rio Chico and the next night's halt—I forget the name—were not remarkable—we were just working our way up toward the summit.

The third night we stopped near the Raacho de los Lobos, and turned out on a grassy little sloping plateau, at the right of the *rancho*. The sight was very fine, and a good deal like a scene in a theatre—the white, massive buildings, solid as a fortification, thrown out against the intense green of the pine-trees, and the brown rocks, the background of mountains, and the odd, bright-colored dresses of the people moving around.

The men had just begun to unpack, when a *peon* came over from the houses, and said that *la patrona* invited Don Blas to camp in the *iras-corral* that night—it was going to be a cold night, and her mercy felt sorry to think of the poor fellows out in the open. The men looked at each other without a word till the *peon* was gone; then they took off their hats and made me bows all around.

"Shut up, you fellows!" said Don Blas, though not a word had they spoken; "it is not so! Do you suppose she thinks that Don Chacito would look at the likes of her? Besides, I have heard it said that the lady, for her own part, likes not a *huilo* (a slim man—the word is derisive), and his honor here is rather slender."

"What!" I said, "you tough old wretch! Do you, then, think that an oak-bole body, gnarled and knotty like yours, is a beauty? Well, well, Blas! who'd ever have thought you set up as a smasher?"

Blas grinned for half a second. "Never mind," he said; "it is cold. 'Where God gives, St. Peter blesses!'" and with this rendering of "Unto him that hath shall be given," he had the men put back the few packs they had unloaded, and steered us all into the big back-corral of the Rancho de los Lobos. We were hardly inside the big gate when another *pelado* came to say that the *patrona* thought it would snow, or rain, or something, and that the packs would be safe from wet if we put them into the *bodega*—the chap had even brought the key along to open it up for the purpose.

"Well, Don Ysac," said old Blas, "I think I'll have to give up—this is putting sugar in honey. Very unpatriotic, though, of *la patrona*, to be peeling the eye at a foreigner—and a youngster like your worship, too!—when there are about so many fine, well-set-up fellows of her own people. Ah-h-b!" And the old fellow swelled out his chest like an iguana and thumped it.

I didn't like his chaff. Not that I minded chaff in general from these fellows—rough as they were, they meant no disrespect or harm—it was really a sign of affection, like the good-humored teasing people give to children. But there was something in the way they spoke of the woman that made it go against the grain to be guyed about her. So I tried tactics.

"Look here, boss—do you think it is right to be slanging the lady and making free with her name when she is showing us such kindness? I thought hetter of you, old fellow!"

He hung his head. These people really have lots of delicacy, if you only go at them the right way.

"Your honor has reason," said old Blas; "it was an offense—an ingratitude."

And he would not let his *arrieros* open their lips about the hostess—while he was around, at any rate, though they gabbled and clacked freely enough among themselves in his absence.

Now, as it happened, I had done myself a bad turn. I could not make out who the *patrona* was, and I wanted to know; but those fellows would have it that they were on honor not to say a word about her. Even old Blas put on a look-wise-and-say-nothing expression when I asked him about her. I could not decide whether he, and his men through him, had taken my rebuke to heart, or whether they were paying me off for the thrust.

But *la patrona* certainly was a power at the Rancho de los Lobos. It was "The *patrona* says time to feed the stock," "Where is the hot chocolate of the *patrona*?" "The *patrona* says the last *carga* of sugar from Durango is short half an *arroba*!" and a hundred and one messages about ways and means that showed she was a good manager and contriver, at any rate.

We had our suppers about sunset and tucked in the plain, substantial camp-fare at a good rate. About nine o'clock, a horn was blown for the *cena*—these *ranchos* of importance generally have a late supper—and before they began to eat, I think, a *moso* hrought out a broad earthenware bowl full of *capirotada*—"that we might eat of the season," by order of the mistress, he told us. Now, the Mexican commissary suits me vastly, for the most part, but I balk at *capirotada*. It will do as they make the pudding in cities—alternate layers of cheese and toast, as sweet as honey with *panocha*, and sprinklings between of raisins, dried figs, and piñon-nuts. I can stand that, but the *rancho* people have robust stomachs, and they season the whole mass liberally with garlic. Consequently, I gave my share to the *madre*—that muleteer who does the camp's cooking.

Arrieros mostly keep early hours on the road, and ours turned in to-night about as soon as they had eaten their pudding. Old Blas spread my blankets over in one corner—a mark of respect to locate me apart from the rest—in a kind of nook among the packs. Of course they shut the doors and barred them—no Mexican will sleep in a room without making it as nearly as possible like the Black Hole of Calcutta. Now here were these muleteers, with lungs like a blacksmith's bellows and used to lying five-sixth of the nights the year around in the open—used to the sweet, aromatic breath of the pines and the scented odors of tropic hivoacs—and they shut themselves in here to-night, huddled together like Chinese, in a musty room full of smells of cheese and onions, hides and tobacco, and all the assorted lot of smells that are likely to herd in the store-room of a big *hacienda* half-full of the winter supplies for several scores of people.

I lay for hours there, rolling and swearing inwardly. I thought of the sweet, soft hed of pine-needles I would have slept on if we had camped outside the walls. I would have gone out if I could; but the corral was not a nice place to lie down, and I knew that every entrance to the *rancho* was closed, and locked, and barred. And if I opened the door of the room even ever so little, the *arrieros* were sure to go about the next day sniffing and coughing. Imagination or fact, as you please, that would have been the consequence of my letting the night air in on them.

Well, every one who has ever slept in a room full of bad air knows that there comes a time when it stupefies the senses and makes one giddy and uncertain, like a narcotic drug or liquor. And so I fell—I don't say into sleep, but into a state where my head was in a sleepy whirl and I was by fits and starts unconscious.

Out of one of these lapses, it seemed to me, I awakened at the sound of the words, "*Patrona! patronita!*" in a woman's eager whisper. And the loog *bodega* seemed to be faintly yellowed by a light as of a candle, and two big, black giants were creeping across the room before me, carrying a coffin.

I was so scared I could not move for a moment; not scared of the giants—I had sense enough to avoid that, but quaking before the delirium that I thought they indicated. It is no fun to fall ill in these wild mountains, with no doctor or medicines within four or five days' journey—and this was the very season for pleurisy and pneumonia, and I would drink water yesterday from an icy mountain spring, hot as I was from a climb, against all old Blas's remonstrance. Br-r-r! I felt the knife-thrust pang!—was it through the upper right lung or under the lower left ribs?—which turn was I cut out for, anyway? To'ther side up might show—and so, holding my very breath, I turned over. Jerusalem! this was worse!—for now I was rattled! I thought I saw two women in the *bodega*—one an ordinary, rather pretty *peladita*, and the other—Lord! a dime-museum-freak of a woman! six feet three, if she was an inch, but all the same, I thought, in the dim light, mighty good-looking. And the two had hold of one of the *huacales*. Do you know what a *huacal* is? No? Well, it is a crate made of bamboo, or picked branches of trees, or hoop-poles, built like a grated box or cage, log-cabin fashion. They are used for packing fruits or pottery—in fact, for general packing—one on each side to a mule-load. They run in different sizes, in different localities, but mostly the size that ours were—about four by three by two feet.

So the two women I thought I saw were toting one of the *huacales* away—in fact, were almost out of sight with it, down at the dark end of the long *bodega*. And I was wondering, if I should wake Blas, if he'd see that I was ill and have me doctored, or if he'd think me crazy and just tie me up for safety until morning. Well, sir, back again came those women and planted the *huacal* just where it had been among the others.

"Now, quick! let us run, *patrona!*" said one; "what if some one should wake?"

"Waken!" it was the big one, I thought, that answered—"Waken so soon? No danger! *Lo que es la miel de amapolas!*—what a thing is the syrup of poppies! But I will just go around to hear them breathing—and if any one should be waking!"—I thought then that she pulled out a long *daga* (a stiletto or poniard) and stabbed the air with it—"why—what then? All the world knows that *arrieros* are a barbarous lot, who care as little for killing one another as for smoking."

They say that the women faint from fright—I don't know whether I did, or if I went to sleep. At any rate, when I opened my eyes again, the room was as dark as an oven, and I said to myself that I must be better, and, any way, old Blas was used to sick men and mules both, and he knew the herbal remedies of the Indians, and *aguardiente* was abundant, and I had known some very dubious diseases cured by the *apretones** of these fellows—altogether, I thought I would better give up to my hinky feeling. And so I did, and I never felt better in my life, nor hungrier, than when I turned out and opened the *bodega* doors next morning.

Generally the *madre* arose in the small hours to prepare the breakfast, and we were off by dawn; but this morning,

* A sort of massage treatment, heroically vigorous, peculiar to these mountain muleteers.

though I, because of my broken rest, had slept very late, all the men were still stretched out, so sound asleep they were not even snoring.

I shook old Blas up lively, but he came to himself more slowly than a bear from his winter nesting. When he did sit up enough to notice the sun streaming across the corral, he rolled out the men in short order. It was all we could do to persuade him to wait for breakfast. He would not touch it himself; said when he grew fat and sleepy-head, it was time to condition himself by fasting. They pushed the mules along so briskly that about two leagues from the *rancho* we overtook a gentleman and his *moso* who had made an early start from one of the *ranchos* passed in yesterday's *jornada*.

He and I rode along together. He spoke of the cold night, and I told him of the hospitality shown us at the Rancho de los Lobos.

"*Qué milagro!*" he said; "what a miracle! I do not understand it. If you had been traveling in style, now, that she might have known your standing—but with a common *atajo*—and you dressed like a hunter—what could be up with the *patrona*? I never knew her to do a favor without some personal motive. But she certainly gained nothing from you folks."

Then I told him how the *arrieros* and Don Blas had taken it out of me, and what a curiosity I felt about this woman.

"Oh, I will tell you all that," he said, "with pleasure; her name is Teodora Casas de Diaz—she is the wife of Roberto Diaz, the *administrador* of the *hacienda*. It is an affectionate we, the neighbors, have taken up, to speak of her, not by name, but as *la patrona*—it emphasizes her position. For you must understand that for years she has been in effect the mistress of the place—by the favor of Federico Soto Cortina, the owner, and the complaisance of her husband. What I can't understand is this gratuitous kindness."

Then I reminded him—and the compliment was deserved, and no palaver—that his countrywomen have no superiors in the world for kind-beartedness and sympathy with suffering.

"I grant you! I grant you! I were a thing of shame, did I fail to recognize the noble souls and unequalled beauty and incomparable graces of my matchless countrywomen—are not they *Mexicanas*? But the very exception that comes to prove the rule is *la patrona* at Los Lobos. She is a *fierra*—a wild beast. And more than ever, now that Federico Cortina is about to leave her. Oh, yes, señor of my heart, it is a romance. Her cavalier is to marry with Ynesita, the daughter of Don Pablo Salas, from Chihuahua, and the *matrimonio* will live hereafter in Mexico, the capital. Even now Don Pablo and the maiden are at the *hacienda*, while Federico prepares to accompany them to the south. For me, I think it is a great fault—indeed, an outrage, to have his future wife beneath the same roof with the woman so long his mistress. But my compatriots have always laughed at me for *escripulosos*—entirely too particular," he added, half shamefacedly, and, after a little, we began to talk of other matters.

Along toward noon we were jogging up a long, gradual slope—by the same token, it was the Mount of the Obsidian—you might take it for the wreck of a monstrous bottling-factory struck by a cyclone—whole face of the country covered with flakes and lumps of what looked exactly like fragments of good, thick black bottles.

All at once there was a clatter behind us, and here came tearing up the grade a buoch of riders, who might soon pulled up beside us. They saluted us with all the usual ceremony—I don't think a high-caste Mexican would omit to ask for your good health, and each one of your family's very good health, and if you had slept well the previous night—no, not though the catching of a train depended on it—and when that powwow was over, the younger man looked at the older, and the old fellow, after apologizing all around Robin Hood's Barn for the liberty and the trouble, begged to know if we had seen anything of some travelers with a young lady among them. Here the younger interrupted.

"Don Pablo," he said, "if your amiability will pardon my brusqueness, we would better be quite frank with these gentlemen. To you, Don Everisto Andrade, and you, señor, the foreigner, I must exhibit myself in the shameful situation of a man mocked, deserted, dishonored. As you probably know, Señor Andrade, Don Pablo Salas here and the Señorita Ynes, his daughter and my affianced, have done me the honor of a visit under my poor roof, for a fortnight. This morning we return from a two days' absence—and we find that the lady eloped last night with Lauro Pescador, of Durango. As for myself, I can but resign my pretensions; but my duty and my pleasure alike constrain me to accompany my good friend Don Pablo until his outraged honor shall find atonement or vengeance. Thus I hope you will see no obstacles to giving us what you can of information concerning the fugitives."

My new acquaintance reflected.

"You base your idea of the elopement on Lauro Pescador's late visit to my neighbor at Canatia—is it not so? Yes—well, it is five days since he left there for Durango. Wait—I know he did go back, for the courier only yesterday brought me a dispatch from him, that is taking me to Pueblo Nuevo, where he and I have interests in common. Surely you know, Federico Cortina, that I would not deceive you—even if I had no reasons of my own for hate of Lauro—this Pueblo Nuevo business is like to lose me many dollars that will be his gain. No! the lady may have gone with some one else to rejoin him, but not with Pescador himself; he certainly is in Durango. More, they can not have gone in that direction, this *atajo* would have met them the first days out, or I this morning."

So the pursuers were satisfied that the chase was on ahead, and they went on at a great rate. I wondered how near that pace they could continue going over "The Devil's Backbone."

We jogged on till the usual stopping-time and camped in the pines at the houseless spot called La Ciudad—The City

—on the very verge where the upland dropped steeply off by the zigzag road down the face of the mountain wall, to *tierra caliente*—the hot lands.

One of the men made one joke, comparing the present with last night's quarters; but he was shut up pretty quickly—there seemed to be a general soreness on the subject.

It must have been about midnight when I was awakened by talking in the suppressed sort of voice that penetrates the sleeping ear more quickly than any normal tone.

"Mateo Blasas, thou canst turn waterman at the Port—thou goest not back with my train. How often have I said I will lead no *atajero* who drinks whilst on the roads? And thou mayst bless the cold night for that I arise not and belt thee a good clip over the head with my pair of *cables*."

"But, *patron!* ay! *patronci-ito!*" squeaked Mateo; "for the life of thy *mamacita*, but come and see—or give me a mate. For, as the saints look down on sinners, it is as I say—the *huacal* is dancing and jumping!"

At that, the Señor Andrade, lying beside me, shot out of his blankets, yelling to the watchman to show him that *huacal*; and their whooping turned out the whole camp to rush after them.

Well, sir, one of the packs was acting as if possessed by a devil. It happened to stand in a clear streak of moonlight, and it was shaking and rocking like a live thing. No wonder Mateo had turned tail from such a sight, as he stood guard alone under the pines in the darkness and the silence. We all stood for a little stock-still, as if frozen by the weirdness of it. Then the crate gave a harder lurch than any yet and turned over down the little slope on which it lay.

"Open! open quick! loosen the ropes! a knife! a knife!" cried Andrade, flinging himself beside it, and tugging strainfully at its lashings. He was so excited that he would hardly let any of us near to help him. But at last we pushed off the top grill and pulled aside the inner layer of matting, tipped up the crate, and, plugged solidly around with tufts of straw, what do you suppose rolled out into the moonlight?

Well, sir, it was a woman.

You never in your life saw anything like the way those fellows cavorted around there. Scared so they couldn't have told their own names. They thought it was either a corpse or a device of witchcraft. Only Andrade kept his head—he said afterwards very modestly that he connected it with my dream the moment he heard Mateo's story—and Blas and I tried to help him by bringing him water, and his flask of liquor, and a torch of *ocote*.

"As I thought! it is Ynesita!" he said, when the light shone on her.

Ynesita or Pantaleona, it was a mighty pretty girl, in spite of the dirt and bruises that disguised her. And she was trussed up and tied like a dressed chicken, and gagged, moreover. We unbanded her, dosed her with liquor, bathed her face and wrists with that water, and laid her before an enormous camp-fire. Then the cook heated full of water the big copper kettle he boils his corn in, and we just chucked her into it, clothes and all.

"We can keep her warm afterward with blankets," said Andrade, who naturally acted head-nurse.

Old Blas and I thought that he ought to give her *apretones*—that would do more than hot water to bring back life and circulation. But, of course, that caromed on the Mexican gentleman's ideas of propriety. But he saw she did need rubbing, and one of the men went off full tilt down the trail to bring up some of the women from the next little town, Duraznitos. Three of them turned out at once—Mexican women are awfully kind-hearted—and came up that tremendous climb a-staving, with clothes and pillows and herbs for remedies; they got in early next morning, and harried us men-folks away to the woods while they gave the young lady treatment.

She had such a good constitution that that night she was able to be carried down the mountain in a litter we rigged for her; and by lying over one day at Duraznitos, she insisted, she would be fit to go on with us. She could not recall one thing from the moment she dozed in her chair soon after eating the "poppy-pudding," as we all got to call it, till she found herself fast-bound and helpless in exceedingly close quarters, and began the struggles that brought her rescue. And we never found out any more about that performance than what we knew already.

The *patrona*? She went on ruling the roast at the *ranchito*. No doubt she would have been punished had she done such a thing in a city—Mexico is not quite a lawless country. But in the wilderness, far from courts, she was safe, especially when she was shielded by Federico Cortina.

Oh! it was not a question of his siding with her against his affianced. The fact is—well, I thought at the time that Andrade's accompanying us had had much to do with Ynesita's ambition to keep on to the Port with us; and they had plenty of opportunities on the road to learn each other's disposition. The upshot of it was that Ynes, when we reached the Port, took the benefit of an old Spanish law for the protection of oppressed lovers, and had herself "deposited," that is, put under the care of a responsible family—it was the governor's in her case—pending investigation of the case.

The arrangement with Cortina had been her father's doings. She had not disliked the man, but neither did she care for him; and the little experience that had befallen her on his account prejudiced her against him—women are so unreasonable.

In short, she demanded to be released from him and married to a man of her own choice; and, on the showing of our testimony, the court sustained her case and granted her prayer.

She and Andrade were married during the next stop-over of the pack-train, while I was still at the Port. All the *arrieros* were at the wedding—and serenaded the happy pair later in the day—and old Blas and I were the *padrinos*—the best men.

J. H. A. "DEXTER."

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1893.

OLD FAVORITES.

Brother Bartholomew.

Brother Bartholomew, working-time,
Would fall into musing and drop his tools;
Brother Bartholomew cared for rhyme
More than for theses of the schools;
For gain or losing, for weal or woe,
God made him a poet, long ago.

At matins he sat, the book on his knees,
And his thoughts were wandering far, I wis;
The brotherhood chanted the litanies,
While he had no praying to do but this:
Watching through arched windows high
The birds that sailed o'er the morning sky.

At complin hour, in the chapel dim,
He went to his stall and knelt with the rest;
And oft, on the wings of the evening hymn,
Would his soul float out to the night's fair breast,
And ever to him the starry host
Flamed bright as the tongues at Pentecost.

"A foolish rhymester and nothing more;
The idlest fellow a cell could hold;"
So judged the worthy Isidor,
Prior of ancient Nithiswold;
Yet somehow, with dispraise content,
Signed not the culprit's banishment.

Meanwhile Bartholomew went his way,
And patiently wrote in his sunny cell;
His pen fast traveled from day to day;
His books were covered, the walls as well.
"He were better a pious monk instead
Of a listless dawdler," the Prior said.

Bartholomew died, as mortals must;
His spirit went free from the cowl'd throng;
And after, they took from the dark and dust
Of shelves and corners many a song,
That cried from Britain to far Cathay
How a bard had risen—and passed away.

Wonderful verses! fair and fine,
Full of the old Greek loveliness;
The seer-like vision, half-divine;
Pathos and merriment in excess;
And every careful stanza told
Of love and of labor manifold.

The king came out and stood beside
Bartholomew's taper-lighted hier,
And turning to his lords, he sighed:
"How worn and wearied do he appear—
Our noble poet—now he is dead!"
"O tireless worker!" the Prior said.

—Louise Imogen Guiney.

St. John Nepomuck.

On the stately bridge of Prague,
Over arches black and vague,
Stands a statue high, surveying all the lands,
And beneath it foams the river;
Rushing Moldau's fierce waves quiver,
While John Nepomuck's bronze image steadfast stands.

The emperor furious came,
Angry-eyed and breathing flame,
To his wife's confessor, and he rashly swore:
"Tell me what my wife hath said,
Or go dwell among the dead."
But John Nepomuck him answered o'er and o'er:

"Not to thee will I reveal
Secrets sealed with holy seal
Of confession, which the empress pure hath made;
Nor will I break the sacred oath
Of my priesthood's sacred troth;
This sin of sins shall not upon my soul be laid."

Drunken Wenceslaus, touched in brain,
Cursing, raging all in vain,
Swiftly bade the river cool this priestly pride.
Then they dragged him to its brink,
That there once more he should think
Before this savage emperor he defied.

On the lofty parapet
High the priest of God they set,
With the mighty river roaring, rushing by;
But most calmly came his breath,
As he steadfast looked on death;
Unblanched was his brown cheek and bright his eye.

"I will serve thee day and night,
But this thing it is not right;
I will rather from this bridge's centre leap.
For my honor I must fight—
I will die within thy sight,
For the Moldau River runneth swift and deep."

Where the current wildly swirled,
Beneath blackest arch was hurled
John Nepomuck, who sank within his watery grave.
As the spring-tide wildly ran,
It o'erwhelmed the drowning man,
From that lofty bridge thrust downward in the wave.

But he knew no dying pangs,
For over him there hangs
Blessings sweet of the dear soul he died to save.
Though his body they did kill,
By the cruel emperor's will,
Yet his memory blossoms fair within the grave.

For where this true man fell—
Struck with awe, by-standers tell—
Swiftly rose a crown of five stars, floating soft.
Bright it hovered o'er the spot,
Which shall never be forgot;
Then, high soaring, fastened in the sky aloft.

The emperor soothed his rage;
Spirit war he dared not wage,
With this sign and token by the angels placed;
And he built upon the wall
This bronze statue large and tall,
And the five-starred crown was on the statue placed.

And this homely, rugged face,
So devoid of saintly grace,
Is to all Bohemian hearts sublime with duty;
And his honored statue stands,
Overlooking all the lands,
As the martyr brave who died for truth and duty.

—Emily E. Ford.

The suicide mania has become so great in Denmark that the government is considering measures to check it. One likely to be adopted is the Swedish law, which compels the body of every person who commits suicide to be sent to the dissecting-room of the nearest university.

THE COACHING PARADE.

"Flaneur" describes the Opening of the Coaching Season in Gotham—The Men who Drove and the Pretty Women on the Coaches.

On Saturday, May 27th, the coaching season opened with the usual parade. Eight coaches started, which proves that the sport has not lost all its attractions; the crowd which gathered on the route to see the coaches pass was as large as usual.

At half-past eleven, Colonel William Jay, who has been president of the club ever since coaches were invented, gave the signal, the horns tooted, and away the coaches sped. By his side sat his wife, and in the coach were Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany and Mrs. Whitmore. His coach is an old Dorking, blue black with red running gear; his wheelers were bays, his leaders a gray and a bay, all perfectly trained to their business. He wore a bottle-green coat, with gold club-buttons, and a bunch of lilies of the valley in his button-hole. Mrs. Jay was in heavy black silk, with mauve. The weather was overcast, and the ladies were afraid of spoiling their gowns.

Then followed Frank Sturgis, with a yellow and black coach and four roan horses. He had Mrs. Burke-Roche—Frank Work's divorced daughter—by his side, and behind them Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Stevens, of the Hoboken Stevenses.

Richard Mortimer drove a yellow coach with black running gear, which was drawn by four chestnuts. Mrs. Mortimer shared the box-seat with her husband, and Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Lorillard sat behind. This party all wore butter-cups.

The old pioneer coach, with cream-colored body and red gear, was driven by W. Forbes Morgan, and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt sat beside him and watched the action of four spanking bays with much interest. Behind her were three reigning belles—Miss Cram, Miss Dodge, and Miss Whittier. They all wore yellow roses.

The newest coach in line was driven by Mr. Frederick O. Beach, which was drawn by four bays. The seat beside him was occupied by Mrs. Ferdinand Yznaga—Mr. Yznaga sitting behind, not, as some one ill-naturedly remarked, to watch his former wife, from whom he was divorced and who rode on Colonel Kane's coach, but merely to admire the view.

Fred Gebhard drove four bays to the sixth coach in line. One of his wheelers became fractious in the park, and he had to draw out of the line and take his party to Delmonico's for lunch. The box-seat beside him was occupied by his sister, Mrs. Neilson, and behind her was Miss Morris, who had two or three attentive admirers.

Perhaps the coach which attracted most attention was driven by Frederic Bronson, the secretary of the club. Mrs. Bronson had brought with her four or five of the prettiest girls in New York; at their approach so many hats were doffed that the coach reminded spectators of a funeral in Spain.

The parade moved briskly to Mount St. Vincent, then turned and drove to the Open-Air Horse Show, where a lunch had been served by Sherry in the club-house. They were received by a bravura by the Hungarian Band, and sat down to a substantial lunch of beefsteak pie and spring chicken, washed down with champagne *brut* and Liebfraumilch.

The coaching parade has always been one of the fashionable events of the day, though to an outsider it seems a trifle solemn. To men, much depends on who sits beside them. Nine years ago, when the grand parade took place at Newport, Belmont the Father shared the box-seat with President Arthur, and in 1890, Belmont the Son invited Mrs. Grover Cleveland to sit by his side. This year none of the Belmonts were present. In days gone by, there was a young lady to whom the elder Belmont stood in the relation of quasi-guardian—she is dead long ago; she was bright, witty, and fairly pretty, and the great banker liked to have her at his side on the box-seat, till one day she flatly refused to ride with him any more. The representative of the Rothschilds asked in amazement for an explanation.

"I won't drive with you, Mr. Belmont, because you lose your temper, swear at your horses, and use language to ladies such as I am not accustomed to hear."

The coaching mania is essentially English. Until lately, Americans had their coach-driving done by hired drivers, who were expert with the reins and the muscles of whose right leg were abnormally developed by the use of the brake. Old Tony Weller was the type which British noblemen tried to train up to; and by dint of steady practice, they acquired the art of tipping a coach-load of voters into a ditch so neatly that none of them could appear at the polls next day. Our young men have hardly attained such proficiency, perhaps for want of opportunities for practice. In this city, the anglo-manics will make progress if they can only keep their crack whips faithful to the sport; but such old hands as Colonel Jay and Colonel Delancey Kane observe, with pained solicitude, that after two or three years' "tooling," the younger men grow tired of the reins.

To become and remain popular a sport must possess either some element of danger or some spice of emulation. A man may break his neck at polo or in the hunting-field; and at all games there is always the stimulus of winning to keep up the interest. But there is no more risk in driving a coach than there is in walking down-town, and, as racing is forbidden, there is nothing to pique the ardor of the drivers. The gentlemen of the Coaching Club are merely doing that which hangers-on at every livery stable can do far better than they, and they are doing it for the silly object of exhibiting themselves before the *badauds* in fancy costume.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1893.

FLANEUR.

Dr. Nansen, who hopes to find the North Pole by letting his ship drift with the ice for three or four years, is now in London making the final arrangements for his journey, and intends to start within a few weeks.

ECHOES FROM THE FAIR.

May 28th.—Whichever way you had intended to enter the fair, you generally come in by another way. Whichever building you had designed to see first, you generally find yourself in another one. One continually finds Californians wandering around the freak shows, asking disconsolately for the California Building.

I had intended to come to the exposition grounds by water. The steamer pier at the South Inlet is really the gate of the grounds. There the great Quadriga looks out toward the lake. There is the beautiful Peristyle. There, too, the grand Statue of the Republic. Behind these are the Great Basin, the Electric Fountains, the Court of Honor, and the Administration Building. From the dome of the latter a magnificent bird's-eye view of the grounds can be obtained.

Such was the way I had determined to enter the grounds. The first day I was in Chicago I had not intended to go to the exposition at all. But I was away down south of Kenwood, one of the suburbs, looking up some friends, and found myself on my return near one of the exposition gates. The easiest way for me to get back to the Illinois Central's suburban tracks was through the exposition grounds, so I entered. I found myself in the Midway Plaisance. So, instead of coming upon the fair by the great Court of Honor, I ignominiously came in by the back door, and made my way through the curious crowd gazing at the freak shows in the Midway Plaisance.

This word, by the way, is pronounced in Chicago "Play-s-o-n-n-g-g-g-k-s," accent on the nasal.

Mention of the Illinois Central suburban trains reminds me that the last time I was in Chicago I thought that this company ran a good many trains. I was domiciled on Michigan Avenue, overlooking the lake front, at the Richelieu. This is not far from the Van Buren Street Station of the Illinois Central. But the trains of a year ago are no longer the trains of to-day. Now there go out over the lake-front tracks nearly all the regular through and way-passenger trains of the Illinois Central, nearly all the freight-trains, all the suburban trains to and from the exposition grounds, running in and out every seven minutes, and all the "express-trains" so-called, running without stops to the exposition grounds, and going in and out every minute and a half.

From this you can imagine the number of trains and the noise. All this is on the lake front, skirting Michigan Avenue, Chicago's swell street, and right in front of her swell hotels. The Auditorium, the biggest, swellest, and dearest hotel, gets the most of the noise. There is, all day and nearly all night, a screeching of whistles, a hissing of blow-offs, a puffing of exhausts, and a ringing of bells. It is awful.

I should scarcely recommend the Auditorium at present to any lady desiring to take the rest cure.

Curiously enough, the crowd at the exposition is not a pleasant one to view. It is distinctly depressing. As the French used to say of the English tourists, the visitors take their pleasure sadly. As these thousands of people tramp on, you are struck by nothing so much as their commonplace faces. A fine, a beautiful and intelligent face—these are rare. Most of the faces are dull. A majority of the visitors seem to be elderly country people. Young people are in a marked minority. It is another proof of the fact that the Americans are a work-a-day people. The younger ones are too busy to go to the fair.

These old farmers, with gnarled and knotty hands, their wives, with thin, worn, and wasted faces and stooping shoulders, make one melancholy. As the day wears on, they become weary; their features grow pinched with fatigue. There are but few free seats in the exposition grounds—the contractors who hire chairs have looked out for that. All over the grounds—on the steps of buildings, on planks, boxes, barrels, anywhere and everywhere—you see these weary old men and women seated.

The few foreigners at the fair remark that the visitors look like mourners instead of holiday-makers. It is true. The exposition is grand, but it is also solemn.

Near the south end of the grounds, in front of the Great Basin, there are two band-stands. Open-air concerts take place here every afternoon. But there are thousands of people who never get within a mile of these band-stands. Most of the visitors go away ignorant of the fact that there is any music on the grounds.

If there were fifteen or twenty good bands playing in the open spaces between the great buildings, it would lighten up the gloom a little, at least, and make the visitors believe that they have been at a festival instead of a funeral.

May 29th.—The Street in Cairo opened yesterday. In honor of the opening, there was a procession around the Midway Plaisance. Camels and camel-drivers, donkeys and donkey-boys, musicians, barbers, wrestlers, drummers beating curious drums, dancing-girls, swordsmen, spearmen, a bride and her attendants—such was the curious crowd that went to make up the opening yesterday.

It is needless to describe the Street in Cairo. It is practically the same thing as that in the Paris Exposition, which has been so often written about as to be hackneyed. There are the Temple of Luxor, the Sarcophagus of the Sacred Bull, a Statue of Thi, and the Palace of Gamad el Din. There are over fifty shops. There are weavers, tent-makers, fez-makers, slipper-makers, jewelers, potters, tailors, brass-workers, and carvers of ostrich eggs. There are Soudanese, Nubian, and Egyptian dancing-girls. These, to my untutored, occidental eye, seem to have inordinately thick ankles and large, voluptuous feet.

Through the Street in Cairo there floats the odor of

frankincense. It seems to strike pleasantly upon the nostrils of the visitor. But it is evidently used for the purpose of concealing other, stronger, and more disagreeable odors. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the dwellers in the street are extremely dirty and smell very badly, indeed. It is well not to permit too near a contact, for the genus *Parasitidae* loves them.

There is, of course, in the Street of Cairo a mosque. There is, of course, in the mosque a muezzin. And thereby hangs a tale.

A muezzin, it is needless to remark, is the gentleman who hawls to true believers "To prayer! to prayer!" from the minarets of a mosque—in oriental countries. In occidental countries, true believers never pray during business hours. Such an invitation shouted down Wall Street from the spire of old Trinity would be considered an impertinence.

Well, Sheikh Ali, Muezzin of Cairo, Egypt, has fallen in love with Miss Blanche Wilson, type-writer, of Columbus, Ohio. The Sheikh's suit is hopeless, and he is suffering such mental anguish that the prayer hours are getting all tangled up. Miss Wilson was secretary to one of the managers of the Midway Plaisance, but has been obliged to flee to Columbus to escape the importunities of her Egyptian lover.

Miss Wilson, by the way, has a history. Some three years ago, while walking along the street in Columbus, one Elliott, an Ohio gentleman, ran up, seized her around the waist, and, using her as a shield, produced a certain deadly weapon, to wit, a pistol, and thereupon fired leaden bullets at, upon, and into the body of one Oshorn, another Ohio gentleman, contrary to the peace and dignity of said State. Oshorn, being unable to fire without perforating Miss Wilson in transit, died. Miss Wilson fainted, and on her recovery became a type-writer.

What is this charm that pervades the American type-writer girl? It certainly exists. Bankers yield to it; so do their clerks; hard-headed merchants are affected by it; even stenographers—fellow-augurs in the Temple of Typeia—come under its powerful influence, for stenographers have been known to skip with type-writers.

And now a tawny son of the desert, in whose veins there runs not a drop of monogamic blood, falls in love with a type-writer girl, and wants to marry her before a justice of the peace in Cook County, Ill.

Kismet!

There are no statistics in these random notes about the height of buildings, or the acres of floor in buildings, or the number of buildings, or the number of exhibits in buildings. Readers will also note with gratitude that there is nothing at all about the condition of the California Building.

May 31st.—Yesterday morning the weather was fine, warm, and clear. But during the afternoon a raw nor'easter blew off the lake, and a blinding rain-storm followed it. The Chicagoese cable people are in the habit of putting on open cars here according to the almanac, apparently. To-night these cars were crowded with shivering thousands returning from the exposition. Young women with no wraps, thin pongee silk gowns, and dimly visible corset-covers, shuddered in the keen wind. I hope they will not fall victims to pneumonia. If it were to kill off some of the gripmen and conductors it would not be an unmixed evil.

Probably the Chicago winter is over, and the open cars are up to date; but if so, spring, gentle spring, has made a miscue.

Talking of young women, a certain complexion and costume seem to be a type here. It may be thus described: Dark eyes; dark-brown hair; sallow complexion; flat face, neither pretty nor plain; high-pitched voice; dark-blue sailor-hat; dark-blue serge or flannel skirt; Eton jacket of same material; shirt waist; four-in-hand tie; tan shoes.

Young women answering this description you meet by the scores, by the hundreds, by the thousands. I verily believe that, on Decoration Day (when there were one hundred and sixty thousand people at the fair), I must have seen ten thousand of them.

There are a number of sad-eyed youths who act as guides and chair-pushers at the exposition. They are said to be theological students. Whatever they may be, they are turning sour. When they have escorted a visitor around for an hour, and collected seventy-five cents from him, both seem to part with mutual dislike. At times, epithets are bandied. I have noticed a number of these partings with much curiosity. I think the feelings of dissatisfaction are largely due to these factors:

1. The visitor thinks the guide does not know seventy-five cents' worth per hour.
2. The guide knows the visitor expects too much knowledge for seventy-five cents.

Both are right. As a matter of fact, too much is expected of the unfortunate theological students. They get one dollar per day. They are expected to know all about mineralogy, ichthyology, ethnology, ceramics, zoology, geology, military science, and engineering; about statuary in staff, in clay, in marble, in bisque, in bronze by the lost-wax and commercial processes, and in ivory; about pictures in oils, in pastel, in water-color; about basso-relievo and repoussé brass. Many of these things even full-fledged clergymen do not know—why, then, do people expect to learn them from these theological squabs at one dollar per day? A man who knew all these things would certainly be worth two dollars per day.

I watched one of these unhappy wretches wheel a fat lady up to the north court of the Art Building. There she had a

violent altercation with him, because he would not wheel her into the building. He told her it was against the rules of the building; he offered to wheel her into any other building; he offered to escort her into the Art Building without the chair; he offered to do anything, but it was useless. Finally he sat down on the steps and doggedly waited until her wrath was exhausted for lack of breath. Then she demanded that he escort her through the art-galleries until his hour was up.

They entered the east wing. I followed. The fat lady, who had a catalogue, kept asking the guide questions when she could not understand the catalogue. Finally they came to a picture by some French artist. It represented a nude woman crouching in the foreground, an expression of awful despair upon her face; in the background gazing at her were the grim and shrouded figures of two men. One had the stern features of Dante Alighieri, the other was the shade of Virgil. In the catalogue the picture was called simply "Myrrha."

"Myrrha," said the fat lady; "what does Myrrha mean—what is that all about, hay?"

"I dunno, ma'am," said the guide.

"Humph! A pretty guide you are. Seventy-five cents an hour, and don't know what Myrrha means." And they passed out of my hearing.

Now I have a dim recollection that in the Inferno, Myrrha is described as a young person who committed the fault of Lot's daughters without the same altruistic motives.

But how—if he had known it—could the theological student have told this to the fat lady?

And what would the fat lady have done to him if he had?

But if the guides do not know any too much, they are Admirable Crichtons compared to the Columbian Guard. These functionaries have a dense, all-comprehending stupidity which is, indeed, marvelous. There is nothing of which they are not absolutely ignorant. They do not even know the points of the compass.

There are two thousand five hundred of these Columbian Guards, and when we think of the amount of this enormous aggregate of ignorance, it is, indeed, melancholy.

Ignorance is by no means confined to the Fair Guards, however. I was on a cable-car the other evening just as it was turning from Madison Street, south, into Wahash Avenue, when a wild-eyed stranger with a grip-sack suddenly left the conductor and said to me with much excitement: "Say, mister, if I stay on this car, do I git to the Northwestern deep-oh?"

"Not to any large extent," I replied; "you are going away from it—the Northwestern is in the opposite direction, on the north side of the river. I don't know the street. Why don't you ask the conductor?"

"The conductor!" said the wild-eyed stranger, with withering scorn; "I have asked him. Oh, to b—l with the conductor!" And grabbing his grip, he jumped from the car and fled with a despairing curse down Wahash Avenue.

"I wonder if I directed him right?" said I, reflectively.

"Conductor, where is the Northwestern, anyway?"

That official expectorated at a passing piccaninny with great precision, and replied simply, but beautifully: "Damfino."

Then, turning, he yelled at a forlorn and bedraggled female who was waving her umbrella at him from a crossing: "Take de next car, lady. Maw-waw Street next!"

And the car moved on. JEROME A. HART.

The Hospital thinks the afternoon nap quite unnecessary, and prescribes this regimen for literary workers:

"They should never go for more than eight hours a day. Early rising would be good for most of them. A cup of coffee and a piece of toast at half-past six might be followed by an hour's work from seven to eight. The whole hour between eight and nine should be devoted to a thoroughly good breakfast and a short walk. Work from nine to twelve. Half an hour should then be spent in gentle sauntering in the fresh air, and a light lunch should follow—say a chop and bread, with a modicum of light pudding, accompanied by a small glass of lager beer. From one to two, a pipe and a saunter, and at two a cup of black coffee. From two to four, work; at four a cup of afternoon tea, and a rest until five. From five to six or half-past, work; and at half-past six the real labors of the day should be over and completed. At seven a good, well-cooked, appetizing, slowly-eaten dinner, followed by one cup of black coffee, but no tea. At a quarter to eleven a small cup of cocoa and one or two pieces of toast. At eleven, bed, and sleep until six or six-thirty. The brain-worker should not work more than five days a week in this fashion. He should have two days of leisure in the week. The first of these should be devoted to brisk and thoroughly fatiguing exercise in the open air, and the second to lolling, lounging, a little light reading, and the like."

An extremely cruel "joke" was recently played upon a young lady of good family and spotless character (writes the Paris correspondent of the *Sketch*). An advertisement appeared in the columns of a popular advertising paper, the *Petites Affiches*, and ran as follows: "Démouille, 30 ans, jolie, distinguée, ayant fortune, *légère tache*, désire se marier avec monsieur ayant petite position," and ended with the full name and address of the young lady. Within two days she had over fifty answers. She was most indignant and furious at having her reputation attacked in this manner and the representation that she was publicly seeking a husband, and so she very properly brought an action against the paper. It was defended, and apologies were offered and great regrets expressed. The magistrates said that the newspaper had not made proper inquiries as to the source of such an advertisement, and, therefore, the proprietors were fined five francs and one franc damages.

The Sultan's harem costs \$15,000,000 yearly. About one hundred women leave every year to marry, and each has \$37,500 dowry. Yet the number never falls below three hundred. Every official struggles to get his daughter in, for each has ten servants, a carriage and four, and the possibility of gaining influence over the Sultan.

THE GEARY ACT.

By Ex-Judge Oliver P. Evans.

[The following discussion of the Geary Law has been received from ex-Judge Oliver P. Evans, formerly on the Superior Bench of the City and County of San Francisco and now a prominent practitioner at the San Francisco bar. It will be read with great interest, as presenting this much-disputed question in its legal aspects.—Eds.]

The construction and interpretation of the Geary Act, so-called, recently the subject of consideration by the Supreme Court of the United States, has suggested to thinking men questions which are liable to be paramount in public consideration, and possibly in diplomatic relations of this country with others, for many years to come. The Chinese question has been considered by the people of the United States for many years. Precipitated upon the country by the Pacific Coast, it at first attracted but little attention; but, after years of agitation and arguments *pro* and *con*, it has become the fixed policy that the Chinese are not a desirable element. Various acts of Congress have testified to the conviction of the people at large, and the law has been established beyond question, that more Chinamen are not desirable. The Geary Act was intended, as a cursory examination of its provisions will show, not to exclude nor deport Chinamen now here, but to preclude others, and to give those now here—who have come under our treaties with China—a sure means of proving their right to remain.

Has the Government of the United States a right to say what the law shall be concerning our preferences for the admission of alien races and upon what conditions they may enjoy such residence? Has it the power to enforce such a law? It is unnecessary to argue any question touching the policy of permitting Chinese to come here—that has been so often before the Congress of the United States and so uniformly decided that further argument would be superfluous. Can the law be enforced by which the people of one country—an independent sovereignty—say to an alien race, subjects of a separate sovereignty, that their presence is not desired and that no more of their kind will be admitted?

To the Chinese now here the laws, in effect, say: You are lawfully here and may be injured if deported, having invested in property or built up industries upon which you are dependent, we will not deprive you of the enjoyment of the fruits of your labor; but we do now say, after an experience of many years, that it is our conviction that it will be for the best interests of our people, our race, and our descendants to exclude, absolutely, further importations or immigrations of Chinese. Therefore we say to you, that while we are willing that you should remain here, we demand that you submit to reasonable conditions upon which we can determine that you are lawfully here and that you may not be deported upon a charge of having entered unlawfully. We recognize you as being here under the law. But we proclaim that no more of your race shall come; we say: "Accept this favor which we give you, and which we are not bound to give, by going before the officers appointed by the Geary Act and making registration. This is done, not for the purpose of driving you out of the country, but to give you evidence of the highest character that you will be permitted to stay, and also to enable the government to determine whether or not those who hereafter come are entitled to remain."

There is nothing cruel, unusual, or unjust in such a law. It is exactly what every American citizen in the State of California has to do before he is permitted to vote. Will any sensible person claim that the intention is to deprive honest and law-abiding citizens of the right to exercise the elective franchise? On the contrary, is it not manifestly intended to guarantee such right and to exclude or prevent frauds in elections?—that is, to prevent persons not entitled to vote from personating those so entitled.

Where is the element of cruelty? Suppose the most reputable citizen in the State of California, having failed to comply with the election law of the State, should present himself at the polls and demand the right to vote, irrespective of his failure to comply with the law. Would the refusal to permit him to vote be any hardship or injustice? His loss would be the result of a deliberate disregard of a reasonable provision of the statute; intended to guard against frauds in elections.

The assumption that the Geary Act is intended primarily to promote the deportation of the Chinese who have acquired rights under the law, and that, consequently, such a law is cruel and unjust, is not warranted by the terms of the act; and its only effect can be to mislead the ignorant and prejudice the cause of the people in their effort to prevent the further importation or immigration of an undesirable race. *The underlying element and essence of all the argument made against the enforcement of the Geary Act is a desire, upon the part of those opposing it, to leave a loophole for the further importation of Chinamen.* What is so sacred about a Chinaman that it is a great insult to require him to register, and thereby show his right to permanent residence? It is said that it is analogous to tagging him like a dog, humiliating him and subjecting him to all sorts of inconvenience. Is it any more inconvenient for a Chinaman to register himself in order to obtain the highest evidence of his right to remain in this country, than it is for an American citizen to register in order to establish his right to vote? The State has the right to impose conditions upon which the citizen may be permitted to vote. The United States has the right to impose conditions upon which the Chinese now here may be permitted to remain. In the one case, a violation of the law results in precluding the citizen from voting; in the other, it results in the deportation of the Chinaman.

If the government has power to exclude an alien absolutely, without any cause whatever, it certainly has a right to prescribe conditions upon which he may be permitted to remain within its jurisdiction. Why have the Chinese generally defied this law? Not of their own volition, but because they have been encouraged so to do by those opposed to the

exclusion of Chinamen in any form whatever. They were, undoubtedly, given to understand, not only by their countrymen, who exercise extraordinary power over them in this country, but by many Americans, that the act would not be enforced; consequently, they allowed the time for registration to pass without having complied with its provisions. The law was passed more than a year ago. It declared positively its intention, and the subsequent claim that it is cruel, unjust, and intended to deport Chinamen now lawfully here is not warranted.

It is common learning that all nations have, not only in barbarous times, but throughout the history of civilization and under the benign influence of the Christian religion, exercised the power of determining what relations, if any, they should hold toward foreign or alien races or nations. No writer of known learning and standing, whether as a theorist upon international law or as a jurist in any country, has claimed that it is not in the sovereign power of one country to determine upon what conditions the subjects of another country shall be received. This I assume without citation of authority.

Is the purpose of the act to deport the Chinese now lawfully here? Manifestly not, and the assertion that it is can not deceive any thinking person. The objection to the enforcement of this law is the opposition to all legislation against the further importation of Chinese.

The proposition is simply this: To the Chinese now resident in the United States of America we say: You have come here under our laws and treaties. We do not intend to deprive you of the privilege of residence nor to take from you property rights acquired pending such residence, but we have resolved that hereafter we will not receive any more of your race. Recognizing your equities in the premises, we give you the opportunity of making permanent record of our indulgence; but if you defy our laws, thereby committing a crime and expressing your contempt as to whether we grant you permission to stay or not, and decline to accept the privilege extended (because it is all a matter of favor and not a matter of right), then you must depart. The refusal of the Chinese to accept this opportunity of making a permanent record of their right to stay here must be construed as an intention on their part of mingling with those who intend to come here, for the purpose of deceiving the officers of the law and making it impossible to know who is here of right. The law gave one year's notice to the Chinese now here to accept this kindness, or to determine to ally themselves with a band of coolie-masters and slave-traders, sometimes called the Six Companies, and defy the law. They were advised in advance that if their intention was to defy our laws they must take the consequences and be sent back to the Flowery Kingdom. They have elected to defy the law. They are confessed criminals. The dissenting opinions all proceed upon the theory that a violation of the law, requiring registration, is not a crime. See Webster's definition of crime. Can such defiance be tolerated?

Their whole argument in the dissenting opinion proceeds upon the theory that the law is leveled at resident Chinamen, expressly intended to deport them, and incidentally deprive them of property and other rights which they may have derived by reason of their residence in this country; thereupon the act is denounced as cruel, inhuman, and unjust, whereas exactly the opposite is true. The expulsion of the Moors from Spain and other historical events are cited as illustrative of the barbarity of the act in question. Is it pretended that before the Moors were expelled from Spain, they were invited and given opportunity to register, so as to remain legally?

The struggle between the Caucasian and the Mongolian races is not new. It has existed for centuries, and will continue until this continent is overrun and controlled by the latter or until they are prevented from landing on its shores.

The United States of America, it is claimed, has been and is a refuge for the oppressed of all nations, but it is manifest there must be limitations to the rights of aliens who seek homes here.

It is threatened by the pro-Chinese that if the Geary Law is enforced the Chinese Government may retaliate and possibly expel or deport all Americans. Let us assume that the Chinese Government will retaliate. Retaliation means: "to repay or requite by an act of the same kind as has been received." What objection is there to retaliation by the Chinese Government? It would mean that all American laborers now in China should register, and that no more could be received. Who could reasonably object to such a law? Is it to be assumed that because we give them one measure that is not palatable they will return two? Let us accord or concede measure for measure. It will be time enough to consider grievances when the occasion arises. We should assume that the Chinese Government will not act unjustly.

This is not a question which alone concerns the people of these United States, but the white people of the whole world.

It is the opinion of men familiar with the character of the Navajo Indians that a war with them will prove to be a serious business for the government. The tribe numbers about thirty thousand, of whom nine thousand are fighting warriors. The reservation where they are entrenched is rough and difficult, and contains many passes where, according to one authority, "two Indians can hold their ground against the entire United States army." The Navajos have trained their ponies to go without water for two days, if necessary. The whole tribe is armed with the most approved repeating rifles, and the bucks have been storing ammunition for years in anticipation of trouble. The Navajos have a perfect system of signals and scouts, and are always informed hours in advance of the movements of troops sent against them.

The late Marquis of Exeter discovered that swans will keep water perfectly free from weeds. At Burghley, a piece of water which used to employ three men for six months in the year to keep it tolerably clean is now kept completely clean by two pairs of swans.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Du Maurier, the famous *Punch* cartoonist, is a brilliant musician, with a fine tenor voice.

The German Emperor prides himself on being a good whip, and proved it by driving, the other day, a four-in-hand coach from Berlin to Potsdam in an hour and five minutes.

Edward Burne-Jones, the English artist, is a pallid-faced, dreamy-eyed man, sixty years of age and of Welsh extraction, with a silky, straggling mustache and heard, dashed with gray.

Pope Leo the Thirteenth in his youth was a great walker, and, during the thirty years that he was Bishop of Perugia, he continued the habit of his early days; but since his election Leo the Thirteenth has not crossed the threshold of the Vatican.

The Earl of Aberdeen, the new Governor-General of Canada, is a dark, slender man about forty-six years old, above medium height, and intellectual looking. He wears a full dark beard, dresses modestly, and has few of the characteristics of the typical Englishman.

It was the Prince of Wales who first announced his son's engagement in an after-dinner speech in which, alluding to the absence of the Duke of York, he remarked, "as he has been engaged for only two days to a charming young lady, you can easily understand the cause of his absence."

Mr. Walter Crane, the artist, imbibed his advanced political views from Mr. W. J. Linton, the engraver, with whom he served an apprenticeship for three years. He exhibited his first picture in the Royal Academy when he was only sixteen, but had to wait many years before repeating his success. Mr. Crane, who is nearly fifty, is a hosom friend of William Morris, the socialist poet.

Prince Bismarck is determined never to grow bent. When taking his daily walk he carries a stout cudgel across his back, held between his elbows; this helps him to keep himself erect. Although he has recently begun to countenance the anti-Semitic movement in Germany and Austria, he has Hebrews among his own immediate ancestors. His mother was the daughter of a converted Hebrew.

One of the most notable American prelates is Father Abbot Edward, of the Convent of Gethsemane in Kentucky. Father Edward is a mitred abbot, his rank equalling that of a bishop, and, though the head of the stern Order of La Trappe in this country, he is a man of winning grace of manner and conversation. The current story about him is that he is a French Bourbon prince of loftiest lineage, and in spite of his severely plain monkish garb his manner "reminds one irresistibly of courts and kings."

Miss Elizabeth Green, of Detroit, seems to be the representative of American beauty in Europe just now; she is turning Parisian heads at present. While at the silver-wedding festivities, the Queen of Italy had her nephew sent away on military service to keep him safe from the pretty American; the Roman shop-windows displayed photographs of Miss Green standing beside this young Count of Turin. Still another conquest was the German Emperor, who said she was the only woman he met in Italy sufficiently intelligent for conversation, since which speech the young lady has been called "the Kaiser's Miss Green."

A conspicuous figure in the ceremonies attendant upon the removal of the body of Jefferson Davis to Richmond was General George Wallace Jones, the oldest living ex-United States Senator. He was a class-mate of Davis at Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., from 1821 to 1824, and his comrade in the Black Hawk War. In 1859, Senator Jones was largely influential in securing the appointment of Davis as Secretary of War by President Pierce. He also was the author of the bill separating Wisconsin from Michigan Territory, and of that admitting the State of Iowa into the Union. He was famous fifty years ago for the part he had taken as principal or second in "affairs of honor," and was esteemed the handsomest and politest man in the national capital. General Jones is now in his eighty-ninth year.

The Right Honorable Arthur Philip Primrose, fifth Earl of Rosebery, LL. D., P. C., is before many months to make Princess Maud Charlotte Marie Victoria a bride. The young lady is the favorite daughter of the Prince of Wales, and is twenty-four years old. The earl is forty-six, but his smooth, clean-shaven face and youthful air make him seem but thirty-three or so. When he succeeded his grandfather as earl in 1868, very little was expected of him, but three years later he found himself in Parliament and the choice of Gladstone himself as the seconder of the address in reply to the speech from the throne. The "Grand Old Man" made him under-secretary of state for the home department in 1881, and five years afterward he was secretary of state for foreign affairs. Then he became really celebrated. The Servo-Bulgarian War and the troubles in Greece revealed him as a born diplomat. He was married in 1878 to Hannah, only child of Baron Meyer de Rothschild. The money Rosebery gained thereby was simply enormous in amount. The wife, of course, became a nonentity, her redeeming traits being unflinching good nature and a passionate desire to please her husband. Upon her death, on November 19, 1890, it was declared that Rosebery's indifference killed her. The Princess Maud, it seems, is warmly attached to the earl. They first met socially three years ago, but it is only eight or nine months since a genuine attachment arose between them. The royal maid is fond of social and scientific studies, and the affinity of the pair appears to be genuine and thorough. The wedding may not take place until September. The earl will become a duke and the pair will make London the

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A curious device for "working up" the sale of a book is reported in the *London Author*. It was given out that a noble of high degree was resolved to marry the exact counterpart of a certain heroine of romance. Of course the marriageable girls all bought the romance to see what the heroine was like. Hence much profit for the author.

R. D. Blackmore's new story, "Perlycross," is a romance of the West of England just before the Reform Bill of 1832.

Signorina Ada Negri, the new Italian poet, is not yet twenty-one, and has lived a sad and laborious life, supporting herself and an invalid mother as a teacher in the national schools. A committee of learned men has just awarded her a pension of eighteen hundred francs a year.

Professor Georg Ebers's autobiography is coming from the Appleton press under the title of "The Story of My Life."

The *Critic* of May 17th gives the result of the voting by its subscribers on the question, "Which are the best ten American books?" as follows:

"Emerson's" *Essays*, head the list, with 512 votes, and then follow Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," with 493; Longfellow's "Poems," with 444; Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with 434; Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat," with 388; Irving's "Sketch-Book," with 307; Lowell's "Poems," with 269; and then Whittier, Wallace's "Ben Hur," and Melville's "Dutch Republic."

The publication of Mrs. Burnett's reminiscences of her child and girlhood, "The One I Knew the Best of All," is deferred until autumn, when the book will appear with numerous illustrations by R. B. Birch.

Funk & Wagnalls have issued a prospectus, with sample pages, of their "Standard Dictionary of the English Language," in which there are many interesting and some useful innovations. For example, disputed pronunciations are determined by the weight of preference of an advisory committee of fifty-two; the names of publishers are added to some of the works, from which illustrative citations are made; the etymology follows instead of preceding the definitions; there will be colored plates as well as cuts in the text, etc.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has made in his *Weekly Sun* this definite announcement respecting his long-contemplated London evening paper:

"His agreement with the directors of the *Star*, by which he bound himself not to start an evening paper for the space of three years, expires on June 26th, and he is determined to fulfill the resolve which he has maintained for years that he should again be in the ranks of evening journalism on the first hour of his restored freedom." The first number of the *Evening Sun* will be issued June 27th.

While in Tangier recently, Richard Harding Davis succeeded in gaining admittance to the famous prison, most visitors to which have to content themselves with a glimpse of the interior through a hole in the wall.

Mrs. Deland has finished a new novel, and, under the title of "Philip and His Wife," it is to be published serially in a Boston magazine.

The latest art journal founded in London is an illustrated monthly of about forty pages, which has been launched under the editorship of Mr. Gleeson White. The new periodical is called the *Studio* and is published at sixpence.

Dr. Edward Eggleston is at work upon a new novel, the first he has written for some time. He works about three hours every morning. Said Dr. Eggleston to a recent interview:

"Though I am best known as a novelist, I care more for history than for fiction, and I have devoted much more time and thought in my life to historical study than to story-writing. The first story I ever wrote, 'The Hoosier School-master,' is the most popular of any of my books; it still gives me a good profit every year."

John Boosey, the famous English music-publisher, died recently at Ealing, near London. His father was a French *émigré*, named Bousée, who founded the business in London in 1795, and was the publisher of Bellini, Rossini, and Donizetti. John Boosey was also publisher of the *Musical World*, which died in 1890 after thirty-six years of publication.

Professor McMaster has made such progress with the fourth volume of his "History of the People of the United States" that he expects to see it in the printer's hands in the autumn. It relates to the period between 1812 and 1830.

It is not often that shares in the *London Graphic* and *Daily Graphic* newspapers come into the market. Some, however, were sold by auction the other day, and these realized as much as \$277.50, these being 550 shares, on which \$35 only had been paid.

Howard Seely, the Texan writer, has just completed a novel entitled "A Border Leander," which the Appletons will shortly publish in their Summer Series.

Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Haggard has sent the press a communication, apropos of a statement concerning Mr. Rider Haggard, to the effect that his first wife was Miss Carroll, of Baltimore, in which he says:

"It is an error. Mr. Rider Haggard has only been married, to Miss Louisa Margaretson, of Ditchingham House, Norfolk, who is alive and well. The lady whom various newspapers so very ungalantly call 'the terrible and age-

less beauty,' was married to and divorced by another member of the family."

There is a great deal of practical information about living abroad to be found in W. H. Bishop's forthcoming book, "A House-Hunter in Europe."

The third volume, to be published this month, of the stories from one of the magazines, is the volume of "Stories of the South." The stories are "No Haid Pawn," by Thomas Nelson Page; "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner," by Joel Chandler Harris; "How the Derby was Won," by Harrison Robertson; and "Tirar y Soult," by Rebecca Harding Davis. The "Stories of the Sea" will appear in July.

"Le Docteur Pascal," M. Zola's new novel, the crown and consummation of the Rougon-Macquart chronicles, is to be published in book-form in a few days.

That there are men of whom the native intelligence is slightly deteriorated by every book they swallow is the opinion of a *Spectator* essayist—an opinion shared, he believes, by the late Lord Lytton. He declares:

"There have been fools whose want of intelligence was due almost exclusively to reading, and I could myself name two distinctly intelligent men whose intelligence was seriously injured by getting particular books on the brain. They did not merely gain nothing from the books—they lost much, a result which experts in philanthropy tell us is by no means unknown among reading artisans. Some book masters them, and the power of thinking they originally possessed seems to dwindle away."

One of the pieces of fiction in a forthcoming New York magazine has been contributed by a colored woman, the wife of a negro preacher in South Carolina.

It is rare that an author wins public appreciation of his work to the extent that has been the good fortune of Moritz Jokai, as set forth in this paragraph:

The authorities of Budapest have arranged for gala performances of all his dramas to the accompaniment of fire-works, a torchlight procession, and a general illumination of the city. On the second day of the celebration there is to be a procession containing representations of the characters in the author's novels by ladies and gentlemen of the capital.

A life of the late Edwin Booth by his friend of many years, William Winter, is in the press, and will be published shortly. It will contain portraits and other illustrations.

New Publications.

"A Medicus in Love," by G. von Taube, a story of student life in Vienna, has been published by W. D. Rowland, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography," by Henry Wood, is an exposition of the laws of "mental healing," with a restorative system of "mind cure" for home and private use. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Ranch Verses," by William Lawrence Chittenden, is a book in which an erstwhile Harvard man, now a Texas cattle-owner, has gathered the fugitive poems which his experiences in the South-West have inspired. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by Payot, Upbam & Co.

"General Jackson," the third volume of the Great Commanders Series, was the last work of the late James Parton, so well known for his many excellent biographies. As is to be expected in a volume in this series, it presents the military career of General Jackson in greater prominence than his civil and political life, and the account of President Jackson's administration is a decided anti-climax to the stirring pages in which are narrated the achievements of the hero of New Orleans. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Life's Sunbeams and Shadows" is the title of a volume of poems by J. C. Pelton, scattered among them being also verses by other writers, such as Joaquin Miller, John Kendrick Bangs, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, David Starr Jordan, and John Vance Cheney. An introduction by Frank M. Pixley briefly sketches Mr. Pelton's career and his achievements in building up this community in the Far West, and in appendices the author records at greater length his biographical and historical notes and sets forth the record of his pioneer public-school work in California, as shown by official documents. Published by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

"The Law of Psychic Phenomena," by Thomas Jay Hudson, is an attempt to formulate a working hypothesis for the systematic study of hypnotism, spiritualism, mental therapeutics, and other phenomena now regarded as supernatural. The author advances the theory that everybody possesses two brains, and on that "working hypothesis" he certainly accounts for many hitherto inexplicable things. He does not dogmatically declare that he is right, but he offers his theory until a better one is found; and he is deserving of a hearing, if only for the labor he has spent in building up his case. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50; for sale at the Popular Bookstore.

The second volume of the new illustrated edition of J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate

Norgate, has just been issued. It covers the period from the beginning of the Hundred Years' War, in 1336, to the conquest of Ireland, early in the seventeenth century. The eight chapters in the volume are extended over nearly five hundred pages by the insertion of a great number of cuts taken from old manuscripts, portraits, seals, prints, and other sources. These illustrations constitute the distinctive feature of the edition and are a most valuable one, especially as the editors have provided nearly thirty pages of concise description of the cuts. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$5.00; for sale by William Doxey.

Recent Fiction.

"A Southern Heritage," by William Horace Brown, and "The Ironmaster," translated from the French of Georges Ohnet, have been re-issued in paper covers by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 50 and 25 cents, respectively.

W. D. Howell's latest farce, "The Unexpected Guests," and "The Rivals," a pretty *nouvelle* by François Coppée, are the latest issues of the Black and White Series published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Squire," by Mrs. Parr; "Marionettes," by "Julien Gordon"; and "The Third Man," by J. G. Bethune, have been issued in the Sunshine Series published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by A. M. Robertson and by Payot, Upbam & Co.

A Finnish novel, "Squire Hellman," and other stories, by Juhani Aho, fill the latest issue of the Unknown Library. The translator, R. Nisbet Bain, prefaces the four tales with an introductory note on the literature of modern Finland. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

Mrs. Sally Pratt McLean Greene's story, "Vest of the Basins," has been issued as the initial volume of Harper's Quarterly, a new "library" of American fiction. In the Franklin Square Library the latest issue is "A Wasted Crime," by David Christie Murray. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Four short stories by English writers are contained in the two latest issues of the Shandon Series. In "A Deplorable Affair" are that tale, by W. E. Norris, and "A Deadly Dilemma," by Grant Allen, and in the other volume are "The Fate of Sister Jessica" and "Mr. Sharshaw's Shadows," both by F. W. Robinson. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., New York; price, 25 cents each.

"His Letters," by "Julien Gordon," is a love-story set forth in the man's letters. Inasmuch as there are one hundred and fifteen of them, the patient reader is very fully informed as to the course of his love-affair with the fair widow, and it is to Mrs. Cruger's credit that not a few who begin the series of letters will follow them to the end, for it is no inconsiderable art that can carry a third party's interest in a love-correspondence beyond half a dozen epistles. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

"Mona Maclean, Medical Student," by Graham Travers, is a story that one can follow through its four hundred and more pages with unflagging interest. Mona herself is a delightful girl, with a bright, clever mind of her own, the beauty and self-reliance that come from physical perfection, and many very pretty womanly ways. She fails to take her M. D. degree, and thereupon becomes assistant in a little Scotch seaside village shop, where young Dr. Dudley, nephew to the wealthiest of aunts, falls in love with her. Then she is whisked off to Norway by titled Anglo-Indian relatives and captures a Sahib Dickenson. But she is true to her old love, and returns to medicine and Dr. Dudley. Mona is a very attractive young person and her story is decidedly well told. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Last Sentence," by Maxwell Gray, is such a thoughtful and skillfully told story as one would expect from the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." It has for hero a young Englishman who married a young Breton peasant who saved his life. He sends her to Paris to be educated, and himself returns to England, where he falls in love with a woman in his own station. Then he hears that his wife has been killed and her child lost, and he is about to marry the woman he loves when the wife appears. He ignores her, she goes away and dies in the storm, and he marries his choice. Years after he is driven to confess to his wife, and, as a judge, he has to pass sentence on his child by the first marriage, who has killed her own child. It is a powerful tale of suffering for sin, and once more points the moral that it is often the innocent, rather than the guilty, who suffer most. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

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VANITY FAIR.

The death of "Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury," leads the London *Spectator* into speculation as to whether the race of "great ladies"—not aristocratic women, but great ladies in Lord Beaconsfield's sense—is not destined to die out. "The true 'great lady,'" says the *Spectator*, "the woman who has definite influence over society, politics, and the general life of the exclusive, is not a product of civilization—for that has existed without her, as it did in Athens, and does at this moment exist alike in France and in America—so much as of those civilizations which for any reason are stamped, as our own till lately has been, with the aristocratic *cachet*. She requires for her full development a good many conditions, a society in which women are respected—that is the reason why there are no 'great ladies' in Asia who are not sovereigns—in which birth is held in reverence, and in which the powerful form a limited and in some sense an exclusive company, with social inter-relations of a more or less intimate kind. In our own community, since the days of Elizabeth, there have always been a few great ladies, women who have been personages in the state, who, without actual power, have been conspicuous, have been wielders of large patronage, and have exercised a sort of influence impalpable and indefinable, but never denied by those who really understand how the world is governed. Never possessed of direct power, which in England has belonged to queens alone, their verdict upon a man, a policy, or a social change has been as weighty as that of the greatest politician, soldier, or favorite of the people, and has frequently had a greater though more subtle effect. They have, that is, succeeded in charming, either by brain, or by beauty, or by social acceptability, the limited circle of personages who till lately have always really governed and who receive their leading impressions more through the ears and eyes than any other source."

Boston is in a state of mind over the appearance on her streets of a number of prominent ladies arrayed in a wide departure from the conventional feminine costume of the day. There are said to be at least a dozen advanced thinkers of the female sex who have appeared in public in the new costume which they have determined to adopt. Mrs. B. O. Flower, wife of the editor of the *Arena*, and Miss Laura Lee, a prominent artist, have been shopping in their Syrian trousers, and they say that their unique attire has caused them no other annoyance but to be stared at. They like it and mean to stick to it.

The people who lounge at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne are now called the "Cercle des Pannés," Anglice, "The Hard-up People's Club." This gathering is supposed to be frequented by persons who can not afford a carriage to drive to the Bois, but who yet want to see, and, above all, to be seen. The accommodation consists of arm-chairs, which are paid for at the rate of four cents a sitting, and the plebeian bench, which costs nothing. Marriageable young ladies, with their chaperons, muster there in force on the look-out for a lord or master. Men also frequent the spot. They are of all ages, from the pert, downy-lipped adolescent fresh from college to the made-up old beau. Every one is well dressed and impecunious, and the one sex exerts all its efforts to deceive the other. Men are looking for wives with a *dot*, and ladies are in search of husbands. Marriages which are the outcome of a first meeting at the Cercle des Pannés are not likely to be bappy, and one would certainly not advise friends to go there either for a wife or a husband. But of an afternoon there is no place like it for noting the latest thing in dress, and so long as you are careful to keep clear of the matrimonial net, there is no harm in frequenting that crowded corner, which has been dubbed with such a funny name.

"The jewels of the youthful Countess Craven," says an English newspaper, "will probably excite some envy among our society ladies. It is not often that a bride of eighteen can boast the possession of three such superb pieces of jewelry as the magnificent tiara of diamonds, a duplicate of the Empress Josephine's, given to her daughter by Mrs. Bradley-Martin; the exquisite and very valuable necklace of three rows of perfectly matched pearls, which was the present of her grandmother, Mrs. Sherman, the widow of the founder of the family fortune; and the beautiful old diamond collarlet, taken from her own wedding presents of half a century ago by the Dowager Countess Craven as a wedding-gift to her son's bride."

It has been remarked (says the *World*) that, in addition to her other personal attractions, the Infanta is in possession of what the French call *leger duvet*, or, in plain English, the down upon the upper lip. American women, more particularly those whose associations and observations have been confined to their native land, have come to look upon the *leger duvet* as something unfeminine and unattractive. It is rather a distinctive mark of pride, however, to the beauties of the Latin nations, and is taken, moreover, as a badge of strength of character and an indication of self-reliance, without assuming the coarser vigor of masculinity. When Rome was in

its "most high and palmy state," the women of the refined and cultured set affected not only the down on the lip, but a hirsute growth on the face. They resorted to artificial means and smeared ointment over their cheeks to stimulate the growth of hair. Cicero says that the practice became so universal that a law was passed against it. The Greeks also were affected in the same manner, and gave their Cyprian Venus a heard to enhance her good looks.

Which is the better system (an English writer wants to know), that of the Paris Palais Royal or the London play-house? In Paris the plays are frankly shocking; but, then, unmarried girls do not go to see them. This serves a double purpose—it keeps the girls in a state of doubtfully useful ignorance and aids in getting them to marry. For it is a fact of gravity enough for a consular report that one of the reasons why mademoiselle consents to wed a man for whom she does not care a periwinkle is that she is dying to go to the Palais Royal, to read "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé," and to enjoy the other feminine privileges of emancipation. In England, of course, she is taken to every theatre, and, though she does not understand, she is "put on inquiry," to use the phrase of an equity barrister. Which is the better?

Marie de Médicis and her rival, the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées, distinguished themselves by the magnificence and richness of their costumes, the queen appearing at one of the fêtes so heavily "laden with precious stones that she could scarcely move about." The dresses worn by ladies of the Louis the Fourteenth period were remarkable for the exquisite beauty of the stuffs. Brocades were of great magnificence, and the dress worn by Mme. de Montespan on one occasion is described by Mme. de Sévigné as a "gown of gold on gold brodered in gold hordered with gold, and over that gold frieze stitched with a gold mixed with a certain gold which makes the most divine stuff that has ever been invented." With so many fair women—Ninon de L'Enclos, La Vallière, Montespan, and a host of other queens who had "their little day"—feminine dress was naturally at this period regarded as one of the fine arts. Josephine de Beauharnais, whose beautiful face has been immortalized by David, was an ardent worshiper in the temple of fashion. Mme. de Rémusat, in her interesting memoirs, says that her whole time was absorbed in the ornamentation of her rooms and the joys of the toilet. Her drawing-rooms were crowded with stuffs, and silks, and shawls, and jewels, which were incessantly brought to her and which she bought without asking the price and forgot almost as soon as they were bought. As she changed her linen three times a day, one can easily understand that her toilet was the principal occupation of her existence. Shawls were in tremendous favor—especially cashmere shawls—and Josephine, who had them in countless varieties, possessed the art of draping them about her shoulders with the most exquisite grace. Many of her portraits represent her in white, the color most favored by Bonaparte.

One of the gladdest of the glad sights of the cheerful latter end of May (*Harper's Weekly* says) is the display of colored shirts in the haberdashers' windows. It is the instinct of man, as it is of nature, to bloom in the spring, and bloom he does, according to his means and opportunities. If he lives in town, his aspirations take shape in a gorgeous exuberance of blossom on his wife's and daughter's hats. And if he has no daughter and no wife, he buys a colored shirt and a pair of yellow shoes, gets a flower for his button-hole, and, perhaps, sends somebody a nosegay, and so keeps pace with the season. It is a very poor man, in these days, who can not treat his spring fever to an application of colored shirt.

At the last Drawing-Room of Queen Victoria there was a carnival of jewels. One reckless woman, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, was arrayed in a wide skirt whose many seams were outlined with diamonds and emeralds. The Duchess of Devonshire was a blaze of gems, and so was the Duchess of Buccleugh. The marchioness seems to have been the only one who sewed up the seams of her skirt, so to speak, with jewels, but there was quite a goodly number whose bodice-seams were outlined with diamonds. One lady wore a long string of diamonds across her breast, like an order. Jeweled hooks upon which to hang their fans were worn by most of the guests. A quaint and beautiful fancy was the placing of a diamond in the heart of a rose worn in the hair or on the bodice. There it nestled, like a great dewdrop—provided it was not lost in the crush. Necklaces in profusion were worn, and such was the passion for display that these were often supplemented by a band of velvet, studded with stars. Birds, butterflies, and flowers of jewels were quite common, and the veils were kept in place by long ear-rings formed into pins, but with the pendants free to flash out kaleidoscopic, prismatic colors. The bodices were fastened at the back with diamonds, and one waist had a fringe of diamonds across the front. Jeweled girdles were also worn. The turquoise was represented whenever it would harmonize with the color of the gown. Emeralds were much worn, and the present

supremacy of mauve or heliotrope had brought the amethyst out in force.

An ingenuous outcome of the Drawing-Rooms is the "train tea," which in these dissembling days is most refreshing. A woman comes home from the crowded, if not crushing, honors of Buckingham Palace to hold a little court calmly in her own drawing-room, her train spread out to its utmost inch for the admiration or uncharitableness of her curious friends, who have been gravely invited to come hither and pour libations to her vanity, combined with tea—over-drawn tea. It is also an ambition with other curiously-minded persons to see how many "train teas" can be got through in an afternoon, that they may again dilate on the aristocratic fatigues of Drawing-Room Day to other envious friends. Men are not above such enfeebled frivolity, either. A writer in the *Sketch* says he met three industrious youths at six "train teas" on a recent afternoon, and they only began to look ashamed when they met at the very last house.

People are always telling women (says the Boston *Herald*) that the throat is the first part of their bodies to reveal the insidious approach of age. But they do not add that high "choker" collars and the stiff linen in which the "tailor-made" young woman and the athletic girl delight to bind their necks are age's most potent allies. The proper way to treat a neck is to give it all the air and freedom possible. Bestow your linen collars and chemisettes upon some one who does not want a well-preserved throat. Rip every high collar off of every bodice and finish it with a ruffle of soft silk, if it must have a finishing. Cut your house-gowns down in Vs in the back and front. Make your gingham and your muslins with round waists and surplice fronts, and trim them with a bit of lace at the throat. Another thing which shoemakers and physicians will tell you to do for your complexion is to wear looser shoes for the next four months than you do for the rest of the year. The feet seem to feel the general spring languor even more than the rest of the frame does, and whatever gives them the nearest approach to barefoot ease is the best thing for them in summer.

Madrid is more liberally endowed with salons (says a writer in the New York *Tribune*) than any other capital in Europe. Indeed, every box at the opera may be regarded as constituting a salon. Only the lower classes in the galleries listen to what is going on on the stage, the occupants of the loges being occupied in receiving visits, exchanging the latest gossip, and in flirting. And even after the opera is over everybody that is anybody assembles in the foyer to wait for the carriages, and the time, instead of seeming long, as it really is, appears very short. Several of the great ladies of Madrid have of late begun to have a fixed day in the week for being at home. But the custom has not been generally followed, since, practically, the doors of a salon of a Madrilen are never closed from four in the afternoon until midnight during the six months of the year that constitute the Madrid season. As in the aristocratic society of Vienna, everybody in the great world in Madrid knows everybody else, and no matter what their political opinions—Monarchists, Carlists, and even Republicans—all are on terms of such intimate intercourse and good-fellowship that they mingle and even "tutty" or "thou" one another. Contrary to general belief, there is no society in the world where there is so much freedom, ease, and well-bred *sans façon* as in that of Madrid. The formality, the hauteur, and pride for which the Spaniards are so noted, only come to light in their intercourse with perfect strangers, or when they have been stroked the wrong way.

The noiseless London bansom, with its india-rubber tired wheels, must, in future, carry bells to give notice of its approach. So many accidents have occurred through pedestrians not hearing the noise of approaching wheels that the commissioner of police has introduced this new regulation.

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THE INNER MAN.

Mrs. Reilly's Peaches.
Whether in Michigan they grew,
Or by the far Pacific,
Or Jerseywards, I never knew
Or cared—they were magnific!
They set my hungry eyes aflame,
My heart to beating quicker,
When trotted out by that good dame,
A-drowned in spicy liquor!

Of divers sweets in many a land
I have hetimes partaken,
Yet now for those old joys I stand,
My loyalty unshaken!
My palate, weary of the ways
Of modern times, beseeches
The toothsome grace of halcyon days
And Mrs. Reilly's peaches!

Studded with cloves and cinnamon,
And duly spiced and pickled,
That viand was as choice an one
As ever palate tickled!
And by those peaches on his plate
No valorous soul was daunted,
For, oh, the more of them you ate
The more of them you wanted!

The years have dragged a weary pace
Since last those joys I tasted,
And I have grown so wan of face
And, oh, so slender waisted!
Yes, all is sadly changed, and yet,
If this eulogium reaches
A certain lady, I shall get
A quick return in peaches.

—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

Prince Bismarck's old chef, who is now head-cook in a big Berlin restaurant, recently won a novel bet, and gave a surprising exhibition of his mastery of the culinary art. He had wagered fifty dollars that he could kill, clean, cook, and serve a chicken, all in six minutes. The wager was decided at night in the café of the restaurant, in the presence of a big crowd. The cook appeared at nine o'clock on an improvised platform, upon which stood a gas cooking-stove. He held a live chicken high over his head, and the fowl cackled loudly. One blow of the keen carver severed the bead from the neck, and the cook began to pick the feathers with great swiftness. It took just one minute to get rid of every feather. In less than another minute, the expert had opened and cleaned the fowl, and had placed it upon a broiler on the gas-stove. The cook husied himself at the broiler, seasoning the fowl as it cooked. It lacked just a second of the sixth minute when he stepped from the platform and served the chicken to the nearest guest amid great applause.

The late Prince Ratibor was supposed to give the best dinners in Paris. His chefs were always most solemnly chosen after the greatest deliberation and cross-examination. On one occasion it was announced that he was in need of a cook, and ten of the best chefs duly presented themselves for the coveted post. They were informed by the prince that each must serve a dinner of his own choice and cooking, consisting of ten courses, to be served the same evening to a jury of the best gastronomes in Paris, who would eat of each different dish and pass judgment accordingly. This programme was carried out, and the palm awarded to a Frenchman who had been chef for many years to the Baron Haussmann. A trip to Marienbad by the whole of the jury was the sequel to this famous dinner of one hundred courses.

A rumor reaches us that champagne is going out of fashion in Russia, and especially in the army. Until the great wine-sellers of Rheims themselves corroborate this rumor we must respectfully decline to believe it. When the Russian officer inhales champagne (and, as a rule, he will drink it whenever he can get it), he is not content with moderate potations. It is scarcely figurative to say that he swallows it by handfuls, and that he likes his champagne exceedingly strong and excessively sweet. Honoré de Balzac once gravely maintained that the vast indemnity exacted from France by the allied powers, after the campaign of 1875, was more than reimbursed to the French by the amount which the victors, especially the Russians, spent in champagne among the restaurateurs of Paris.

A dealer in American wines says: "The claret, Burgundy, port, angelica, catwaba, and all such wines that are grown in America are purer and better than those of the same class in Europe, but there is one thing that we can't make, and never can, and that is sherry. It is impossible to get that burned, nutty flavor that good sherry has, and people would kick about it if we did get it, for it is caused entirely by carrying the wine in goatskin and sheepskin bottles. With us life is too short and railroads too handy to send that way, and casks are cheaper than goatskins; but it's the goat that gives that nutty taste to sherry."

Eight years ago in Edinburgh it was the custom for a man to walk through the town every day at noon, bearing a large shin-bone of beef. His cry was: "Three stirs and a wallop for a hawbee." All the housewives had their vegetable stewing for the family soup, and gladly paid their hawbees for the privilege of three stirs with the bone, which was supposed to flavor the stew.

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SOCIETY.

The Judson-Smith Wedding.

The Church of the Epiphany, in Washington, D. C., was the scene last Thursday noon of the wedding of Miss Alice Condit-Smith and Mr. Cyrus Field Judson. The church was beautifully decorated and was crowded with friends of the young couple. The bridal cortege was headed by choiristers chanting "Angel Voices Ever Singing."

Following them were the ushers, Mr. J. Condit-Smith, Mr. Frank Roosevelt, Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, Mr. Colman Williams, Mr. Pedro Franche, Mr. Norman Deer Whitehouse, and Mr. Cambridge Livingston, all of New York, and Mr. Van Ness Philip, of Washington, D. C. Then came the bridesmaids, Miss Mary Anderson, of Richmond, Va., Miss Helen Williams, of Buffalo, N. Y., Miss Grace Condit-Smith, and Miss Mary Osbourne Condit-Smith. Last of all was the bride, leaning on the arm of her guardian, Justice Stephen J. Field.

The bride's robe was an elegant creation of white satin, trimmed with point lace and chiffon. She also wore a diamond necklace, and solitaires, and a long veil of point lace confined by sprays of orange-blossoms. She carried a white prayer-book.

The bridesmaids wore gowns of white organdie and large Leghorn hats, and carried bouquets of lilies of the valley and white roses.

At the chancel, the bride was met by the groom and his best man, Mr. William Francis Judson, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. McKim. Afterward the bridal party and a few friends enjoyed a breakfast at the residence of Justice Field. The honeymoon will be passed at the home of the groom's mother at Dobb's Ferry.

The Livingston-Schiffer Wedding.

A notable wedding took place in New York city at half-past five o'clock last Monday afternoon, when Mr. Joseph Livingston, of this city, and Miss Clara Schiffer, of New York city, were wedded. The bride, who is a beautiful and stately brunette, is the daughter of Mr. Louis G. Schiffer, a prominent and wealthy member of the Cotton Exchange. The groom was born in this city, where he is well known and very popular. He is a member of both the San Francisco Verein and the Concordia Club, and possesses a large fortune. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Gustav Gottheil, of the Temple Emanu-El, at the residence of the bride's parents, 10 East Sixty-Third Street. All of the rooms were handsomely decorated with flowers.

The bride looked charming in an elegant Worth robe of white satin, made with a long court-train and trimmed profusely with rare point lace. The flowing veil was also of point lace, and was confined to the coiffure by a tiara and sun of diamonds, the gift of the groom.

Miss Adèle Lewison, a cousin of the bride, acted as the maid of honor, and wore a pretty Empire gown of white crepe de Chine, daintily trimmed, and carried a small basket of moss roses.

Mr. Jesse Wasserman, who was Mr. Livingston's guest here three years ago, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. G. Schiffer, Mr. Henry Schiffer, Mr. I. Wormser, Mr. A. Wormser, Mr. L. L. Kramer, Mr. S. Stiefel, Mr. John Kane, and Mr. A. Lewison. After the ceremony the wedding guests were driven to Delmonico's where a sumptuous dinner was served, followed by dancing in the ball-room. The wedding presents were numerous and of great value. Mr. and Mrs. Livingston will pass their honeymoon abroad, and when they return to America will make a tour of the continent, including a visit to this city.

The Perrin Dinner-Party.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin gave a charming dinner-party last Tuesday evening, at their home on Clay Street, in honor of General Wade Hampton and party, who have been visiting here. The table was beautifully ornamented with fragrant flowers, and a delicious menu was admirably served. Among those present were:

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin, Miss M. S. Hampton, Miss

V. G. Long, Miss Lucy Herndon, Miss A. S. Haskell, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Adèle Perrin, Miss Helen Perrin, General Wade Hampton, Mr. B. W. Taylor, Mr. Charles E. Thomas, Mr. W. Frank Goad, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Charles K. MacIntosh, and Mr. Cutler Paige.

Among the San Franciscans who are exhibiting oil-paintings at the Paris Salon are H. P. Dillon, "Les Hospitalités de Sommières"; Miss A. E. Klumpke, two portraits of American ladies; and R. L. McComb, "Matin." Of those who contributed aquarels and pastels are Miss R. Potron, five portraits; Mrs. B. Roullier, "La Lettre"; and Miss Eva Withrow, "Tête."

There is an amusing discrepancy (says the Sun) between the title and the first of the several Christian names borne by the royal Spanish lady now visiting the United States. The title Infanta is merely "infant," used in a sort of complimentary sense, as is child in "Childe Harold." Now infant means, etymologically, speechless. Eulalia, however, means "sweet spoken," so that we have for the meaning of Infanta Eulalia, "the speechless sweet spoken one."

The Mikado, desirous of improving the physique of the Japanese, has recommended them to adopt a meat diet, in place of the fish and rice fare on which they are believed to have deteriorated.

In Denmark it is the law that all drunken persons shall be taken to their homes in carriages provided at the expense of the publican who sold them the last glass.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Irene G. Masten, daughter of Mr. N. K. Masten, to Mr. Philip K. Gordon, son of Colonel D. G. Gordon, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., now in command of Fort Niobrara, Neb. The date of the wedding is set for next October.

The wedding of Miss Laura Blanche Huff and Mr. Bush Finnell will take place next Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Socrates Huff, in San Leandro.

Miss Grace Walling Hartzell, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. Wesley Hartzell, will be married next Wednesday evening to Mr. Francis Pratt Britton in St. John's Episcopal Church.

Mr. Harry Melvin, of Oakland, and Miss Louise Morse will be united in marriage next Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Morse, in Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head gave a pleasant dinner-party at the Palace Hotel last Monday evening to Mrs. John P. Jones and the Misses Jones.

An elaborate dinner-party was given last Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, at their residence, 1812 Van Ness Avenue, complimentary to Mrs. John P. Jones.

Miss Ruger entertained a number of ladies at luncheon last Tuesday. The decorations were very pretty and the menu delicious.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlesmagne Tower, of Philadelphia, gave a fête on May 25th that is said to have been the largest *à fresco* entertainment, by private invitation, ever given in the City of Brotherly Love. It was given at the grounds of the Germantown Cricket Club from five until eight o'clock in the evening, and was very largely attended, the officers of the Russian fleet being among the guests. The grounds looked beautiful, and the club-house was elegantly decorated. Two orchestras provided music, and refreshments were served bounteously. Mrs. Tower will be remembered as the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Frank Smith, of Oakland.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. A. M. Parrott is in Paris, visiting her daughter, Countess de la Lande.

Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd has gone East, and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. William T. Wallace and the Misses Marguerite and Romie Wallace are residing temporarily at the Palace Hotel, while their home on Van Ness Avenue is being renovated.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant will go to the Hotel del Monte next Saturday for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle and Miss Minnie Weill will pass the summer in a cottage at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood, who recently returned from an Eastern trip, will soon leave to pass a few weeks at Wawona. Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes will accompany her.

Mrs. John W. Mackay and Mr. Clarence H. Mackay arrived in London on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague returned to the city last Monday, after a three months' visit to Japan and China.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and Miss Lottie Clarke have returned from their tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil A. Brugière and family will go to the Hotel del Monte next week for the season.

Mr. Walter S. Newhall has returned from a month's visit to his ranch in Southern California.

Mr. Brooks Jones will go to Bakersfield on Monday for a few days.

Mr. W. F. Goad and the Misses Goad left last Thursday for Santa Cruz and are at the Sea Beach Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cunningham are passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker will leave to-day to pass several weeks in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre are in Chicago.

Mrs. E. W. Townsend and Miss Lake will leave soon to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. John P. Jones, who recently returned from a prolonged trip abroad, will leave on Monday for her villa at Santa Monica. Mrs. George J. Bucknall and Mrs. William Harvey Jardine will accompany her.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who has been in Washington, D. C., for several months, is en route to this city.

Mrs. J. B. Wooster, who has been making an extended

tour of Europe, arrived in New York city last Saturday and will remain there for several weeks before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames are visiting Washington and Oregon.

Miss Bessie Shreve is visiting Mrs. C. O. Alexander at San Mateo.

Mr. Winfield S. Jones will return from the East on June 23d.

Rear-Admiral A. E. K. Benham, U. S. N., has assumed command of the North Atlantic Station.

Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., left for the East last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery are passing a few weeks at Pleasanton, in Alameda County.

Major and Mrs. William Cluff are passing the summer at their ranch, Springhill Farm, in Alhambra Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adele and Ethel Martel are passing the season at the Hotel Mateo.

Mrs. James Irvine, Mr. J. William Byrne and Mr. Callaghan Byrne, after a week's visit to the Hotel del Coronado, returned to Los Angeles last Tuesday, where they will remain several weeks.

Miss Eva Castle is visiting friends in Tulare.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Mrs. Sands W. Forman and family arrived at the Hotel del Coronado last Sunday for a prolonged visit.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Harrison have returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. Andrew Welch, Miss Bertha Welch, Mrs. Luke Robinson, Miss Robinson, Miss Fanny Loughborough, and Miss Mayer have been passing the week at Santa Clara and San José.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Bigelow have returned from Chicago and are at their home in San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Morse have removed from 320 Geary Street, and are occupying their own residence, 2522 Pine Street.

Mrs. H. B. Berger and Miss Helene Berger are enjoying a month's visit to San José.

Miss Addie Pollock has returned from a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. James Irvine at their ranch in Orange County.

Mr. E. L. G. Steele, Miss B. Steele, Miss Elsie Bennett, Mr. E. A. Steele, and Mr. H. G. Bradly comprise a party that is visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. Thomas Magee, Mr. Walter Magee, and Mr. F. E. Magee left New York city last Saturday on the steamer *Paris* for Europe.

Mrs. W. J. Ritchie, of this city, and her mother and sister, Mrs. P. E. Roach, and Miss Rubie Roach, of Cincinnati, O., are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. William Keith left New York city on the steamer *Circassia* last Saturday, bound for Glasgow.

Mrs. A. Powell and Miss Eva Powell are at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham are at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess have been passing three weeks at the Hotel del Coronado and Los Angeles. They will soon return to pass the remainder of the summer at Santa Cruz, as usual.

Dr. Cornwall will pass the summer in his picturesquely located cottage in Mill Valley.

Hon. C. T. Ryland, of this city, recently purchased the Wilcox place at Los Gatos, which his family will occupy as a summer residence in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robbins, *de* Nagles, paid a brief visit to the Nagle place in San José prior to their return to Philadelphia, where they will reside permanently, although their large interests in this State will necessitate occasional visits.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Moulton, who are at their villa in Fair Oaks, will leave on Monday to pass a month at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Louis Hirsch and Mr. Joseph Sloss are visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes, and the Misses Delmas will leave for Santa Cruz on Monday to pass a month at the Sea Beach Hotel.

Miss Alice Ziska is at Santa Cruz for the season.

Hon. Paul Neumann, of Honolulu, who was the guest of his nephew, Dr. L. Neumann, at his residence, 822 Sutter Street, has gone to Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scholle and family are at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Dr. Franklin Pencoast is passing the summer at Cliff Haven in Sausalito.

Miss Morrison and Miss Winnie Morrison, of San José, will pass the month of August at Lake Tahoe, and contemplate an extended Eastern trip in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Kehlstein and family are viewing the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Sawyer and Judge W. B. Gilbert returned to the city early in the week after a delightful visit to Miss Morrison at her home in San José.

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace and her son are in Chicago, en route to New York, where she will be joined in a couple of weeks by Miss Ronie Wallace, and on June 27th the party will sail for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and the Misses Helen and Elsie Hecht are visiting relatives in Baltimore, prior to their departure for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sonntag and family are passing this month at San Mateo, and in July will go to Santa Cruz.

Mr. James L. Flood has gone East on a two months' visit.

Mrs. George W. Handy and Miss Handy left on Thursday for Chicago and the East.

Mr. Carlos Hittell has returned from Europe, and is in Chicago with his sister, Miss Catherine Hittell.

Persons leaving the city, either to visit the Eastern States or to spend the summer in the country, can have the Argonaut mailed to their address by sending an order to that effect to this office. Changes of address should reach this office not later than Thursday evening.

It may not be generally known that Paris is the great postage-stamp market of the world, and that there are more men there who gloat over a black Bermuda, or go into ecstasies over a yellow something else, than in any other capital. There is a regular Bourse held every Thursday and Sunday in a corner of the Champs-Élysées, where hundreds of men, women, and boys congregate with their postage-stamp albums and packages of stamps for sale and exchange. There is almost as big a gabble of tongues going on there as at the regular Bourse, and so great has the throng become that the authorities contemplate roofing in that particular part. It is said that thousands of francs change hands there every market day.

Herbert Ward, the African explorer, was once chaffing some of the natives, declaring that they were direct descendants from monkeys, alleging their dark color as one of the evidences. "One old fellow went quietly over to a captive ape," says Mr. Ward, "and turned back his fur. Then he looked quizzically at me. The ape's skin was white."

It is getting to be the fashion in Europe to address and stamp envelopes on the back. With the direction written across the folds, the letter can not be opened by an unauthorized person without the fact being detected.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Art Association Concert.

The third concert given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, took place last Thursday evening. A fashionable assemblage was attracted there to listen to the music and view the art exhibit. The following excellent programme was presented:

Organ solo, "Festival March," Silas, Mr. Otto Fleissner; duets, "Tuscan," Carracciolo, Mrs. Marriner-Campbell and Miss Mary Mann; song, "The Gallants of England," Nevill, Mr. Walter C. Campbell; violin solo, salonstuecke, op. 10, Joh. Lauterbach (first time in this city), (No. 1) "Albumblatt," (No. 2) "Polonaise," Mr. Henry Heyman; song, "Serenata Espagnola," Burgmuller, Mrs. Marriner-Campbell; organ solo, (a) "Offertory," Baisie, (b) "Elevation," Wely, Mr. Otto Fleissner; song, "My True Love Hath My Heart," Randeiger, Miss Mary Mann; songs, (a) "The Garland," Mendelssohn, (b) "I Love," Mattei, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; violin solo, "Romance," Wilhelm Bruch, Mr. Henry Heyman; organ solo, "Grand Postlude," West, Mr. Otto Fleissner.

The Symphony Amateur Orchestra.

The Symphony Amateur Orchestra, comprising sixty performers under the direction of Mr. Louis C. Knell, gave its first concert last Tuesday evening, with the assistance of Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen, violinist, and Mr. Donald D. Graham, haritone. An appreciative audience was present, and the following excellent programme was given:

Overture, "Rienzi," Wagner; (a) "Berceuse" (slumber song), F. Maurer, Jr., (b) "Minuet," Otto Fleissner, (c) "Composition," first time; "Lohengrin," op. 17, Wagner; violin solo, "Ballade," G. Hollander, (with orchestral accompaniment), Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen; first symphony, op. 21, adagio molto et allegro con brio, andante cantabile con moto, minueto, allegro molto vivace, Beethoven; melody, "Der Fruhling," (for strings only), Grieg; haritone solo, "Where e'er you walk," Handel, Mr. Donald D. Graham; selection, "Faust," Gounod.

Irving Institute.

The commencement exercises of Irving Institute were held in Metropolitan Hall last Thursday evening. The class of '93 comprises: Miss Effie Bey Burris, Miss Isabel Curry, Miss Grace Pattison Diggle, Miss Mabel Marion Gray, Miss Mabelle Frances Griffiths, Miss Gertrude Margaret Jobson, Miss Laura Evelyn Kelley, Miss Ethel Lieb, Miss Maria Louisa Lucys, and Miss Mary Adams Spear. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Organ prelude, Mr. H. J. Stewart, prayer; essay, "Defective Flues," Mabelle Frances Griffiths, read by Miss Burris; essay, "Ironclads," Mabel Marion Gray; essay, "Now is the Golden Moment," Gertrude Margaret Jobson; piano solo, "Caprice Espagnol," Moszkowski, Ethel Lieb; essay, "The National Heart," Mary Adams Spear; essay, "Theatres—Their Origin and Influence," Grace Pattison Diggle; essay, "Fads, Fancies, Fables," Effie Bey Burris; piano solo, "La Godoliera," Liszt, Mabel Marion Gray; essay, "Dionysius the Areopagite," Ethel Lieb; essay, "The Cranks that Turn the World," Laura Evelyn Kelley; vocal solo, "The Scents of the Lilies," Cobb, Alice M. Davis, Class of '92; essay, "What Next?" Maria Louisa Lucas; essay, "Killing Time," Isabel Curry; piano solo, "Am Meer," Schubert-Liszt, Grace Pattison Diggle; address, Rev. J. C. Smith, presentation of diplomas; class song, with piano accompaniment and violin obligato.

M. Corneille Ustianovitch, a young Austrian painter, was recently commissioned to make a painting of a biblical subject for a church at Butnia, in Galicia. He made a large painting representing several sinners in hell, and being an Austro-Galician and naturally opposed to the Poles, he amused himself by portraying the leading Polish statesmen as the principal sinners. The result is that the statesmen have brought an action against him for defamation of character, and the chances are that his painting will be destroyed.

—NOW THAT EVERY ONE IS GOING TO THE country, it is evident that a good supply of stationery is one of the first essentials to think of before the trunks are packed. You will have to correspond with your relatives and intimate friends, and while you are about it, we would suggest a call at the establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, and an inspection of their new stock of paper and envelopes for fashionable correspondence. The latest shade of paper is a delicate apple green.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

The Sultan of Turkey is an excellent pianist, and spends five hours every day practicing. He devotes a couple of hours daily to teaching his daughter how to play.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-a-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

—FOURTH OF JULY GOODS. GREAT VARIETY OF fire-works, fire-crackers, flags, etc. Golden Rule Bazaar—head-quarters at 761 Market Street.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, unruled paper. Send 50 cents. stamps or postal notes.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA Remedies will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

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HELP WANTED. Agents paid a good commission, and \$8,000 divided among them next winter. Special attractions to be pushed this year for which we want the services of best agents everywhere. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Room 30, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

Study the subject closely; get the ear of your possible customers and see that you keep their interest sustained. Make your announcements attractive in every possible way. Try and have them set up in a style different from any one else and preserve that style as far as possible. No result can be looked for without a corresponding amount of care and trouble in getting the matter together, but in the end it will pay. —H. C. Brown.

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AN EVENING WITH A CONJURER.

By F. Anstey, Author of "Vice Versa."

SCENE.—A suburban hall. The performance has not yet begun. The audience is limited and low-spirited, and may, perhaps, number—including the attendants—eighteen. The only people in the front seats are a man in full evening-dress, which he tries to conceal under a caped coat, and two ladies in plush opera-cloaks. Fog is hanging about in the rafters, and the gas-stars sing a melancholy dirge. Back casual cough arouses dismal echoes. Enter an intending spectator, who is conducted to a seat in the middle of an empty row. After removing his hat and coat, he suddenly thinks better—or worse—of it, puts them on again, and vanishes hurriedly.

FIRST SARDONIC ATTENDANT [at doorway]—Reg'lar turnin' 'em away to-night, we are!

SECOND SARDONIC ATTENDANT—He come up to me afore be goes to the pay-box, and sez he—"Is there a seat left?" he sez. And I sez to 'im: "Well, I think we can manage to squeeze you in somewhere." Like that, I sez.

[The orchestra, consisting of two thin-armed little girls, with pig-tails, enter and perform a stum-bling overture upon a cracked piano. HERR VON KAMBERWOHL, the conjurer, appears on platform amid loud clapping from two obvious Confederates in a back row.]

HERR VON KAMBERWOHL [in a mixed accent]—Lyties and shentilmans, pefoor I co-mence vif my billusions zis hevenin' I 'ave most hemphadically to reppodiate ball assistance from hany spirrids or soopernatural hein's vatsobever. All I shall 'ave ze honor of showing you will be perform by simple sloight of 'and or ledger-dee-mang! [He invites any member of the audience to step up and assist him, but the spectators remain coy.] I see zat I 'ave not to-night so larsh an orfence to select from as usual, still I 'ope—[Here one of the obvious Confederates slouches up and joins him on the platform.] Ah, zat is goot! I am vair mmb oblige to you, sare. [The Confederate grins sheepishly.] Led me see—I seem to remember your face some'ow. [Broader grin from Confederate.] Hah, you vos 'ere last night?—zat explains it! But you 'ave nevair assist me befor, eh? [Reckless shake of the head from Confederate.] I thought nod. Vair vell. You 'ave nevair done any dricks mit carts—no? Bot you will dry? You never dell vat you can do till you dry, as ze ole sow said ven she learn ze balphabry. [He pauses for a laugh—which does not come.] Now, sare, you know a cart ven you see 'im? Ah, zat is somtings alretty! Now I vill ask you to choose any cart or carts out of zis hack. [The Confederate fumbles.] I don't vish to 'urry you, but I vant you to mike 'aste—etc.

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS—I remember giving Bimbo, the Wizard of the West, a guinea once to teach me that trick—there was nothing in it.

FIRST LADY IN PLUSH CLOAK—And can you do it?

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS [guardedly]—Well, I don't know that I could exactly do it now—but I know how it's done.

[He explains elaborately how it is done.]

HERR VON KAMBERWOHL [stamping, as a signal that the orchestra may leave off]—Next I shall show you my zelebrated billusion of ze inexhaustible 'At, to conclude vif the Inevitable 'En. And I shall be mch oblige if any shentilmans vill kindly favor me vif 'is 'at for ze purpose of my exheriment.

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS—Here's mine—it's quite at your service. [To his companions] This is a stale old trick, he merely—[explains as before.] But you wait and see how I'll score off him over it!

HERR VON KAMBERWOHL [to the MAN IN EVENING-DRESS]—You are gvide sure, sare, you leaf nossing insoide of your 'at?

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS [with a wink to his neighbors]—On the contrary, there are several little things there belonging to me, which I'll thank you to give me back by and bye.

HERR VON KAMBERWOHL [diving into the hat]—So? Vat 'ave we 'ere? A bunch of flowairs! Anozzer bunch of flowairs? Anozzer—and anozzer! Ha, do you always garry flowairs insoide your 'at, sare?

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS—Invariably—to keep my head cool; so hand them over, please; I want them.

[His companions titter, and declare "it really is too bad of him!"]

HERR VON KAMBERWOHL—Presently, sare—zere is somtings aisse, it feels loike—yes, it ces—a mahouse-drap. Your haid is drouble vid moice, sare, yes? Bot zere is none 'ere in ze 'at!

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS [with rather feeble indignation]—I never said there were.

HERR VON KAMBERWOHL—No, zere is no mahouse—but [diving again]—hal a leedle vide rad! Anozzer vide rad! And again a vide rad—and one, two, dree more vide rads! You vind zey keep your haid noice and cool, sare? May I drouble you to eom and dake zem away? I don't loike the vide raus myself; it is madder of daste. [The audience snigger.] Oh, bot vait—zis is a most convenient extracting a large feeding-bottle and a complete

set of baby-linen]—ze shentelman is vairy domestic, I see. And zere is more yet; he is goot business man; he knows 'ow von must badvertise in zese 'ere toimes. 'E 'as 'elp me, so I vill 'elp 'im by distributing some of his cairculars for 'im.

[He showers cards, commending somebody's self-adjuting trousers among the audience, each person receiving about two dozen—chiefly in the eye—until the air is dark and the floor thick with them.]

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS [much annoyed]—Infernal liberty! Confounded impudence! Shouldn't have bad my hat if I'd known he was going to play the fool with it like this!

FIRST LADY IN PLUSH CLOAK—But I thought you knew what was coming?

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS—So I did—but this fellow does it differently.

[HERR VON KAMBERWOHL is preparing to fire a marked half-crown from a blunderbuss into a crystal casket.]

A LADY WITH NERVES [to her husband]—John, I'm sure he's going to let that thing off!

JOHN [a brute]—Well, I shouldn't be surprised if he is. I can't help it.

THE LADY WITH NERVES—You could if you liked—you could tell him my nerves won't stand it—the trick will be every bit as good if he only pretends to fire, I'm sure.

JOHN—Oh, nonsense! You can stand it very well if you like.

THE LADY WITH NERVES—I can't, John. . . . There, he's raising it to his shoulder. John, I must go out. I shall scream if I sit here, I know I shall!

JOHN—No, no—what's the use? He'll have fired long before you get to the door. Much better stay where you are, and do your screaming sitting down. [The conjurer fires.] There, you see, you didn't scream, after all!

THE LADY WITH NERVES—I screamed to myself—which is ever so much worse for me; but you never will understand me till it's too late!

[HERR VON KAMBERWOHL performs another trick.]

FIRST LADY IN PLUSH CLOAK—That was very clever, wasn't it? I can't imagine how it was done!

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS [in whom the memory of his desecrated hat is still rankling]—Oh, can't you? Simplest thing in the world—any child could do it!

SECOND LADY—What, find the rabbit inside those boxes, when they were all corded up and sealed!

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS—You don't mean to say you were taken in by that! Why, it was another rabbit, of course!

FIRST LADY—But even if it was another rabbit, it was wearing the borrowed watch round its neck.

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS—Easy enough to slip the watch in, if all the boxes have false bottoms.

SECOND LADY—Yes, but he passed the boxes round for us to examine.

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS—Boxes—but not those boxes.

FIRST LADY—But how could he slip the watch in when somebody was holding it all the time in a paper bag?

THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS—Ah, I saw how it was done—but it would take too long to explain it now. I have seen it so well performed that you couldn't spot it. But this chap's a regular duffer!

HERR VON KAMBERWOHL [who finds this sort of thing rather disturbing]—Lyties and shentilmans, I see zere is von among us who is a professional like myself, and knows how all my leedle dricks is done. Now—[suddenly abandoning his accent]—I am always grateful for banythink that will distract the attention of the orfence from what is going on upon the stige; naturally so, because it prevents you from follerin' my actions too closely, and so I now call upon this gentleman in the hevenin'-dress jest to speak hup a very little louder than what he 'as been doin', so that you will be enabled to 'ear hevery word of 'is hexplanation more puffically than what some of you in the hack benches have done 'itherto. Now, sir, if you'll kindly repeat your very interesting remarks in a more haudible tone, I can go on between like. [Murmurs of "No, no!" "Shut up!" "We don't want to hear him!" from various places.] THE MAN IN EVENING-DRESS subsides into a crimson taciturnity, which continues during the remainder of the performance.]

The Faints and Follies of the Age Are numerous, but of the latter none is more ridiculous than the promiscuous and random use of laxative pills and other drastic remedies. These wrench, convulse, and weaken both the stomach and the digestive organs. If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used instead of these no-remedies, the result is accomplished without pain and with great benefit to the stomach and the liver. Use this remedy when constipation manifests itself and thereby prevent it from becoming chronic.

A collector at Bombay has among his curiosities a Chinese god marked "Heathen Idol," and next to it a gold-piece marked "Christian Idol."

All German workmen in Russian Poland have been ordered to learn the Russian language by January, 1894.

Ripans Tahules cure indigestion. Take one at meal time. One Tabule gives relief.

HOOSIER VERSE.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

HIS MOTHER'S WAY.

Toms 'ud allus haf to say
Somepin' 'bout "his Mother's way."
He lived hard-like—never jined
Any church of any kind,—
"It was Mother's way," says he,
"To be good enough fer me
And her, too—and certinly
Lord has heerd her pray!"
Propped up on his dyin' head—
"Shore as Heaven's overhead,
I'm a-goin' there," he said—
"It was Mother's way."

OLD WINTERS ON THE FARM.

I've jest about decided
It 'ud keep a town-boy hoppin'
Fer to work all winter, choppin'
Fer a' old fire-place, like I did!
Law! ze old times wuz contrairy!—
Blame hackhorne o' winter, 'peared-like
Wouldn't break!—and I wuz skeerd-like
Clean on into Feb'uary!
Nothin' ever made me madder
Than fer Pap to stomp in, layin'
On a' extra fore-stick, sayin'
"Grown 'hog's out and seed his shadder!"

SISTER JONES'S CONFESSION.

I thought the deacon liked me, yit
I warn't adracally shore of it—
Fer, mind ye, time and time agin,
When jiners 'ud he comin' in,
I'd seed him shal'n' hands as free
With all the sistern as with me!
But jurin' last Revival, where
He called on me to lead in prayer,
An' kneeled there with me, side by side,
A-whisper'n' "he felt sanctified
Jes' tetchin' of my gyarment's hem"—
That settled things as fur as them—
Thare other wimmin was concerned!—
And—well!—I know I must a-turned
A dozen colors!—Flurried!—la!—
No mortal sinner never saw
A gladder widder than the one
A-kneelin' there and wenderun'
Who'd pray!—So glad upon my word,
I raily couldn't thank the Lord!

A FULL HARVEST.

Seems like a feller'd ort 'o jes' to-day
Git down and roll and waller, don't you know,
In that air stubble, and flop up and crow,
Seem'n' sich craps! I'll undertake to say
There're no wheat's ever turned out thataway
Afore this season!—Folks is keerness tho',
And too fergitful!—caze we'd ort 'o show
More thanfulness!—Jes' looky hyonder, hey?—
And watch that little reaper wadin' thue
That last yaller hunk o' harvest-ground—
Jes' natchur'ly a-slicin' it in-two
Like honey-comb, and gaumin' it around
The field—like it had nothin' else to do
On'y jes' waste it all on me and you!

RIGHT HERE AT HOME.

Right here at home, boys, in old Hoosierdom,
Where strangers allus joke us when they come,
And brag o' their old States and interprize—
Yit settle here; and 'fore they realize,
They're "hoosier" as the rest of us, and live
Right here at home, boys, with their past fergive!

Right here at home, hoys, is the place, I guess,
Fer me and you and plain old happiness:
We hear the World's lots grander—likely so—
We'll take the World's word fer it and not go—
We know its ways ain't our ways—so we'll stay
Right here at home, boys, where we know the way.

Right here at home, boys, where a well-to-do
Man's plenty rich enough—and knows it, too,
And's got a' entry dollar, any time,
To hoost a feller up 'at wants to clime
And's got the git-up in him to go in
And git there, like he put 'nigh allus kin!

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15 Ounces, inclusive.

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STORYETTES.

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The eccentric Father Taylor, the sailors' pastor of Boston, was a strong partisan of Governor Briggs. On one occasion, just previous to the latter's election, he was making the usual decorous prayer, asking the Lord to give the people for governor "a man who will rule in the fear of God, etc.," when he suddenly broke off: "Pshaw, Lord! What's the use of hoxing the compass like that?—give us Governor Briggs!"

A writer on New England and New England people some years ago said that the caution of the New Englander in giving an answer to a direct question was illustrated to him one day, when he asked an Eastern friend, whose family was not noted for very active habits: "Was not your father's death very sudden?" Slowly drawing one hand from his pocket and pulling down his beard, the interrogated cautiously replied: "Waal, rather sudden for him."

Napoleon expended during the wars of the Consulate and the Empire one million seven hundred thousand men. Visiting the battle-field of Magdeburg, and struck by the number of dead which lay around some of his soldiers, he said to Count Rapp: "What is the regiment that has fought so well?" and upon the reply, "the Thirty-Second," stopped and said, meditatively: "How does it still survive? I have killed so much of that regiment, in Italy, in Egypt, and everywhere, that there ought to be no more of it left."

Dr. Berrian, a former rector of Trinity Parish, in New York city, was an indifferent preacher, but a fine executive officer and a man of great personal kindness. Withal he was very simple-hearted. A country clergyman, half-starved on a salary of five hundred dollars a year, came to Dr. Berrian asking his influence to get him a better charge. "Dear me!" answered the good old man; "I don't see why you young clergymen want to change so often. Why, I have been here in Trinity Church for forty years, and never have thought of leaving."

Mrs. Lowe, wife of Robert Lowe, afterward Viscount Sherbrook, was a tremendous partisan whenever her husband was concerned. After the Reform Bill of 1867, Disraeli and the Lowes made no pretense to any mutual liking. At a dinner once at Lady Waldegrave's, the guests had all paired off till only Disraeli and Mrs. Lowe were left; with his insurmountable smile and complete appreciation of the humor of the situation, Disraeli bowed and extended his arm: "I suppose there's no help for it, Mrs. Lowe," when both burst into hearty laughter.

Mr. Justice Maul once addressed a phenomenon of innocence as follows: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you 'guilty,' and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of law. That sentence is, that you be kept in imprisonment for one day; and as that day was yesterday, you may now go about your business."

There was a woman of dignified bearing and apparent intelligence standing at a post-box the other day (says the *World*). She dropped in several letters and gazed hesitatingly at a small package which she held. She glanced about for assistance in her problem, and her eyes lit upon a policeman. "I beg your pardon," she said, sweetly, holding the package up for his inspection, "but do you think that there are enough stamps on this to carry it?" And such is the chivalrous attitude of man toward perplexed woman that the policeman said, promptly, without making even an attempt to weigh the package in his hand: "O'm shure there's enough, ma'am." Her doubts banished by this statement, the lady dropped her bundle and went on her way rejoicing.

One day Dr. Heller, of the French Academy of Medicine, met the gifted German writer and satirist, Heine, in Paris. "Ah, dear poet," said the doctor, "you are all smiles this morning." "It is for good reason, doctor. I have just been calling on my uncle from Hamburg, who is visiting Paris," replied Heine. "Your uncle, the rich banker?" "Exactly." "Ah, then I understand your cheerful air." "Oh, it is not on account of the thousand-franc note that dear uncle slipped into my hand. It is because of a remark he made to me, the true opinion of a banker, a Hebrew, and a German. After he had embraced me, he said: 'Well, my dear nephew, you are as usual doing nothing in Paris?' 'Pardon, dear uncle,' said I; 'I write books.' 'So I was saying,' said my uncle; 'you are always doing nothing,' and Heine burst into shouts of laughter.

A certain Irishman, having been challenged to fight a duel, accepted the conditions after much persuasion. His antagonist, a lame man, walked on crutches. When the place for the shooting had been reached, the lame man's seconds asked that he be

allowed to lean against a mile-stone which happened to stand there. The privilege was allowed, and the lame man took his stand. The Irishman and his seconds drew off to the distance agreed upon, one hundred feet. Here Pat's courage suddenly failed him, and he shouted to the lame man: "I've a small favor to ask of ye, sor." "What is it?" asked the cripple. Pat answered: "I tould ye that ye might lean agin the mile-post, and now I would like the privilege of leanin' agin the next one." The laugh that followed spoiled everybody's desire for a fight, and the whole party went home without a shot having been fired.

In "The Old Way to Dixie," a writer in *Harper's Magazine* gives the story of a steamboat ride from St. Louis to New Orleans: I slept like a child all night, and mentioned the fact at the breakfast-table. Every one smiled when I said that the boat's noise did not disturb me. "Why, we tied up to a tree all night," said the clerk, "and did not move a yard until an hour ago." I had not been long enough in the atmosphere of Mississippi travel to avoid worrying about the loss of a whole night while we were tied up to the shore. There had been a fog, I was told, and to proceed would have been dangerous. Yet I was bound for New Orleans's Mardi-Gras, and had only time to make it, according to the boat's schedule. "It's too bad we're so late," I said to the steward. "We ain't late," said he. "I thought we laid up over night," I said. "So we did," said he; "but that ain't goin' to make any difference; we don't run so close to time as that."

The famous architect, Viollet-le-Duc, was one day on the Schwarzenberg Glacier, accompanied by Baptiste, the guide, who marched in front. The two men were attached to each other by a rope, as is usual in Alpine mountaineering. The guide had passed over a crevasse; but when M. Viollet-le-Duc attempted to cross it, he failed, and fell into the abyss. The guide tried to pull him out, but, instead, he found himself gradually descending. The architect perceived that his companion, if he persisted in the attempt to save him, would surely share his fate, and he asked if Baptiste had a family. "A wife and children," was the answer. "Then," said Viollet-le-Duc, quietly, "I shall cut the rope." He did so and fell; but a block of ice thirty feet lower down stopped his descent. When Baptiste saw this, and that for a time the danger was lessened, he went in search of help, and returned with four stout peasants. Three hours afterward Viollet-le-Duc was extricated.

Here is a gem from a series of examination-papers in acoustics, light and heat: *Question*.—Describe any way in which the velocity of light has been measured. *Answer*.—(a) A distinguished but heathen philosopher, Homer, was the first to discover this. He was standing one day at one side of the earth looking at Jupiter, when he conjectured that he would take 16 minutes to get to the other side. This conjecture he then verified by careful experiments. Now the whole way across the earth is 3,072,000 miles, and dividing this by 16 we get the velocity 192,000 miles a second. This is so great that it would take an express train 40 years to do it, and the bullet from a cannon over 5,000 years. P. S.—I think the gentleman's name was Homer, not Homer; but, any way, he was 20 per cent. wrong, and Mr. Fahrenheit and Mr. Celsius afterward made more careful determinations. (b) An atheistic scientist (falsely so-called) tried experiments on the satellites of Jupiter. He found that he could delay the eclipse 16 minutes by going to the other side of the earth; in fact, he found he could make the eclipse happen when he liked by simply shifting his position. Finding that credit was given him for determining the velocity of light by this means, he repeated it so often that the calendar began to get seriously wrong, and there, were riots and Pope Gregory had to set things right.

Nervous Dyspepsia.

Senator James F. Pierce, of New York, writes: "For the past two years I have suffered very much from an aggravated form of nervous dyspepsia. I have resorted to various remedial agents, deriving but little benefit. A few months since a friend of mind suggested the trial of ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Following the suggestion, I have been using the same with the happiest effects. To those similarly afflicted let me suggest the manner of their use. I place one over my stomach, one over the hepatic region, and one on my back. The effect is excellent. From the day I commenced their use have been slowly but surely improving, and am quite confident that by continuing I shall again be restored to my accustomed health."

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From June 3, 1893.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	6:45 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San Jose.....	* 6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:15 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Port Costa.....	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Rayland, (for Yosemite), and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:15 A.
* 5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10:45 A.
* 5:00 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

* 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San Jose, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 2:30 P.
* 7:30 A.	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations.....	8:33 P.
8:15 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6:26 P.
9:30 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	2:27 P.
10:40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5:06 P.
* 2:00 P.	Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	* 11:23 A.
* 2:30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San Jose and principal Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
* 4:25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8:06 A.
5:10 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	† 7:26 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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Peru.....Saturday, July 22, at 3 P. M.
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Several members of the dramatic profession have been busy lately uplifting their voices and exercising their pens in lectures and essays on their own particular art. At the Chicago Woman's Congress, the female stars did a good deal of talking, and, like the peers in "Iolanthe," "said nothing in particular and said it very well."

The latest of the galaxy to give his opinions to the public is Henry Irving, who, in the form of four addresses,* has a good deal to say on the subject of the drama and some of its great spirits.

It is an extraordinary thing that so few actors seem possessed of the literary instinct. Members of the dramatic profession seem to turn the entire force of their talents into their own art, unless an odd one may be like Richard Mansfield, who can play the piano, sing the four different parts of an opera-score, and write a good essay. When Mrs. Kendal, one of the historic Robertsons, who was almost born and cradled upon the stage, takes her pen in hand, she writes the stupidest little book imaginable. There is but one interesting fact between its two covers—that is that it was she who rejected the original manuscript of "Jim the Penman," deeming the central idea of the play too improbable. It remains to be seen what Mary Anderson's book will be like. Any one reading Tommaso Salvini's recollections in the *Century* can not but be struck by the very poor use he makes of fine material. And some years ago, Lester Wallack, who could have told as romantic and absorbing a story as Othello himself, gave to the public a short series of reminiscences that any hack-writer could have made up from notes into a more interesting shape.

Henry Irving is one of the members of the dramatic profession who have taken positions as writers. He is a mau of the very highest culture, an earnest student of the history of the drama, an editor of Shakespeare—having also, like the Master in Henry James's story, the happy consciousness that he has evolved from his talent the very best it had to give. He is in the position of the good and faithful servant of the parable, who increased his single talent fivefold. There is probably no other actor now on the stage who is such a brilliant example of self-making. It was slow self-making—very English and conservative. There were twenty years of toilsome practice before Irving rose to a first place. That seems a terrific apprenticeship to impetuous, impatient American talent, which chafes at a year or two of unrecognised insignificance. Edwin Booth at twenty-four—a dark-eyed, slender youth, with the melancholy, romantic beauty of a Spanish *hidalgo*—conquered the country. Salvini at twenty-eight was hissed for the last time—the Italians educate their players by the impetuosity with which they cry and cheer their praise and vociferate their disapproval—and even then was near the summit of his fame. But Henry Irving must have been close upon forty before his performance of Matthias in "The Bells" caused the drooped and weary eye of the London public to light with suddeo, sharp attention.

There are people now who regard the great English actor as only a great manager. They look upon him as a man of fine intelligence and highly-trained mimetic powers, but without the divine spark. He has certainly not got—unless in the development of the last few years—that breathless, lightning-like intensity; that power of suddenly electrifying his audience by the passion of a mighty moment that made Salvini's performance of "The Outlaw" so horribly, so piercingly real; that thrilled through Sarah Bernhardt's recital beginning "Dieu le veut" in "Jeanne d'Arc"; that gave to Edmund Kean's "Oh, Desdemona, oh!" its measureless horror and despair; that made the audience hold its breath and shrink before the pain and terror of the Fool's agony in Booth's performance of "The Fool's Revenge."

Irving is not an actor of great moments. His detractors say he is a man of fine intelligence, finely trained, but of no dramatic power. As a manager he has no detractors. Everything is perfect, every detail studied. As King Charles the First he wears the ooe, long, single ear-ring; as Mephistopheles he has the slight limp which is said to have been the result of the injury that that clever devil received when, with the other rebellious spirits, he was cast out of heaven and fell for seven days before he struck the earth.

In his little book entitled "The Drama," Irving gives one an insight into the carefulness of his method. The gait, for example, of an actor who

personates a noble of the sixteenth and a noble of the eighteenth centuries must be different—in the one they wore armor, in the other a rapier, and their walk and gait were modified accordingly. Then, too, there were different manners for different centuries—the free bearing of the sixteenth century is distinct from the artificial one of the seventeenth, the mannered one of the eighteenth, and the careless one of the nineteenth. A gallant like Mercutio must carry his devil-may-care and dashing gaiety quite differently from a gallant like the brilliant gentleman of fashion who paid his court to the languid and superbly elegant Mrs. Millamant.

In his four addresses Mr. Irving can not, at once, tear himself away from the regulation talk about the real position of the drama, acting as an art, and the ennobling influences of the stage. He says a good many of the same things that the dramatic ladies said in the Chicago Woman's Congress. He throws a little stone or two at the interfering and foolish outsiders who are animated by a wild desire to do what they call "reform the stage," and who know nothing about the stage and have not an idea what it is they want to reform. All that Mr. Irving says comes with weight from one baving authority; but, as has been remarked before, "to the people who like this sort of thing, this sort of thing will be found very interesting."

It is when he begins to talk of the great dead of the stage that he is really interesting. There is not much to be said of Burbage, the star of Shakespeare's day. Burbage was almost as unknown a personality as that of his great master. They were both lofty spirits, but simple enough citizens of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth." Burbage and Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson were a select company of "common players," boon companions, who met at the Mermaid Tavern, where the wit and the sack must have flowed together. It was there, probably, that the player from the Avon caught the spirit and the jests for the tavern scenes wherein the fat knight and the wild Prince and Poyns made such splendid mirth that even the manly queen—who was not a lady of a very dainty taste—was so pleased that she ordered the bard to write another play with Sir John for the hero. And in response to this order, a play was written that breathes of the meadows, level and green, that is merry with the broad and joyous mirth of a broad and joyous age, that has the fragrance of country lanes, the primrose budding by the oak-roots, the hawthorn whitening in the hedge, and that pictures, the best figure of the burly knight and the buxom forms of the apple-cheeked and mischievous merry wives, the ethereal and delicate vision of "Sweet Ann Page," that most gentle and graceful creature who always presents herself to the imagination as a tall, pale-skinned girl, with dark eyes.

The two great actors of their times—Burbage and Betterton—are ghostly personalities at best. Mr. Irving calls them types of the artificial in their art. They seemed to be simple and contented, not over ambitious, and not desiring or thinking of being anything finer than "common players." The days of the gentleman actor were far away—the days of the gentleman playwright were to come in with Congreve, who had all the superciliousness of his own swaggering heroes, and infinitely preferred the title of man of fashion to man of genius. Players did not begin to be taken seriously until Garrick came, and Kean, and the Kembles.

The combination of French and Irish blood in Garrick might have made his pastors and masters suspect that the youth would grow up if not a genius, at least an erratic and eccentric being. As it was, he grew into a genius; but a prosperous, respectable genius, who won fame at the first essay, and about whom there was neither eccentricity nor even much picturesqueness. Garrick was the artist who likes to mingle with the great ones on the other side of the footlights. He made large sums of money, and he refused to be regarded as a mere player, a creature to amuse and divert but quite outside the social pale. It was not so with Kean. That stormy spirit was the Old World ideal of a genius—gloomy, dark, tempestuous, flashing out in lightning strokes of power and fire, relapsing, sinking into degradation, struggling up again, torn by every tempest, the victim of half-savage temperament inherited from wild and wandering progenitors, and of an environment of horrible poverty and destitution.

It was Byron—at that time one of the directors of the Drury Lane Theatre—who first realized Kean's greatness. The actor himself had worked for fame against neglect and disappointment till he was sick with hope deferred. He was twenty-seven when he made his first great stroke, and had been on the stage since his earliest childhood.

It was a wet, miserable night when he slunk into the small stage-door of the Drury Lane Theatre. The play was "The Merchant of Venice," and the name of the unknown star had not been a name to conjure with, as was shown by the half-empty house. But before the play was over, the scattered audience, shaken by the power of that fierce and turbulent genius, had broken into such storms of applause that Oxberry, one of the company, had naively remarked: "How the devil so few of them could kick up such a row, was something marvelous." After the performance, Kean, trembling with the excitement and nervous tension of the evening, threw on his

wretched clothes, still damp from the rain, and ran home. Dashing into the small room, he cried to his wife that she would be rich and ride in her carriage, and their son Charles would go to Eton.

Part of this was realized. Kean made and lost a fortune. His great talent lifted him to the heights, the wild and gypsy-like instincts that he had inherited from his mother dragged him to the depths—at one moment he lived exalted in the transports of poetic genius, at another, degraded in a half-savage Bohemianism. The greatest Othello and Shylock of the age—one who could portray the mightiest storms of human passion as they never were portrayed before—died at the age of forty-six almost a beggar, with only one ten-pound note left of the great fortune he had made.

At the theatres during the week commencing June 12th: "Madame Favart" at the Tivoli Opera House; Thatchber's Minstrels in "Africa"; and Maud Granger in "The Fringe of Society."

It is said that the new field-gun of the German army is the most destructive engine of war of its class ever invented. It is a three-inch gun which can be loaded and fired in one-third of the time required for the old weapon, and with almost double the effect and precision. Explosive shell is the only projectile. This is charged with a new powder of secret composition that scatters thousands of splinters over a circle of nine hundred feet, whereas during the Franco-German War the pieces of bursting shell fell within a circle of forty or fifty paces, and not more than seven or eight were wounded.

The plaintiff in a novel case on trial at Booneville, Mo., is an aged negress, Edie Hickman, who is suing her former master for wages at the rate of nine dollars a month for the last twenty-four years. She says that during all that time she has been held in a state of slavery and kept in ignorance of her emancipation. The lower court gave her a verdict for seven hundred dollars, which the court of appeals has reversed.

When Bourbon County, Ky., elects a judge, he is elected for life on good behavior. Since 1850 only four judges have been elected, each of them holding office until he died.

—THE PERFECTION OF UTILIZATION SEEMS to have been attained in the mammoth establishments of the Armour Packing Company, and a very interesting little brochure is that issued by this company as a souvenir of their works. Here are presented a series of short descriptive articles showing the various processes in the different departments. The description of the Extract Department is particularly interesting. It well repays perusal by those interested in modern industrial development.

—THE HUNTINGTON TRACT IN FRUITVALE is another of those very desirable tracts of property that Mr. William J. Dingee, the Oakland real-estate auctioneer, is constantly getting hold of. It is splendidly situated and easy of access, and it ought to find ready purchasers when Mr. Dingee sells it at auction next Saturday. Full particulars are given in the advertisement in another column.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

DCCVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, June 11, 1893.

Purée of Asparagus.
Fried Soft-Shell Crabs.
Beefsteak à la Bordelaise. Parisienne Potatoes.
Summer Squash. Egg-Plant.
Roast Veal.
Cress Salad, French Dressing.
Rose Pudding. Raspberries.
Coffee.

ROSE PUNNING.—Soak one box of Knox's Gelatine in one cup of cold water fifteen minutes; then add one cup of boiling water, the yolks of six eggs, six tablespoonsful of sugar, the peel of one lemon, and one pint of white wine; stir this with an egg-beater until it nearly boils, then remove instantly, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful Knox's Rose Gelatine, and set aside to cool; when cold and commencing to thicken, stir in the well-beaten whites of the eggs, turn into a mold well rinsed with cold water, and sprinkled with sugar. Set on the ice for two hours. When ready, turn into a dish and serve with whipped cream.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatines in top to make fancy desserts.

Better than Ever.

The Haywards Hotel is filling rapidly with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

A large party of Eastern tourists have engaged rooms for June, and will arrive in a few days. This is one of the few resorts that will be well filled this summer.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

—H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Painless filling.
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Monday, June 12.....Madame Favart

Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

MARK HOPKINS INSTITUTE OF ART.
Cor. California and Mason Sts. Thirtieth exhibition of the SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION, open daily and Thursday evenings. Admission 50 cents.

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Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now partially or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier left neither widow nor child, provided soldier died in service, or from effects of service, and they are now dependent upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.

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Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in regular army or navy since the war are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.

Mexican War soldiers and their widows also entitled, if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.

Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jones—"I say, Miss Brown, how is it that you are always out when I call?" She—"Oh, just luck."—*Life*.

"Yes, I have a position in a powder-mill now." "Well, stick to it, old fellow. You may have a chance to rise some day."—*Truth*.

"How could Janet marry that old man? The idea of being tied up to him for life!" "You must remember it's only for his life."—*Judge*.

"Is that Lake Michigan?" inquired the tourist. "Well," returned the native, proudly, "that's a part of it—you can't see it all at once."—*World's Fair Puck*.

May Thumper—"Shall I play something?" Ben Thair—"Oh, no! I really can not stay, and I wouldn't have you suspect it was on that account."—*Puck*.

Mr. Sappy—"Miss Emma says that I am always trying to get something for nothing." She—"How did she come to say it? Had you just proposed to her?"—*Truth*.

"We've got to economize," said Mr. Gargoyle to his wife. "Very well, dear," replied the good woman, cheerfully; "you shave yourself and I'll cut your hair."—*Ex*.

Mr. Figg—"Here is a Chinese kite that I bought down-town for you." Tommy—"You don't never give me nothing without it has a string to it, some way or other."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Old gentleman—"How am I to know that you are not marrying my daughter for my money?" Sutor—"And how am I to know that you won't fail inside of a year?"—*New York Weekly*.

A solitary guest: "Was you ever in society, Dusty?" asked Weary Wilkins of his brother tramp. "Was I? Well, I guess! I was given a dinner by the Wanderbilt family, in Noopton, wunst."—*Puck*.

Mrs. Unsophist—"They must fit these men's clubs up very gorgeously inside." Mrs. Worldley—"Why?" Mrs. Unsophist—"I heard your husband tell mine that he was playing the whole evening on velvet."—*Life*.

Detective (hurriedly)—"Where did that fellow go who just ran out of the hotel?" Citizen (still rubbing the toe that the fugitive stepped on)—"I don't know, but I hope he'll go where I told him to."—*Detroit Tribune*.

She—"Charlie, if you were to die and I should marry again, you aren't afraid I wouldn't marry somebody just like you, are you?" He—"Yes." She—"Why, darling?" He—"I'm afraid he wouldn't propose."—*Life*.

"Doesn't your mother like me?" asked young Mr. Gilley, in an effort to ascertain why Miss Kee-dick had refused him. "Oh, yes, she likes you," was the reply of the maiden; "but she is already married to papa."—*Bazar*.

Mrs. Barnes—"Hiram, what hev' ye bought that expensive book erbout the Chicago Fair fer?" Barnes—"Fer th' summer boarders, o' course! Won't they need some material fer lyin' erbout w'en they go back home?"—*Puck*.

Bertie Slimley—"Miss Wiggle, I—ah—that is—don't you know, I love you. Will you—ah—can you—?" Miss Wiggle—"Really, Mr. Slimley, I must take time to consider. In the meantime you may be a sister to me."—*Puck*.

"What kind of a clock is that, Jawkins? It doesn't seem to be right." "Sh—sh—! It's called the Married Man's Delight, my boy. The hands stop at ten o'clock every evening, but the ticking goes on as loud as ever. See?"—*Truth*.

Mrs. Witherby—"Did you ask your mother if you could have two pieces of cake, Bobbie?" Bobbie Bingo—"Yes'm." Mrs. Witherby—"And what did she say?" Bobbie—"She said I could if you offered them to me, and then she laughed."—*Life*.

Mr. Lushforth—"I believe I've got 'em again." Mrs. Lushforth—"I hope you will have snakes, or monkeys, or some sort of menagerie animals. Those mice you had the last time made me so nervous that I could hardly sleep."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Jinks—"Hello! Well, I swan! Studying a book of etiquette, eh?" Old Gruff—"Yep." Jinks—"Want to learn how to treat folks politely, eh?" Old Gruff—"Naw; want to find out whether folks are treating me politely."—*New York Weekly*.

"There," said the guide, indicating the Convent of La Rahida, "is where Columbus begged for bread." "Dear me," answered the sweet girl, "how very trying it must have been for the Duke of Veragua to have seen the place; dukes are so proud, y' know."—*World's Fair Puck*.

Mrs. Rural (reading a letter)—"Well, that's what I call a mean trick!" Mr. Rural—"What's that?" Mrs. Rural—"Why, our Chicago cousin said she would be at the seashore all summer and rented us her house; now she writes that she misses dear Chicago so that she and her six children are coming to stay a month with us."—*World's Fair Puck*.

STAGE GOSSIP.

William T. Carleton will not be in the Lillian Russell troupe next season, but will head a company of his own.

Stuart Robson is going to revive "The Comedy of Errors" for next season. He has not been seen as the Dromio of Syracuse for seven years.

Sol Smith Russell is to go in for old comedy next season, staking his fame and fortune on "The Heir at Law," thus challenging comparison with Jefferson's Dr. Pangloss.

Sibyl Sanderson is shortly to sing in Paris the title rôle of "Phryné," by Camille Saint-Saëns. Her costumes are being designed by Gérôme, and Carvalho promises a great production.

"Africa," which Thatcher's Minstrels are to present to the world for the first time on Monday night, is an extravaganza by Clay Greene and Cheever Goodwin, with music by Randolph Cruger.

Thomas W. Keene will be in San Francisco in a few days for the first time in many a long year. It will not be a professional visit, however, as he sails from here for Japan on the twenty-fourth, for a much-needed rest.

Bessie Bonehill, a London music-hall singer who had some success at Tony Pastor's in New York a year or so ago, is going to star in a farce-comedy, and as a preliminary advertisement announces that she will send copies of her photograph to all applicants.

Augustin Daly, it appears, will not bring his company back to America for some years. His new play-house in London is now ready for occupancy, and when they are not there his players are to be taken on tours to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and, perhaps, St. Petersburg.

Hoyt has a new play on the stocks. It is to be called "The Milk-White Flag"—why, nobody knows. It is quite evident, however, that it is to be something very different from his farce-comedies, for it is the first of his dramatic productions to use the definite, instead of the indefinite, article in the title.

Lottie Collins, who got prima-donna prices for singing "Ta-ra-ra," has gone home to England, but she is coming back to America in August to join the Howard Athenæum Company—which will include San Francisco in its tour—and will sing an entirely new song—"Ta-ra-ra" being reserved for encores, as she naively announces.

One of the operas to be produced during the present season at Covent Garden, in London, will be Isadore de Lara's new work, "Amy Robsart." Mme. Calve will be the heroine and M. Lassalle will have the rôle of the villain Varney. The Earl of Leicester will be the Parisian tenor, Alvarez, who has just made his début in London.

The Lyceum Company will have a good repertoire for their engagement here in July. "Americans Abroad" will be their opening piece, and it will be followed by "The Gray Mare," "The Charity Ball," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and "The Wife." In the company are Georgia Cayvan, Effie Shannon, Mrs. Charles Walcott, Herbert Kelcey, W. J. Lemoyne, and other lesser lights.

"The Rivals" was given in New York last week by a cast which is extraordinary in more ways than one. Mrs. John Drew was the Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Sydney Drew the Lydia, McKee Rankin the Sir Anthony, Maurice Barrymore the Captain Absolute, and Sydney Drew the Bob Acres. Mrs. John Drew is mother-in-law to McKee Rankin's daughter, Mrs. Sydney Drew, and also to Maurice Barrymore, and Sydney Drew is, of course, her son.

Offenbach's popular *opéra comique*, "Madame Favart," is to be sung at the Tivoli on Monday night, with the following cast of characters:

Justine Favart, Fanny Liddiard; Susanne Cotignac, Tillie Salinger; Babet, Stella Wilmet; Janette, May Atkins; Susette, Trullie Shattuck; Charles Favart, Philip Branson; Marquis de Pont-Sable, Ferris Hartman; Hector de Boispreau, Arthur Messmer; Major Cotignac, George Olmi; Bicotin, Frank Ridsdale; Sergeant Larose, John P. Wilson; Joli Coeur, Julia Simmons; Fracasse, Irene Mull; Vertpré, Ernie Pomeroy.

An elaborate production of "Ali Baha (Up to Date)" is announced for Monday, June 19th.

Rosina Vokes and her husband, Cecil Clay, have retired to their home in Devonshire, where Marius—who has taken Felix Morris's place—is their guest and is at work on their new plays for next year. They will retain "My Milliner's Bill," "A Pantomime Rehearsal," and "The Circus Rider," but otherwise their repertoire will be quite new—except for a possible revival of "Fun in a Fog," which the Vokes Family made so popular years ago. The other pieces will be, to a large extent, Marius's adaptations of little French pieces such as Déjazet used to make famous. Their next season commences in September in San Francisco, whither they come direct from London.

Most of the women who go to the play in this country wear their hats during the performance; but a Boston man insists that in his town the anti-hat movement really amounts to something. "A few nights ago," he says, "I counted over forty women who sat without their hats in the parquet of the

Boston Theatre—just the floor alone—aod at a matinée in the Museum, there were thirty odd. The effect was pretty, too. Those women looked cool and comfortable, while the women with hats looked as if they had run in for a minute and couldn't stop. No woman ought to wear her hat in the house."

Sarah Bernhardt has been a personal as well as an artistic success in Athens. The King of Greece witnessed her performance in "La Dame aux Camélias," and thanked her personally after the play. A correspondent goes on to say:

"Mme. Bernhardt had intended, after this performance, visiting the Acropolis by moonlight; but, being fatigued, she postponed her visit till the following day. Then, dressed in black and carrying a large basket of white flowers, she repaired to her husband's tomb. After crossing herself and kneeling in prayer for some minutes, resting her head meanwhile on the marble, she reverently laid the flowers on M. Damala's grave, and, as she went away, it was observed that her eyes were suffused with tears. The late M. Damala's two brothers went to meet the actress as she landed from the steamer in Athens, and the populace turned out to give her a grand reception."

A dog's tailor flourishes in Paris. This tailor is a woman, and in the reception-rooms Prince Bow-wow has rugs, water-bowls, and biscuit-jars to refresh him during the trying-on processes. Here are the daintiest water-color pattern-books to choose from, and anything from sealskin to chamois is provided.

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Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

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To prove this we ask you to EXAMINE THE LOTS before day of sale. A visit to the property will convince any one of its worth.

FREE EXCURSION AND LUNCH AND FREE PASSES TO AND FROM THE PROPERTY ON THE DAY OF SALE.

The Special Train of Electric Cars, accompanied by the band, will leave Eighth and Washington Streets, Oakland, at 12 o'clock sharp, and will return after the sale. Any number of tickets can be had by applying at the office of the undersigned.

THIS GRAND AUCTION WILL BE THE EVENT OF THE SEASON, AND WELL WORTH ATTENDING.

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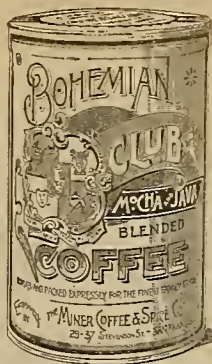
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The opening of the Great Northern Railroad for business is an event of the first importance to California. This road, which is commonly known as "Jim" Hill's Line, runs from St. Paul, Minn., to Seattle and Tacoma, in Washington. It traverses one of the finest timber countries in the Union, and likewise a country with considerable agricultural possibilities. Lying between the Northern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific, its direct competition will be with them. But its terminals are in such close connection with the commercial centres on either side of the continent that it will demand and can hardly be denied its share of the whole volume of transcontinental traffic. Its opening gives to San Francisco one more highway to the East.

This is a matter of felicitation. But the ultimate effects of the building of the Great Northern are not likely to warrant much exultation in this city. It can hardly fail to prove a

potent factor in the transfer of trade from San Francisco to Puget Sound and to continue the work which the Atchison and the Northern Pacific began. In many respects, the Sound has advantages over San Francisco. Its cities are the natural outlet of the largest body of inland navigable water in the world. The Archipelago of Washington is surrounded by inexhaustible forests of excellent lumber. Back of the forests, and mixed in with them, is admirable farm-land, which will grow all the products of the temperate zone. Along the shores of the inland seas are beds of coal, which have thus far been scratched only, though they are producing something like a million tons a year of merchantable coal. Such a country is sure to settle up rapidly; when it does, a demand will arise for the products of all the Pacific countries, and exchanges will spring up which will give employment to fleets of vessels. Already the people of the Sound are planning lines of steamers to the islands, Japan, and China. They propose not only to shake off their dependence upon this city for Eastern and foreign goods, but to boid themselves in readiness to supply us with those goods.

Cities and communities are built up by men. Prosperity flows to the places where the men are most intelligent, most energetic, and most enterprising. Our local pride is not flattered by a comparison between the men of the Puget Sound cities and the men of San Francisco. We have no railroad manager who can compare with Jim Hill. While the aged millionaires of the Southern Pacific are prating in a senile way about the sacrifices they have made to develop this State, Mr. Hill has been quietly building and telling some truths every time he opened his mouth. He has built a railroad across the continent without subsidies or land-grants. He has shown an ability which our railroad people can not approach. It stands to reason that when the struggle for business comes, he will take the lion's share, and our roads will have to be content with what is left.

The Puget Sound cities were peopled by the brightest and most ambitious of the young men from the East. They went there because they saw what enterprise would accomplish for a region so remarkably advantaged by nature. When they had pitched their tents, they realized that their hopes could not be fulfilled unless every man in the place put his shoulder to the wheel and all worked together for the future of their section of the country. Thus whenever a commendable enterprise is presented to their notice, money and labor are forthcoming to put it through. No one in the Puget Sound country sits down on his money; it is kept in motion; no one will own an idle dollar.

The people of San Francisco are of a different type. We have many millionaires among us. They use their money in putting up big hotels and rows of two-story dwelling-houses, which will not be worth much if our trade is transferred to Los Angeles, Tacoma, and Seattle. Not one of them is willing to risk a dollar in an adventurous enterprise. According to the directory we have quite a number of merchants, but apparently they can not see the danger that threatens. They hold meetings from time to time to find fault with things generally, to bemoan their sad fate, and to rail at the only instrumentalities by which their prosperity could be achieved. Their idea of civism is to try to break down the steamship lines we have, while Tacoma is putting up money to start such lines.

In the impending struggle for supremacy more solidarity and a more active public spirit must be shown. San Francisco is now the metropolis of the Pacific Coast; but if that position is to be maintained there must be the utmost activity, the most united effort.

The *Forum* seeks at once to ascertain and to fix public opinion on the subject of the appointment by the Pope of a lord-lieutenant to rule over his subjects in the United States. A series of articles appear in the last number of the magazine in which Ahlegate Satolli's powers, policy, and significance are discussed from the Protestant, Catholic, and secular points of view. The papers are interesting enough, and instructive, too, in their cautious way, but they do not come within miles of being representative. They are all too mild

for that, even the Catholic contributor glossing his zeal for the faith with a good, thick coat of modern, non-Catholic literary courtesy. The truth is that the American public has not yet made up its mind about the ablegate. It has not been given the opportunity to form a clear judgment on whether it is likely to be good or had for this country to have the Pope rule the church directly through one agent instead of through several groups of jealous and wrangling prelates. Mgr. Satolli's vigorous course immediately on receipt of his commission in siding with the more progressive elements and calling off the bounds of the church from the public schools commended him to Americans in general. The average citizen of this republic would much prefer to see such men as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland than Archbishop Corrigan and the Cahensleyite German bishops in the ascendant. The former are sufficiently Americanized to be able to understand their time and to perceive that Catholicism, if it is to prosper in the United States, must never forget to be upon its good behavior and assume civic virtue if it have it not; whereas the Corrigan party is more Catholic than the Pope, and deems every advance in theory and practice since the time of Luther a hell-deserving instance of latitudinarianism.

It is true that until within a few years the Vatican gave the approving light of its infallible countenance to the Corriganites, particularly as to the dull rancor with which they assailed as godless the system of popular education established by this government and their persistent efforts to get the hands of the clergy into the school fund. So long, indeed, had this been the recognized spirit and policy of the church that the country was surprised when Archbishop Ireland succeeded, by means of a pilgrimage to Rome, in securing a tentative indorsement of his Farihaul plan of mixed, non-religious schools, in which the nuns and priests could teach the catechism to such children as chose to remain after regular hours. And the country was fairly astonished when Mgr. Satolli, the Pope's special messenger in the interest of peace, trampled on the Cahensleyites, took up Gibbons and Ireland, and all but killed poor Corrigan by restoring to the priesthood Father McGlynn, without previously consulting or even notifying the agonized archbishop. It is plain that the Pope, the Propaganda, and Mgr. Satolli have come to agree thoroughly with Ireland, and Gibbons, and every other man of practical sense in the hierarchy, that the Catholic Church, if it is to escape a ruinous conflict with the enlightenment and patriotism of the United States, must endeavor to accommodate itself to its environment. In Spain, it may do to close up Protestant churches and subject to the mob's fury heretics who desire to worship in temples of their own; in France, it may do for the church to ally itself with the monarchical cause and play the plotting traitor to the republican government which feeds it at a cost of millions annually—but here, though powerful in numbers and wealth, it is still in the minority and lives in peace only while it does not too actively arouse public apprehension or anger. If the Vatican shall continue in its present state of mind when Leo the Thirteenth has given place to a successor, and if the ablegates of the future are endowed with Satolli's ability to perceive facts and his capacity for statesmanship, nothing but good can result either to the church or country from the change in its method of administration.

The country, in our judgment, is to be congratulated on the appointment of an ablegate, in any event. Home rule for the church renders it more directly responsible. It is much easier for the people of Arizona or any other Territory to influence the governor appointed by the President than to reach the President himself. It is also easier to hold the resident governor to account for laches and offenses. The sense of distinctive national life imparted to the church by government from Baltimore instead of Rome should in time imbue it with a patriotism in which it is now wanting. In the course of years, knowledge of its importance in the universal Catholic system may inspire the American church with the desire for autonomy and the courage to achieve it, as the American Episcopal Church broke from Eng-

ing strings, to its great and lasting advantage, ecclesiastically and politically. For while the Bishop of London was the Episcopal Pope, American Episcopalians felt that they owed their first allegiance to England, precisely as our Catholics feel that Rome has the primary claim upon their loyalty. Almost to a man the Episcopalians were Tories throughout the revolution.

The *Argonaut* will scarcely be suspected of feeling undue confidence in the goodness of the intentions of the Catholic Church; but, independently of its intentions, we consider it a fine thing for the United States that a separate organization has been given the Romanists. Mgr. Satolli stands for a new responsibility, no matter whether the next Pope shall be a reactionist or not and regardless of the abilities or disposition of the ablegate's successors. Satolli, by allying himself with the advancing, more modern wing of the American hierarchy, has set a precedent which it will be difficult to ignore. Reaction would not only be in the face of that precedent, but hostile to the spirit of the country and of the age, before which even the church of Rome is forced to bend. With a viceroy of the Pontiff among us, clothed as he is with plenary authority to settle disputes and map the church's programme, the church is placed in the open. The American people have no fear of the Catholic Church when it takes frank ground. They are willing to be friendly, indeed, if the church will content itself to take rank with the other religious denominations and cease its antagonism to education, its participation in politics as an independent power within the nation, and abandon its pretensions to peculiar desserts and privileges. Should it be necessary for the people to meet it at the polls as an enemy, they have no doubt of their strength. Neither has the Pope or his advisors. The best proof of that gratifying fact is the appointment of Ablegate Satolli and the monseigneur's instant alliance with the party in his church that has outgrown mediævalism and manifests a wish to be American.

Messrs. Sontag and Evans have been caught at last, and if they recover from their wounds, they may be tried and may even possibly be convicted. So may end one of the most disgraceful chapters in the history of Southern California. Some ten months have elapsed since these miscreants made themselves amenable to the law. During all this time they have not strayed far from their old haunts. But it is only after a lapse of ten months and under the stimulus of a reward of thirteen thousand dollars that they have been taken.

No one can be surprised if the East accuses the region which the bandits haunted of being saturated with sympathy for them. Numbers of people must have known where they were hid and have supplied them with food and ammunition. If they had not been succored they would have had to surrender long ago. Their cartridges alone would many weeks ago have been exhausted. Yet Sontag was well supplied when he was shot. Evidently they had friends in or about Visalia who were willing to help them to defeat the ends of justice. Will it be surprising if Eastern papers hold the lower San Joaquin Valley responsible for their crimes? And will those papers exhibit enthusiasm in commending immigration to such a locality?

There is an idea—which doubtless does that part of the State injustice—that three counties, Kern, Tulare, and Fresno, and possibly parts of adjacent counties, were peopled from Texas and other Southern States before and immediately after the war, when the people of those States were more turbulent and more reckless of life and property than they are now. Eastern men, after visiting Fresno, Bakersfield, and Visalia, have expressed surprise at the looseness of opinion which prevails there in regard to right and wrong. It has been reported that Sontag and Evans were rather pitied than blamed, even in circles where sound morals might be supposed to prevail. The corporations which have been the chief sufferers by the highwaymen's raid have been visited with the severest censure, apparently for the crime of being corporations and of doing a large business; but the scoundrels themselves, for whom shooting was too mild a punishment, have been sorrowed over.

This implies an aberration of principle which is sure to be followed by a bitter penalty. Brigandage is no new thing. It is a conspicuous feature in history. Everybody knows why it arises, how it is carried on, by what means it can be suppressed, and what follows if it is not suppressed. The whole story can be found in the histories of Italy, Spain, Greece, and Mexico. The land-owners of Kern, Tulare, and Fresno who are trying to sell their holdings, can therein see why they do not succeed. They will derive instruction from a perusal of the history of Sicily. That lovely island, which is a natural paradise and has at times supported a large population in luxury, had been reduced to such a condition by brigandage at the time Victor Emmanuel ascended the throne that land could not be given away, and the old nobility, which had enjoyed ample in-

comes for generations from their broad acres, were reduced to positive misery. The king adopted the usual remedy. He employed one gang of brigands to hunt down another gang, and he made each locality responsible for depredations committed within its limits. The plague was thus extirpated.

There would be no legal impediment to the adoption of a similar method here. Every county is responsible in damages for destruction committed by a mob. It ought to be made equally responsible for damages done by highway robbers. A very simple and perfectly constitutional law would accomplish the object. If, the next time a train is robbed and a train-hand killed, the county were made to reimburse the money stolen and to pay exemplary damages to the family of the murdered man, there would be fewer road-agents, simply because the fraternity would realize that every resident of the county in which they operated would turn bloodhound on their tracks.

Year by year the crowd of Americans who go abroad to spend the summer and their good American money increases. It has now become nearly as obligatory upon our men and women of wealth and fashion to fly over to Europe for an annual picnic as it was in the days before steam for the high-born English youth to "make the grand tour" as a finish to his education. This constant visiting of the Old World has led to the voluntary expatriation in permanence of a good many of our citizens who desire to get more for their money in a social way than it will buy at home. It is true that in London the American, however opulent, must be content with a place in society far below the summits on which royalty, the nobility, and the old families without title dwell; but then his Americanism gives him privileges which he learns humbly to enjoy. While forever hopelessly inferior to the hereditary aristocracy, he finds himself superior to the British merchant, and even a cut above professional men, who outrank him at home. The charms of this unique position, which gives them the patronizing intimacy of the nobility and gentry and enables them to look with contempt upon the middle class—to which they would themselves belong if English and fortunate—must be very great to a certain order of minds, since the number of Americans who settle down for life in London as hangers-on of the aristocracy (a relation that entails heavy expense, for the British aristocrat has a keen nose for the American dollar) constantly grows. Of course we can well spare these exiles, and the periodical absence of the Four Hundred from our shores can be borne with fortitude; but the country does feel somewhat concerned about the drain of wealth from the United States which the summer hegira involves. How to diminish this drain, which amounts to many millions annually, has engaged the patriotic thought of not a few statesmen, philosophers, and journalists; but up to date their efforts to keep American coin in America have been fruitless. The desertion of William Waldorf Astor to England, indeed, has stunned and discouraged these public-spirited thinkers.

But the hour produces the man. The crisis has brought to his feet Mr. Ward McAllister, who knows the Four Hundred, if anybody does, and his utterances show that he has applied the full powers of his fine intellect to the problem. His method is scientific. Instead of indulging in impassioned rhetoric or assailing the absentees with bitter denunciation, he endeavors to ascertain the cause of their fondness for Europe as the first step toward a cure of the evil. In an interview with a New York newspaper, he describes exhaustively the allurements which London and Paris possess for rich and fashionable Americans. Here is what the French capital presents:

"In Paris, during the spring, the fashionables give superb *fêtes-champêtres* in that gay capital, as well as in their country-places outside of Paris. These fêtes always take place in the afternoon. The hostess receives the guests in the superb grounds of her château, in which she has built for the occasion a portico or summer-house for dancing. Superbly dressed women strolling through beautiful grounds and a grand suite of salons form a scene of unrivaled loveliness. Several times each week French society congregates in the beautiful Ile de Puteux, in the Seine, when the Ziganis, a gypsy band, plays, and the ladies take afternoon tea. Every morning the swells, well mounted, meet at a particular point in the Bois de Boulogne and hold a reception on horseback."

London is almost equally fascinating in its pleasures, and one is obliged to confess that in reading of them as they are gilded by Mr. McAllister's gifted pen, one's wonder is reduced that the United States holds nothing for the intelligent traveler to be compared with them. The leader of the Four Hundred of the metropolis thus paints them in all their resistless beauty:

"In London it is the custom, and has been for many years past, for members of high society to meet after church on every fine Sunday morning near the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park. They spend an hour before luncheon chatting with each other. This is known as the church parade. This custom has been very popular, bringing together crowds which are now so large that the howling swells are beginning to stay away. Every Sunday afternoon fashion deserts the city and goes boating on the Thames as far as Henley, sometimes remaining to dine

on the numerous house-boats or at the famous ship-taverns, but in most cases returning to London to a late dinner."

Mr. McAllister then turns to the constructive portion of his work. He would retain Americans in America on the plan of the crafty diplomat who, when asked by an anxious wife for suggestions as to how she could keep her husband at home nights, advised her to convert her back-parlor into a beer saloon. To turn New York into a combination of Paris and London is Mr. McAllister's masterly scheme. Neither of the foreign cities contains anything for which our moneyed aristocracy care, he seems to think, that could not readily be imported. He does not propose the purchase and transplantation of the Arc de Triomphe, in imitation of Mrs. Mackay, or the Louvre, the Luxembourg, St. Cloud, Versailles, Notre Dame, the Madeleine, the Tower of London, the British Museum, Parliament Buildings, St. Paul's, or Mme. Tussaud's wax-works. For these monuments, and other means of improving the mind, the Four Hundred, according to their exemplar and guide, have no use. Historical association and picturesque and characteristic phases of life that have developed under conditions different from and vastly more venerable than our own, are without interest. That sort of thing, together with art, music, political institutions, and all that the humbler classes who go on their travels are disposed to give attention to, may safely be left in Europe so far as well Americans are concerned, since Mr. McAllister ignores them in his survey of the field. Make New York the city it ought to be, he argues, and not only would New Yorkers keep away from Europe, but "people from other parts of the country would find just as much to amuse them as they would by going abroad." It is not a thirst for knowledge that induces the wealthy from the provinces to cross the ocean. "There are a large number of persons throughout the West," Mr. McAllister explains, "who would prefer to spend the summer season in New York or some of its surrounding resorts, but who take the trip abroad simply because New Yorkers do." He perceives no difficulty in the way of realizing his dream. He even has the extraordinary modesty to disclaim any credit for originality in conceiving it. It would not be the first time that European customs have been imported. "That peculiar method of shaking hands above your head, the wearing of the lowest button of the waistcoat unbuttoned, and the turning up of the trousers on a sunny day, have all been adopted from abroad." To stay midway the horde from the West advancing on foreign lands and to divert the New York Four Hundred from being their pioneers, Mr. McAllister counsels that "every Sunday after church our fashionables should congregate on the mall in Central Park, under those superb trees, as they do in Hyde Park." Then, during May and June, there should be "country parties and elegant *fêtes-champêtres*." Excursions to West Point, with a disembarkation en route for dancing, would be efficacious, as would, also, a variety-show on board the steamer on the return trip. The Country Club could help along the grand national movement by giving a *fête-champêtre*. To make things easy for that brainy organization, Mr. McAllister supplies it with a programme:

"A marquée should be placed at the south side of the club-house for dancing. After dancing you could give a high tea in the club-house or on the piazza. A high tea is very comprehensive. You may have at it *pâté-de-foie-gras* sandwiches, gelatine, *filet en Bellevue*, cold salmon, all kinds of ices, cakes, and fruits. Of course you should not eat all of these, but only such as agree with each other."

A party in the interest of reform should be given at Jerome Park. "A drive should be taken in Central Park, as in London, between nine and eleven in the morning, and in the afternoon there should be a procession in the park from four till seven." Country fêtes ought to be of constant occurrence. "Gay and fashionable parties should go to Morris Park and Coney Island."

With these alterations and improvements in the life of New York, Mr. McAllister is of the firm opinion that the passenger traffic of the transatlantic steamship lines would be seriously impaired, if not ruined. Perhaps; but has this man of such splendid organizing genius paused to reflect that New York is not the whole of the United States? Does it not occur to him that the great West might rise in hostility against him and his devices? The West reveres its aristocracy, and likes no better to be deprived of their brilliant presence than Mr. McAllister likes to see his own plutocratic flock stampeding to foreign parts each spring. The metropolis is three thousand miles this side of London and Paris, and, therefore, just by that much more accessible. Were it to be transformed into the garden of delights which the rich and vivid imagination of Mr. McAllister has projected, it is hardly thinkable that a dancing man or woman with a few thousands to spare could resist its magnetic drawing power. The *Argonaut* trusts that the magnificent enterprise will fail—that the New York Four Hundred will dare for once to be a law unto itself and go to Europe as usual in defiance of the McAllister. The aristocracy are needed in the various centres of the country which they now beautify and benefit,

not only by the expenditure of their millions, but by the example of rational living, intellectual activity, and high purposes they afford their less amply endowed fellow-citizens. Better that they should go to Europe once a year to jig, and feast, and polish their manners than that they should be sucked into the maelstrom of Mr. McAllister's glorified New York, never to return.

The battle between the Sabbatharians and the public over the World's Fair is likely to lead to two important results. It has already led to a conflict of jurisdiction between the State and the Federal Courts. The State courts of Illinois hold that they have exclusive jurisdiction, under State laws and city ordinances, over the policing of the fair, and that if the management chooses to open the doors on Sunday, they and they only can sanction or forbid the act. It is obvious that, under the constitution, it is no part of the business of Congress or of the United States judiciary to supervise religious ceremonies or to regulate a place of public entertainment in the States. To this the Sabbatharians reply that the United States was empowered to interfere by a specific bargain between the fair managers and the United States, which bound the former to keep the doors of the fair closed on Sunday, in consideration of a gift of two millions from the Federal Treasury. It is curious that the lawyers for the fair, on the argument before the circuit court, did not raise the point that the United States had no interest in enforcing such a bargain. Under the constitution, Congress can take no cognizance of religions, and a bargain made by it for promoting the doctrines of a religion is a *nudum pactum*, and can not be enforced because one of the parties has no interest in it.

The controversy has had the further result of revealing public opinion on the Sabbatarian question. When the fair managers concluded, at Washington, the bargain which they intended to evade, no one could tell what proportion of the American people were in favor of Sunday laws and what proportion were indifferent on the subject. We now perceive, from the shape which the controversy has taken, that public opinion is practically all one way. Not one single secular newspaper anywhere has demanded the closing of the doors in deference to religious sentiment. No man has spoken on that side of the question except a few moth-eaten dominies who live so thoroughly out of the world that no one expects them to cherish opinions on current events or to be in touch with modern thought. Here and there, one of those extraordinary publications known as religious newspapers has whined over the degeneracy of a stiff-necked age in tones which might have been used by the genial old Puritan, John Wilson, of Massachusetts Bay; but even the religious press has shown a tendency to taboo the subject, and, indeed, the first open Sunday at the fair was marked by a convention of editors of religious publications. From various sources waifs and estrays of intelligence indicate that the leading preachers of the day are ashamed of the attempt of the Sabbatharians to deny to workingmen the privilege of seeing the fair.

Members of churches see with pain the continual efforts which the clergy are making to bring themselves and their calling into disrepute. Was there no way to adjust the controversy with Dr. Briggs without expelling from the Presbytery a conscientious and learned divine who has hosts of friends? And now, what is gained for the cause of religion by showing that on a tenet on which some churches set high store, the people and the clergy are at variance? One would suppose that the example of our neighbors at the South would have taught our Presbyterians and Methodists the duty of keeping in line with the people. The Catholics of South America would not do so; and where are their penitents? Can it be different in a Protestant country?

The eloquent ladies who, having secured a defenseless audience at Chicago, were able for once in their lives to liberate their souls on the wrongs, the woes, the aims, the fears, and the hopes of women, nevertheless neglected the opportunity to cast the horoscope of the women of what Europeans call the lower class, or the servant-girl class. And the future place of the sex in the social fabric can not be accurately determined if the evolution of that class is ignored. If we have to rebuild, we must build from the ground up.

Sir William Berkeley, erstwhile governor of Virginia, said that the evils of modern society proceeded from printing and the knowledge which it enabled men to acquire. With more accuracy, a modern sociologist might say that it is learning and knowledge which have rendered the servant-girl problem insoluble. When Biddy did not know her letters, or if she could read, read aloud to herself in monosyllabic monotone in the fashion of the servant in the houseboat, she waited on table suitably, knew how to cook a potato, and washed down the front-door steps without grumbling. But now that Biddy has a pretty taste in novels, and notions on music and art, she can not perform those tasks

with comfort either to herself or to her employers. Her potato is badly boiled, and she despises herself for boiling it. If her father and mother insist on her earning the money needed to buy the fine clothes for which her soul yearns, she will go out as a shop-girl or as a "saleslady"; but she will not be a menial. The consequence is that we are hereof of a class on whose cooperation much of our comfort depended, and that the daughters of the poor grow up amid surroundings which involve danger for their moral and their physical health.

In this city, rather than make our own bed and sweep our own room, we fall back on Chinamen. John—sly dog—sees his opportunity, and turns it to account. John knows a good thing when he sees it, and would not have the Exclusion Act repealed for the world. As a rule, he does not care to work in a house where only one servant is kept. He pines without a mate. But give him thirty-five dollars a month, and let him choose a "second boy" from his own "company," at twenty-five dollars a month, and he will cheerfully take charge of the house, and, as a rule, do the work well. He goes out every evening to the headquarters of his company, and after eight P. M. the ladies of the house must answer the door-bell. He will not brook criticism. At the first word of reproach, he is off. He works for you for ten years and at the end of that time you do not know him any better than the day he came. He knows his business; but to keep him and his mate, the master of the house must earn two dollars a day, besides the cost of their board and the cost of the washing, which the Chinese pair will not do, because a "cousin" of theirs wants the job. In the Eastern cities, a dollar a day is supposed to cover the cost of servants, even where there are several children in the family.

The other alternative is to dispense with servants and to divide up the work of the house among the members of the family. The boys light the fires and sweep the steps before they go to their work; the girls cook the meals, clean the rooms, make the beds, wash the dishes. The family wash is given out, and once a week a woman comes in to clean windows and scrub. It is the easiest thing in the world to test the merit of this plan by the application of a simple rule. Every one should work at that which will yield the largest return. Men do not make their own boots or clothes, because they can use their time to better advantage. Instinctively they concentrate their effort and their time on the pursuit which will pay them best. So women should devote themselves to the occupation which will yield the best return for the time bestowed on it. If a shop-girl puts in her eight, or ten, or twelve hours a day for eighty cents or a dollar, while her family are paying out one dollar and a quarter for work which she could do, there is waste on one side and neglect of opportunity on the other; the girl should throw up her job and go to work at home. It is only when there is no demand for her labor at home, or when the outside demand for it involves high pay, that she should seek employment abroad. If the boys and girls of a household can sell their labor for more money than hired help in the household would cost, they would be unwise to stay at home and cook dinners and wash dishes; if they can not, it is far better that they should do household work than remain idle.

The pursuit of this train of thought leads to the old controversy about educated girls going out to service. In England, daughters of clergymen, professional men of small means, clerks, government officials, and others who live from hand to mouth, quite often go out to service, though they have received a liberal and sometimes a high education. They exercise discretion in choosing a mistress. Some women are not to be trusted with the care of a dog, much less of a girl of refinement. Where due discretion is displayed, the experiment generally succeeds. It might be tried here to advantage. A girl of pleasant manners and kindly disposition—if she be American, or German, or English, or French, or Swede—can easily get a place at twenty or twenty-five dollars a month, with board and lodging; that is to say, she can get as much money per month as her sister who is a saleswoman, and need not spend a dollar of it except for clothing and car-fare, whereas her sister must board and lodge herself out of her earnings.

The recent conflicts between the city authorities and certain street-railway companies regarding the use of electricity as a motive power on crowded streets, brings up again an old dispute. The railroad companies, being human, desire to increase their profits, and the trolley-system involves less expense and greater speed when compared with the cable-system. But, on the other hand, it also involves greater danger to life and limb, and it would be a serious mistake to permit its introduction on crowded thoroughfares. The objection is not to the electric motive power, but to the danger involved in the use of the overhead wires. In the city of Hartford, an underground system is in successful operation that deserves study. A thoroughly insulated conductor

runs underneath the surface, between the rails. Every sixteen feet there is an opening, in which a small wheel runs in a movable frame-work. Depending from the car is a ribbon of metal, slightly more than sixteen feet in length, and, as the car passes over one of the openings, this ribbon passes over the wheel, depressing the frame-work and bringing it in contact with the underground conductor. The frame-work is in contact with the conductor only while the ribbon is passing over the wheel; but as the ribbon is longer than the space between any two successive wheels, there is a continuous contact from the car. This system seems to guarantee immunity from danger and thus to remove the chief objection to the electric motor. The expense of the plant may be somewhat in excess of the trolley, but this consideration should not be permitted to weigh in the matter.

"A Subscriber" writes to ask which would be more beneficial to California, the investment of three millions of dollars in the proposed winter exhibit in this city, or in a certain proposed railroad. The question should not rest between the two propositions at all; each should be decided on its own merits. If the winter exposition would result in bringing adequate return on the investment, both from the amount that would be expended in this city and State by visitors, and from the increased business that would result in the future, it should be carried out; if not, it would be folly to attempt it. If the proposed railroad would result in an increase of business sufficient to justify its construction, it should be built without reference to whether the winter exposition is held here or not. A city as large and as wealthy as San Francisco should not hesitate about the profitable investment of six million or ten million, whether in one enterprise or in half a dozen.

The discussion of the proposed winter exposition has been left too exclusively to those who say we can not raise the money and those who say we can. It should be brought down to a more practical basis. It is reasonably certain that a man who subscribes, say, five thousand dollars, will not get his money back from the exposition itself; but that is not the question involved. It is the community, not individuals, that should be considered. The benefit to this State is not to come from the opportunity to see the foreign exhibits, but from the opportunity to see and become acquainted with those who might buy and sell in our markets and do not now do so. It is not probable that a great number of the Europeans and Eastern people who visit Chicago would come here expressly to see what they might have seen there. But it would be an excuse for many of this class to come to see California who would not come otherwise. Those who go to Chicago from countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean would be more likely to stop here, and in the Pacific Coast States are many who can not afford to go to Chicago but could and would come here. These are the people whom it would be profitable to us, in a business way, to get acquainted with. What this benefit would amount to may not be capable of absolute determination; but an approximate estimate may be made, and this should be set off against the expenses of the exposition. If the balance is favorable, there should be no difficulty about raising the money, for it is absurd to say that California has no money to put into a legitimate investment.

Is this country about to reverse its foreign policy? Two recent events, unconnected in themselves, have brought this question forward in a manner that demands attention. The question of Hawaiian annexation presented itself with a suddenness that almost led to the acceptance of the proposition of the provisional government without a serious thought of the consequences of such a step. Even now, when there has been a pause for consideration, the abstract question of the policy of joining to this country a group of islands so far removed geographically and ethnically, has not received adequate attention. The breaking out of a revolution in Nicaragua, insignificant though the event may have been in itself, raises the problem in another shape. When the canal through that country is completed, and vessels are passing to and fro through it daily, a revolution would be likely to cause international complications that would of necessity lead to a protectorate that would differ but slightly from annexation. The policy of non-interference in foreign countries has generally been accepted as the fixed doctrine in this country; but the building of an efficient modern navy and the expansion of the commercial interests of the United States press new questions to the fore, and the question of general policy should be carefully studied before any step is taken that might lead to serious difficulties, internal as well as external.

Persons leaving the city, either to visit the Eastern States or to spend the summer in the country, can have the Argonaut mailed to their address by sending an order to that effect to this office. Changes of address should reach this office not later than Thursday evening.

THE PROMISE OF THE EYES.

I was seated on a bench in the Bois de Boulogne, whither I had come to enjoy alone and uninterrupted a lovely October afternoon. The gray transparency of the Parisian atmosphere lent a wonderful glamour to the autumn hues, like filmy gauze over the face of some rich Eastern beauty, and the seductive harmony of the colors acted like magic music on the spirit. In the distance, the bare trees looked like vague blue smoke against the pale sky, and, near at hand, the fallen leaves, damp in shadowed places or dry and crisp in the sun, showed all the shades from purple and rich copper to gray and gold.

My gaze was fastened upon the horizon, and I was completely wrapped in that peculiar sadness which exquisite harmony of any kind is apt to produce. Suddenly I heard close to my ear a voice of full, sweet quality:

"Est-ce que ton cœur remplit la promesse de tes yeux?"—

"Does your heart fulfill the promise of your eyes?"

I turned and beheld sitting on the bench beside me a young man who was regarding my face with a strange and intense interest.

He was evidently a Frenchman, I should have known that, even if I had not noticed his beautiful, musical pronunciation; his eyes were almond-shaped and very brilliant, owing to the bluish color of the whites and the profound black of the pupils, his complexion a rich olive, his features straight and chiseled, and above his sweet, almost childishly innocent mouth a soft dark down was visible. His face was that of an enthusiast, a martyr in *posse*; he was evidently an extremist, and, like many who are very intense, inclined to narrowness of ideas. There was something in his expression that attracted and fascinated me, something that freed me from any fear, that seemed to place me outside of conventionalities and in another world.

"Does your heart fulfill the promise of your eyes?" he repeated, gravely and as though the answer were of great importance.

"What is the promise of my eyes?" I asked, interested and losing all sense of the strangeness of his question.

"A promise sublime and tender," he said; and continuing, after a few moments' pause: "Your eyes promise to render some one perfectly happy; to remove for him who passes his life at your side all trouble and care. They promise to give him pure, eternal joy, unmarred by sadness, to make for him a heavenly Paradise upon this weary earth. Swear to me that this promise will be kept."

"But, really, monsieur," I answered, frankly, "I think it will not. Such a vow is not possible—I—"

"It is just as I feared," he interrupted me, with a deep sigh. "Well, then, there is but one thing left for me to do. I must close your eyes forever."

"But why?"

"Because they deceive."

"But that is not my fault."

"No, it is not your fault, poor child; but, all the same, I must extinguish that false promise forever. I must kill you."

He drew from his pocket a small knife of fine Eastern workmanship, with a shining, curved blade and ivory handle.

I looked about us, we were entirely alone and in such a secluded part of the park that it was not likely that any one was even in hearing distance; the situation was becoming serious; it was necessary to make an effort.

"Monsieur," I commenced, timidly; "I—I will empty my eyes of that promise."

"Impossible."

"I will try—try to fulfill it."

"That is the first falsehood you have spoken," he replied, severely; "you know that you can not fulfill it."

"I will close my eyes myself forever."

"Your eyes are stronger than you; nothing but death can control them."

"And do you really wish to kill me?" I asked, temporizing, while I looked about anxiously for some chance of escape.

He grasped my hand and held it firmly, turning his face deliberately away from mine while he answered resolutely, "I must."

"Why?"

"To prevent you from killing many others. You are as a child armed with a sharp sword. You will stab the hearts of many men. It is better that one die than many."

"But, monsieur, I have done nothing!"

His fingers clinched my wrist like iron, his features were pitiless, he would not look at me, the stillness about us was frightful.

"You may not be guilty," he said, gloomily; "but I am appointed your executioner. Between your heart and your eyes there exists a fearful lie; the one will not, can not give what the others promise. It is the duty of every honest man to fight and to put an end to lies. In the name of 'Truth'—here he raised his knife to his lips, kissing the blade with a solemnity that caused me to shiver violently—"I sacrifice you—"

"Wait, wait, monsieur, one moment," I cried; "one last request."

"Only one," he assented, pausing as though for just a moment, his hand still raised with a murderous gesture.

"You are going to kill me on account of what you read in my eyes, are you not?"

"It is for that that I sacrifice you."

"Well, then before—you kill me, allow me to look in yours."

"That is just," he murmured to himself, and, turning his head toward me, his brilliant eyes, burning with a secret fire, met mine.

With all my might I tried to read in those mysterious orbs; I endeavored to look within those windows of the soul to discover, if possible, the motives that inspired my strange companion, to find a clue to his actions, something

that would tell me how to influence him. My eyes plunged and lost themselves in those clear depths as in a still lake shadowed by mountains; deeper and deeper sank my spirit in those translucent wells of darkness, searching, searching, and not finding. Those brown waves were endowed with a Lethean potency; I forgot my dagger, the world, myself, everything; I was drowned in oblivion, seeking the source of those bottomless springs.

I was aware of nothing that was going on around me, and so I did not notice the change that must gradually have come over the young Frenchman's face during our long, mutual gaze. His brows contracted, his features relaxed, his lips trembled, and the hand that held the dagger fell nerveless by his side.

I saw nothing of this and was in another world until a sudden, shrill cry from him brought me back to consciousness.

"It is too late, I can not," and he dropped my hand with a groan, hurrying into tears. "It is too late; I wished to save others, but I have only lost myself. I have gone too near the flame."

I arose as in a dream and walked slowly down the path covered with yellow, rustling leaves. The young man made no sign, no motion to detain me. At the turn of the road I looked back at him; he was still sitting with his elbows on his knees, his face buried in his hands, his figure convulsed with sobs, the picture of complete despair.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1893. PAULINE HOFFMAN.

The latest new mode of fashionable therapeutics is the music cure, or healing by vibration, of which the *Evening Sun* says:

"The St. Cecilia Guild in England has a hospital for the performance of music cures. Here the greatest achievements have been accomplished in reducing the temperature of fever patients by music. In pneumonia the results have been as successful as when acetic or antipyrine have been used. Both instrumental and vocal music have been employed. In Paris, a number of similar experiments have been carried on. A violin solo was played *con staccato* near to a large suppurating wound, and by the aid of a glass, the actual process of displacement and disintegration of the diseased atoms was seen to change and the healthy granulation soon set in. In another instance, a wounded soldier was attacked by violent paroxysms with a constant leak in his wound. After every remedy had failed, a violin was brought; within five minutes, signs of drowsiness appeared; in time, he succumbed and went off in a healthy sleep. What is more remarkable, the wound now began to heal. The music and its pace were regulated by the physician in charge, and under him the man was restored. Dr. Charcot, it is known, has a vibrating helmet which he uses in neuralgia of the head. Already it is recognized that these cures can be effected in no haphazard manner, but must be adapted to the temperament and conditions of disease. Some vibrations affect the body, others the emotions, others, still, the spirit, and by others more enthusiastic, it is expected that the character on the same theory may be remodeled."

Notice is served in the *Christian Union* of the impending trial of an eleemosynary experiment which has long been discussed and is of unusual interest. In August or September the People's Bank Association hopes to open the first of several model pawn-offices for the poor. The legal rate at pawn-shops is three per cent. a month for the first six months, and two per cent. a month for succeeding months; but most pawnbrokers supplement these rates by charges for care of the articles pawned, so that as much as eight hundred per cent. per annum is sometimes paid to them for the use of money. The People's Bank Association proposes to begin by a charge of one per cent. a month, and expects to start with one hundred thousand dollars capital, which is to earn four-per-cent. dividends for its owners. The success of such a movement seems to depend simply on the shrewdness of the money-lender employed.

The recent announcement that a shot-proof uniform had been put to a successful test in Europe, recalls the advertisements that appeared in American papers during the war, of steel cuirasses, to be worn beneath the coat in battle. It is known that a few of the Federal officers did wear those pieces of mail, but their use was never general, and the man who owned one never said anything about it. The new shot-proof uniform, made of a hempen cloth, compacted and toughened by hydraulic pressure, might prevent a bullet, at long range, from entering the body of its wearer, but the blow over the heart might be almost as serious as if it were to cut its way into the flesh.

Kent County Jail, Rhode Island, boasts a woman jailer. She is Miss Evelyn Smith, and the position was given her because it had been held in direct line in her family since before the Revolution. When her predecessor died she was the only one left in the succession, and after slight opposition, she was appointed to her post. She is of commanding figure and well-developed muscle, and is well fitted to cope with a refractory prisoner. She is also said to exercise an admirable moral influence over her charges.

Mrs. Myra Bradwell, wife of Judge Bradwell, of Chicago, was the first woman in the United States to apply for admission to the bar. Since her admission, she has worked by her husband's side and has been of great assistance to him in his law practice. Her son and daughter were also admitted to the bar when they reached suitable ages, and soon afterward the daughter married a lawyer, so that every member of the Bradwell family is practicing the profession.

The Indian Government has decided to depose the Khan of Khelat on account of his irrepressible bloodthirstiness. While the torture to which he subjected his wives and Ministers recently has been under investigation, he has murdered sixty-five of his subjects, thus raising the number of murders committed at his instance since he began to reign, in 1857, to three thousand. He has killed five of his wives. One of them he burned alive.

On an average, the letters received by the Emperor of Germany number six hundred a day.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Friar of Orders Gray.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar;
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love
From many another one?"
"Oh, by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon."

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue."

"Oh, lady, he's dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heels a stone."

"Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride."

"Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"Oh, weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"Oh, do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love."

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again."

"Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"Oh, say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so;
For since my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow."

"And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead and laid in his grave,
Forever to remain."

"His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he.
But he is dead and laid in his grave;
Alas, and woe is me!"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never."

"Hast thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart—
Oh, he was ever true!"

"And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be."

"But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay;
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady; rest a while
Beneath this cloister wall;
See, through the hawthorn blows the wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"Oh, stay me not, thou holy friar,
Oh, stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears."

"Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought."

"But haply—for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away—
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For, since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We nevermore will part."

—Adapted by Thomas Percy.

At Wieliczka, near Cracow, an Austro-Galician city, there is a salt-mine that has been worked for six hundred years, and it is still yielding fresh supplies.

AN AMERICAN'S IDEA.

He wants to Write a Book about So-Called Americanisms—
The American Language Declared to be Only
Middle-Class English.

"I have made a novel discovery, sir," said an American gentleman to me, a day or two since, as we were sitting next each other in the smoking-room of a club. "Yes, sir; I've made a novel discovery, for a fact." And he shifted his cigar from the left side of his mouth to the right, and then, removing it from his lips, puffed out a long, thin stream of smoke, while he flicked the clean white ash from its end with a fillop of his third finger. No man on earth can perform this act like an American. It will give away his nationality quicker than anything I know of.

"Discoveries are generally novel, aren't they?" said I.
"Correct," replied the colonel; "I acknowledge the corn. What'll you take?"

My big brandy-and-soda glass was still two-thirds full, and, pointing to it, I was on the point of saying "Nothing," when he went on: "Excuse me, sir. For the moment I forgot where I was. Force of habit," and he smilingly put his cigar back in his mouth and took one or two long draws to rekindle it. "Yet I mean just what I say in this respect. My discovery is novel in the fact of its being curious that no one ever discovered it before. Hold on! I know what you're going to say. That the same may be said of all discoveries. What say?"

I explained that I had not intended to say anything of the sort.

"Ah? Beg pardon. Thought you had. Well, sir, I am surprised that no one ever found the thing out before. Thousands of Americans come over to England three and four times a year, and none of 'em see it. Yet, here is my first visit, and I hadn't been a week in the country before the thing began to be apparent to me. I grew interested and have given the subject some investigation and study. The more I investigate and the more I study, the more satisfied am I with the conclusions I have come to." He nodded his head emphatically at the opposite wall, as a sort of accentuation of the self-gratulation which glistened in his half-closed eyes, and went on smoking in silence.

"Pray tell me what it is?" I said after a minute or two.
"You've aroused my curiosity."

He did not answer at once, but turned his head and looked at me, shifting his cigar from side to side and letting out thin jets of smoke from the corner of his mouth it had just vacated. Just as I was on the point of repeating my request, he spoke:

"It's this: There are no such things as so-called Americanisms. Hold on again! Just let me get through. You look surprised, and naturally so."

"I am ama—" I began.

"Hold on! Of course you're amazed. So will every one else be when they read the book I'm going to write on the subject. I'm keeping it secret till it's published, so's to make it as big a bombshell as I can. I don't mind giving you a few points, however, to show you what I mean when I say there are no genuine Americanisms. In fact, the so-called Americanisms are nothing of the kind, but are nothing more nor less than old-fashioned Englishisms—Anglicisms, I would say."

"Why not Britishisms?" I suggested.

"No, thank you. I don't want any of Brander Matthews's slang in mine. Now, sir, there are whole rafts of expressions and single words which English people sneer at as peculiarly American, which are simply old-time expressions and words used in England when our forefathers came over to America, and have been continued in America, while they have been dropped (for some unaccountable reason) and forgotten by the majority of English people. Again—and I say this with much fear and trembling, when I picture to myself the consequent consternation of the New York Four Hundred and Americans of that ilk in other cities—the American language, as some enthusiasts are given to terming our way of speaking English, is only the English language as spoken by the English middle and lower classes." He stopped to finish his glass of Irish whisky and water, which he put back on the table, with a screwed-up nose. "Pah! I wish I had about three fingers of old Bourbon to take the taste of that stuff out of my mouth—or rye, even."

"Why don't you try some Scotch?" I asked.

"What—cold? Excuse me. Well, sir, what do you think of my—theory?"

"That it will be confoundedly unpalatable in America."

"Well, I should remark. But let it be. Who cares if the snobs and shoddy and cod-fish big-hugs don't like finding out that their great-grandfathers were English tradesmen and farmers? The tradesmen and farmers are just as good as anybody else, and their blood a devilish sight wholesomer than that of the aristocracy. Why, don't it seem ridiculous, when you come to think of it, for any real American to mind whom he is descended from, so long as his progenitor was honest and healthy? That's all he ought to care for."

"It won't do to talk to the Astors and Bradley-Martins like that," said I.

"My dear sir, it's just for people like them that I've been working up this subject," he replied, with a cruel glitter in his eyes. "I want to take the conceit out of 'em. Now, let's take a few commonly called American expressions. The other day I was talking to an English lady and happened to say, 'That's flat.' 'That's—what?' said she, with a quizzing smile. I repeated the words. 'Let me advise you not to say that in England,' she said, condescendingly; 'it's a most awful Americanism.' 'Is it?' said I; 'well, you surprise me.' 'Oh, there's another!' she cried; 'you always begin your sentences with "Well." 'And you call that another Americanism?' I asked, as cool as you please. 'Rather,' said she. 'I simply deny both your accusations,' I answered, 'and now I'll proceed to proof. Let's take 'em in order. What countryman was Shakespeare?' 'Why, an English-

man, of course!' she exclaimed; 'I thought all—' 'One moment, please,' said I; 'and you will admit that he wrote only the purest English?' 'Certainly.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'when you have time just look at the first act of the "First Part of King Henry IV.," and you'll find that Hotspur makes use of the expression "That's flat" in exactly the way that I used it. There were no such things as Americanisms known in those days, were there?' 'Of course not. But are you sure?' she asked, incredulously. 'Get the book now and look,' said I. She colored. 'I'm sorry to say there isn't a Shakespeare in the house.' I smiled. 'That's a common occurrence in England,' I said. 'I don't know, I'm sure,' she answered, hazily. 'I do,' said I; 'you wouldn't read it, if there was, would you?' 'Well, no, if you come to the point, I can't say that I would. Shakespeare is—' 'Beyond you? Yes, you all say that. It's a pity, for you'd learn a good deal of the English language from him. And now, for number two. You began a sentence yourself a minute ago with "Well." 'Did I?' with another incredulous stare. 'Yes, and if you'll trouble yourself to read the verbatim reported speeches of your English statesmen, you'll find that about every third sentence or paragraph begins with the word "Well." 'Oh, I can't believe it!' she cried. 'Which proves that you don't read their speeches.' 'I should be sorry to have to do anything so boring as that,' she laughed. 'Take the reading of Shakespeare, you'd see a good many English words and expressions which you don't hear in the poverty-stricken tongue of English society, and hence imagine are not English when you hear them spoken by Americans.'"

"Did you convince her?" I asked, dubiously.

"Convince her?" cried Colonel Giddings; "no, indeed. You couldn't convince her. She was a Primrose dame. But what do you think about it?"

"I can't say that you covered the whole ground. There are hundreds of other instances. Take 'once in a while,' for example. No Englishman ever says that."

"Because it's gone out of fashion. But there's nothing un-English in it. What does 'while' mean but 'time.' You do a thing once in a time—meaning a period. You don't do it as a rule. Not always, in fact. What better English could you have? It's much more expressive than 'now and then,' which may mean always; or than 'once in a way,' which is positive halderdash if you analyze it. I can explain and establish all our expressions in the same way, and I mean to do it in my book. Just wait and see. Now, there's 'bazaar.' It's 'fair' in America and 'hazaar' in England. Yet an old lady told me the other day that she remembers quite well when they were always called 'fairs' in England and the word 'hazaar' was unknown. What say?"

"Got any others?" I asked.

"Yes, cords. But they'll have to stay for the present, with the words and expressions peculiar to the English middle and lower classes and in use both in England and America today," replied the colonel, getting up and looking at his watch. "Now, look at the American final *r* in speaking," he continued; "the 'Western hurr' we call it ourselves, but we've all got it in the North. Southerners talk like niggers, so we say. Well, sir, all the English middle and lower classes pronounce their *r*'s like an Obian or Indian. I see no difference. I'll tell you a funny thing before I go—I've got half an inch of my cigar left. When I was in America, it was a common sight to see a man link his arm into a woman's when the two were walking together. That used particularly to horrify my anglo-maniac friends as a peculiarly American custom. Well, it's not. Look at the young men and women here who walk out on Sunday or any holiday. They do the same."

"But those are only middle and lower-class people whom you see walking out on holidays," I told him.

"And don't that prove that Americanisms come from the English middle and lower classes?"

"Some of them, perhaps, but—"

"Well, we'll talk it over again. I've got to run along now." COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, May 27, 1893.

A new enterprise of some account is looming up. It is the farming out of railroad damage suits. Three years ago the officers of one of the trunk lines asked a firm of lawyers what sum they would take to defend the road in all suits arising from death, accident, and destruction of property, and pay the damage in case of loss. The lawyers named a figure, and have since relieved the officers of all anxiety and, virtually, of responsibility. Their undertaking, like insurance, is somewhat speculative, but they have killed so many suits in the courts and have compromised on such advantageous terms in other cases that they have made a large profit. Other roads have followed suit within a year or so, and now several firms of lawyers are devoting themselves to this work. A road that hardly includes three hundred miles of track is understood to pay sixty-five thousand dollars a year as an insurance against damage suits.

The amendments to the pension system embodied in the bill prepared by the sub-committee of Congress that framed the Pension Appropriation Bill, propose to leave as they are all pensions to soldiers who are citizens of the United States that were conferred previous to the Act of 1890. This would leave the pension-list still of enormous proportions, but it would cut off many who were added unjustly in that year. It provides that no person shall receive a pension under that act unless wholly unable to perform manual labor, or unless he can show that his annual income is less than six hundred dollars. The principal effect of this would be to prevent men from receiving money from the government for their support who are able to support themselves. The amount now paid to such men is enormous.

Ex-Minister Lincoln is reported as saying that during his term as minister he spent seventy thousand dollars more than his salary, and he was not an ambassador either.

SNUBBING THE FOUR HUNDRED.

"Flaneur" tells of the Infanta's Doings in New York—She Enjoys
Herself and Charms the People—Commander
Davis Routs the McAllisterian Cohorts.

The Infanta has given society a shaking up such as it has not had for years. She is so perfectly unaffected and so different from the preconceived idea of a Spanish noblewoman that American ladies had to revise their plans for intercourse with her. She does not seem to understand what ceremony means. She sees the sights in company with her husband and her suite, laughs and jokes about everything that seems funny, goes into ecstasies over what she admires, and walks home, when the crowd will let her, on Antonio's arm, like Darby and Joan.

She was shown a copy of the famous Dresden group of the lady riding on a tiger, with her own features substituted for those of the original equestrienne. She laughed heartily, and, in a pretty foreign accent, observed: "I hope I shall not be like the young woman of whom it was written:

"There was a young lady of Niger,
Who went out to ride on a tiger;
They came back from their ride,
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger."

The street boys are getting to know her pretty well. When one shouts to the other: "Here she comes. Three cheers for the queen. She's a chim dandy, anyhow," the little Spanish woman smiles all over, and waves her handkerchief. She won the hearts of the normal school girls by turning to them abruptly after her formal speech, thanking them for their welcome and saying in good, quick English: "I wish I were sitting on that bench with you girls." At a theatre-party given her by the city, "Panjandrum" was played; when the tiger sticks his tail through the bung-hole of a barrel, and Hopper ties a knot in it, she lay back and laughed like any school-girl.

Among other odd rules of the Old World with which she has made us acquainted is one which creates her commander-in-chief of all the Spanish military and naval forces in New York so long as she is here. There are four small Spanish men-of-war in port. Every morning the captain of each of them calls upon her to ask for his orders for the day. Her secretary gravely informs him that her royal highness is graciously pleased to have no orders to give for that day. He departs, and she—if she can escape sight-seeing—goes out shopping just like any other lady or sits to a photographer for her picture.

The social trouble, which at one time threatened to mar the pleasure of her visit, has been dispelled by the tact of Commander Davis. Fearing some *contretemps*, the President appointed Commander Davis to take charge of the Infanta, and to represent him "near her person" during her stay in this country. The choice was judicious. Commander Davis speaks Spanish like a native, has lived several years in Spain, and mixed in the best society there. He is a polished man of the world, a gentleman of middle height, erect carriage, black beard beginning to turn gray, bald head, and penetrating brown eyes. When he took charge of the Infanta, he found that a number of unofficial bodies and persons had made preparations to monopolize her. A Spanish club had invited her to a ball and she had unwittingly accepted. Commander Davis had to withdraw the acceptance. Then So-ci-ety, "as Mr. McAllister has found it," proposed to take her to its bosom and to seclude her from the vulgar eye. Davis had to inform So-ci-ety that this would not do. The Infanta's visit was to the nation and not to Mr. McAllister or Mrs. Paron Stevens. The dames of the Four Hundred hurst into high dudgeon. It was then that Davis, in reply to their observation that he was going to offend So-ciety, replied that he did not care any more for the society of New York than he did for the society of Timbuctoo. He had a duty to perform in obedience to the orders of the President, and he was going to perform it. The McAllister clan shrieked, and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Bayard Cutting went off to Chicago to wash their hands of her.

It was understood that Mrs. Paron Stevens was to entertain the Infanta at a ball, and the struggle to get invitations was deadly. But a word was dropped in Mrs. Stevens's ear, and the idea of the ball was dropped. Commander Davis said that it had been decided, in order to avoid jealousies, that no private invitations would be accepted.

She did go to a reception and supper at the Catholic Club. It was a grand affair, three thousand persons being present. At half-past eight, the Infanta, in an Empire gown of white royal bengaline, covered with Mechin lace, and besprinkled—the lady, not the gown—with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, met at the door Archbishop Corrigan, in his purple robes, and was on his arm conducted through the rooms. When she went to church, it took two hundred and fifty policemen and the whole of the Old Guard to escort her and keep off the mob. She sat in church by her husband's side in a large arm-chair, in rich brocade, with a crimson *priedieu* at her feet. Having partaken of holy water and kissed the crucifix, she listened to a sermon in which Father Lavelle welcomed her to this country on behalf of his church, so that even the Almighty was pressed into the service to entertain her.

Her habits are simple. She gets up at eight o'clock and takes a cup of chocolate made in the Spanish fashion. She generally spends the morning in watching the crowds out of her window. Her correspondence is large, but she sees little of it. All letters go to her secretary, who disposes of them without troubling the princess. Many of them are from persons desiring assistance; these are dealt with according to a set rule. Others are from expectant mothers who desire to christen their offspring, should it prove female, by the name of Eulalia. These requests are always granted, and, according to Commander Davis, there will presently be thousands of little school-girls answering to the name of Eulalia.

NEW YORK, June 10, 1893.

THE THIRST LAND.

By W. D. Scull.

The last palisade—over! and limbs long stiffened felt lissom once more with the life of twenty-five. Now for a slow and cautious creep along the gully by which water came into the township; later on, he would bethink him of that narrow escape at the third doorway. Whist! a man's head in the road, and he bent down once more behind the earth-ridge and pushed his way upstream with difficulty, showing as little of himself as possible. It was an officer coming into the town late, probably been at some Indian hut in one of their villages near by, too near the fort to dare vengeance on Spaniards gallaotries. John Tisdien had often heard the Spaniards talk of the Indian girls while he worked in the fort's plaza.

Very silently; the moonlight was troublesome to one just escaping, hut, praise the Lord who watches over bold men! the guard had not yet discovered their loss, and the water was bearably cold. Never return thanks too soon! The officer felt a romantic wish to look back on the spot where lately he had satisfied his heart's latest desire. He reined his horse on a rising slope, and turning in his saddle, glanced back over the shadow-dappled land so that his eye, running up the shiny ribbon of stream, suddenly saw the black dot laboring away against its current.

Instincts of destruction ran along the nerves of his hand; he drew a pistol and fired, sending a splash of water over John's head, while the echoes smote the fortress-walls and lost themselves in the woodland behind. A low clamor rose out of San Jago; John rose out of the stream and ran to the corpses. The Spaniard spurred after him with drawn sword, eager for the pleasure of slicing him when caught up; in a few moments he was alongside, but this being a shadowed spot, he stayed his hand overhead till the stroke should be sure. In that moment, John doubled like a hare and rushed desperately at the soldier, who reined up all at once and brought down his blade—vainly. For the cunning Englishman ducked under the horse's body, then popped out, seized his foe's leg and foot, and, with a sudden fierce heave, shot the soldier sideways out of his saddle and on to his head. There he lay broken-necked, while the victor grasped the hilt, hent to earth and snatched the sword, mounted the animal, and stuck the weapon's point into its haunch; off shot the horse with a snort of pain, while the clatter of pursuers arose behind, finally sinking away as the pine-trees flew by. Then, as the moon entered a thick cloud-bank, they came to an open prairie, and onward into darkness they went, without more than the slightest of stumbles. Several miles; the horse began to breathe hard and so, then settled into a slow trot.

More miles. The trot became a walk, and the walk more difficult; more miles yet, very long ones, and the earth went up and down as the darkness became gray—there were low hills and shallow ravines, then came rocks, and ledges, and cliffs; the gray thinned, the horse stopped at a cliff-wall.

To right, to left, John looked for an opening—there was none; he raised his hands, licked a finger of the cleanest, thought he felt a faint freshness on the left side of it, and so turned in that direction. After some hundred yards, he came to a crack in the wall; he pushed into it; there was hardly room at first, but it widened into a chasm and wound along in darkness with a hand of light at the top—then came a sudden descent, and the wearied creature he rode stumbled and threw him into a pool of water.

The shock of the plunge brought him together again. He struggled beneath the water, came up at last, half-choked, and pulled himself upon a rocky ledge with the sword still hanging from his wrist. Looking for the horse he saw nothing but a violent commotion on the water surface, which presently ceased; a few air-bubbles came to the top and broke, that was all; his rescuer had ended its life in the depths from which he had escaped.

Then he sat for a space and thought; he could not stay there, they would track him to the rock wall and cleft; was there another way to the other side? The cold, shut-in lake was quite still now, the cleft by which he had come in was dimly visible across the dark level; he stood up and looked behind him, the cleft continued there like a narrow road upward. Then he knew that he had come to the hidden source of the stream that passed mysteriously underground and came to daylight in the country where the Spaniards had placed Fort San Jago. He went along the chasm, and, after an hour or two, stood on the platform—bare rock and nothing else; he went on higher still, with hunger asserting itself, miles and more miles yet; the sun came out and sent yellow rays across the pinnacles, casting purple shadows as queerly shaped as they. He climbed the highest of these rock-teeth and saw a vast upward plain with an orange-tinted rim; he looked behind, and only a faint green tinge on that horizon indicated the grass country of San Jago; but he felt that even now they might be at the cleft in the rock wall, those Spaniards who treated captives so hardly, so there was no course but forward.

Forward then he went, and the sand became thick and soft underfoot, so that he had to use the long, Spanish blade to help him in walking. At last even that became an incumbrance, and he would have cast it away, only the knot had become twisted and would take a little time to undo, so he kept it out of indolence and ebbing wits. Here and there came a harder surface, which was restful to the feet, and then he would sink for a space and try to hope he might get across this place; then he went on and on, with the glare in his eyes from below and a hot, gray sky overhead.

At last the whole place swam round him, there came moments when he seemed treading over a crimson waste under a vermilion sky; and, with the first pains of thirst deadening the ache of hunger, he lay down in the shadow of the first rock he reached. There he stayed till no shadow was left, shrinking away from the hot, encroaching yellow till he was at last covered by it, then rose again and plodded along

through the scorching hours, with hurned feet in his crackling old shoes.

His wits were all a-hur, but his bodily senses felt that the whole land lay on a vast upward slope, a continual gentle pressure back, as it were, to each toilsome step he took. In the late afternoon, he felt a slight pulling tendency, sign that he was on an imperceptible descent; then came a delicate, long plait in the sand, the ascent began again, and he fell stupidly down, with some indistinct fancy of staying there till nothing was left of him but bones—baked dusty bones. But when his face touched the hot sand, he got up again and trod on. He had no fear of pursuit now, for he was in the Thirst Land no man entered to return; the Spaniards had spoken of it and they had let him go into it, knowing it was but taking the labor of his destruction off their own hands—to go into it for an hour was to be lost, and to be lost was to wander round on one's steps, which meant death finally. Then he resolved to lie down and bear his pains as a valiant man might, till night should come and he could follow one of the stars. By this time a little shadow lay at his feet, there was a rock not far away, and he went and lay down there, trying to be sensible and steady-headed.

As he lay there, with his battered old hat over his face, the stillness came terribly on him at times. He thought he heard distant voices calling, and fancied some foe had crept up to the other side of the stone and was stealing round on him—then it seemed as if he was lying on shore, and the sea was foaming hard by—then he raised his hat for the fortieth time to think for the fortieth time of this great Thirst Land, before his light-headedness began once more, together with the burning ache for water in every flesh-atom.

The shadow lengthened, the sand in it cooled, the relief was grateful, though small. Later on, the sun went down, a red globe in a purple haze; the stars appeared and he followed one for a long time, till he got among rocks and bruised his body against them in the dark. It was of no use going on till moonrise; he lay there on the stony floor, and his thirst kept him from feeling the hardness of it—for awhile.

At last he could hear it no longer, hut rose and ran on, then presently struck against one of the stones and fell, stunned, as he had fallen before out in the sand-tracks. Still the man was not beaten; when he had recovered, he wiped his heavy eyes with the back of his hand and felt his way along through that rocky maze, tapping his sword on each side and following the passages, bolding on to his star with the bull-dog instinct of his race. At last the moon came out and lit the plain, showing it mounting up and up in a long, slow slope till the eye lost it in darkness, but covered so far with stones, stones, stones, like the grave-yard of the whole human race. So he went on, rattling his tongue about in his arid mouth, wondering why he did not lie down and die at once, why he did not at once fall on his blade and end his portion of life, yet persevering all the time. He had no visions now, in the night; they were reserved for the treacherous day, when the guiding stars should be hidden.

So through the long hours he traveled, and at last shuffled out into places where the stones, that dreadful multitude all exactly alike, stood in groups only. The moon sped on her course, and the ground underfoot sent a ring from his steel staff—it was rock.

Then the stones ceased altogether, and a series of low ridges came; they taxed his shaky legs and arms to their full, low though they were, so that he lay down to rest on each as he got upon it. Then he came to the long ridge, highest of all this huge inclined land, and saw its edge winding away to right, to left, for miles in the hard moonlight, and the rock floor sloping downward far before him, for miles and miles more.

Looking behind, the sight of the fearful maze of wilderness he had wonderfully come through filled him with terror, and he fled away from it, down and on, only to fall again like a child. Then for awhile his tortured frame could carry him no more; there he lay, deliciously mumbling about streams, and lakes, and fountains, till the sun came and struck his bare head with its hot rays. Still he lay there, now awake and, strange to say, not mad, though very weak, sorely suffering, and hardly able to think at all.

Indeed, he did not think, but merely followed up his instinct when he crawled up on to his feet and staggered along, swaying one way for many paces, then the other, hanging his hands and head, moaning in a dry, broken way, like cut bellows—yet still going on. And then his dim eye received a refreshing momentary coolness—a plant, growing green at his feet!

Down he sank upon it, seized it, chewed the dusty leaves; there were little driplets of earth here and there. Another hit of green caught his eye; he raised his heavy head, and saw that one hundred paces away the plateau on which he stood broke off sheer. He had crossed the desert, for down there, three thousand feet below, were green plains, palms, and a river, and beyond—the blue Pacific!

The poor, wasted creature raised his bony, cracked claws and gurgled with triumph. He had cheated the Spaniards and the Thirst Land; hurrah!

And there were more plants nearer the edge; to them he hastened, with the blade still dragging from his wrist, to fall prone on a little group of them, and on a huge puff-adder lying almost invisible along an earth-grove. Instantly the beast drew back its head and struck him on the bare leg; then fled.

A rage filled him; he seized the sword in both shaking hands, brought it down at the marked hack, missed it, fell forward, and the steel bent and broke under him as the enemy glided away. But after it he panted with the strength of revenge; caught it up as it twisted by a large stone, pushed the stone over its neck by an effort, and, kneeling, cut its writhing body into long strips with the fragment of his blade. Then he got hack somehow to the green tufts, and while the poison worked its way to his heart, sweetened his last moments of life with those leaves, till a stupor came over him and he slept with his destroyer the sleep of death.

But he had crossed the Thirst Land.

ENTERPRISING ORIENTALS.

"Calumet" tells how the Child of the Desert Fleeces Visitors at the Fair—Gathering Backsheesh—An Artist Bluffs a Camel-Puncher.

The expatriated son of Egypt, who is likewise a lineal descendant of the well-known and justly-celebrated Pharaoh family, if you can take his word for it, is well worth the price of admission, if one is only interested in the deceased hut well-enthralled civilization he so deftly but deceitfully represents. But one can not very well take his word concerning his ancestry; nor, in fact, concerning anything else. The scented son of the Nile country is, sad to relate, a dissembler, not to call his failing by a harsher name. There are stories to the effect that the heathen Chinese and the chilli-pickled Mexican can lie quite a lot, and from my experience with them I am forced to confess that they can dissemble real well; but the best article of lying comes from the historic Nile, also from the golden sands of the Sahara, and from down in the attar of roses and hacksheesh districts, which seems to be almost anywhere in the storied Orient.

Speaking of the hacksheesh district, it would appear that all the Egypt folks and their like here present are right from the hot-bed of hacksheeshism, and none of them ever needs prompting. The worst of it is, our Egyptian visitors have thus early posted themselves in the matter of relative values, not to mention the fact that they have discovered the great weakness of the American public in the matter of letting go of his ill-gotten or otherwise procured gains, and each and every dusky Oriental, regardless of age, sex, or previous condition of servitude, is working his knowledge to the best of his ability, with the result that a man who can get through their quarters without letting go of a right smart chance of substance is in great luck. They do not use the soothing sand-hag nor yet the appealing subscription-paper, but their methods of acquiring what has been slave to thousands are quite as effective. From the fat rascal who used to be a camel-driver to the small, dirty toddler who was not anything up to a couple of years ago, there is not a mind among them that is not acquisitive in its tendencies, nor a voice that is not always true in its call for the property of the sight-seeing innocent of the occidant.

"It's simply awful," I heard one young woman say on the train the other day, relating her experiences to a knot of friends; "I wonder that one ever gets away from them with a cent. It is 'hasheesh! hasheesh! hasheesh!' from one end to the other. I was awfully glad when we got through."

None of Maria's friends smiled, so I have been wondering if any of them knew the difference between "ha" and "back," with a "sheesh" suffix.

Your Egyptian, in addition to being a serene liar of high degree, is a great bluffer and an expert at handling invective, and the average American, who has learned that all men are born free and equal, and that if any he his superior it is, oddly enough, his inferior—any menial will do for the purpose of making an American feel bumble—does not know how to handle him. The method is simple, however, if one happens to grasp the combination, as a friend of mine did the other day. He is an artist, and wanted to make some sketches in the Street in Cairo, and as it happened to be before the opening, he experienced some difficulty. He got past the guard all right, but ran afoul of a somewhat rancid, obese gentleman, with a large haton the size of a hall-hat, who was introduced as Cal Mohammed Ahdul Fatah. Cal was a bluffer, or, at least, the symptoms exhibited by him indicated that he was. He flew at the artist with blood in his eye, making emphatic motions with his club and going through all manner of terrible gestures, alluding to the visitor, the while, as a "dog of a Christian" and several other things.

My friend the artist was quite busy thinking for a moment. He wondered whether it would not be better for him to hasten away. Then the artist's soul rose within him and he resolved to have those sketches or die in the attempt. He assumed an attitude and addressed the Egyptian gentleman. He did not indulge in soft nothings nor in airy persiflage calculated to turn away wrath, but spoke to the disciple of the prophet after the manner hereinbelow described, shaking his fist close to the Egyptian's nose as he made his observations:

"Scoundrel! Slave! Out of my way, thou frowsty outcast of the desert! Move on, thou blundering rascal, ere I smite thee to the earth!"

Cal paused in his mad career, and looked first astonished, then humiliated. Then he backed away and bowed to his might-have-been victim.

This was a good beginning, and my friend the artist decided to make a good job of it. With an air that told of crimes and casualties, he continued:

"What, sirrah! Wouldst impede my progress? Hence, ere I take thy scalp and hang it from my girdle with the rest! —!!! —! G-r-r-r!!!"

The Oriental camel-puncher bowed to the earth and flew, and the artist not only got all the sketches he wanted, but gained, as well, some valuable information on the subject of handling Egyptians.

Of course, since the opening of the fair, the Orientals do not try to repel boarders, but they take all sorts of advantages of their position for the extortion of backsheesh, and if one of them fails to return to his native pyramids without enough money to loaf and grow fat on to the end of his days, it will be because one of his pensive-eyed brethren has thrown him down and taken away his collection of *douceurs*, or, mayhap, that the brew of the hop, so seductive for the Eastern visitors, has caused him to waste his substance in riotous living.

One of the Egyptians made quite a neat little pile selling pieces of Wisconsin sand-stone for sections of the pyramids or hits of the sarcophagi of the Pharaohs—anything to suit the purchaser—but the authorities got on his trail and ran him to earth, and now he wonders why he left the farm.

CHICAGO, June 10, 1893.

CALUMET.

THE NEWS INSTINCT.

Some Remarks on the Sixth Sense of a Newspaper Man.

In an article describing a visit to the Mormons (writes Julian Ralph in *Harper's Weekly*), I accounted for the manner in which I treated the subject by telling how, during my first hour in Salt Lake City, I came to change my well arranged plan from that of studying Utah's material development to that of investigating the home-life of the people. The news instinct came strongly upon me and made me see that the most interesting study in Utah would be that of the household or family and religious life of the Latter-Day Saints. Having made this statement, I paused to say to those who were not journalists and never felt the news instinct, that there is such a thing, and that it often exerts an unaccountable influence upon those who possess it. Once, for instance, as Mr. John B. Bogart, an expert journalist, told me, it came like a draught of cold air up from a basement oyster-saloon on Broadway, enveloped him as he walked idly along, and pulled him down the stairs just in time to see the smoke curling from the mouth of a pistol with which one citizen had at that moment shot another.

For my own part, I mentioned how I once found a clergyman who had no address in New York city, but had taken part in an interesting ceremony there about which I was ordered to get the facts. I knew nothing more of the man than his name, and the search seemed hopeless, yet, toward the close of the day, when I chanced to see a man of distinctly unclerical appearance disappear in the doorway of a bouse of unsavory reputation, that queer news instinct surged to my brain and bade me act upon the seemingly preposterous theory that he was the man for whom I was looking. I ran up the stoop, and in the house, and up a flight of stairs, and called to the clergyman by his name. It was he, and he acknowledged the fact, though seldom has a man been more unwilling or displeased to own his identity.

It appears, from the requests which have been made of me for more concerning this subject of the news instinct, that the matter is novel to most persons. Yet, to a newspaper man, it is commonplace. It is part of the basis of the trade or profession, whichever newspaper work may be called. Without it, in its commonest form, no newspaper could be made original or great; no unoriginal, fourth-rate newspaper could be kept supplied by the news associations, which are themselves fed by the men who possess this instinct. What the instinct is, in how great a degree it is mysterious, and to what extent it differs in men and women in and out of newspaper life, are matters apart from the main fact that there is such a thing.

I never heard the action of the news instinct likened to a rush of air except by Mr. Bogart; indeed, it is very hard to characterize it at all except as a sort of sixth sense, capable of producing a conviction for which the mind can give no explanation. Time and time again, when I was doing general reporting, I had experiences which I could not and can not yet decide how to class. For instance, I often decided to abandon tasks on which I had worked fruitlessly all day. In some instances other reporters from all the newspapers had combined, and after a great deal of work, had given up the task. Then I have turned my back on the neighborhood, and, perhaps, when in sight of the office have been irresistibly impelled to go back and work again from a new point or even one that had already failed. Ever so many times I have been rewarded with complete success for doing so. Whether it was luck or industry that was behind me, who can say? Perhaps success came of the impulse afforded by the conviction that I would succeed. But, even so, there was the conviction which we call the news instinct.

One of the most notable pieces of the work I did as a beginner was forced upon me by this sixth sense. A murderer, who had committed a sensational crime in New York, was caught in Boston, and Inspector (then Captain) Williams was to go to that city and bring him back. I had plain and definite orders to do something else that was comparatively unimportant, and my city editor was in bed miles from where I was. I disobeyed orders and went with the police captain, trembling lest some one else should realize, as I did, the importance of coming back with the murderer and getting his story of the crime. No one else thought of it. I was the first reporter to interview the murderer, and I had him all to myself all night long on a Sound steamboat. There was not a teaspoonful of news left in the case when I got through.

Not to multiply cases too far, I remember a very recent instance when, as a correspondent, I was sent to a distant point, and upon reaching there was beset by what was to me a very singular impulse to go to another place near by. I resisted the inclination during three days, and then an acquaintance, in no way connected with newspaper work, came and invited me to go to that place with him. I told him that I could not go; my business was where I was. I had by that time become so troubled by the inability to get this other place out of my head that early the next morning I made the journey, and got what is called in the business "a good beat"—that is, an exclusive news story of far more interest and importance than that which I was reporting at the place to which I was sent. I was literally led to the source of the news that was there; the officials seemed to take my coming as a matter of course, and, as one might say, they heaped my lap full without my stirring hand or foot to come by anything.

News instinct is a poor possession if it does not embrace news judgment. In explaining one or the other of these abstruse terms and unsubstantial gifts, illustrations serve better than arguments. Here, then, are two anecdotes—one to show the presence, and the other to mark the absence of these qualities. Acting as the city editor of a leading newspaper at one time, when I was a great deal younger, I received a visit from a man who wanted it known that he had tanned the skin of a negro who had been hanged for murder, and that he had caused a pair of boots to be made of that

material. I confess I did not know whether to promise that we would endeavor to immortalize him or not. It is regarded as a serious thing to hother the editor-in-chief of a great daily, and to run often to him hetokens a lack of fitness for one's own subordinate place, yet in this case I determined to consult the chief—then, as now, the most distinguished man in his calling. A piece of "flimsy" had come in, half an hour before, telling of the arrest of a clergyman in St. Johnshury, Vt., for stealing, as I recall the case.

"Flimsy" is the technical name for the peculiar sheets of paper on which the contributions of the news associations are sent to the newspapers. Such items of news are gathered all over the country, are collected at New York as a clearing-house, and are then re-issued in the form of manifold repetitions of one writing, a stylus and carbon sheets being used to do the work. As the paper is so thin as to be nearly transparent, it is called "flimsy."

I took the sheet of "flimsy" and a sample of the human leather into the chief's sanctum, in order to kill two birds with one stone.

"Sir," said I, "there is a man here who has a pair of boots of leather made from a negro's skin."

"Ugh!" said the editor; "how disgusting! Put the man out of the office."

"Yes, sir; and here is news that a clergyman has been arrested in St. Johnsbury for—"

"Go yourself and telegraph us long accounts of it."

"He was arrested for—"

"It makes no sort of difference," said the chief, "what he was arrested for. He is a clergyman, and he is arrested. Take the half-past six o'clock train and get all the facts."

The decision as to the human leather was not a case in point, for to-day I would find out in what manner and by whose leave the man procured the negro's skin, how and where he tanned it, and whom he got to make the boots out of it. The chief editor in this case allowed a shock to his natural niceness of taste to overwhelm his news instinct.

The other instance was this: The famous Brooklyn Theatre fire was burning, and the morning newspapers were being printed. Few knew or dreamed that hundreds of men and women had perished in that awful conflagration. The newspaper with which I was connected had a third of a column report of the mere destruction of the theatre after the audience had escaped from it. But there came into the office a reporter who was full of the idea that it was other than an ordinary fire. He bustled up to the man highest in authority in the newspaper office—most of the others having gone to their homes.

"I have come from Brooklyn," said he, "and I believe a lot of people were burned up in that theatre fire. I can make a good story. How much shall I write?"

"Nothing," said the man he addressed. "We have got enough about that fire."

The main point in the last anecdote is one which not every reader will have thought of. It is that if there is any foundation for the belief in the existence of the news instinct, the person who refused to allow the reporter to write a second account of the fire should have known (in his bones, so to speak) that the reporter was right. A powerful prompting should have warned him that great news was in the air. It seems ridiculous to say that such a mysterious essence is in the human mind or, like the electric fluid, is part of the atmosphere; but we who are enthusiasts in newspaper work believe it none the less. And it is no more ridiculous than that there should be enthusiasts in a profession in which only one man in thousands can achieve independence and fewer still can get fame.

The mysterious phase which the news instinct sometimes assumes is not its only or its commonest form. It is not the whole of news-getting to scent the news or to get it. What to do with it after it is got is the main thing. The true newspaper manager often sends a reporter for half a column upon a subject, and when he gets it, turns out his whole force of men to make a report that may cover a whole or half a page. The true reporter, being sent to attend to a routine matter, may uncover something, in the situation or growing out of it, that will be the chief report in the next day's paper.

The story that makes half a column in a poorly-edited newspaper may fill three columns in that paper whose editor or managing editor has the news instinct most highly developed. I remember a day when the most interesting piece of news in any New York daily was an account of a sale of a goat. The peculiarity of the case was that the goat had strayed from its owner and was put up at auction by the great city of New York. I remember another day, when there seemed no news at all, a poor little foundling was taken from an empty lot to the matron at police headquarters on that day. All the managing editors except one reported the fact in a paragraph, but the one whose news instinct was largest and quickest turned out all his best reporters on the case. He made that waif-baby the central figure in a report that told all about the subject of foundlings in New York—the causes that led to the abandonment of babes, the methods pursued by their wretched mothers, the subsequent efforts of the mothers to visit or to reclaim their offspring, the routine procedure of the police in dealing with foundlings, the generally early termination of the foundlings' histories by death, and their burials on an East River island in a numbered box and a lettered pit.

The man who ordered that report written had the news instinct highly developed. He shared the belief of Frederick Hudson that it should be the rule to furnish one notable news article every day, to make the most of one dominating topic each morning. The sort of man who admits that there is nothing but routine news, and who sends his paper to press with what he calls "no news," was a poor newspaper man in Hudson's day, and is even worse thought of to-day by all newspaper men, except the relics who still cling to the London *Times* theory that a newspaper is a public schoolmaster and an inspired molder of public opinion.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The latest convert to teetotalism in England is Lord Randolph Churchill.

Congressman Bynum, of Indiana, is one of the best amateur trap-shots in America. The only American in public life said to be his superior is Governor Flower, of New York.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage is once more on the wave of prosperity and happiness. He has just paid five hundred dollars for an extra fine bull-terrier dog known as Courett the Second.

Senator Sherman has recently moved into his new one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar bouse at Washington. It is one of the finest residences at the capital. He made much of his money out of Washington real estate.

The well-known Berlin painter of Oriental subjects, Von Meckel, committed suicide after the jury for the International Art Exhibition rejected five of his pictures. The artist had been suffering from poverty during the last few years.

The death has occurred lately of M. Adolphe Goupil, at the age of eighty-seven. He founded the house which for many years bore his name and to which have succeeded MM. Bousso and Valadon. He was officer of the Legion of Honor. He leaves two daughters—one the wife of the celebrated artist Gérôme.

Baron Albert Rothschild is one of the best chess-players in Vienna and a liberal friend and patron of chess-players. The late Baron Kolisch, who died a wealthy financier, was, earlier in his career, a professional chess-player, and it was to Baron Albert that he owed the opportunity of going on the Bourse, of which he availed himself so successfully.

Secretary Lamont used to be a base-ball crank, but he is a very busy man nowadays and does not find time to go to the games. The only member of the present administration who does, is the dignified Massachusetts member, Attorney-General Olney. He astonished Commissioner Roosevelt the other day by his base-ball erudition and his instant appreciation of the good plays.

The Norwegian explorer, Dr. Nansen, who is soon to start on another expedition to the North Pole, has been preparing himself for coming hardships by sleeping as often as possible during the winter in a tent on his place near Christiania. Several members of his expedition have endeavored to harden themselves by passing the nights in the open air with only wolf-skins as coverings.

George Guess, to whom a monument is soon to be erected in Indian Territory, was the Cadmus of the Cherokees, so to speak, for he invented an alphabet for their use, and in that way distinguished them above other American Indians. Guess was a half-breed, the son of a Cherokee mother and an English father, and was fifty years old when, in 1820, he devised this famous alphabet. He lived to regret the invention, for he was an unbeliever and the only work of consequence printed in Cherokee with the new alphabet was the Bible.

Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, father of the story-writer, whose retirement from the Mayo School of Industrial Art, in Lahore, India, after twenty-eight years of service, has just been announced, had an almost unique knowledge of Indian art. Once installed at Lahore, Mr. Kipling devoted himself to securing a better appreciation of Indian art, and to him and his school are due much of the revival that has taken place in indigenous crafts. In 1881-82 he organized an exhibition of Punjab art and manufactures, and, for other and more important exhibitions, he sent to Paris, Melbourne, Amsterdam, Calcutta, and London large collections of Punjab work, accompanied by careful descriptions. He was also successful as an architect.

At the present moment, all the principal actors in the Panama affair are confined to their beds. While Dr. Cornelius Herz reposes behind what M. Millevoy calls "the mysterious Venetian blinds of Bornemouth" in a moribund condition, Ferdinand de Lesseps is slowly dying of old age at the castle of Chénay. His son, Charles de Lesseps, is lying seriously ill in the St. Louis Hospital. M. Marius Fontane is laid up in the infirmary of the prison at Melun, and ex-Minister Bihaut is confined to that of the penitentiary at Etampes. M. Anorieux, who is popularly believed to have been the instigator of the entire series of exposures, a work for which he was peculiarly fitted by reason of his former tenure of the office of prefect of police, is likewise lying at his home, suffering from a severe attack of jaundice. The bitterness against the perpetrators of the frauds has in a great measure died away, and there is general satisfaction expressed at the action of the Court of Cassation in quashing the sentences against them on the ground that the statute of limitations covered the offenses charged.

Professor Rudolf Virchow, Rector of the University of Berlin, is a small man, with a dry, parchment-like skin, and wears very powerful spectacles. He is much more liked by foreign students than by Germans. He says that Americans and English, who do not soak so systematically, have clearer heads and do much better work than Germans. A friend was once invited to his house to see some rare fishes which he had received a short time before. Virchow's daughter, who is not famous for beauty, was present. When the inspection of the fishes was over, Virchow said: "All these I'll gladly give you if you'll marry my daughter. I've been trying to marry her off these thirteen years, but without success." The clothes that the learned professor wears are sometimes such as no old-clo' man would invest in. On one occasion he began the examination of a student by abruptly asking: "What color is my coat?" The student paused for a moment, and then replied: "Apparently, Herr Professor, it was originally black; now it seems to be bluish tint," for which reply he was passed.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

La Mara's edition and collection of six hundred and fifty letters written by Liszt to well-known people is in process of translation into English, and this translation will soon be published. The letters are said to reveal in their unvarnished variety the real character of the musician.

A new novel from the pen of Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree) is to be published serially in a Boston magazine. The rather poetic title of "His Vanished Star" has been given to it. The first installment will appear in July.

We regret to learn that the publication of that exceedingly useful index, the *Weekly Review*, has been suspended.

Most of the material which will be used in the forthcoming volume of Matthew Arnold's letters has been found in his family correspondence. Arnold was in the habit of regularly writing home to one or another of the family an account of the events of the week as they interested and concerned him. Mr. George Russell's labor in editing this correspondence is naturally slight. His preface will deal with the man Arnold as revealed in these letters.

George Allen, Mr. Ruskin's publisher, says that since 1871 there has never been a loss on any of Ruskin's works, and that between 1886 and 1892 Ruskin received as his share of the profits the sum of £28,008, or an average of more than \$20,000 a year.

Colonel Higginson writes, apropos of a recent statement that no colored woman has ever appeared in a leading American magazine as contributor:

"Miss Charlotte L. Forten (now the wife of Rev. F. S. Grimké, of Washington, D. C.) wrote two admirable papers on 'Life in the Sea Islands' in the *Atlantic Monthly* (Vol. XIII., pp. 587, 666). She is also known as the author of an excellent translation of Eckermann's 'Madame Thérèse,' published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1887. Mrs. Grimké, like her husband, is of mixed blood, she being the granddaughter of a well-known colored citizen of Philadelphia, who acquired, fifty years ago, a considerable property by sail-making; while Mr. Grimké is a representative of the well-known Grimké family of South Carolina. Both are cultivated and accomplished persons."

A series devoted to "Masters of English Music" is announced in London, the first volume being an account of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The series will be devoted to living composers.

Marion Crawford's new novel, "Pietro Ghisleri," will be published in book-form this month.

Margaret Deland has finished a new novel, which is to be published serially under the title of "Philip and His Wife."

Robert Buchanan, speaking in bitterness of spirit, says that literature is "one of the least ennobling" of the professions. He declares, also, that he has "not met one individual who has not deteriorated morally by the pursuit of literary fame."

Mr. R. H. Sherard writes to the London *Author* that Léon Daudet and young Barrés may be considered the two hopes of French literature in the future. He says:

"Daudet has already published a remarkable book, and has another just ready. He lives in good style with his wife, née Hugo, in the Avenue de l'Alma, and has some of the best claret in Paris. It will be interesting to compare his career with that of his father, Alphonse Daudet. It will show whether it is better, as some say, for a man of letters to have to fight his way, like the elder Daudet, or like Zola, for instance, or to launch out on the sea with the ballast of a couple of millions of francs. The elder Daudet spent three years of utter penury in Paris, with tattered boots, and often no socks, and many days where there was nothing to eat."

It is reported that James Lane Allen, the brilliant writer of Kentucky, will assume editorial charge of *Fetter's Southern Magazine*.

Sara Jeannette Duncan's new story, "The Simple Adventures of a Memshahib," has just been issued by the Appletons. It is illustrated by F. H. Townsend, whose clever drawings added so much to Miss Duncan's earlier books, "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London."

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth claims that she was the originator of the serial story. She says:

"The first continued story ever published in the United States came out in the *Washington Era* forty-five years ago, and was written by myself. I deserve no credit for it, however, for it was the merest accident. It was called 'Retribution,' and I had meant to make it about three columns long. New characters crept in, however, and I carried it through another issue of the paper, but I did not complete it. The story ran through many numbers before it was finally completed."

Is it an acceptance of a magazine article for a publisher to send a proof to the writer with a request

that he correct and return it? This question arose recently in a case reported in the New York *Sun* as follows:

"It was tried before Judge Lumley Smith in the Westminster County Court in London. The plaintiff was Mr. William Allen Macdonald and the defendants were the proprietors of the *National Review*. The Macdonald had sent an article on the 'Humanitarian Spirit' in October last. About a month after the defendants received the article it was sent back to the author in the form of a printed proof, accompanied by a request that Mr. Macdonald should make such corrections as he desired and return it to the editor of the *Review*. The plaintiff did so at once. The article did not appear, and in January the author wrote to the publishers saying that it was time for it to come out, as the subject would soon cease to be a matter of interest. The publishers responded that they had caused the type to be distributed, and sent back the contribution, which they refused either to publish or pay for; whereupon the writer, under the advice of the Society of Authors, brought suit to recover the value of the article. The evidence consisted chiefly of the testimony of journalists and book publishers as to the custom of the trade in respect to sending an author a proof of his writing with a request for its correction and return. The court held that the defendants had approved the article upon reading the manuscript, and that their subsequent course in having it printed and sent in proof to the plaintiff for correction amounted to acts of ownership which bound them in law to pay the author the reasonable value of the production."

Olive Schreiner was due in London, a few weeks ago, with the manuscript of a new novel which she has written in South Africa.

Linn Boyd Porter ("Albert Ross"), author of certain sensational novels, is extremely proud of his monetary success. It is related of him that at a party at which he once figured, desiring to impress some of those present, he looked up at the clock and said: "I suppose I might count a couple of hundred of my last book sold since I sat here. It is safe to count one book to each tick of the clock."

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Of the telephonic newspaper published in Budapest, mentioned in these columns some weeks ago, a description is furnished by F. B. Sanborn, writing from the Hungarian city to the Boston *Advertiser*. He says:

"The *Oriental Review* of this city for April 30th gives a long account of what this novel enterprise has done and may do. The whole city of five hundred thousand people is divided into eight sections for the purposes of this telephonic editor, and each of the sections has one conducting wire. The apparatus in each house occupies a space of about five inches square and has two tubes, so that two members of the family can get the news at once. The whole cost of putting it in is six dollars, and each subscriber pays a rate of sixty cents a month for the special newspaper service."

"The news collector does his work in the night, as elsewhere, and at nine A. M. he takes his post in the central station, and begins to tell his story in a telegraphic style, summary and precise, avoiding everything superfluous. At the end of five minutes, fearing lest some of his subscribers may not have heard everything, he repeats his budget of news, word for word, in a more wonderful home events and news of Hungary. At ten o'clock he issues another oral edition, this time of foreign news. At eleven o'clock he lets us know that the Hungarian Parliament is in session, and may mention what is being debated. But word may also come of a riot, and by noon the alarmed subscriber may hear that the populace have attacked the police and been fired upon. At two o'clock the central editor rings furiously, and reports a violent debate in parliament, which leads to a change of the ministry. At three o'clock there is a fire in a building of which the subscriber is part owner—and so it goes on."

"All this news," says my author, "is related in a sonorous voice, easily understood—and, as there is only one wire, the subscriber is not vexed with the hubbub of twenty voices trying to use the same wire at once. Still, it is a little fatiguing to get your news in such slices instead of having it all in your hand at once. So I (continue to quote), at six o'clock he can take a rest (that is, the subscriber can), and madame, his wife, comes forward to hear the report of a lecture at the Academy; perhaps the repetition, with all due emphasis, of a new poem. At seven o'clock, the young ladies listen to a concert through the *Telephone-Gazette*; they can distinguish wonderfully well the touching pathos of the violoncello, the pearly *staccatos* of the violin, the sweet melodies of the flute, and the enchanting voice of the prima donna."

"All this, I am assured, is daily going on in Budapest. Nay, more, 'by the aid of a single wire of the state telegraph line our central station has been connected simultaneously with the telephone-stations of Vienna, Graz, Brunn, and Trieste; and in all those cities the voice of the *Gazette's* editor has heard—clear, sonorous, and with every shade of intonation."

New Publications.

A new edition of "The Select Works of Benjamin Franklin," edited by Epes Sargent, has been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Our Little Doctor," by J. J. Owen, is a little book in praise of Helen Craib-Beighe and "the magic power of her electric hand." Published by the Hicks-Judd Company, San Francisco.

"A Hand-Book of the World's Columbian Exposition," containing information of all kinds for strangers in the Windy City in fair time, has been published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"Larry," a story, by Amande M. Douglas, which was awarded a two-thousand-dollar prize for the best brief novel in a competition conducted by a boys' publication, has been amplified and is pub-

lished in paper covers by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents.

"The Tuxedo Reciter: A Repository of Original and Selected Recitations and Readings, Contemporaneous and Otherwise," compiled and arranged by Frank McHale, has been published by the Excelsior Publishing House, New York.

A little volume of extracts from the Boston *Daily Advertiser* of five years past has been made by the editor, M. C. Ayers, and is published, with the title "Phillips Brooks in Boston," by George H. Ellis, Boston; price, 50 cents.

"Broadoaks," by M. G. McClelland, is a pleasant story of the new South in the time when Northern speculators were first beginning to go to the war-ravaged South in search of fortune. Published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, \$1.00.

The many friends of the kindergarten movement will be glad to welcome a new book about its founder, "Froebel Letters," edited with explanatory notes and additional matter by Arnold H. Heine-mann. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The "Pathfinder in American History," arranged for the use of teachers, normal schools, and more mature pupils in grammar schools by Wilbur F. Gordy and Willis I. Twitchell, has been issued, complete in one volume, by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.20; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A second series of "Day and Night Stories," by T. R. Sullivan, including "The Clerk of the Weather," "A Toledo Blade," "The Anatomist of the Heart," and four more short stories, has been published in yellow paper covers by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

A "List of Books by California Writers" has been issued by the San Francisco Women's Literary Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, under the auspices of the San Francisco World's Fair Association. It is a carefully compiled and apparently complete list, and as such is a welcome addition to Californiana. For sale at the bookstores; price, 25 cents.

"The Last Tenant," by B. L. Farjeon, is a detective story in which the unraveler of mysteries is an amateur driven to unearthing crime by the persecutions of a spectral cat. He goes with his wife to inspect an untenanted house, but the ghost of a young woman and a spectral cat drive them away. He does not see the girl again, but the feline spectre remains with him constantly, visible to him alone, until he has unearthed a murder. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

With the purpose of stimulating inquiry into the writings of Spanish authors, H. Butler Clarke has prepared an elementary hand-book of "Spanish Literature." Divisions into periods have been avoided as far as possible, though, as an assistance to the memory, five periods have been adopted. The author deprecates the general lack of acquaintance with Spanish authors other than Cervantes and Calderón, and urges the interest in a study of some of their rivals. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.60; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Poet and the Man," by Francis H. Underwood, is a small volume of recollections and appreciations of James Russell Lowell. Mr. Underwood was one of the circle that met on Sunday afternoons at Elmwood for many years and in the same period played whist with the poet almost weekly, and later he was associated with him in the conduct of the *Atlantic Monthly*. From such long and intimate intercourse he draws many interesting anecdotes, presenting the man as he was in daily life more prominently than the poet and man of letters. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Julia Duhring's clever book of essays entitled "Amor in Society," which was much talked of a year or so ago, has a successor in "Mental Life and Culture," a new volume of essays and sketches on educational and literary topics, selected from the late Miss Duhring's miscellaneous productions by her brother, Louis A. Duhring. Among the topics discussed are "The Great Importance of the Primary School," "A Child's Sensibilities," "On Regulating One's Life," "On Believing in Luck," "Help for the Amateur Author," "Originality in Reading," "Actors and Acting," "Some Thoughts on Religion," etc. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann.

To combine instruction and amusement is always difficult; but every amateur devotee of the camera will agree that Octave Thanet has succeeded admirably in "An Adventure in Photography." In the form of a story, the failures as well as the successes of the author and her partner in amateur photography, "Jane," are amusingly set forth. The book is illustrated with numerous specimens of their work, and the results of accidents, such as the slipping of the focusing cloth or the errors in focusing, stand forth with startling distinctness among the many really artistic productions. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

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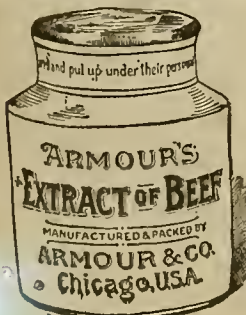
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VANITY FAIR.

When the Syrian delegate to the Chicago Women's Congress found that her old-time costume excited general admiration there, she expressed surprise, saying that European fashions were driving that dress out of her native country. Her gown, reaching only to the ankles, is the basis of all the costumes devised by the dress-reformers; yet the women of Syria themselves are giving it up to adopt the fashions of Paris and London against which these reformers inveigh so sharply. This is a very discouraging fact (says the *Sun*) for the advocates of the new feminine dress. More than a generation ago there was a similar movement, and it resulted in the adoption of the Bloomer costume by some of the most earnest and self-sacrificing of the reformers; yet, instead of establishing a new fashion, they have lived to see the steady extension of the old throughout the world, with the single exception of China. The European feminine costume, with which they and their successors are so discontented, is driving out and superseding the peculiar national costumes for women in nearly every country of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The present tendency is toward the obliteration of a distinctive dress for different peoples and the establishment of a single standard of costume for all mankind. The tide of dress-reform, then, has set in a direction exactly opposite to that taken by the reformers represented in the Women's Congress. Instead of having been abolished, the corset is more dominant than ever. The long robe is displacing the short tunic, instead of being displaced by it. The very dress to which they object so strenuously is becoming the universal dress of women. They are getting no followers, and they themselves will probably discard their singular garments after the proceedings of the Congress are over, since never before was the distaste for anything like oddity of dress so strong and prevalent as it is now. The distinctive class costumes of the past have been abandoned. All women dress alike, so far as the fashioning of the garments goes. The fashion for the queen is the fashion for every other woman, because it is the queen's fashion. The papers devoted to fashions are as good for one country as for another, so uniform is the dress of civilization and so universal is its progress. Hence any attempt to bring about dress reform encounters stronger obstacles now than existed a generation ago. The rule of fashion is more despotic than ever, and it is less disputed than ever. The standard is fixed more arbitrarily, and it is accepted more generally in the world. These dress reformers, too, are confined almost wholly to this country. At least, the movement was initiated here. Yet we have always been the borowers of fashion, not the creators of it. Nor is there any people in the world more averse to eccentricity of dress than Americans, more afraid of provoking ridicule by any peculiarity of costume, and less tolerant of oddity. If these Chicago reformers, who wore divided skirts and the modified Syrian dress at the Women's Congress, should walk together in the streets of any great town of the Union in those costumes, they would be followed by a hooting crowd. The only reforms in the feminine dress which are possible will be made by the regular authorities in the domain of fashion. Already many reforms have come from that source during the last generation. Thin shoes have been superseded by thick ones; tight shoes by those that are comfortable; and dress generally is made more suitable to the weather and the occasion.

Marriage, to a certain extent, is freedom to the English girl. That is, an English matron may talk to whom she pleases, go where she pleases, do as she pleases within certain limits, which would not be considered limited even by Americans. But such freedom is only when she is abroad. In her home she is more than ever bound to subject herself unto the higher powers. "I have been married forty years and never crossed father in my life," said an old lady, quoted in the *New York Times*. "I am his wife, therefore I must be subject to him in all things," writes a young matron in a sorrowful burst of confidence. "So this is Jack's chair," said an old gentleman to his American daughter-in-law, who had drawn an easy-chair in front of the open fire for his benefit; "and I suppose he comes home and sits down here, and you take off his boots and fetch him his slippers and—" "No, father," was the reply; "that is Jack's chair and he sits in it; but he takes off his own boots and the children bring him his slippers." The old gentleman stared and probably thanked the goodness and the grace (according to the little hymn which all English children learn) that had saved him from taking unto himself an American wife.

It is some further evidence on the corset question that a professor of surgery, quoted in the *New York Times* in a recent investigation, has been able to get the statistics of pressure. He finds that a woman wearing stays as loosely as is possible for such articles to be worn exerts a pressure of forty pounds on the organs which they compress. Such figures in cold print are startling.

One of the chief reasons of the Duke d'Aosta's unpopularity during the brief reign in Spain, which he closed with a voluntary abdication, was that he would

take no pains to study the complicated etiquette of the Escorial, but sought to introduce simple manners into a country where even beggars drape themselves proudly in their tattered mantles and address each other as "Señor Caballero." This brother of the present King of Italy one day told a muleteer, with whom he had stopped to talk on a country road under a hroiling sun, to put on his hat, forgetting that by the fact of ordering a subject to cover his head in the royal presence he created him a grandee of Spain. Marshal Prim, who was standing by, hastily knocked the muleteer's head-dress out of his hand and set his foot upon it, at the same time offering the man some gold; but the muleteer, who was mortally offended, spurned the money, and a few days later, when Prim was assassinated, a rumor was circulated among the people that the mortified individual who had narrowly missed becoming a grandee was an accessory to the crime. On another occasion, this King Amadeo inconsiderately addressed a groom of his in the second person singular as "tu." Happily the man was an Italian, for, as the court chamberlain represented to his majesty, a Spaniard spoken to with this familiarity might have contended with reason that the monarch had dubbed him cousin—that is, had ennobled him.

We are just beginning to recognize (writes Colonel Higginson in the *Bazar*) that there are certain persons who are foredoomed by birth or nurture to live in England, and who ought to live there, no matter where they are born. All great wealth especially educates this class, for it is obvious at a glance that England, not America, is the paradise of wealth. Wealth in this country buys certain temporary luxuries and conveniences, but it buys no fixed rank, whereas in England it can buy fixed rank. Every Englishman may reasonably hope that he can, with wealth enough, "found a family," as it is called; that he may in time be too rich to be judiciously left out of the peerage. That position once gained, it is irrevocable; no poverty, no moral disgrace, can make the slightest practical difference; whereas, in this country, the utmost success gained by wealth to-day may vanish to-morrow. This being the case, it is perfectly reasonable that the migration of millionaires, or multi-millionaires, should take place. Of course the experiment has not yet been thoroughly tried as to men born in this country, and in the utmost dreams of Dumas's Monte Cristo foreign wealth never yet bought an English peerage. But that only adds to the interest of the experiment. But even apart from this extreme expectation, it is probable that there is no nation on earth where one can have for mere money so much as can be had in England. All institutions facilitate it; the unequal distribution is already made, and it is only needful to step in and bid high for one of the larger shares. Sumner, Hawthorne, Motley, Lowell, were all in succession struck with the fact that the delights of life at English country-seats are bought on the condition that these delights are withheld from the many; the many were unhoused, they found, in order that the few might have more houses than they needed. There are glens in Scotland now inhabited by two shepherds and two game-keepers apiece which once sent out their thousand fighting-men. The essential point is that which was pointed out long since by Professor Bryce—that wealth counts for more, not less, in England than in America. The aristocracy of birth, long foolishly held to be an antidote to that of wealth, in reality plays into its hands. Each needs the other. "A millionaire," says Bryce, "has a better and easier social career open to him in England than in America." In this country, he points out, bad personal qualities may keep the doors of the best society shut against a man; but in England, great wealth can practically buy rank; or by putting influential persons under obligation, can induce them "to stand sponsors for the upstart and force him into society—a thing which no person in America has the power of doing. The existence of a system of artificial rank enables a stamp to be given to base metal in Europe which can not be given in a thoroughly republican country." He further points out that the feeling in this country toward the very rich is one of curiosity and wonder rather than respect, and that they win far less snobishness than in England.

American women dearly love a lord and can seldom withstand the devotion of an English nobleman. But, as a rule, they draw the line at continental princes and rather shrink from the bearded Cossack—big, manly, and handsome though he may be. With Germans they are more at home, although a pretty girl was heard to say the other day that she never could listen to sweet sayings from a man who called love "lofe." The fierce jealousy that characterizes the Spanish and Italian races is a barrier to the tender passion with women of Anglo-Saxon blood, who fail to see that a stiletto or a stab in the dark to a fancied rival means overpowering devotion to herself. Frenchmen are so generally stigmatized as heartless and frivolous that they are looked upon as fair game for a flirtation, but of no use at all for domestic life. There are a good many manly, whole-souled fellows in La Belle France, however, and not a few marriages with them have turned out admirably; but as titles are no longer of much account in the French Republic, and those who hold them by right of birth are generally so impecunious that they have no money to keep them up, Parisian

suitors, although belonging to the *ancien régime*, are not often smiled upon by American girls.

Everybody in Paris is talking of the fancy-dress ball given, the other day, by the Baroness Jules Koenigswarter at her house in the Rue Galilée. It seems to have been the most gorgeous entertainment of its kind that Paris has seen for years. The guests (according to *l'époque's* correspondent) were recruited almost exclusively from the *haute finance*, the *grand monde* being conspicuous by its absence, and the dresses and jewels were, from all accounts, worthy of the representatives of the greatest money market in the world. Among the figures of the cotillion was one where a large cherry-tree, in full blossom, was brought in, the boughs being hung with a large number of small and daintily fashioned gilt cages containing tiny song-birds of brilliant plumage, whose twitterings were heard even above the strains of the waltz. But the *clou*, or climax, of the fête seems to have been the spectacle presented by the supper-room, the walls of which were entirely concealed by a gilt trelliswork covered with roses, vine leaves, and great bunches of superb hot-house grapes and forced peaches. The centre-piece of the table was formed by a huge roast peacock, with gilded beak, jeweled eyes, and decked out in all the glory of its splendid plumage; while at the extremities of the centre-table were great cages made entirely of sugar-work and candy, *chef-d'œuvres* of the confectioner's art, and filled with live bullfinches, humming-birds, and canaries.

Every twenty-fourth of May, which is the anniversary of her birth, Queen Victoria distributes titles among her British and colonial subjects. Very few hereditary titles are bestowed on colonists. Pitt projected a hereditary House of Lords for Canada, but Fox opposed the scheme, and it was dropped. A hereditary title without hereditary estates could not well be maintained, and primogeniture and entail do not exist in the colonies. Mr. George Stephen, of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, was first knighted and then raised to the peerage as Lord Mountstephen; but he has no male heirs, and the title will die with him. The widow of Sir John Macdonald has been created Baroness Macdonald; but it is merely a life title. Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian agent in England, is a baronet, and the title will devolve on his eldest son, a Winnipeg lawyer, if the young man cares to wear it. There is a baronet in Toronto, who is a clerk in the law courts. His father got the baronetcy years ago for services as chief-justice of Upper Canada; but the family is poor, and poverty and a hereditary title are an ill-matched team. The late Sir George Cartier, a French-Canadian politician, was a baronet, but he died without male issue. With these exceptions, and another yet to be mentioned, the titles conferred on Canadians are life titles only, belonging to the Ionian Order of St. Michael and St. George. Some of the best men in the colony have refused the title. One or two who accepted it to please their wives and daughters would gladly shed it if they could. Nominally, knighthood is conferred by the queen, who is the fountain of honor. In reality, it is conferred by the colonial office on the recommendation of the governor-general, who is prompted by his prime minister. The queen knows nothing of the Canadian knights, created in her name, though most of them, when they have bought their insignia and procured a coat-of-arms from the herald's office, cross the Atlantic and are presented. France tried to found a hereditary aristocracy in Canada. Cardinal Richelieu provided for the erection of duchies, marquises, viscounties, and baronies, but began the experiment with seigniories, and never got any further. In 1700, the title of Baron de Longueuil was conferred upon one Charles de Moyné by the King of France, and, in 1881, Queen Victoria recognized the right of Charles Colmer Grant, a descendant of the first baron, to wear the title. This is the only peerage directly connected with Canada which will last beyond the life-time of the present holder, and Mr. Grant is not a resident of Canada. Several French-Canadians have been knighted of late. Others have received the Legion of Honor from the French Republic, and a few have been honored by the Pope.

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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Queen Victoria has a fine collection of caricatures from all the comic papers of the last half-century, having always caused the best things to be sent to her without regard to parties. The collection has been the cause of much merriment at times, especially when the drawings have concerned rather dignified and unapproachable clerics.

Miss Vivian Sartoris, the daughter of Nellie Grant-Sartoris, will go on the stage next season. She is sixteen and has a very decided personality of her own. She is studying now in Buffalo. Fanny Kemble was her father's aunt.

From Paris comes this interesting chat about three notable women artists:

Rosa Bonheur once instinctively thinks of with a young, boyish face, dressed in the man's loose jacket and trousers, and she usually wears in her studio and her portraits. At the *vernissage*, however, she appeared like a *vicille bonne femme* of about seventy, dressed in an ordinary woman's costume of black, her short hair concealed under the gray peruke that she adopts in public to avoid attracting attention, and nothing more. The artist about her head, and the ribbon of the *bonnet d'honneur* that she wore in her button-hole. She sends two pictures to the Chicago Exposition—"The King of the Forest" and "A Skirmish," both owned by M. Gambard, the Spanish Consul at Nice. It was he who gave Rosa Bonheur her start. M. Gambard was at that time a picture-dealer, and recognizing the talent of the young painter, then poor and unknown, he had a pen built for her in one corner of his grounds in which she could study the lions and other "kings of the forest." M. Gambard made a fortune and collected a rare picture-gallery from his dealings with these unknown painters, and the lion's head at Chicago is one of the finest Rosa Bonheurs in existence.

Mme. Madeleine Lemaire and Mlle. Breslau have taken their place on the jury of the second Paris Salon, founded three years ago by Meissonier. Unlike the system pursued at the regular Salon at the Champ de Mars, every associate and member of the society takes his or her place on the jury according to alphabetical order, and those who belong to the fair sex suffer under no disabilities. Mme. Madeleine Lemaire, who is the best-known water-colorist on the continent, is said to make a larger income than any other lady artist in the world. A well-known family of painters and miniaturists, she was an exhibitor at the Salon at the age of fifteen, and was commissioned to illustrate Halévy's "L'Abbe Constantin," for which she received eight thousand dollars, the largest sum ever received by a woman illustrator. During a small exhibition afterwards held by the publishers, the sketches, sold singly, realized more than double the price paid to the artist.

Mlle. Breslau's name is familiar to all those acquainted with Marie Bashkirtseff's life and journal, for both the young Polish and Russian lady artists studied together at Julian's studio in the Passage des Panoramas, and Mlle. Breslau was at one time Marie's great rival, hence the constant mention of her in the latter's diary. Before Mlle. Breslau left the old Salon she was *hors concours*, and had received many distinctions and medals for her work. Her specialty is portrait-painting.

Whenever an admirer of Ellen Terry writes to her for her autograph, the actress exacts in return a small contribution for what she facetiously calls her "autograph cot," a bed she intends to endow in a London hospital. Miss Terry has already been able to send the hospital authorities a substantial check for that purpose.

The Princess Bismarck conducts her house on this free-and-easy plan:

Breakfast is served at all hours in the morning, each member of the family and each guest appearing only when ready. Dinner is supposed to be served at half-past three, but it is generally four o'clock before the party is gathered around the board. Then they have coffee, and about eight o'clock a promiscuous supper is served.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, who fell behind Scattering in her Presidential run, draws a pension of twenty dollars a month as the widow of an infantry chaplain. She does a big pension-claim business.

The oft-reiterated gossip about the Empress of Austria's excessive cigarette-smoking is repeated on the authority of a contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, who declares that her majesty consumes from fifty to sixty Turkish cigarettes a day, and during the evening smokes several strong cigars. The same authority declares the empress to be "an unpopular and incoherent woman," and relates this story to prove that she is as cold as she is beautiful:

"Young Count H—, a Magyar nobleman, lost his heart to his sovereign many years ago. Tall and well-made, and with an exceedingly handsome face on his broad shoulders, Count H— was a young officer in the Royal Hungarian Body-Guard. He worshipped the empress with all the ecstasies of a first love, and he was ready to perpetrate the maddest follies in order to win even the faintest smile of recognition. But he never had dared to breathe a word of his feelings to her. One night, however, during a hall at the Castle of Schoenbrunn, while wandering by her side on the moonlit terraces, he forgot all else save his uncontrollable passion. Throwing himself wildly at her feet, he buried his face in the perfumed laces of her gown and sobbed out his love. Far from arousing a sentiment of pity in her heart, the young man's despair, his words, and his kneeling attitude seemed to her intolerable insults. She did not stop to consider that temptation that had been placed in his way, but drawing aside with a gesture of unutterable disdain, she left him and disappeared into the palace. Two days later, Count H— was exiled to his great possessions in the far south of Hungary, and during many long and weary years he was kept there by the orders of the Kaiser, to whom Empress Elizabeth had related the incident."

Mrs. Anna Potter, who ran—or, rather, ambled a little bit—for the mayoralty of Topeka, Kas., affects a nice compromise in the matter of dress. Local papers aver that she is occasionally to be seen on the streets wearing a calico dress and coarse shoes, while on her fingers and in her ears are diamonds to the value of ten thousand dollars.

In a recent life of Georgiana, Lady de Ros, this story is told, apropos of the historic ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo:

The ball was given by her mother, and Lady de Ros asked the Duke of Wellington when he arrived, late in the evening, whether there was any truth in the rumors of an approaching battle. He answered, gravely: "Yes, they are true; we are off to-morrow." This news was at once circulated, and then ensued the 'hurry' and 'fret' that Byron depicted so graphically. Many of the officers left the ball immediately and those who remained fought in evening-dress.

The ex-Empress Eugénie of France is the god-mother of 3,834 French children who were born on March 16, 1856, the day of the birth of her son, the

Prince Imperial, who was killed by the Zulus. The ex-empress had promised to stand in that relation to the children born on the same day as the Prince Imperial.

A statistician makes the assertion that girls with *retroussé* noses marry sooner, and are more fortunate in catching good husbands, than young ladies whose features are of the Greek or Roman type.

When the social ferment over the union of Princess May of Teck and the Duke of York has subsided, the British public will have a chance to behold the marriage of their future queen's brother to the daughter of a wealthy brewer. Says an exchange:

"Miss Nellie Bass, pet of the beer-selling millionaire, will become the bride, it is confidently predicted, of Prince Francis of Teck, eldest brother of the Princess May. The young man was born in 1870, and his acquaintance with the young lady dates back some years, when he visited her father's castle in company with his brother, Prince Adolphus. Miss Nellie, now in the early twenties, is a bright brunette with an aptitude for the stage. She improved at a theatre for the entertainment of her father's many guests that summer. "Pygmalion and Galatea" was rendered. The daughter of the house was the heroine. Prince Francis did the hero. The success of the pair created a furor. Then first started the rumors connecting the names of the two. The prince's father is heavily in debt. It was represented that the marriage would mean one million dollars in money to himself, not to mention the dot of seven million five hundred thousand dollars and the *doncours*. Moreover, the queen can make the brewer the nominal equal of England's proudest peer with a stroke of her pen. The brewer is even now 'Lord Burton.'"

The first wife of Brigham Young is in Chicago with her daughter. She is described as a sweet, dignified woman of seventy-two, of medium size, with a gentle face, kindly gray eyes, and gray hair drawn back over either side of her temples.

The Dowager Maharanee of Mysore, who recently died, had a remarkable career. The *Recorder* says:

"While scarcely ten years of age, she insisted on sharing all her younger brother's studies, and in five years she mastered Sanscrit, Canarese, and Marathi, while not neglecting music, drawing, and needle-work. When sixteen, she was chosen as the fourth bride of the late Maharaja; but before she could be sent for, her father, who was a petty official, was summoned to court to answer for the short revenue of his village. Only when ordered to be whipped was it discovered who he was. He was forgiven, the marriage was celebrated on the first lucky day, and the young queen's benign influence was at once and thenceforward felt in the affairs of the state."

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, of Boston, who composed a jubilate for the Columbian celebration, is authority for the statement that, between the years 1615 and 1885, women composed one hundred and fifty-three musical works, including fifty-five serious operas, six cantatas, and fifty-three comic operas.

The Overland Flyer to the World's Fair, Via the Central and Union Pacific—only 3½ days to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Drawing-room Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars to Chicago without change.

Select Tourist Excursions every Tuesday and Thursday to Chicago without change, in charge of experienced managers.

Stop-over privileges allowed at Salt Lake and Denver.

For full information apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco; F. R. Ellsworth, Agent, 918 Broadway, Oakland; G. F. Herr, Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles; or any Ticket Agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

The only ornament ever worn by the widowed Archduchess Stephanie is a locket containing the portrait of her little daughter on the one side and that of her mother, the Queen of the Belgians, on the other.

Are You Going to the World's Fair? Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-à-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

—FOURTH OF JULY GOODS. GREAT VARIETY OF fire-works, fire-crackers, flags, etc. Golden Rule Bazaar—head-quarters at 761 Market Street.

THE QUEEN —OF— Summer Resorts —THE FAMOUS—

Hotel del Monte MONTEREY, CAL.

SEASON OF 1893:

For terms and other information, address
GEO. SCHONEWALD,
Manager.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Mrs. Eva Towne Shaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, to Mr. Clinton E. Worden.

The wedding of Miss Grace Walling Hartzell, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. Wesley Hartzell, and Mr. Francis Pratt Britton, son of the late Winchester Britton, of New York, took place last Wednesday evening in St. John's Episcopal Church. Rev. E. B. Spalding officiated. Mr. Sumner Britton and Mr. Frank Probasco were the ushers. The young couple will reside in Santa Rosa.

Mr. Harry Melvin, of Oakland, was married to Miss Louise Morse last Wednesday at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. S. B. Morse, in Portland, Or.

Miss Laura Blanche Huff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Socrates Huff, was united in marriage to Mr. Bush Finnell last Wednesday evening at the family residence, "Grasmere," in San Leandro.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze gave a very pleasant luncheon last Monday evening, at her home on Sutter Street, in honor of Mrs. Shaw, of New York.

Mrs. Seldon A. Day gave a delightful lunch-party last Thursday at Fort Mason. Her guests were the wives of medical officers stationed at the various posts around the bay.

Mrs. Carmichael Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, and Mr. Louis Heine, the well-known "Pop. Trio," are at work on their programmes for the coming season, which will begin early in September. Among the novelties will be works by Smetana, Godard, and Arthur Foote.

—WHEN YOU GO TO THE COUNTRY FOR THE summer it is as necessary to take some fine correspondence paper and envelopes as it is to take a parasol or gloves. The great question at once arises, "What is the proper style and color?" The easiest way to have this answered is to call at the establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co. on Market Street, directly opposite Grant Avenue, where in bandsome show-cases all of the fashionable sizes and colors are displayed. The array is a very pretty one and the prices are remarkably low.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

A pure cream of tartar powder.

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Makes delicious hot breads for breakfast.

Baking Powder

"Absolutely the Best."

Is called for in the latest recipes of
Marion Harland,
Author of "Common Sense in the Household."
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Principal Philadelphia Cooking School.
Eliza R. Parker,
Author of "Economic Housekeeping."
Mrs. Dearborn,
Principal Boston Cooking School.
Mrs. Lincoln,
Author of "Boston" Cook Book.
Those who know most about baking powders use Cleveland's.
Our Cook Book, 400 recipes, FREE.
Ask your grocer for a copy. If he hasn't it, send stamp and address to
Cleveland Baking Powder Co., N. Y.

"SAN YSIDRO" RANCH Santa Barbara, Cal.

Cottages, with hotel accommodation, have recently been built for the accommodation of guests. The location is on the foothills of Montecito, about six miles from Santa Barbara and two miles from a fine sea beach. Orange and Lemon Groves cover the adjoining slopes, and the mountain canyon in rear of Cottages is well wooded with Oaks, Sycamores, Alders, and other natural trees. A fine mountain stream flows through the property. Magnificent views of the Valley and Santa Barbara Channel with its Islands. Pleasant walks and drives. All appointments new and first-class. Apply to
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JOHN S. MATHESON,
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MONTEREY, CAL.

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GEO. SCHONEWALD,
Manager.



SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean returned from their ranch last Saturday and departed for Alaska on Wednesday. They will be away a couple of months.

Mrs. Calvin E. Whitoe and family are in New York city. They may pass the season in the White Mountains. Mrs. Crittenden Thornton and family are occupying "The Cabins," Mrs. D. D. Colto's cottage at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames will pass a few weeks at Castle Crag, after they return from Oregon.

Mrs. S. G. Murphy and family will return from Europe next Tuesday. Mr. Murphy has gone East to meet them.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey will pass part of the summer at the Hotel del Moote.

Mrs. William Alvord and Miss Ethel Keeney are at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Gordoo Blandig and Miss Elandig will pass the season at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Baroes, and the Misses Delmas are at the Sea Beach Hotel, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil A. Bruguère and family are at the Hotel del Moote for the season.

Colonel W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg visited West Point, N. Y., last week. They will return home soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have returned from Europe, and are at the Hotel Plaza, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant will go to the Hotel del Moote to-day for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant are enjoying a visit at Casadero.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Cunningham have returned from a prolonged visit to Japan and China. They will pass the remainder of the season at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Samuel Hort and Mrs. George C. Boardman will leave in a few days to pass a month at Castle Crag.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Miss McNutt, Miss Ruth McNutt, and Mr. Fletcher McNutt are at the Sea Beach Hotel at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Hager have gone to Alaska, and will be away a couple of months.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle have returned from the East, and are at the Corbitt villa in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown left for Chicago last Thursday, and will be away a month.

Misses Nellie and Florence Boyd are passing the season in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver are guests of Miss Pierce at Santa Clara.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre are in Chicago.

Mr. Louis C. Masten is passing the summer at the Hotel Mateo.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson have returned from their Eastern trip, and are located at San Mateo for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Fair are occupying their cottage at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Manning have returned from a pleasant visit to Mr. N. K. Masten and family at the Hotel Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone and family are in New York city.

Misses Maggie and Lucy Brooks will be at the Hotel Rafael during the coming holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald are visiting the Columbian Exposition while en route to Baltimore and Richmond, Va.

Mrs. O. V. Walker and Miss Helen Walker will go to the Hotel Rafael in July.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries are occupying one of the cottages at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth and Mr. and Mrs. George H. T. Jackson are passing the summer in Napa Valley.

Mrs. Robert N. Graves and Miss Graves are passing the season near St. Helena.

Mrs. D. E. Miles was at Corcorado Beach early in the week.

Mrs. F. L. Wildes, of Virginia, Nev., and Miss Ethel Dorothy Patton are at the Hotel Mateo for a couple of weeks.

Mr. James F. J. Archibald and Mr. Willis Polk will be the guests of Mr. Ernest Peixoto at San Rafael during the tennis tournament. Mr. Archibald has returned from a visit to the Hotel Mateo.

Mr. E. S. Heller has been visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Miss Jennie Hobbs has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Stone at their cottage in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wightman will soon go to Santa Cruz to pass a month at the Sea Beach Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen and Miss Alice Mc-

Cutchen returned from the East last Wednesday, and are at their cottage in Ross Valley.

Judge and Mrs. A. A. Sanderson left on Thursday to make a two months' tour of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle and Miss Minnie Weill are passing the season at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and the Misses Rutherford will go to Alaska late in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Moulton are at Santa Cruz, where they will pass a few weeks.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall and her daughter, Mrs. William Harvey Jardine, are visiting Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Miss May Sharon has returned from an enjoyable visit to Miss Ada Dougherty, at Fruitvale.

Colonel J. W. Hartzell is at the Hoffman House, in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert A. McLean are at the Auditorium, in Chicago.

Mr. Joseph Sloss has reached New York city, and is staying at the Hoffman House.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Bergen are passing the summer in their cottage at Sausalito.

Mr. Horace G. Platt has gone East on a month's visit.

Mr. George A. Knight has gone East, and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. M. L. McDonald and the Misses Laura and Blythe McDonald have gone to San José for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Adams, *née* Knowles, of Oakland, are passing their honeymoon at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. Wilfrid B. Chapman left for England last Thursday, and will be away three months.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wheaton and Miss Bessie Wheaton have been visiting San José during the past week.

Dr. R. W. Payne has arrived in Glasgow.

Mr. James L. Flood is at the Hotel Metropole in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finoigan left Stockholm on May 30th to make a tour of Russia.

Miss Anna Wainwright is visiting friends in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Douby have returned from Los Angeles, and are at their cottage at the Hotel Mateo.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adelle and Ethel Martel are at the Hotel Mateo for the season.

Hon. and Mrs. John Boggs and family are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Senator and Mrs. William M. Stewart and Miss Stewart are making a tour of Mexico.

Misses Emma and Lulu Huntsman have been visiting friends at Mare Island during the past week.

Mrs. George Hyde and Miss Mamie Hyde have returned from a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Garceau, in Chicago, and are at their residence, 719 Geary Street.

Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams and Miss Annie McAllister are visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck are passing the season at Ben Lomond.

Dr. H. B. de Marville has returned from a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Major John A. Darling, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, to take effect about July 1st.

Lieutenant Villoughby Walke, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has contributed to the June number of the *Colorado Magazine* an interesting account of the recent naval rendezvous and review.

Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed to duty at the University of California, to take effect August 14th.

Lieutenant G. Blocklinger, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Baltimore* and ordered to the *Yorktown*.

Lieutenant H. O. Rittenhouse, U. S. N., has been detached from the Naval Academy and ordered to the *Baltimore*.

Lieutenant W. P. White, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Vermont* and ordered to the *Charleston*.

Lieutenant L. M. Garrett, U. S. N., has been detached from the *San Francisco* and ordered to duty on the coast survey.

Lieutenant A. W. Grant, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *San Francisco* after duty on the *Concord*.

Lieutenant L. H. Strober, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on duty at the Columbian Exposition.

Lieutenant and Mrs. J. C. Drake, U. S. N., are traveling in Germany.

Surgeon A. M. Moore, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at Mare Island and placed on waiting orders.

Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Charleston* and granted three months' leave of absence, and then ordered to the *Independence* at Mare Island.

Dogs barking on the earth can be heard by balloonists at the height of four miles.

SMOKE-WREATHS.

The Difference.

How the spiral smoke-wreaths curl!—
Years ago I met a girl,
First maid in a Spanish town,
Tall, and as a berry brown;
Lissom, dusky, proud brunette,
I am dreaming of her yet,
While I sit and scent the keen
Odor of the nicotine.

She in Spanish town afar,
Lights the same brand of cigar,
Sees the spiral smoke-wreaths rise
With those Andalusian eyes.
She who lolls where leagues of sea
Roll between her heart and me,
Muses in the self-same way
On the man she saw to-day!

—J. D. Miller in Puck.

Un Vieux Fumeur.

When I was young and my hair was thick
And purse was thin, I used to smoke
Cigars that now would make me sick,
Yet from their fumes I would evoke
Such visions as I never see,
Now I am old.

Within each rank cheroot rolled tight,
A world of dreams there used to be—
I conquered new worlds every night;
One such cheroot would conquer me
Now I am old.

Some of those dreams I can't forget;
And some came true—I've wealth and name,
And one was—but a dream—and yet
I'm smoking still, and much the same,
Now I am old.

I recollect that those cigars
That brought that faithless dream to me
Turned bitter ashes—well—let be!
Let ashes cover up old scars,
Now I am old.

I'm fifty-odd—my hair is thin,
My purse is stout, and so am I;
I take not half the comfort in
The best perfect one can buy—
And visions I no longer see,
And smoke is only smoke to me,
Now I am old.

—R. G. R. in Buffalo Quips.

A Spanish Cigarette.

Nita, come roll me a cigarette,
Just as you used to long ago
In the far, sweet days when first I met
My dark-eyed fate in New Mexico.

Do you remember those days, Chiquite,
(Here is a busk) and the stranger pale
Your father's borders brought to your feet,
Dripping with blood, from the Dead Man's Trail?

(Now just a pinch of the *tamayo*—
How it flavors the poorest weed!
A coal for the lighting—good! *Alli sta!*)
Ah, youth it is that is life, indeed!

And bow you won him to life again,
Bending over with infinite eyes,
Lipsing the tongue of your sunny Spain,
Fanning his forehead with softest sighs?

Deeper a burr in his heart there lay
Than where the Apache arrows pierd—
'Twas a fair-haired playmate far away,
With blue eyes traitors and lips that lied!

I had a letter from her to-night—
"John, I was wrong! 'Twas a girl's mistake!
And time has humbled my heart to write;
Oh, love! come back, for our old love's sake!"

Go? Do you think I would go, *mi flor*?
With love like yours shall I board regret?
And our barefoot babes around the door?
No! Then a kiss and—a cigarette!

—Charles F. Lummis.

"As Society,"

Within the true and real meaning of the phrase, grows and develops in the United States, there grows and develops with it a cultured and refined taste in all things. This indisputable fact accounts for the great popularity which the Pommery and Greno Sec Champagne is lately acquiring in the more select circles of American society. For a long time past, this wine has been almost exclusively used among the royalty and nobility of Europe, more particularly in England and Russia. Its intrinsic merit commends it to the critical and discerning judgment of those who have the means to indulge in the best of everything that is to be had. Persons who intend to give select entertainments should be particular to have this wine on the table, and bear in mind the Prince of Wales's opinion: "There is no headache in Pommery Sec."—*London Journal*.

Before he sailed for home Paderewski sent a check for five hundred dollars to the fund for erecting a Polish monument in Chicago.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

—LADIES OUTING SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER AT Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street. All the latest fabrics.

MANLY PURITY

To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or ulcerative, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unfailing as the



CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier and greatest of humors remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every humor and disease, from eczema to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unfailing success. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.
"How to Cure Blood Humors" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



RHEUMATIC PAINS

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 25c.

SEA BEACH HOTEL,
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The leading family hotel, located on the beach, with the finest land and marine view on the coast. Electric cars connect the hotel with the cliffs and all parts of town.

Strictly first-class. For terms address
JOHN T. SULLIVAN,
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Has given entire satisfaction to Brass and Iron Founders. Two per cent. added to cheap low-grade mixtures of metals gives 30 per cent. increased strength. Makes hard metal soft, sonnd, and non-crystallizing, prevents blowholes and sponginess. Aluminum Alloy unites copper with iron, and lead with iron and copper, heretofore unknown. Price, \$28 per barrel of 700 pounds, or \$80 per ton.

Book of Government Official Report and other indisputable testimonials from Foundrymen free.

The Hartford Furnace and Refining Company
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Branch Offices and Depot—Judson Mfg. Co., San Francisco, Cal.; Lomer & Rose, Montreal and Toronto, Canada; Hatfield Steel Foundry Co., England; Southern Steel and Aluminum Alloy Co., Rome, Ga.; Geo. Orestshaw, Henderson, N. C.; D. W. C. Carroll Co., Pittsburg, Pa.; Frank D. Espy, New York; Foundry Supply Co., Boston, Mass.

HELP WANTED. Agents paid a good commission, and \$3,000 divided among them next winter. Special attractions to be pushed this year for which we want the services of best agents everywhere.
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Room 30, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

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CHAMPAGNE

INTENSELY DRY.

THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO.

Sole Agents Pacific Coast.

The New Bread.

ROYAL unfermented bread, made without yeast, avoiding the decomposition produced in the flour by yeast or other baking powder; peptic, palatable and most healthful; may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort, which is not true of bread made in any other way.

Can be made only with Royal Baking Powder.

Receipt for Making One Loaf.

ONE quart flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder, half medium-sized cold boiled potato, and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about as soft as for pound-cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required—

more or less according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, 4½x8 inches, and 4 inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise to fill the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes baking, to prevent crusting too soon on top. Bake at once. *Don't mix with milk.*

NOTE.—It is necessary to follow, precisely, the above directions, even to the size of the pan. Observe that water should never be added until the powder has been thoroughly mixed with the flour in a dry state.

Perfect success can be had only with the Royal Baking Powder, because it is the only powder in which the ingredients are prepared so as to give that continuous action necessary to raise the larger bread loaf.

The nutty flavor noticeable in this bread is due to the fact that no acid except that derived from the grape is used in the Royal Baking Powder.

Address ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y., for all further information.

A MISMANAGING MAMMA.

How She Badgered the Enemy into a Victory.

MISS ROSS. THE YOUNG MAN *who is not to marry* MISS ROSS. HIS MOTHER. HIS SISTER-IN-LAW. COLONEL AINSIE (a privileged person.)

[Tea and tennis on the lawn of a country-house at five o'clock in the afternoon. The party is grouped round the tea-table. A little figure in white comes glancing through the shrubberies toward them, apprehended only by the YOUNG MAN, etc.]

THE YOUNG MAN [suddenly grasping his racket]—Joy!

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW—What is it? A fourth?

THE YOUNG MAN—Yes, a ripping fourth, Hetty Ross.

HIS MOTHER [under her breath]—Tck-Tck!

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW [aside]—I told you not to send her a card, and then I could have asked her at my own discretion when Tom—

THE YOUNG MAN—I say, shan't I go and fetch her, and prevent her having to go all round by the house?

HIS MOTHER—No, let her go the regular way. It corrupts the servants. She will have her shoes to put on, for she's come to play, I suppose. Delicate little thing, I am sure she oughtn't to.

COLONEL AINSIE—Hetty Ross delicate! She has never been ill in her life. I've known her since she was a child.

THE YOUNG MAN—So have I.

HIS MOTHER—Nonsense, Tom. She's a year older than you.

THE YOUNG MAN—Same age exactly. I don't mean, of course, that our cradles touched and rocked in unanimity during that rather uninteresting period when we should hardly have been able to do more than crow at each other, but we've grown up together, that's what I mean.

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW—I don't call you grown-up. And Hetty's a shocking tennis player, delicate or not.

COLONEL AINSIE—I beg to differ. She has a good, swinging service, hits low, and places her balls.

THE YOUNG MAN [loudly]—I agree with you, Ainsie. What I like about Hetty Ross's playing is that there is no "feminine squeak" about her. She doesn't yelp when she gets a "nasty one," or sit down in an attitude on the court when she misses a stroke, like some people I know of.

HIS MOTHER [sharply]—Don't make fun of Miss Lyle, Tom; I'm very fond of her. I only wish she was here! [To Miss Ross, as the latter modestly joins the group.] How do you do, dear? How cool you look, in spite of that hot walk from D—. It is good of you to come such a long way to our poor little festivity. [With a glance at Miss Ross's irreproachable flannels and business-like racket.] I hope you have come prepared to play? We wanted a fourth sadly. But you must have a cup of tea first.

HETTY ROSS [seeing herself solely in the light of a fourth]—No tea, thank you.

THE YOUNG MAN—Oh, you must. We don't want to starve you. [Forces it on her. His MOTHER cuts a tiny slice from an attenuated cake and hands it. Miss Ross, overcome by the severity of her manner, takes the cake and leaves the piece, and is covered with confusion. Meantime, the YOUNG MAN lies on the grass at her feet and looks happy.]

HIS MOTHER—Get up, Tom, this moment! You will catch cold—those ridiculously thin flannels—the damp grass—

THE YOUNG MAN [facetiously]—What, isn't the grass properly aired yet? Never mind, I'll take the risk.

HETTY ROSS [swallowing her tea hastily]—I'm ready.

THE YOUNG MAN [approaching her, while His SISTER-IN-LAW goes for her racket, which she has left at the other end of the court]—How shall we play? Ainsie and Kate, and you and I—against the world.

HETTY ROSS [nervously]—Nonsense! Let Kate arrange it.

THE YOUNG MAN [masterfully]—Look here, I'm boss, and you're going to play with me—if you don't mind? [Carries her off.]

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW [returning, out of breath]—Tom, you can't play with Hetty. That will never do!

COLONEL AINSIE [aside]—Too blunt by half! Kate isn't a good strategist. I'd back Hetty—if she cared!

THE YOUNG MAN [defiantly, to his SISTER-IN-LAW]—Why won't it do? She's the best player and I'm the worst!

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW—You are certainly the worst, so I'll undertake you myself.

THE YOUNG MAN—Well, of all the cheek—

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW [aside, while HETTY is tying her shoe]—Hetty is so uncertain, Tom; she makes a good stroke now and then, I grant you, but quite by accident—

THE YOUNG MAN [grimly]—I had rather have one of her "flukes" than a dozen of your "spooners"! If you insist on playing with me, the whole thing will be spoiled—that's all I can say.

HETTY ROSS [to COLONEL AINSIE]—I say, play with me!

COLONEL AINSIE—But I ought not. Take Tom and pull him through.

HETTY ROSS—Can't you see— [Haughtily.] I had rather not play with Tom; it isn't my business to pull him through.

COLONEL AINSIE—Why, Hetty, what's up? You used to like Tom?

HETTY ROSS [passionately]—They make him look such a fool!

THE YOUNG MAN [angrily to his SISTER-IN-LAW, who has finally arranged the game to her own satisfaction]—Well, have it your own way. I wash my hands of it.

[After several games have been played in ominous silence.]

HETTY ROSS—What are we, Colonel Ainsie?

COLONEL AINSIE—Something like four games—love.

HETTY ROSS [sarcastically]—How very distressing!

COLONEL AINSIE—Play up and end it. Isn't Tom in a rage? I can see his ears redden from here!

THE YOUNG MAN [in a forcedly neutral tone]—Game again! Your five to our one!

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW—Your service, Hetty. What are you two gossiping about?

HETTY ROSS—I beg pardon. [Viciously.] Play! [Dispatches a grounder of terrific straightness and waits the result.]

THE YOUNG MAN [over his shoulder]—Look out, Kate!

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW—Ow! [Misses it.] That must have gone right through my racket!

THE YOUNG MAN [savagely]—Don't use that idiotic formula, anyhow.

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW—Well, I wish people wouldn't chatter to each other in the middle of the game. It's abominable tennis form, and would put any one out [loudly].

THE YOUNG MAN—Look here, I wish you would at least contrive to be civil to Hetty!

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW [losing her temper altogether]—It's too hot to play. [Sends her racket spinning right across the court.] We won't finish this game. Come and have some claret-cup!

OMNES—We don't care if we do.

THE YOUNG MAN [bustling about]—Have a macaroon, Miss Ross? [Hands them to her, and seems disposed to linger at her side.]

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW—Oh, are there macaroons? I adore them. Hand them, Tom.

THE YOUNG MAN—There's a plateful at your elbow that you can have all to yourself. What's the weight of your racket, Miss Ross?

HETTY ROSS [briefly]—Thirteen.

THE YOUNG MAN—May I look at it? [Swings it about appreciatively.]

HIS MOTHER [in desperation]—Why don't you and Colonel Ainsie have a set, Tom? The girls are too hot to play any more just yet, and we shall enjoy watching you.

THE YOUNG MAN [unwillingly]—Shall we, Ainsie?

COLONEL AINSIE [an ardent player]—Suppose we do, if the ladies are really too tired—

THE YOUNG MAN [aside]—Hetty isn't, I'll swear. [Gets up slowly, and spins for first innings.]

COLONEL AINSIE—You're in. [Hums "My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here!"] Come on, my boy!

THE YOUNG MAN [under his breath]—Beastly grind!

HIS MOTHER [to HETTY]—Dear boy, I do so want him to enjoy his leave thoroughly—so short as it is. Miss Lyle promised to come, but—

HETTY ROSS—Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime—! I am afraid I was a fifth wheel instead of a fourth!

HIS MOTHER [not apprehending her bitter little jest]—Not at all—only Tom and Alice Lyle are such old partners. They play together at all the matches—she is like his right hand. Kate, my dear, do go in and rest. I can entertain Hetty.

HETTY ROSS [after a constrained pause]—I think I must be going.

HIS MOTHER—Must you? Well, give my kind regards to all at home. [Rising.] I don't know, dear, that we shall be positively at home next Tuesday, so I hardly like to ask you to come so far on the chance of a game—

HETTY ROSS [shortly]—Couldn't come, thank you, Mrs. Laurence. I've had a very pleasant afternoon. Good-bye. Good-bye, Kate. [Picks up her racket and goes.]

HIS MOTHER [conscious of having fallen somewhat below her standard]—I hope we were not rude to Hetty, were we, Kate?

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW—I wasn't. You were, rather!

HIS MOTHER—I'm sure—

THE YOUNG MAN—I say, Ainsie, wait a minute. I fancy I've exchanged rackets with Miss Ross. I won't keep you long.

COLONEL AINSIE—Go on, dear boy, and prosper. Don't hurry back on my account.

THE YOUNG MAN—Don't be a fool, Ainsie! [Hurries after Miss Ross.]

[By the gate at the bottom of the garden.]

THE YOUNG MAN [out of breath, holding out racket]—This—is—yours, Miss Ross—I believe?

HETTY ROSS [recoiling as if from a loaded pistol]—No—I've got mine. [Examines the one she holds.] Why, it is yours. Then give me mine, please. [Holds it out at arm's length.]

THE YOUNG MAN—They must have got mixed somehow. Look here, Hetty, I—

COLONEL AINSIE having, from a distance, observed with interest the exchange of rackets—and other attendant circumstances—saunters back to the ladies.]

COLONEL AINSIE—Called away on business, dear Mrs. Laurence.

HIS MOTHER—What business can he have with Hetty Ross?

COLONEL AINSIE—He has got it over by now. If I am not mistaken, he has proposed to her. She's a dear little girl—

HIS MOTHER—Proposing to Hetty Ross! He must not. Stop him, colonel; take a message from me—

COLONEL AINSIE [coolly]—Shall I take the cream-jug to pour over him or borrow the garden-hose to extinguish his flame? No use—he'd got to do it, and I must say that you and Kate have been doing your best to work him up to it all the afternoon—

HIS MOTHER—Indeed! indeed! I did all I could to prevent him—

COLONEL AINSIE—Yes, I saw you; but it's no good, dear madam [laughing]. That sort of prevention is no cure at all!

THE YOUNG MAN [ten minutes after, sauntering up the drive]—There, I've done it, and I'm glad. I meant to before I went back, of course; but I don't know that I should have done it to-day if they hadn't all been so abominably rude to her!

HETTY ROSS [in the lane]—I suppose I oughtn't to have accepted him, but really—they were enough to vex a saint!—Black and White.

Supremely Delightful

To the emaciated and debilitated invalid is the sense of returning health and strength produced by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When that promoter of vigor is tested by persons in feeble health, its restorative and vitalizing potency soon evinces itself in improved appetite, digestion, and nightly repose, the sole conditions under which strength and nerve quietude is vouchsafed to the human system. Try it and be convinced.

The Dowager Duchess of Athole's piper, George Macpherson, who was well known throughout Strathsay, died recently, and his death is much regretted all over the district. He had been for many years piper at Dunkeld House, and had several times played before the queen. He was one of the finest players in Scotland, and was a great authority on pipe-music.

Better than Ever.

The Haywards Hotel is filling rapidly with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

A large party of Eastern tourists have engaged rooms for June, and will arrive in a few days. This is one of the few resorts that will be well filled this summer.

Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and his Friends," was admired by women almost to idolatry, and yet he had an aversion for talkative women. "Pray do not ask me," he once wrote in a letter, "to be civil to a loquacious woman; I like women to speak and to speak a great deal—nothing except sleep becomes them better; but a talking woman is an awful judgment and mystery and oppression."

Destroyed by Fire and Again at Work.

The Price Baking Powder Company of Chicago met with a serious loss on the morning of May 18th in the nearly total destruction by fire of its factory and offices. No sooner had the flames been subdued than the work of restoration commenced, and the company, having had stored in outside warehouses duplicate machinery, labels, and supplies of raw materials in preparation for any emergency, was enabled to resume manufacturing within a few days after the fire.

The bones of the whales that the German Kaiser slaughtered in the North Sea last summer are to be turned into furniture for the Norwegian boat-house at Potsdam.

— DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Sir Henry Moncrieff had a parrot which was always present at family worship. In the morning Sir Henry followed the old Scottish custom of singing the metrical version of the Psalms straight through, two verses per day. The 119th Psalm, of course, took many days, and he always commenced by saying: "Let us sing in the 119th Psalm." At last the Psalm was finished, and next day Sir Henry began: "Let us sing in the 120th Psalm." "Let us sing," said the parrot, firmly, "in the 119th Psalm."

At a dinner-party in Chicago the other day, Mrs. Clement Scott met a woman who wore a large amount of jewelry, there being among other pieces a superb design in diamonds. Of this particular ornament the wearer appeared to be specially proud, and calling attention to it, she said to Mrs. Scott: "I bought these diamonds in a London shop, where they had been pawned by some of your royalty." "Indeed," replied Mrs. Scott, calmly, "our best people sometimes sell, but they never buy in pawnshops!"

Disraeli's "Curiosities of English Literature" made such an impression on an enthusiastic Frenchman, some years ago, that he wrote to "Benjamin Disraeli, London," for permission to translate it into French for the benefit of his countrymen. About a fortnight later he received the following reply: "DEAR SIR—I feel honored at the high esteem in which you hold the 'Curiosities of Literature.' I personally have not the slightest objection to your translating that book into French, but beg to refer you to its author, my father, whom I trust you will some time meet where he now is, in heaven. BENJAMIN DISRAELI."

Dr. Thompson, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was an exceedingly cold and austere man, never taking much notice of the undergraduates under his care. On one occasion a Trinity man was caught in a storm, and took shelter beneath a large tree. Dr. Thompson was also beneath it, seeking protection from the rain. For some time both stood silent, watching the clouds, till at last the undergraduate, growing desperate, ventured to remark that he thought it was clearing up a little. "Sir," said the doctor haughtily, frowning upon the wretched youth, "all communications to the Master of Trinity must be made through the tutors."

Most advertisements are stated emphatically; but it is unusual for one to bear such striking evidence of sincerity as this from the Skagit County, Wash., Times. No one could read it without feeling that the advertiser was dead in earnest: "I am going to close out my entire stock of dry-goods, clothing, hats, boots, shoes, and notions. Also blankets, comforts, lamps, and glassware. Hundreds of useful things that everybody needs. I don't want 'em. Come and get 'em. They will be sold at a price that will lift 'em from my shop. I don't want 'em and won't have 'em. Have been keeping store for forty-five years, and it's long enough. 'Nothing in it.' Goin' to raise hogs."

Grace Greenwood tells this story of John Hall, the once famous New Hampshire senator, in her "Reminiscences of Washington": One hot afternoon, when I had not been to the Capitol, he dropped in, and remarked, wearily: "Webster made a speech this morning." "Ah, what have I lost!" I exclaimed: "do tell me something about it." "Well, the old man was not at his best exactly. It was something like this." He assumed the attitude of the "great expounder" when speaking, and using his characteristic gestures and even counterfeiting his voice and inflections, he gave a really wonderful imitation. Yet he said absolutely nothing but "Puff! puff! puff! puff!" in those deep, sonorous tones which were so familiar and so impressive.

Josepe Ribera, a celebrated painter of the seventeenth century, was once called upon by two men who told him that for years they had been studying alchemy, that costly experiments had exhausted their funds, and that to utilize their wonderful discoveries they were now in need of a large loan of money to buy apparatus. "Then, gentlemen, you have discovered the famous philosopher's stone? You possess the secret of making gold?" asked Ribera. "We will prove it to you," they replied: "if you will assist us, we shall all be rich." "I thank you," said the artist, "but I, too, have the secret of making gold. I will show you. But first allow me to finish the picture I was at work on when you came." The men waited, much mystified, and Ribera finished his picture and sent it away to a dealer. Presently the messenger returned and handed him the price of the picture, four hundred ducats. "What did I tell you, gentlemen? Here is the kind of gold that I can make. Isn't it the best kind?"

In 1790, Dumonstier brought out a play in Paris entitled "The Sons." It turned out a failure. The author witnessed the performance from a box on the third row. "Ha, wretched stuff!" a young man who

was standing near him exclaimed every now and then; "it is disgusting! If I had only a hollow key, wouldn't I whistle!" "Monsieur," replied Dumonstier, "I am happy to be in a position to meet your wishes; here is a key." The young man took it and whistled with the full power of his lungs, to the great amusement of his neighbor. At the close of the play, a friend of the author's stepped into the box and said: "My dear Dumonstier, I am awfully sorry to see your work decider in this fashion!" "What! monsieur," said the man with the key; "you are M. Dumonstier? I beg a thousand pardons!" "It does not matter in the least," answered the playwright; "pray do me the favor to come to breakfast with me to-morrow." The next day the visitor (who proved to be a dramatic author himself) craved permission of his host to read him a comedy that he had brought; this was granted, and when he had finished, he asked his listener: "Well, sir, what do you think of it?" Dumonstier smiled as he replied: "My good friend, have you a hollow key to lend me?"

At a particularly intense part of the battle of Round Mountain, a Union captain stood beside his horse scanning the field with his glass and directing the troops. He says it seemed as if the fire of the whole Confederacy was centred on him, the bullets were so thick around him. Suddenly he heard a minie-ball singing in the air, and he felt something strike his leg. But the occasion was urgent, and he kept up his glass. There was another "ping-g-g," and he felt another strike. And so it continued. Finally, the battle was won. With a long-drawn sigh, the captain turned. He shouted to his orderly at a little distance: "I'm wounded, Jim. Come and help me on my horse, I must go home. It's my last battle." "No, I guess not," replied the orderly. "What's the matter? Come, hurry up, I'm wounded." "If you want me to help you, come here," sang out the orderly. "But what's the trouble? Why can't you come here? Don't you see I'm wounded and almost dying?" "Oh, no, you are not," sang out the orderly. "Come here instantly, you rascal," shouted the commander. "No, I don't; that's the biggest nest of yellow jackets there I ever saw in my life," was the laughing reply of the orderly. The storming swarm of hornets were the only minie-balls that had struck him.

Some great man in Russia, Prince Potemkin or another, was commissioned by the Empress Catherine the Second to colonize the regions adjoining a river, and provided with the requisite funds. These funds he diverted from their proper use. When the empress came on her tour of inspection, she passed down the stream in slow and impressive fashion, borne in a state barge. Every afternoon she sighted a neat and charming village on the bank, and, going on shore, was hailed by a band of prosperous peasants in gala attire. Passing from house to house, she would see an abundant meal smoking on the board, frequently including a roast sucking-pig. There was, it is true, a certain similarity between one village and another; but this was easily explained by the fact of all being designed by the same government architect. And so the inspection went on, with complete satisfaction to all parties concerned, till a malicious person in the imperial suite happened to bethink himself of his penknife, and while the intelligent cottagers were busy answering Catherine's questions, he slyly amputated the tail of the sucking-pig. In the next cottage, the family was also about to regale—on a tailless sucking-pig! The main result was that the empress ever after looked with great disfavor on, not Potemkin, but the ingenious gentleman with the penknife.

Headache and Dyspepsia.

William E. Rockwell, No. 512 West 57th Street, New York, says: "I have been a martyr to bilious headache and dyspepsia. Any indiscretion in diet, overfatigue, or cold, brings on a fit of indigestion, followed by a headache lasting two or three days at a time. I think I must have tried over twenty different remedies, which were recommended as certain cures by loving friends, but it was no use. At last I thought I would take a simple course of purgation with BRANDRETH'S PILLS. For the first week I took two pills every night, then one pill for thirty nights; in that time I gained three pounds in weight, and never have had an ache or a pain since."

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LEAVE	From June 10, 1893.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	7:45 P.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	6:45 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.....	1 6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	6:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:15 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	6:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Fort Costa, Fresno.....	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:15 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	* 10:45 A.
* 5:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.
8:00 P.	Castle Crag and Dunsmuir via Woodland and Willows.....	7:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	* 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 2:30 P.
7:30 A.	San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations.....	8:33 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6:26 P.
9:30 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	1 2:27 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:06 P.
12:05 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4:25 P.
* 2:00 P.	Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	* 11:23 A.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
* 4:25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8:06 A.
* 5:10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	7:26 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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At Narragansett Pier last summer, the staid and peaceful cottager; the white-flanneled, straw-hatted young man up for a two weeks' holiday; the snow-skirted, white-shod, white-parasoled summer butterfly; the tranquil little families of mamma, papa, and two or three small boys in sailor-suits—all were prone to stroll down one of the quiet, sunny side-streets of that little summer city, and, in passing a particular cottage—a neat Queen Anne, sleeping in enshrouding vines in an emerald stretch of close-clipped lawn—to gaze in surreptitious awe at a strange figure sitting on the balcony.

From the street one could generally see the sitter in profile—a profile seen under the trembling shadows of the vines—as clean cut as a cameo, the face smooth-shaven, the features high and distinct—a large nose, a small, tight mouth, a little like Sarah Bernhardt's, bushy brows, and slightly curly gray hair, hidden under a black skull-cap. It was a remarkable head, like a wizard's in full face when the extraordinary fire of the eyes burned out from under the heavy brows; like some courtly old Jesuit's when one saw only the clear and patrician profile, with its blue-tinged upper lip and chin; some prince-cardinal's, such as Richelieu or Mazarin, gracious, polished, astute, a courtier and a statesman. But when, from the shaded interior of the cottage, a small and dainty female figure came out upon the balcony, and, sitting opposite the skull-capped dreamer in his great straw chair, entered into conversation, then all suggestion of wizard and prince-cardinal vanished; the cameo profile came to life, the weird brilliancy of the eyes warmed and softened, the firmly closed lips curved into the tenderest of smiles—King Lear never looked upon Cordelia, his joy, his least and loveliest, with greater tenderness and pride.

Quite indifferent to the curious gaze of the passers-by, these two sat under the trembling cracks and slivers of light that danced over the balcony through the vines, sometimes talking, sometimes turolog over the magazines and papers that littered the straw table. The lady, small and thio, a fragile figure in her lace-edged, faintly hued morning-dress, was rather dainty and fairy-fine than pretty. Her hand, glimmering with rings, was small as a bird's claw. But the dark, melancholy eyes of her companion dwelt on her with a love and pride that could not have been deeper if she had been as beautiful as Juliet, or Rosalind, or Viola. Apart from the din, the vulgar clamor, the gossip, the jealousy that rage like the heathen in the little summer city, these two, on their quiet balcony, seemed as far away and remote as the dwellers on another planet. The visitors from the hotels gazed at them with wide, curious eyes, the beauties from the South and the West, resting by on their small white suede shoes, stole oblique, furtive glances at them from the under-drooping lace edges of their parasols, and the hack-driver, reining up his sorry nags, half-turned on his box to indicate the cottage to his tourists and to announce, in a lowered key: "That's the cottage where Edwin Booth stays with his daughter."

It was strange to think, viewing the immobile and melancholy face of the great actor as he sat dreaming on the sheltered corner of the balcony, of the wonderful career now drawing to a close, of the great moments of this brilliant life. If a person lives not by the passing of the hours, but by the depths of their experiences, by the grand moments of their lives, Booth must have lived more intensely and deeply than any other English-speaking actor, unless one, perhaps, excepts Edmund Kean—if one may compare two such dissimilar characters. Whether the American star ever touched the pinnacle that the Englishman reached, when, unknown, unapplauded, poor, and ragged, he conquered a cold and almost hostile audience, wrenching acclaim and applause from them by the night of his grand and terrible genius, is a question. It was a moment such as this that must have reconciled Edmund Keao with *le mal de la vie*.

The moments when Edwin Booth touched the stars were more peaceful, more probable than this. There was no sudden bursting out of his genius, no flame-like outbreak illumined by which his audience saw him as more than mortal. The story goes that he went on the stage in quite an accidental way. At one of the performances of Booth the elder, the prompter, also cast to perform the part of Tressel in "Richard III.," rebelling at his dual rôle, told young Edwin, loitering about the wings, that he ought to perform Tressel himself. Young Edwin sought his father, whom he found in the dressing-room with his feet on a table, and acquainted him with the prompter's request. The elder Booth asked a question or two relative to the part, lent him his spurs, to add a touch of realism to his get-up,

and thus, unheralded, unknown, unnoticed, Edwin Booth made his first appearance on the stage.

This was not a great moment, and it was some time after this that his great moments came. But one of them—aod, perhaps, the first—must have been when, a short time before the ending of the war, the three Booth brothers appeared in "Julius Caesar"—Junius Brutus Booth as Cassius, Edwin as Brutus, and John Wilkes as Marc Anthony. In a stage-box sat their mother, looking on at the triumph of her three sons. It was said to have been a great performance. Each of the three brothers, so richly gifted, was a type of beauty in a different style—the eldest, a veritable Roméo, with a noble head, thick throat, and broad, wide-gazing, eagle eyes; Edwin, the type of the romantic, dark, melancholy, refined; and John Wilkes, in the heyday of his youth and his talents, slender, almost boyish, splendid as a young demi-god.

His crime, committed only a few months later, drove Edwin Booth from the stage. It was thought he would never return. But after one year of retirement, the young actor reappeared. This was another great moment. Outside the theatre a mob surged, with here and there a voice rising menacingly, announcing that Booth would probably be shot on his entrance. Inside the theatre all was quiet and orderly till the melancholy Dane approached the footlights, when cheer after cheer, bravos, cries of greeting rose to the roof. The house welcomed back the genius and the patriot, the actor and the man. What some writers have called "the introspective look," characteristic of the Booths, gave way to an expression of touched gratitude and happiness. Then the performance continued, and, deprived of the inspiring presence of his genius for over a year, the audience listened rapt to that most wonderful conception of Hamlet, which has been described as "that of a morbid mind conscious of its power to master the mystery of life which, in its detail, baffles and overwhelms it."

The tide of change in New York, sweeping upward so quickly, obliterates landmarks long before they can be called old. Booth's Theatre enjoyed a short but glorious life, and where that great playhouse once opened its doors to the appreciative and intellectual of the city, the persistent shopper and the feend of the bargain-counter now have found their happy hunting-grounds. Up in its niche in the wall the bust of Shakespeare still looks down sardonically upon the crowded thoroughfare, upon well-dressed ladies shopping, upon gorgeously dressed ladies stepping out of their equally gorgeous carriages and pausing for a moment on the kerb to call up some direction to an obsequiously bending coachman, upon hurrying girls shopping, upon milliners' and modistes' apprentices shopping, upon mothers of families carrying red balloons and shopping, and upon the great army of pretty girls carrying purses empty of money and full of samples and pretending to be shopping. The bust of Shakespeare, that used to look down upon the bonnets and beavers of "Tout New York" going to the play, now sees the crowns of the hundreds of sailor and Alpine hats of the hundreds of women who drift in and out of the doors of a millinery establishment where one gets cheap and ugly French bonnets, of a sham jewelry-shop, of a parol place, of a bric-a-brac store—all ranged in line below Shakespeare's niche.

The first night that the bust of Shakespeare looked down at the crowd jostling in through the doorway of the newly opened theatre was the greatest of theatrical nights. The new theatre was opened that evening with a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," Edwin Booth as Romeo, Mary McVicker—his fiancée—as Juliet. The huge audience assembled had never before seen the great love-story of Verona so set and staged. Juliet's balcony was a real balcony, rising, supported by delicate arches, from a lower balcony. In the *loggia* scene, the *loggia* stretched backward the depth of the stage in a long perspective, flanked by curved arches. On one side, against the balustrade, appeared the tops of trees huddled closely and giving the suggestion of the height of the *loggia* above the courtyard below. Over the balustrade hung the rope-ladder firmly secured. Against this background the real lovers sighed the words of parting in the great love-scene of the greatest love-drama that ever was written.

In the glorious heyday of Booth's Theatre a series of Shakespearean performances were given that almost constituted a Shakespearean revival. "The Winters Tale," so seldom played now, was given a splendid setting and was nobly performed. Here the lovers of the drama could see the star in his finest portrayals—Hamlet, Richelieu, Richard III., The Fool in Tom Taylor's "Fool's Revenge," Shylock, and King Lear. Here they saw him as the manly and splendid Benedick and as the swaggering Petruchio. But his great characters remained always the more melancholy and fierce or turbulent figures. Those who heard him as Richelieu cry the terrible words: "Upon his head—yca, though it were a crown—I launch the curse of Rome," can never forget the awesome majesty of that tremendous outburst; those who sat enchanted under the spell of his Brutus will forever remember his noble serenity, his lofty dignity. Then other figures, called up by the memory, rise and pass in varied procession—Richard, the crook-back, fierce and wounded, fighting fendishly at Bosworth Field; Shylock, majestic

in his biting wrath: "Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last, you spurned me such a day"; the Fool, jesting in the hour of his agony; Othello, with the horror of his roused suspicions reflected in his swarthy face—"but, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly loves."

The list is too long. The great spirit that made these figures of the master-head live, breathe, and walk, has gone "back to its native stars." From the present outlook, the Shakespearean tragic drama in this country disappears with him. Let us pray that it may be only a temporary disappearance. But who is there to keep Hamlet, and Richelieu, and Shylock before us? There are a few clever actors in the country, such as Mansfield, but, clever as he may be and with all respect to his talents, Mansfield is to Booth as the little candle that spreads its light in a tiny tent in the darkness is to the sun that warms the earth. There will be no second Booth for us. Centuries go to the making of such a genius—hundreds of years of pain and joy, hope, discouragement, self-repression, battling, and striving stretch back from the figure of the greatest of the Booths through the centuries into the dimness of the unknown. The precious gift of genius comes down through the generations till it passes into the possession of one selected by Destiny to be "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Sibyl Sanderson, whose creation of the title-rôle in the new opera, "Phryné," was, oddly enough, more flatteringly noticed in the French papers than in the Paris edition of the *Herald*, has just signed a three years' contract to sing at the Grand Opéra.

Omene, whose *dance du ventre* seems to be the star attraction of Maude Granger's "Fringe of Society," was here as assistant to the juggler, Yank Hoe, who was here with the last Kiralfy company. She tried her Oriental dance in New York, but it was taken off after the first night. Presumably its realism has been notably abated.

Leoncavallo's opera, "I Pagliacci," which has excited a furor in Europe second only to that of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," is now a tremendous success in London. It is to be first produced in America by Gustav Hinrichs's Philadelphia company during their present season in New York. Unless we are mistaken, it was he who first produced Mascagni's work in this country.

"Charley's Aunt" is the comedy that London is enjoying most this spring and that New York will have next fall, so that we in San Francisco may expect to see it in another year. The author is Brando Thomas, who was in Rosina Vokes's company and wrote "A Pantomime Rehearsal," and the play describes the adventures of a man who puts on skirts to act as chaperon for two girls.

"The Mikado" will be revived at the Tivoli next week, with Gracie Plaisted in the rôle of Yum-Yum. The entire cast will be as follows:

The Mikado of Japan, George Olmi; Nanki-Poo, Phil Branson; Ko-Ko, Ferris Hartman; Poo-Bah, M. Cornell; Pish-Tush, Frank Riddsdale; Yum-Yum, Gracie Plaisted; Pitti-Sing, Fanny Liddiard; Peep-Boo, Mae Atkins; Katisha, Grace Vernon.

The management announces for early production "All Baba (Up to Date)" for which elaborate preparations are being made.

There is no manager more cordially hated by a certain class of actors than is Augustin Daly; but, on the other hand, he has the gratitude of thousands of theatre-goers for the excellence of the performances given under his management. Another cause for their gratitude is shown in the fact that when Mr. Augustin Daly arrived in London last month, to see to the completion of his new theatre there, the first thing he did was, in the language of builders, to "rip out" the bar, transfer it to far more modest space in a less conspicuous place, and devote its former site to a room for the accommodation of women.

The play of the hour in New York is an English importation, "The Prodigal Daughter," the especial feature of which is a real steeple-chase finished on the stage by real gentlemen-riders—volunteers from various crack hunts—mounted on real thoroughbreds. The presence of these enthusiasts is due to the fact that the whole play is produced under the direction of Leonard Boyne, gentleman and actor, of London, England, who has seen to it that each feature of the production is just as it would be in correct circles in England, even down to the dress and appointments of the riders. Thus the happy chappies who ride in "The Prodigal Daughter" will be as properly got up when next they chase the aniseed bag as if they had spent a season in one of the hunting counties.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

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Milk train in collision; 00 milkman turns up; disappointed housekeepers; coffee without cream. A petty annoyance resulting from a neglect to keep the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in the house. Order now for future exigencies from grocer or druggist.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the sixth day of June, 1893, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.
Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders of the Argonaut Publishing Company, held as above noticed, an adjournment was taken until Tuesday, the first day of August, 1893, at one o'clock, P. M.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"Why, I never have any sense when I'm in the company of a pretty girl." She—"What a queer way of paying me a compliment, Mr. Sappy!" Truth.

Mrs. Poindexter (horrified)—"I heard to-day that Mr. Collingwood leads a double life." Miss Forty (with a sigh)—"That's much better than a single one."—Ex.

Baton Saltzer—"Where are those oysters I ordered on the half-shell?" Waiter—"Don't get impatient, sah; we're drefle sho't on shells, but you're next."—Truth.

"So my daughter has referred you to me, eh? Well, I hardly understand it. She never consults me, except in a financial way." "Well—ah—sir, that's just it."—Texas Siftings.

"Going to the World's Fair, of course?" "Yes—self-protection." "How so?" "To stave off the fellows who will want to tell me all about it for the rest of my natural life."—Puck.

She (looking over display of wedding-presents)—"What a magnificent lot!" He (who was rejected the night before)—"Rosalie, isn't this enough to make you change your mind?"—Judge.

Mabel—"And so I refused him on the ground that I am too young to marry." Chorus of Mabel's friends—"Oh, you clever girl! Who else would have thought of that excuse from you?"—Truth.

Uncle Treetop (on his way to the dentist's office)—"Most likely it'll stop achin' by the time I git in the chair. If it does, I swan I'll pretend I've made a mistake and tell him I want a hair-cut."—New York Herald.

Skeptic—"Now, what benefit do you expect to realize from the one thousand dollars you gave to the church?" Pillar—"The whole congregation will vote for me when I run for alderman."—Detroit Tribune.

Mr. Jones—"I assure you, Miss Ethel, it was a terrible storm. Every moment I was expecting the lightning to strike the tree I was under." Miss Ethel—"Then why didn't you get under some other tree?"—Life.

Primus—"That old villain Scruggs's epitaph is 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Not very appropriate, eh?" Secundus—"Yes, it is. It's supposed to be the devil's order to the head fireman."—Judge.

"Is Diggins an old base-ball player? I see that he has a mask hanging in his library." "No. He puts that on whenever he wants to have a talk with his wife about cutting down household expenses."—Detroit Free Press.

On disait devant la petite Lili, une jeune personne de sept ans, que M. de X. était parti pour l'étranger, abandonnant sa femme. "Pauvre femme!" s'écria la fillette, "si le bon Dieu lui envoie des enfants, ils n'auront plus de père."—Ex.

Totherside—"I don't see anything very wonderful about the falls." Niagara hackman—"But, my dear sir, think of the volume of water going over every second—thousands of tons of it." Totherside—"Well, there doesn't seem to be anything to prevent it, does there?"—Truth.

Still in the ring: Miss Angler (sighs)—"Ah, me!" Rev. Mr. Nothanks (sympathetically)—"Why do you sigh?" Miss Angler (tremolo stop)—"Oh, nobody loves me!" Rev. Mr. Nothanks (promptly)—"There's one who loves you!" Miss Angler (softly)—"Who is it?" Rev. Mr. Nothanks (softly)—"The Lord loves you!"—Truth.

"I like to see people polite and obliging," said young McStah, as the door closed on the retreating form of the caller, "but some folks overdo it. My tailor sent me his bill the other day, and I sent him word I thought it was fifty cents too much. The fellow that just went out was the fourth man my tailor has sent to tell me I was right."—Chicago Tribune.

New business manager (discussing projects for putting Daily Relapse on its feet)—"In the first place, we want to get out a paper twice the present size; then, reduce expenses by cutting telegraph down two-thirds, discharging all but two or three of the reporters, and—" Managing editor—"But, what on earth will we fill the paper with?" New business manager—"Why, with coupons, of course!"—Puck.

Mrs. O'Toole—"Mrs. Nolan's first husband was kilt by a blash and she got fivoe thousand dollars; her second was kilt in the army and she got ten dollars a mont." Mrs. Regan—"She wor in great luck." Mrs. O'Toole—"No, she wor not; her second drank up the fivoe thousand dollars, and whin she married the third, the pinston was stopped. But she made the new man insure his loife for ten thousand dollars, and she says she shall go on doubling her hets till she breaks the bank."—Judge.

FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. H. C. McCov, Algona, Ia., says: "I have used it in cases of dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion, and wakefulness, with pleasant results. Also think it of great service in depressed condition of the system resulting from biliary derangement."

AN IRASCIBLE TENOR.

Some Anecdotes of the Famous Brignoli.

Brignoli was so careful of his voice when he had to sing that he would not speak at all, and was in the habit of writing his wishes on a piece of paper. During the last thirty years of his life he lived at the Everett House when in New York. It took him at least three-quarters of an hour to go from his room to the sidewalk. He must get used to the changes very gradually. Leaving the room, he would pace up and down the hall for ten or fifteen minutes, until thoroughly "acclimatized," as he himself would say, and from there would go to the lobby to experience for twenty minutes a slightly lower degree of temperature. At the end of half an hour he usually reached the vestibule, where he would pass another quarter, opening the outer door occasionally to get a taste of the fresh air. When thoroughly acclimatized here, he buttoned his great-coat close about him and stepped out on the pavement.

After a performance he was a tremendous eater. His appetite was gargantuan. Men who dined with him looked on in amazement. Nor was there any reasonable limit to his drinking capacity. A friend took supper with him one night at Willard's in Washington, and his testimony is as follows:

"Brignoli began by eating a large porterhouse steak. Then he ate a Spanish omelet, in which there must have been at least half a dozen eggs. This he followed (it really seems incredible, and I am almost afraid to tell it) by two dozen good-sized mutton chops! In the meantime he drank two quarts of wine. I became alarmed, and said, 'Brig, have you any idea how much you have eaten?' And he replied: 'Oh, very little, very little. A small piece of steak, a very little omelet, and a few little chops.' I showed him that he had eaten twenty-four chops, and good big ones too. 'Ah!' he cried, 'but see! I have left the bones!'"

Praise went a long way with him. One evening, at rehearsal, the orchestra laid down their instruments as one man and applauded his singing of a favorite song long and vigorously. He was much pleased, and, advancing to the footlights, with many a bow and smile of satisfaction, said:

"Gentlemen, immediately after the rehearsal, there will be a champagne-supper at the Everett House. I hope I may have the honor to meet you all there." It is needless to remark that they were there, every man of them. The supper cost Brignoli five hundred dollars.

He always expected an encore, no matter where or what he sang, and if it was not forthcoming, he was off in a rage instantly. In some small country town he sang his favorite song, "Com' e Gentil," a serenade from Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," with unusual care, and walked off the stage perfectly satisfied, pausing at the wings to listen to the applause. To his utter amazement, there was not a sound of approbation. He strode into his dressing-room, muttering that he would not respond to an encore; he would refuse to sing another song. Still the house remained silent. "No!" he cried to those about him, "I refuse to sing again. I refuse to respond to the encore!"

Barbagelata, who was more clever than the ordinary servant, humbly approached and said:

"Signor Brignoli, you sang that like an angel. The people could not appreciate it."

The old fellow nearly wept.

"Barbagelata! my God!" he exclaimed. "Give me your hand. I did not know you were such a musician. My God! Tagliapietra, I must introduce you to Barbagelata, my servant"—turning to "Tag," who stood near by. "He is a great musician! He appreciates my singing more than all those fools."

Brignoli was intensely jealous of all other tenors. When tall, handsome Tom Karl burst upon the New York stage, Brignoli turned up his nose.

"What do you think of Tom Karl?" Tagliapietra asked him one night.

"Oh, he is a very nice little boy," he replied, with a shrug; "I like him very much, but he has missed his vocation. I think he was born to be a policeman!"

On another occasion Bianchi, the noted teacher, went on the stage to see Brignoli, whom he found pacing up and down like a madman, humming over his part.

"Why, Brig, what is the matter with you? Are you nervous?" he asked.

"Yes, I am nervous," was the reply, as he walked harder and faster than ever.

"But, Brig, you ought not to be nervous. I've heard you sing the part two hundred times. I heard you sing it thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago! Who are you that should know so much?"

"Who am I? You know who I am, and I know who you are."

"Very well; you know what I am, but I am sure you do not know what you are, and, if you wish, I will tell you. You are a fool!"—New York Tribune.

—FOURTH OF JULY GOODS. GREAT VARIETY OF fire-works, fire-crackers, flags, etc. Golden Rule Bazaar—head-quarters at 761 Market Street.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

DCCVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, June 18, 1893.

Crab Soup.
Broiled Chickens. Saratoga Potatoes.
Green Peas. New Turnips.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Transparent Pie.
Coffee.

TRANSPARENT PIE.—Three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cup of rich cream, three tablespoonfuls of jelly. Flavor with lemon, and bake with an under-crust.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatines in top to make fancy desserts.

In the Philadelphia Ledger, a Colorado lady tells how the Picket Wire River in that State derived its name. Years ago a party of Mexicans made their way up the stream in question in search of the precious metal. Months passed, and when the little band did not return, their friends mourned them as dead, and called the river "El Rio de los Animas Perdidos" ("The River of the Lost Souls"). Soon a French colony made its home on the banks of the stream, whose name was freely translated into "Le Purgatoire." Then came the American cowboy. He saw the river, heard its name, and translating (?) it into his own tongue, dubbed it "Picket Wire River."

The Persian Shah returned home with an acquired taste for many of the minor articles of Western civilization and comfort. Thereupon he sent a special envoy to Paris to purchase numberless umbrellas, walking-sticks, eyeglasses, bird-cages, mattresses, and a garden-hose.

G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.

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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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In the last number of the *Argonaut* attention was drawn to the coming rivalry of the Puget Sound towns for the trade of the north. While keeping this in view, it is well that we should take some notice of the steady and aggressive growth of the country south of Tehachapi. People of this city, who sleep on both ears as becomes men to whom Providence has smoothed the paths of life, do not seem to be aware that there is growing up in the southern part of the State a community which threatens to leave us far behind in the race of progress. If the growth of the country south of Tehachapi continues at its present rate, the twentieth century will not be far advanced when Los Angeles, and not San Francisco, will be the commercial capital of California.

We have but one advantage which can not be taken from us—that is our harbor. But, in the first place, the County of Los Angeles is about to make a harbor for itself which will answer every commercial purpose; and second, we are turn-

ing the harbor we have to no account. Not one of our many millionaires is putting up a dollar to establish the steamship lines which might be, and which ought to be, running from San Francisco to foreign ports.

In every respect, save the harbor, Los Angeles compares with us to advantage. It is the centre of a country of marvelous fertility and such beauty that it is the choicest place of residence in the world. Our suburbs, Marin, Alameda, and San Mateo Counties, are good counties; but, except Alameda, they are not very productive. Every acre around Los Angeles yields something which can be sent to market. The systems of irrigation which have been brought to perfection in the southern counties have compelled the soil to yield its maximum increase. The city is a railroad centre, and its lines of rail, spreading to every point of the compass, bring to the City of the Angels the yield of the best wheat-fields, the fattest orchards, the most productive vineyards in the United States. Whether they run to Santa Barbara, and in a year or two strike San Luis Obispo, or cross the State to Fresno, or reach down to San Diego, the tracks are pretty sure to be presently burdened with long trains of freight-cars. There is not an empty store in the place.

But neither location nor fertility of soil is the chief factor in building up great cities and prosperous States. That is the work of man. Some of the most prosperous seaports and richest countries have been made prosperous and rich in defiance of natural obstacles. Holland was a swamp when it fell into the hands of the house of Burgundy; Amsterdam was a fishing village six hundred years ago, and had apparently no more future than Sausalito has now. Liverpool and Glasgow became great seaports in absolute defiance of nature. The one had a bar which it was almost fatal to cross; the other had a river which emptied itself at low tide. There never was a seaport more difficult of access than New Orleans, yet before the war the ships and steamers landing at its levees were measured by the mile. It was by dint of human endeavor, and human energy, and human enterprise—not by any accidental advantage of position—that these places became what they are.

Here is where Los Angeles has the advantage over us. It and its surrounding country were originally peopled by the wrong kind of settlers. It filled up with immigrants from the South, from Texas, from Louisiana, and from Arkansas—people not used to work, having been educated under the slavery blight and prone to *siestas* and cocktails. Since the war, the southern counties of California have been attracting an entirely different class—people from New England, New York, Ohio, and Illinois; some of them, to be sure, with weak respiratory organs, but all of them energetic and intelligent. If they had but one lung, they had a big brain and a broad mind. These people, finding that the climate suits them, have invited friends with two lungs to join them, and the steady flow of the very best class of the American people has proceeded steadily and uninterruptedly. These people did not generally go to Southern California *animus manendi*; but when they got there they stayed, and the thought of a return to the ports of the North sends a cold chill down their spine. Having resolved to stay, they have bestowed on their new home the qualities which enabled their forefathers to build up New York and Boston, and their elder brothers to create Chicago and develop Ohio.

If you visit Los Angeles you do not find that everybody is trying to pull every one else down. People are not all railing at their neighbors and trying to prove that they are knaves, and cheats, and fools. When a man makes money at Los Angeles, the community does not combine to break him, or even to demonstrate that his father robbed a church or that his grandmother was sent to the penitentiary for shop-lifting. The Los Angeles seem to believe—incredible as it may seem—that a man may grow rich without deserving to be hanged. Those singular people are so forgetful of their own interest that they do not regard railroads as the natural enemies of mankind, nor do they proclaim the belief that every public official is a boodler. By avoiding these tendencies, they get all the railroads they want, even if they have to pay pretty

high for fares and freights, and they secure the services of really able men for public positions.

How it came about, it is not easy to see. But certain it is that Seattle, Tacoma, and Los Angeles have all got brighter men at their head than San Francisco. We have bright men here, but they probably keep in the background through fear of being denounced as boodlers or hirelings of corporations if they tried to do anything for the city. San Francisco should force them to the front if it has any regard for its own future. A few cities were mentioned above which have achieved prosperity in spite of natural obstacles. It would not be difficult to compile another list of places which have decayed to ruin through the inertia of their people. Not two hundred years ago, Bristol was only second to London in the list of British seaports. It enjoyed a monopoly of the American trade. One day its merchants went to sleep, and now its splendid stone wharves are a capital place for a quiet walk for purposes of reflection. In this country, Perth Amboy was once a larger seaport, with a wider trade, than New York. It filled up with stupid, thick-witted people, who said that nothing could shake the supremacy of their harbor. They lay on the broad of their backs, looking up at the sky, while New York was building the Erie Canal and the Erie Railroad, and its merchants were sending bright young fellows to every part of the world to establish branch houses. Now, if you say at a railroad ticket-office you want to buy a ticket for Perth Amboy, the clerk has to think twice before he remembers where it is.

Mrs. Frank Leslie Wilde having brought suit for a divorce and taken the public into her confidence as to the personal peculiarities and demerits of her husband, the latter is being given the rigorous course of treatment that the poor man who marries a rich wife always gets from the American press, which is sentimental and romantic. No doubt the son of Lady Florence Dixie and brother of Oscar Wilde is not fitted by nature or training to make a good husband for Mrs. Frank Leslie. Few men are and fewer still would care to try. Why the lady should want a husband is not clear, since her fondness for publicity is a passion, and such a passion conduces not to domestic peace. That a lady who is in so many directions superior to social enactments should feel the marriage ceremony obligatory, is a rather striking instance of the tyranny which custom often exercises over the very freest of minds. We doubt that the public, however much interest it may take in madam's revelations, feels at all sorry for her; yet it despises Mr. Wilde heartily—not because he offended his wife by being careless where he left his false teeth over night, or annoyed her with his loud talk at the theatre or his insulting ridicule when she displayed her gifts as an elocutionist, or because he got drunk frequently. Most men would be likely to do that in his place. The public's contempt is founded solely on the circumstance that Mr. Wilde married Mrs. Leslie for her money. Women feel this contempt as strongly as men, if not more so. And those of the sex that are sure to express it most scornfully are the ladies who insist not only that women are men's intellectual equals, but that justice requires men and women to be judged in their conduct by the same standard. When the day arrives on which that shall be done, the millennium for the oppressed half of the species, they think, will have come. Of course an inevitable consequence of women securing their rights will be the resignation of their present privileges, among which is that of doing as Mr. Wilde did, without incurring any of the odium which attaches to him. Women so often, indeed so regularly, marry for money that we all have become as used to the phenomenon as if it were in the course of nature. Of the millions of women who cry out against Mr. Wilde as a sordid wretch, not one probably would have experienced disgust or expressed reprehension had he been a portionless, sweet young thing, and gone to the altar with a nice old gentleman, venerable enough to be her grandfather and also able to pay for his prize in the agreeable matrimonial currency of mansions and diamonds.

The truth is that our judgments in morals, and

customs are seldom the judgments of reason, but simply prejudiced decisions given in accordance with the law of conventionality, which is as likely to be foolish as wise. When you come to it, why has not an old woman as good a right to buy a handsome young husband as an old man has to buy a pretty young wife? Is there any real sense in a girl who happens to have plenty of money refraining from investing some of it in a youth whose only fortune is his good looks, amiable disposition, and other qualifications for the married state? Had usage made it no more disgraceful in the United States for a man to marry from motives of interest than it is for a woman, there is just a chance that Mr. and Mrs. Wilde might have got on peaceably together. But the wife, unhappily, shared the opinion of her country that the husband is designed of heaven to be industrious, and that delusion bred the beginning of the war, the last battle of which has been fought in a divorce court, with all the world looking on and having fun. Mr. Wilde's life was happy until Mrs. Leslie entered into it. He was a journalist in London, self-supporting, self-respecting, and esteemed. The lady with money appeared and signified her willingness to take him to husband. In an evil hour he accepted her offer and settled down to enjoy in his own way the fruits of his sacrifice. Why should he toil when his wife had plenty? It pleased him to spend his leisure at his club and for many hours daily to fortify himself at the bar thereof against the bliss of an afternoon drive with his purchaser and those more intimate seasons of communion which, to do him justice, be made as rare and brief as was honorably consistent with the terms of the bargain. Mrs. Wilde, however, made the mistake of objecting to his idleness and also to his manly pleasures.

This was most unjust, if precedent be sought in cases where it is the woman and not the man who marries for riches. Assume the impossible, and say that Mr. Willie Wilde, rich, had wedded Mrs. Frank Leslie, poor. Then suppose that he had protested against her decking her withered body in fine raiment and accentuating the wrinkles of her neck with blazing jewels, insisting that instead of spending his surplus and her time in these fripperies she should do her own house-work and earn a little something by taking in washing and doing plain sewing. Is there a woman on earth who would not declare Mr. Wilde, under such conditions, to be a fiend? Nevertheless, as Mrs. Leslie's husband, there was no more need for Mr. Wilde to labor with the pen than there would have been for her to exhaust herself with the wash-board and the needle had the wealth been on his side. According to every rule which applies to ladies who sell their persons and pledge their fidelity in consideration of a fortune in hand, with a husband attached, Mrs. Wilde's behavior toward her unfortunate husband was utterly indefensible in its cruelty. What makes it worse is the nationality of Mr. Wilde. As an Englishman, he could properly claim to be exempt from American usage in the conjugal relation. In England, as, indeed, in all European countries, the right of a man to marry for money is as clearly recognized as that of a woman.

Mr. Wilde, in his appeal to the bar of an unprejudiced public opinion, can argue with incontestable force that he has been grievously discriminated against because he is a commoner. He may easily cite hundreds of instances to prove that it is not expected that the foreign husband of an American woman shall work, provided he possess a title of nobility. What reply can be offered if he, clothed in the righteousness of his cause and pathetically exhibiting the pockets which his hard-hearted wife has left empty, shall assert that our aristocracy gladly contract with the nobility to support them in luxury if they will but marry the aristocracy's daughters? The American theory that it is shameful for the husband (the untitled foreign or native husband) to be dependent upon the wife, he may reason, is an indication of our backwardness in civilization. When society is in a rude state, man's superior strength, which fits him for hunting and the rough drudgery of tillage, makes him of necessity the breadwinner. But when wealth has accumulated and refinement becomes possible, a leisure class is evolved, and it manifestly would be absurd to impose upon this class, which is able to do what it likes, the domestic laws which sheer need forces upon the woodsman, the shepherd, and the agriculturist. In the United States as yet we have, speaking largely, developed no male leisure class, that state of pleasant ease being accorded our women solely. And with their exemption from labor has come also to the ladies exemption from the social canon against making mercenary marriages. In time, under foreign example and the chaste and elevating influence of woman, we may hope (with Mr. Wilde's permission) to reach the European plane of civilization, whereon man enjoys an equal right with woman to invest his charms in marriage and draw therefrom through life dividends in cash, comfort, and freedom from those anxieties which ever assail persons, regardless of sex, who are so unlucky as to be compelled to work for a livelihood. Every great cause has its martyrs,

and Mr. Wilde, of London, should in his sore affliction be able to console himself with the reflection that he has not suffered in vain. It may be that he is the herald of the dawn of man's emancipation—of the day when the male of the species on this continent shall be at liberty to sell himself, without offense, to the highest bidder, even as is now done by the more virtuous, modest, and delicate-minded female.

The untimely hand of death has removed one of the builders of the commonwealth. Before he had reached the allotted three-score years and ten, in the midst of his multifarious activity, at the height of his usefulness, Leland Stanford passed away, almost without a moment's warning. He had gone to bed feeling better than usual, revolving in his mind schemes of betterment for the child of his old age—his university; the Destroyer must have come to him in his sleep; the valet found him gasping and struggling; before assistance could reach him, he was dead. It is hard to think of any one who could not have been better spared.

The life of Leland Stanford is the record of one who was a leader in every conservative enterprise of his time and took no part in the purely speculative enterprises which constitute so large a part of the history of California. It is not reported of him that he was ever the owner of a mine. He was here throughout the wild boom of the washings and he lived through the honanza days. But he does not seem to have ever followed the multitude in search of sudden fortune through gold discovery. That he relinquished to others, concentrating his own effort on legitimate trade and sober mercantile ventures. When quite a young man, he set before himself two tasks—to attain political eminence and to acquire a fortune. He was on the high road to the latter, when, after two defeats, he succeeded at the age of thirty-seven in carrying his election for governor. The times favored him surprisingly. Before and after 1861, the governor of California was nobody. His very name was soon forgotten. But the war-governors of 1861 have gone into history, and Stanford was one of them. His executive term enabled him to develop the wonderful tact which was the chief secret of his success. California was full of Southerners, who, if they had been born at the North, would have been called Copperheads—sneaks who took advantage of Northern laws and Northern enterprise to make their living, but who, in their secret hearts, hoped for the defeat of its arms. With these men Stanford was always smooth and conciliatory, though his patriotism was of the uncompromising kind. He knew enough to send some of them to Fort Alcatraz, but he could keep a secret; he came out of the governor's chair with the esteem of all parties.

His political ambition was sated when he concentrated his soul on the scheme of his youth—the continental railroad. If ever the history of that enterprise is written by one who knows, it will be romantic. The side-light thrown upon it in Nordhoff's "California" shows Huntington as the chief, with Stanford, Crocker, and Hopkins following his lead and looking up reverentially as he poses on a pinnacle and points his fat forefinger to the summit of the Rockies. The fact is that Huntington embarked in the enterprise at the earnest solicitation of Stanford, and that the hardware man's backbone often wilted in the early stages of the enterprise, and would have collapsed but for vigorous embrocation by Stanford. It was Stanford who hunted public apathy and the sneers of engineers who demonstrated that the road could not be built. It was he who kept up the courage of his associates. It was he who went around, while his own heart was sinking, and assured every one that success was certain, while people composed their countenance as he approached, so as not to laugh outright in his face.

It was the pride and the joy of a journalist now deceased to twit Governor Stanford with the profits he had made in building his road. He had, indeed, made a large fortune, as he deserved. If he did not share his fortune with scores of others, it was because they—including the journalist in question—did not have the courage to invest a copper in the enterprise which engulfed Stanford's means and would have made him a pauper if he had failed. Our worthy *confidre* never trusted one of his hard-earned nickels out of the reach of his hands. When others, more venturesome, reaped the reward of enterprise, his only consolation was to snarl.

He who shall hereafter write the biography of Governor Stanford will find his best material for gauging the mind of the man in his written papers and speeches on the Leland Stanford Junior University. One who thought he knew him pretty well was amazed on reading those documents to find that he had not begun to sound his mental depth. Stanford possessed, in a high degree, the art of using language for the concealment of thought. He got so much into the habit of being mysterious that he was recondite, when it might have served his purpose better to have been more expansive. He had studied the subject of education profoundly, long before any one knew he had given it a thought. He had

reduced its problem to its simplest expression—by what process to take a lot of human raw material and fit it to yield the maximum usefulness to itself and to the world? On this problem, Stanford thought all the time. When he was sitting at a board of directors, when he was driving through his grounds, when he was entertaining guests at Menlo, when he was apparently listening to speeches in the Senate—he was ever asking himself: How—how shall we educate young men so as to get out of them their highest measure of utility? What rules he made for his institution, be made because he believed they would make its graduates more useful; what he forbore from making, he forbore because it seemed to him that they might impair their utility. He demonstrated that if women were educated as men are, twenty-five per cent. would be added to the intellectual energy of the world. So he admitted girls on the same plane as boys. He flung to one side example and precedent; every rule which he made rested on its own reasons. He was a disbeliever in the value of alms; he designed his institution to be self-supporting. So it will be, when the names of those who could not appreciate his public services have long been forgotten.

Lady Aberdeen, who was a delegate to the World's Congress of Women at the Chicago Fair, when asked what she thought of that imposing, though somewhat incomprehensible, gathering, is reported by cable to have made answer that her principal impression of the congress, where she had encountered many able and charming women, was that it would have been better had a few men been called in to preserve order and direct the business of the assemblage. Now Lady Aberdeen is no spoiled plaything of an idle hour who seeks to please brutish and insensate man by assuming a sweet helplessness. She is a woman of affairs who has long worked hand in hand with her husband in politics and philanthropy. Finding that the ladies selected for their superior intellectual endowments or practical achievements in life to represent their sex in a grand, epoch-making convention were unruly, individually too eager to shine, and in need generally of masculine control, she is brave enough to say so. Like nearly all women of strong minds who have seen much of the world and themselves done something worth while in it, she does not rail at man, but looks up to him. Her efforts to achieve have taught her to respect the sex which has done the fighting, the trading, the inventing, the building, and nine-tenths of all the work, rough or fine, that has resulted in the emergence of the race from savagery into civilization.

Of course the reply that will be instantly made to Lady Aberdeen by all the celebrated unknowns who attended the congress will be that if woman is too emotional, too vain, too opinionated and contracted to submit herself to ordinary parliamentary discipline at a convention on which the universe had been invited for months beforehand to cast its eyes, then the fault lies with man. Man, it seems, according to the findings of advanced ladies, should justly be held responsible for all defects in the female character, but he given no credit for any of its beauties. It is a pleasant theory of life and one much in favor with women whose appetite for distinction is in inverse ratio to their ability worthily to achieve it. It is as if man, when charged with his demerits, were to simmer in untroubled self-complacency and plead that, as God had made him, the Almighty, and not himself, should be blamed for his faults; but that as to his virtues, they, of course, were all his own.

The multitude of ladies who made speeches, read papers at the congress, and otherwise thrilled their hearers with wonder at the progress of woman—and themselves were intoxicated by their conspicuousness—all appeared there, by their own choice, as women. If a lady held forth on science, it was as a female scientist; if as an artist, as a female artist; if as a dramatic critic or actor, as a female in either case. The men who have attended literary, journalistic, or scientific congresses at Chicago, though far from being the most learned or brilliant of their species, did not ask the world, in coquetry or pathetic pleading, to remember when judging them that they were men—noble, unselfish men, careless of personal renown but eager above all things for the uplifting of their sex. We have not heard, either, that a single one of the inventors or makers of the hundreds of mechanical marvels in Machinery Hall has requested that his sex be taken into account in arriving at a verdict on his work.

Why, then, should women of the sort who insist always and in the most public manner attainable that they and all their sisters are men's mental peers, so persistently and unpleasantly outrude their sex? If the earth is in truth swarming with clever females, what end is served by holding congresses, printing books, delivering lectures, and publishing newspapers to prove the fact? Whatever may once have been the case, in this day a headful of good brains is at no disadvantage merely because it crowns a woman's body and

not a man's. The pretense that it is the tyrannous male who stands like a jealous lion in the path to frighten into barren limps female geniuses who otherwise would invent machines, make scientific discoveries, erect grand buildings, and in all ways demonstrate their equality with trousered persons who have done these things and keep right along doing them from the most sordid of motives, will hardly be accepted as sincere much longer. There may be those who will presently assert that this venerable plaint of man's repressing activity is but the salve which feminine vanity finds readiest at its hand for the wounds which feminine inferiority inflicts upon it. It is acknowledged that in fiction and on the stage women have by their deeds long since established their equality. The temples of music and poetry have been, and are, as wide open to women as the temples of the drama and light prose literature. How many more congresses must be held in order to give the female Shakespeare, Byron, and Tennyson, and the female Beethoven and Mozart, courage to appear.

The cruel truth is that it is more often an advantage than the reverse for one who is really clever to be a woman. The relative rarity of the phenomenon gives it a prominence and a commercial value that are denied parallel, or even superior, ability in a man.

Is it not possible that the ladies who proclaim that only favoring conditions are required to make men of themselves and all of their sex miserably misconceive what is most desirable for women? That they were born to be wives and mothers (and, therefore, as an adorable preliminary, sweethearts) is not to be questioned. They can be many good things besides, but it is as wives and mothers that nineteen in every twenty women (the clever as well as the dull) will ever do their best work. This being so, is it wise (the question is put with every sentiment of respect to the women's congresses) to spread abroad among the sex the notion that it is only noble to be tremendous? Is it not much better to be nice? Shall we be told that the world must remain a vale of humiliation for women until a man in seeking a wife shall quit asking "Is she good as well as pretty, tender-hearted as well as refined and fetching?" and inquire, "What has she written? Is she up in her classics? Has she invented anything remarkable? What is her standing (as the case may be) as an electrician, surgeon, navigator, military engineer, or chiropodist?" Erroneous ideals induce false lives and wasted ones. The common sense of mankind is in no danger from the oratory and revolutionary resolutions of women's congresses; but the head of the weaker vessel was not designed by our common Author to be so strong, and it is needed to remind the girls that it is not always the most intellectual damsel, nor the most profound student, nor the loudest talker that is the soonest successful in the perennial hunt of the charming sex for the indispensable husband.

The very important matters of naturalization, citizenship, and the elective franchise are freshly arising to popular attention. The recent decision of the Federal Court of Appeals for the circuit embracing Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, and Wyoming, has awakened interest. This circuit comprises more States than any other of the nine judicial circuits, and of these eight States only Arkansas, Iowa, and Wyoming require citizenship as preceding qualification to the ballot—with residence of one year in Arkansas and Wyoming and of six months in Iowa. In the five other States, the franchise is conferred upon aliens on declaration of intention to become citizens—with declaration previous to election of one year in Missouri, of four months in Colorado, of thirty days in Nebraska, and without restriction or limit of time in Kansas, Minnesota, and Nebraska. The declaration may be made on the very day of the election before any State court of record by the alien of one year's residence, except in Minnesota, which requires only one year's residence in the United States, but admits as voters civilized Indians and half-breeds after judicial examination. The original thirteen States required citizenship as the indispensable precedent qualification to the ballot, and New Jersey, South Carolina, and Virginia exacted the full qualification in express terms, "citizen of the United States," as the essential requirement of residents of alien nativity who had become citizens. Residence in the State of at least one year was required, except in New Hampshire, which required only six months. Rhode Island and South Carolina each exacted residence of two years. In regular succession the States admitted subsequently, Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio, adopted the qualification of citizenship as prerequisite, and—except Kentucky, which exacted residence in the State of two years—each of these States required one year's residence. Louisiana was the first State to admit alien-born to the franchise upon declaration of citizenship, because they were mostly the French and Spanish who had years of residence in the territory. Indiana and Alabama followed

the example of Louisiana for like reason. Subsequently, Michigan, Florida, and Wisconsin adopted a similar rule of franchise, but Michigan required only three months' residence to qualify for the ballot. From the admission of Minnesota down to the present time, Oregon, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and North Dakota have been admitted with the clause of alien franchise upon declaration of citizenship as a qualification to the ballot; Montana restricted similar qualification to August 17, 1894. But West Virginia, Nevada, Idaho, South Dakota, Washington, and Wyoming require citizenship—with only six months' residence, in Nevada, South Dakota, and Idaho; and of one year in the other three.

The cause of the laxity by which suffrage was extended to aliens prior to naturalization, upon mere declaration of citizenship, was attributable to the desire for population to enable admission into the Union, without consideration of the effect on national elections or the consequence involved in the Presidency. But already the bane of this unwise and hazardous grant of the franchise has become apparent, and, in view of the applications for admission of remaining Territories, it is essential, if not imperative, that the abiding evil be remedied. Congress should refuse to admit to Statehood a Territory whose State constitution shall neglect to express complete citizenship as the indispensable qualification to the elective franchise.

The recent decision of the Court of Appeals, sitting in St. Paul, Minn., United States Circuit Judge Sanborn presiding, with United States District Judges Thayer, of Missouri, and Shiras, of Iowa, on the bench, has clearly and definitely pronounced the law. Under the revised statutes, the alien who is qualified to become a citizen of the United States does not become one upon his declaration of intention; he must comply with the law which establishes naturalization, with residence of five years and eligibility otherwise. The elective franchise is conferred by the State, to whose requirements for the ballot he must conform. The United States has the authority and right of naturalization alone; it does not confer the ballot. The State has no authority of naturalization; it can confer and regulate the ballot only. The foreign-born voter of Minnesota, for instance, is not recognized as a citizen of Massachusetts, unless qualified as a citizen of the United States—by thorough naturalization. Nor is he allowed to vote in that State unless he complies with the State law regulating the suffrage. The declaration of the constitution that "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States," does not carry with it or comprehend the right or privilege of suffrage.

It is remarkable that the contention had never before been adequately adjudicated; that it had not been submitted to the Federal judiciary. At length, however, it is determined, and henceforth the course is clearly defined. In the light of this decision there should duly follow proper remedial legislation by Congress to reform thoroughly and simplify the entire subject, agreeably to the constitution as concerns the Federal administration and to the action of the States with reference to suffrage in general elections involving representatives and the executive of the republic. It should be the law in every State that only citizens of the United States he invested with the elective franchise. An alien not fully naturalized ought not to be allowed to vote, nor should non-English-speaking natives of acquired territory or Indians in the tribal relations. American citizens, native and duly naturalized, and none others are worthy of the suffrage.

The revelations of the census on the birth-rate is beginning to startle people, as they might have done long ago. They show that in 1880 the birth-rate throughout the country was 30.95 in the thousand, while in 1890 it had declined to 26.68 per thousand. The rate and its fluctuations vary in the various States. Leaving Utah out of the calculation, because its peculiar institution has always given it a high birth-rate, we find that the highest birth-rate at present is in the old slave States—the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee—in which the rate ranges from 30 to nearly 34, a decrease of 3 to 4 from 1880; and the lowest in the three Northern New England States, and in California and Nevada, where it is below 20, a decline of 2 to 3 per cent. from 1880. In the group of Northern Central States—Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin—the rate ranges from 24 to 27, a decline of 3 to 4 per cent. from 1880. New York shows a low rate, 23.28, and Connecticut and Massachusetts 21.26 and 21.51 respectively. It is not easy to explain these figures on any generally admitted theory.

We must be content with the general fact that the women of the United States are hearing fewer children than they did ten years ago. A number of volunteer explanations have been given. One physiologist ascribes the diminishing birth-rate to the practice of tight lacing. That might account

for the phenomenon in the great cities of the East. Girls who aim at nineteen and twenty-inch waists are generally unfitted for child-bearing. But tight lacing does not prevail outside of a few large cities, and it is not common in all of these—San Francisco, for example.

Dr. Schrady, one of the leaders in the profession in New York, has lately examined the theories which have seen the light on the subject. He does not admit that the use of alcohol or tobacco have anything to do with the decline in the birth rate—for one reason, because that use is not on the increase. He thinks the trouble may be traced to feminine ambition and feminine love of admiration. In his opinion, women are more eager than they used to be to shine in society and to be surrounded by a troop of admirers; the duties of wife and mother militate against both aims; they sacrifice their prospect of offspring to the hope of commanding homage by the beauty of their face and form. He adds that the growth of extravagance and luxury is swelling the list of girls who do not want to marry at all unless they can marry a rich man, and is thus steadily thinning the ranks of young women who might be wives and mothers.

How are we to explain the low birth-rate of California? Nowhere in the world are there more well-built, robust, splendidly developed women than can be found in this State. Yet the birth-rate appears to be 19.41; only a little more than one-half the rate in Arkansas. The marriage rate is high; old maids are rare. Are we to suppose that the young men who call themselves Sons of the Soil, and take great comfort out of the fact, are like Dead Sea fruit? Or must we say with Dr. Schrady that we are less prolific than we were, not through disability but disinclination. Possibly the idea that children are a nuisance, and an expensive nuisance, is gaining ground, and that a couple which has none can enjoy life better than a couple which has a quiverful. If so, the outlook for State and nation is bad.

The Borden case is likely to remain for many years the most remarkable in the criminal history of this country. It seems incredible that two people should be murdered in the heart of a village, in broad daylight, one of them in a room the interior of which was in plain view of the street where people were constantly passing, with neighbors near enough to hear any outcry and with people passing through the house and likely to disturb the murderer at any moment, and that the murderer should escape after having mutilated the bodies with insane frenzy, and should leave not the faintest trace in coming or going. True, the police, with characteristic stupidity, jumped at the conclusion that the daughter of the murdered couple had committed the murders. But this was evidently nothing more than an unsuccessful attempt to hide their own incompetence. The trial has shown that they had absolutely no evidence to base the accusation upon. Scarcely less extraordinary than the murders was the central figure of the trial. A young woman of gentle birth and education, fresh from the horror of having discovered the mutilated remains of her parents, is thrust into prison charged with their murder, and, after a year's confinement, brought forth to be tried for her life. Most women would have broken down under the strain; the pall of horror would never again have been lifted from their lives. Yet Lizzie Borden has been cheerful, almost light-hearted, throughout, and the day of her acquittal she declared was the happiest of her life. There is something uncanny and almost repulsive in this inability to realize the horror of what she had passed through. The revolting death of her parents is lost sight of in the relief from the disagreeable experiences of her incarceration and trial. There is evidence of the hard New England life in this strange conduct, and it is seen not less clearly in the action of Miss Russell. So far as two such people were capable of experiencing the sensation of friendship, Lizzie Borden and Miss Russell were friends. Yet, on the witness-stand, the latter displayed the utmost hostility to the accused, and framed her evidence so that, where her direct testimony did not tell against the prisoner, the implication did. This young woman seemed to find a bitter satisfaction in giving the strongest evidence against her former friend. As psychological studies, these two young women are interesting.

The deep interest that the case has excited throughout the country is shown by the attention it has received from the daily press. One of the New York dailies addressed queries to the leading criminal lawyers throughout the United States, and the opinion expressed by them is almost unanimous against her guilt. Another daily selected a jury of men prominent in various walks of life, had *verbatim* copies of the evidence delivered to them each day, and received from each a sealed verdict on the completion of the trial. Among the more prominent names on this jury are Edward Everett Hale, Thomas L. James, Samuel Compers, De Lancey Nicoll, Mrs. Lucy Stone, and Albert A. Pope. Had the evidence been more conflicting than it was, the element of having such a jury would have been interesting.

THE ARCHITECT OF HIS FORTUNES.

Being the History of St. George Tucker's Success.

How circumstances do warp conditions, to be sure. A few ambitious men, a few negroes, some philanthropists, a little agitation, an experimental tariff; a great many tons of gunpowder, cannon-balls, and bullets, and thousands of dead men disturbed the whole course of St. George Tucker's career. Had it not been for these, he would have taken his *Artium Baccalaureus* at the University of Virginia—where he was in his third year—gone abroad for the grand tour, returned, and for a year or two made the round of the Northern watering-places; then married some sweet girl from his own neighborhood, and settled down to the quiet country life which his forebears had followed in the Old Dominion for generations. But the circumstances arose, so he laid down his Sophocles, took up his sabre, and went out to play his part for four years like a man. When it was all over, he came home and looked over the situation with his widowed mother and younger brothers.

The house was there—in a dilapidated condition—some of the furniture, and none of the plate. The land remained, but all the fences and many of the trees were gone. The negroes were scattered, save a few old, decrepit, dependent ones. The family fortunes, even if they did not have to be entirely rebuilt, certainly required extensive repairs. Inexperience and youth had both to be overcome. The family committee of ways and means decided to place a mortgage or two upon the property, and then the head of the house hastily studied law and was admitted to the bar. It was quick work; perhaps not the best of work, though it was the best under the circumstances. But what could he expect from teachers whose belief in constitutional law had been shaken by the reverberation of heavy guns? However, such as it was, he had it, and with it and a portion of the second mortgage he started for the land of promise and began his forensic career in California the Golden.

Physically, St. George was a fine-looking fellow. Mentally, it is painful to admit, he was not at all above the average. Morally, he was good. He had inherited respect for the church; he believed in a personal God and a personal devil. In the forgiveness of one, he had implicit confidence; the other he defied. It must not be inferred, however, that he was at all prudish in his ways. That he was just like other men of his age was evidenced one evening by his being in the house of Nellie Hayden—whether Mrs. or Miss is not material—a woman whose influence was felt in the city in more ways than one, and whose name was not mentioned in the presence of ladies. His companions were young people of both sexes. There were wine, and music, and laughter. There were more wine, perhaps, and louder laughter than polite society tolerates; but this, like Nellie's title, is immaterial. Our hero sat in a corner talking to his hostess. There is an idea current that a woman loves a rake. It may be true of the women one reads of in books, or even of really good women who are confined to the circle of respectability (the corral of conventionality, as it were), small blame to them if they do sometimes peep admiringly through the stockade at the pawing, wild, free creatures without. But, in the ripe experience of some others, may not the reverse be the rule? There is always a yearning for the new and strange. Perhaps Nellie found these in the scrupulous politeness and old-fashioned courtesy which St. George always used toward every woman. At any rate, she liked to sit and talk with him, and at such times she could sink the hardness of her trade and take on pretty little ways of manner and speech which would have surprised those who knew her.

Their conversation on this particular evening was suddenly interrupted by the hoisterousness of a man by no means sober who intruded himself into the room. The sight was probably not an unusual one, and Nellie's fitness for the occasion was manifest when she rose in dignity and, with blazing eyes, ordered him from the house. He replied with oaths. What would have been the result, I can not imagine, but St. George stepped between the irate woman and her noisy guest.

"I say, sir"—he always had a trick of "sirring" and "madaming" people—"did you not hear the lady request you to retire, sir?"

"Lady?" rejoined the other; "do you mean that d—d old—?"

Before he could finish his sentence he was lying upon the floor from a well-directed blow from St. George, who moved aggressively forward and, standing over him, said: "Any member of the gentle sex who gives me the honor of her acquaintance, sir, must always be treated as a lady, sir, in my presence. Will you go out quietly, or must I drag you, sir?"

The prostrate man, confused but sobered, meekly apologized and retired.

Half an hour later, Nellie stood in the shadows of an adjoining room; by her side was a man. She pointed her finger at St. George as she said to her companion: "There he is, Jem. Do what you can for him. I won't forget it."

A few days after the incident above recorded, a large, flabbiy dressed man presented himself at the young attorney's office and introduced himself as Jem Fagin. The introduction was, perhaps, unnecessary; for the said James's name, face, and fame were known to every one in the city. He was a retired prize-fighter, now a practical politician and a leader of men. He came at once to the object of his visit.

"Mr. Tucker, I want to retain you for the defense of a friend of mine—Jake Hooly, of my ward. He has been pulled for fencing"—he corrected himself—"arrested for receiving stolen goods. Will this do for a fee?" he remarked, as he counted out five hundred dollars in gold upon the desk. The desk bravely sustained the unaccustomed load. It may be remarked that, heretofore, Tucker's practice had consisted of such cases as he had been appointed by

the courts to defend—those of prisoners who had no means to employ legal advisers for themselves. The young lawyer's face brightened as he saw the piles of gold, then it fell as he asked, bluntly:

"Is your man guilty?"

"What in the devil has that to do with it?" exclaimed his visitor, in astonishment.

"Only this," answered the other: "if he is guilty I will see that he has a fair trial, but I will not plead for him. In that event, this fee is entirely too large."

Fagin's face was a study. It would have been hard to say whether it reflected indignation or amusement; it certainly showed amazement.

"I'll be hanged," he muttered prophetically to himself, and then replied: "Of course Jake is innocent, and there will be witnesses enough to prove it."

There may have been a shade of irony in his tone; but if there was, the lawyer did not detect it, for he said: "Very well, sir, then I will accept the fee and defend him."

The case came up for trial. As Fagin had predicted, there were plenty of witnesses to testify for the defense. To be sure they were a hard-looking lot, and, when the testimony was all in and the case had been argued, St. George himself could not but wonder if the fellow was not guilty after all. But the jury, of about the same appearance as the prisoner and his witnesses, did not long deliberate over a verdict of acquittal.

The judge, in talking over the case with some of his colleagues afterward, said: "That young Tucker is a rising man. I wonder how he got his pull with that Fagin ring."

And the judge was right. The business of the young attorney grew apace. The patronage of the Fagin ring was no mean practice, and many an able man would have been thankful for it.

Months later, when the elections were coming on and the air was redolent of that lubricant of machine politics called whisky, Fagin called upon his protégé and, with the air of an emperor, offered him the nomination for assemblyman in what he called "my district."

Prosperity had brought about some trifling changes in our young friend's manner. He had taken to swelling his chest out a bit now when he talked. He put on his best air of dignity, inflated his organs of respiration, and thus delivered himself, looking quite as important as the worthy Fagin had done in making his offer:

"My dear Mr. Fagin, I have been making a study of California politics. I find that they are very corrupt. I have no inclination to sink myself to their level. I confess it would gratify me to be chosen by the people as their representative, but I could only accept the nomination on the express conditions that no pledges are made by me and no one corrupted, either in my nomination or election."

Fagin's facial expressions were particularly interesting as he listened to the young man's utterances. When they were concluded, he replied, with something between a snort and a sneer: "Your answer does you credit, Mr. Tucker, you are a high-toned gentleman, and for this reason and with a desire on the part of our district to assist in the reformation of the country at large and to add an illustration of purity to the annals of our party, I am honored by being appointed by our local organization to ask you to accept the nomination 'on your own terms.'"

"Under the conditions, I feel honored in accepting the candidacy, Mr. Fagin," St. George said, loftily.

His nomination was made. It could not truthfully be said that the election which followed differed materially from any which had preceded it, save that the Hon. St. G. Tucker—who was returned by an unusually large majority—made no personal canvass, in fact, no special effort for election further than a few fairly eloquent, manly, honest, straightforward speeches during the campaign. The subject-matter of these was more directed to national than local issues. Somebody said he shot over the heads of the voters, but I can not see the relevancy of the remark.

At the convention of the assembly and thereafter, the new legislator could be found in his seat, studiously listening to all debates and voting conscientiously upon every motion and bill, but further than this, he did nothing, until the notorious McGinnis Railway "Cinch" Bill, as it was called, was read. This bill called for the erection by the railway companies of a two-story brick building at every station on the line of every railway operated in the State of California.

No one seriously believed that the bill would ever be passed, but it was a generally recognized fact that it would cost the railway corporations many thousands of dollars to defeat it. The introduction and defeat of such bills was not unusual, and a galaxy of brilliant and accomplished lobbyists constantly hovered about the capital, suggesting just such legislation to the inexperienced law-makers and then, in the employ of the proposed victims of the acts, calling off those whom they had set on. Among these worthies Mr. Fagin was eminent, and at this particular juncture he called upon his representative.

If Mr. Fagin had any particular merit which shone preëminent among the glowing many which made up his character, it was directness. He broached the subject of the cinch bill, called the young assemblyman's attention to his opportunity, suggested that he oppose the bill and thereby make capital for himself, and finally told him what the railway lobbyists would pay him for his vote.

St. George's eyes flashed indignation. "Mr. Fagin," he replied, "I am aware that you supported me in my campaign. You have also in other ways shown yourself my friend; and, I assure you, sir—I am ashamed to say it—for these personal reasons alone I refrain from laying your corrupt offer before the bar of the house. I shall bitterly oppose the bill, sir, because it is an iniquitous one, sir. You have my answer. I forgive the insult you have offered me, but I shall probably not forget it. I bid you good-day, sir, I bid you good-day!"

A few days later, when the McGinnis Bill was up on its third reading, the Hon. St. G. Tucker rose to his feet. He

was not a tower of oratory, but a monument of indignation. In plain, forcible English, he told the truth. He pointed with scorn to the possibility of such rascality even having a hearing in a deliberative and representative body. The lash fell on many shoulders—but the welts were carefully concealed. Several honorable gentlemen afterward alluded to him as a crank. But the bill was defeated. To this day there are many who do not know whether to attribute the result to his words or the purse in the hands of the lobby.

Before the legislature adjourned, the Universal Pacific Railway Company had offered the honest assemblyman the position of attorney for the road, and he had accepted it. Other business followed—and then the mortgages on the old home were lifted and the younger brothers had a helping hand offered to them. New opportunities, new associations, new associates. It was not long before the morning papers announced the wedding of Madeline de Courtney Higgintham, the lovely and accomplished daughter of the president of the Universal Pacific Railway, to the Hon. St. George Tucker. Mr. Fagin remarked, as he read it: "That fellow is smarter than I thought," and grinned over the rebuke he had received when he offered the bribe—"All in the play, all in the play," he repeated.

Perhaps a year later, at an informal meeting of those who controlled the management of the great railway, some one said, after discussing some legal entanglements of the corporation: "Tucker won't do; we want a man who has more mentality and less morality," and then correcting himself as he glanced at the august father-in-law, who was frowning ominously—"that is, some one better fitted to cope with the somewhat peculiar necessities of our new civilization—to meet the aggression of these d—d thieves half-way—to—in fact, further our interests in a way that Tucker does not seem disposed to do." The father-in-law assumed a less ferocious expression—still not a pleasant one for a speculative man to note on the face of another who controls millions (we like to please men of this ilk, it is cheering to see them smile). A harmonizer was struck with a happy idea—he felt that Tucker's principles were inimical to the plans of the management, that he should be removed, and yet he desired to see the expression of innocuous vacuity return to the great man's face—hence the happy idea. A justice of the supreme court of the State had recently passed up to be examined himself in a higher court—a court where all cases rest entirely on their merits and no technicalities are entertained—the vacancy had not been filled. Why not suggest Tucker's name to the governor? Could any man be better fitted for the position? Besides, what a service he might be able to render us in that high court of justice. The railway magnates regarded the suggestion as a good one, the president smiled his approval—he had never before had a judge of the supreme court in his family, it pleased his fancy. The appointment shortly followed.

Then came good years and had years, years of plenty and years of scarcity, but to our hero they were all years of success. A family grew up about him, his investments prospered, men came to him with opportunities, his digestion was good, and his decisions sound; he was respected, he was admired. He filled the term of his appointment, he was elected for another. The death of his father-in-law, however, brought new duties upon him, so he resigned from the bench. Now, at fifty years of age, he was gray, and rather stout, and very respectable. His name was spoken of in connection with very high office. "Great and good man" every one thought him and many called him. It is probable that he was even of that opinion himself. But we must not lose sight of Fagin. During these years of the judge's progress, what of him? He was not far behind in the race. He was old, and round, and ruddy. As for prosperity, he was rich. He had spent two terms in Congress. As to respectability—well! the Hon. James Fagin possessed a remarkable imitation of it. Many, very many people were deceived; he was called a clever and an able man, however, rather than great and good.

One evening, as the ex-judge sat in his library enjoying his after-dinner cigar, Mr. Fagin's card was presented to him, and that gentleman was accorded an immediate interview.

The two men had not been in very close contact for years. In fact, not since the little episode of the McGinnis Railway Bill; true, as may be inferred from what we know of Mr. Fagin, that gentleman showed no embarrassment at the meeting, and, with his usual manner of doing business, came at once to the subject of his call.

"Judge," said he, "I have come to see you at the request of a mutual friend of ours." Here he smiled. "Nellie Hayden is ill, and she wants you to go and see her."

The judge adjusted his glasses upon his nose and stared in indignant surprise at his visitor. "Good heavens, sir," said he, "what have I in common with that woman? Go to see her? My dear sir, what do you mean? Go to her house? Certainly not! It is presumptuous, sir! It is preposterous!" and here the judge sat back with an air of wounded dignity.

Fagin's fat, red face grew redder; he swelled up as if he were about to have a serious stroke, but he controlled himself, and then, after a moment of reflection, he said, calmly: "You have a happy faculty, judge, of forgetting old and inconvenient friends."

"Friends?" answered his host; "old friends? I do not understand you, sir. What do you mean?"

"Judge," continued Fagin, "I am an old man, and you are no longer a boy. We haven't the hot blood of former days in our veins, so we should be able to talk coolly and rationally, even in the discussion of personal matters. You have always been an enigma to me. Will you—just to put me right, once for all—tell me if you are a sanctimonious fraud or only a d—d fool?"

The judge sprang to his feet; but before he could find tongue to express his rage, Fagin continued: "Wait a moment, judge—wait. I don't want to insult you—I want to understand you. I want you to understand. Let me explain—sit down and keep cool—I want all this set right."

The judge sullenly and reluctantly resumed his seat,

where he sat drumming the arms of his chair with his clinched fists.

"Judge, let me ask you to reflect a moment," continued Fagin, "and then tell me how you made your start in life, your start here in California. Whose was the first hand extended to help you?"

The judge sat in silence for a few moments. The frown upon his forehead passed away; then, turning with a kindly look to the other, he answered: "The first successful case I had was that of that receiver fellow—the one who was afterward convicted of the same offense."

"Hooly," suggested Fagin.

"Yes, yes; Hooly—that is it, Hooly; and you, Mr. Fagin, brought me the case."

"Who sent you to the legislature?"

The judge had somewhat recovered his composure. "The people, sir, the people," he answered; "but you suggested my nomination, if I remember correctly."

"Exactly," laconically remarked Fagin, "and I bribed the jury that acquitted Hooly"—the judge winced—"and I packed the convention that nominated you, and I bought the votes which elected you."

"Good God!" ejaculated the horror-stricken judge, "why did you do such things?"

"That is what I am coming to," continued Fagin. "I am in for a story now, so there is no use in being mealy-mouthed. I was once arrested for manslaughter—that is ancient history now, judge. I killed a man in the ring. I would have been convicted; for I had neither a friend nor a dollar. I am wrong there, I had a friend. Nellie Hayden, out of her womanly pity, paid out the money which saved me from prison. She was my friend, judge"—his voice had a ring of sarcasm in it now—"and I have never forgotten her. She never asked me but one service, and that was to help you, and"—sinking excitedly into the vernacular—"I done it, judge, I done it. But it cost her many a dollar, for she paid the expenses of making a man of you"—the judge fell back in his chair as if he had been struck. "I thought you knew it all the time," Fagin went on, "but I see now for myself you are only a d—d fool."

This time the judge did not resent the insult, but sat looking into the fire as if in a dream.

"Think this over, judge," Fagin continued, "and if you come to the conclusion that you can, conscientiously, call upon our mutual friend—here is her address!" and he laid a card upon the table. "Good-night, judge, I am going."

The judge rose to his feet, shook his whitened head as if to shake off something which was unpleasant to him, and then looked Fagin squarely in the face.

"Mr. Fagin, here is my band," he said, "will you take it, sir? To-morrow I will go to our friend to thank her for all that she has done for me. You believe me, Mr. Fagin, when I say that I was not aware of what you have told me until to-night?"

"I do, judge, I do," said Fagin, as he grasped the proffered hand.

An early hour of the day following found the judge at the address which had been given him. He was ushered into a luxurious apartment, where he was received by a faded and feeble old lady, whom, at first, he did not recognize as Nellie Hayden, but it was she. He took her hand as he said: "Many years have passed since we last met."

"Yes, so many that, woman-like, I do not like to count them," she said, smilingly. "I knew that you would come to me," she continued, abruptly; "but I did not like to ask you, nor would I have done so had I not had urgent reasons for wishing to see you. Will you not be seated?"

The judge sat down upon a divan, and the woman took a seat beside him.

"I, too, have an urgent reason for wishing this meeting," said the judge; "I have much to thank you for."

The woman drew back. "You have nothing to thank me for," she said; "what could such as I do for one like you?"

"I only learned yesterday," continued the judge. "Believe me, I have not been intentionally ungrateful"—what would he not have given could it all have been undone; poverty, neglect, unaccomplished ambition, would have been a cheap price, some men might think, and St. George Tucker was one of them—"I only learned yesterday—Fagin told me"—here he choked a little—"that you had made me. I have come to you with my gratitude—I am late—"

"You owe me nothing," the woman interrupted; "you had—bave—talents which you have exercised. You owe nothing to any one but your Maker." The judge shook his head, but disregarding him, she continued: "I want to consult you about myself, about my affairs. Knowing the world as I do," she said, bitterly, "I have confidence in no one—I mean, only in you. I know you to be an honest man, I can trust you. I wish to settle all my earthly affairs, and I need your help."

The judge began with a very commonplace "I shall be delighted—"

"No, no," she interrupted; "let me tell you what I want before you answer me. I shall ask a great deal, I shall ask for more than your pride, perhaps your honor, can bear—I can only ask, I can bear refusal, remember. Do not fear to wound me if I ask more than you think it right to give. I am rich, very rich, and I have but little longer to live—the best medical advice tells me to prepare for another life"—she paused to brush away a tear. "Do not think that I repine, far from it, I have been here too long already. As I have said, I am rich. My property is all negotiable, it is easily converted into money, it can pass from me without a trace of its past. I wish to use it all for the benefit of humanity. I wish to endow a home for women like myself"—here she averted her head for a moment—"and also a free training-school for poor young girls. If I leave my property to the State for this purpose, my object will be defeated either by dishonesty or by neglect. Besides, what self-respecting girl would attend an institution founded by means accumulated as mine have been? My name must not be known in the matter. What am I, to offer benefits to other women? My request to you is this: Will you take my property from me

now and carry out my wishes in your own honored and respected name?" She reached out and took his hands in her own and looked up appealingly into his face.

The judge looked intently down into her eyes, searchingly, inquiringly. "Why do you," he said, "trust me above others?—you who know me, it seems, better than I have known myself. Why have you served me in silence, corrupting others that I might be exalted? Why do you wish to leave me this great trust with which to crown myself before the world as a public benefactor?"

Tears were trickling down the wrinkled, faded cheeks; but smiling through them, she replied: "How like a man: how much like you?" and then, with her eyes lowered and her hands trembling in his: "How can you ask?" she said. And then, looking up at him, her pallid, worn face full of yearning, she passionately exclaimed: "Because I loved you! My God, because I have loved you through all these long and weary years!"

Who but a woman would have blamed him as he bent forward, caught her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly?

When Nellie Hayden's funeral took place a few months later there was much surprise and comment that Judge Tucker and the Hon. James Fagin rode side by side and alone together in the mourners' carriage. There were those who said the judge was growing eccentric; there were even some who hinted at *paranoia*. But all such remarks were hushed when his magnificent public charities were made known. Some said that they "had no idea that the judge was so rich." Others sneeringly said that "a term or two upon the supreme bench was better than an oil monopoly." The charities did not bear the judge's name, however. He ever averred that they were a confidential trust. But who believed him? His energies are now devoted to the administration of the two institutions which he has founded, and when it is suggested that the United States Senate is his place, he indignantly rebukes the suggestion. His name has been mentioned in connection with the governorship, and there are those even who speak of him as a fitting man for a still higher office. But the judge is even impolite to his admirers when such hints come to his ears. "There are able men to fill such places," he says. "I was intended for a planter, at most a soldier; but I know that public life is not my forte," and there it ends.

FRANK ROBBINS.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1893.

MIRRORED.

"To dream of standing before a mirror and of beholding one's self therein, is a most favorable omen for both men and women who propose marrying." —ARTEMIDORUS.

In my sleeper dreaming,
I saw a gleaming,
As of a lost star shining on the grounds;
And stealing to it,
Lest I might rue it,
A silver mirror in the grass I founde.

Yet in the mirror,
By some strange error,
My bearded face could I by no chance see.
'Twas thy face only
Which lived there loneli,
And gazed, as if from window, out on me.

And from my dreame, love,
It thus doth seeme, love,
That I, deare hearte, reflected am in thee;
And thus discover
That I thy lover
Have ever beene, and ever yet will be.
—C. G. Leland.

Professor Max Müller, the highest authority in England on oriental languages and literature, says in the *Nineteenth Century* that the esoteric Buddhism preached by Mme. Blavatsky never existed in India, and that the lamented high priestess of Theosophy, ignorant as she was of the two languages in which the canonical books of Buddhism are written, fell under the influence of designing Hindus, who played upon her credulity. As for the existence of Mahatmas and the belief of Theosophists that living beings can hold communication with unseen spirits, it is pointed out that in all the history of Theosophy no independent witness has ever been present to test these miraculous performances in soul communion.

A drastic measure for the regulation and restriction of foreign immigration is before the legislature of New South Wales. It regulates the conditions of residence of foreigners already resident in the colony, restricts the immigration of persons belonging to colored races, and absolutely excludes all Asiatics, "whether subjects of the queen or not." There is a sentiment in favor of such a measure in the colony, but, as it would have to receive the consent of the crown, it is not likely to become law in its present form.

About thirty thousand couples have been divorced in France during the last five years, and now a law has just been read in the Chamber of Deputies for the first time designed to make a severance of the matrimonial bonds much easier still. It provides that a mere judicial separation can be changed to a definite divorce after the lapse of three years on the demand of either party, plaintiff or respondent.

New Zealand's Labor Department has begun to publish the *Journal of Commerce and Labor*, a monthly journal to contain official reports on the state of the labor markets throughout the colony and Australasia in general. It will be distributed free to public bodies, trades unions, and all applicants.

A suit in the English Chancery Court, begun in 1741, was concluded a few days ago. A sum of seventy thousand dollars was fought about, and the government duties and legal fees neatly cover the entire sum, with the exception of a few pounds.

The tercentenary of Izaak Walton will be celebrated by angling clubs all over Great Britain on August 9th next.

DIVORCE IN THE FOUR HUNDRED.

"Flaneur" discusses the Severing of the Nuptial Knot in Gotham Society—The Status of the Divorcée—Notable Misfit Marriages.

The prospect of a reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. James Coleman Drayton is leading to a general discussion of the subject of divorce from the New York standpoint. The law of divorce in this State permits divorce for one ground only, and that a ground which besmirches the party against whom the decree is granted; and though New Yorkers can and do elect a temporary domicile in more generous States and cut the nuptial tie there, the feeling of society is that divorce should be frowned upon, and divorcées, however well born and fashionable, find it difficult to resume their old position after their bolt from the traces.

There have been some notable exceptions to the rule. Mrs. Fernando Yznaga, who is the sister of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, obtained in your State a divorce from her husband, who is the brother of the Duchess of Manchester. After the divorce, Mr. Yznaga married a leading belle, Mabel Wright, and Mrs. Yznaga espoused Mr. Tiffany. Both ladies occupied seats on one of the coaches at the recent drive of the coaching club, and thus it may be metaphorically stated that society clasped both to its bosom and threw a veil over the past.

Mme. de Stuers, who was a Miss Astor, being the niece of the late William Astor, procured in Dakota a divorce from her husband, M. de Stuers, and married Elliott Zborowski. She has had trouble in Paris about her divorce, the French courts being imperfectly imbued with respect for the courts of Dakota, and her brother marked his sense of displeasure by omitting her name from his will—which distressed her the less as she has an income of sixty thousand dollars of her own and Mr. Zborowski must have at least one hundred thousand dollars more. Moreover, the money, instead of going out of the family, passed to her brother Arthur, who married her governess.

Another divorcée who is happy at last, though she has passed the age of beauty, is the daughter of the late W. R. Travers, who is now Mrs. John G. Hecksher. Twenty years ago, when she was Mrs. Winthrop Gray, she had a flirtation with Johnnie Hecksher. Her husband intercepted a letter from her in the post-office at the club. The men fought, without fatal result to either, and Gray got a divorce. The divorced wife refused to marry the man she loved, feeling that she might lower him in the world's esteem. She devoted herself to her children, and Hecksher, in pique, married another woman. This latter dying, the two old lovers were brought together, married, and are now living, like Darby and Joan, in some place in Europe.

Another fashionable divorcée is Mrs. Padelford, who married a Baltimore man. Almost as soon as the decree was rendered Padelford married Mrs. Woolsey, and now it is understood that his wife is about to make another man happy or unhappy, as the case may be.

Your readers will remember the scandal of the Drayton-Borrowe affair. Drayton challenged Borrowe, but the meeting was averted by the interposition of friends. He obtained a divorce, however, and since then Mrs. Drayton has led a very quiet life, being, in fact, in mourning for her father. She lately returned from Europe, and from the fact that she proposes to reënter society under the joint auspices of her mother and Mrs. Kernochan, it is inferred that a reconciliation with Mr. Drayton is not out of the question. Mrs. Kernochan is so big and mighty a lady that it is not believed she would shelter under her social wing a person whose escutcheon bore the bar-sinister of a divorce. Drayton bears the reputation of a cad, a bully, and a fool; but even so, his name is better than none. She has got the children.

New York is clearly of the opinion that when a man or woman makes a mistake in matrimony, the best thing they can do is to grin and bear it. We are all of us Roman Catholics in this matter. A member of the Union Club who makes no secret of his social explorations has prepared a list of married people who ought to be divorced, and would be divorced if it were not for fear of Mrs. Grundy. That young married men constantly furnish their wives with evidence on which a court would issue a decree, goes without saying; but a wife who sued for a divorce on the ground of her husband's attentions to a soubrette would be laughed at. The delinquencies of husbands who continue to enjoy matrimony through their wives' forbearance, are much graver than that—personal violence, cruelty, intoxication, failure to provide, gross brutality. On the other hand, the clubman has a list of ladies who are perfectly well known to have supplemented their Menelauses with a Paris. Everybody knows their names; their husbands may have been the last persons to hear the news, but they must have heard it at last. Yet they do not sue for a divorce, because you know, dear fellow, that sort of thing is bad form—actually low.

It is another fashion which we have imported from Paris. In the *haute monde* of the capital of the most polished nation in the world, a husband never becomes brutal unless the thing is absolutely thrust under his nose. M. Abeille would have been alive still if Mr. Deacon had been a Frenchman of fashion. The husband takes his pleasures in the Elysian Fields which he loves; he is never recalcitrant if madame will screen her escapades with a gossamer veil. That condition of social life is, apparently, going to be naturalized here. It will have the advantage of promoting connubial felicity. Where both err and both forgive and forget, life should be an endless dream of bliss. It is not the fact of being betrayed which is a dagger in the heart; it is the knowledge that the dagger is there. "Que je sois cocu," said the French philosopher, "ne me fait rien: c'est de savoir que je le suis qui me tue."

NEW YORK, June 17, 1893.

ECHOES FROM THE FAIR.

May 28th.—One is always stumbling upon unexpected things at the exposition. I had admired the exterior of the United States Government Building, but had not intended to enter it, as there were other buildings which I thought would interest me more. Further than that, I did not know what the United States Government had to exhibit. I supposed that the building would be filled with documents, historical records, etc.—things of interest certainly, but not very thrilling to look at in a glass-case.

But on my way to the Fisheries Building, I passed through the United States Government Building. I got no further that day. I stayed right there. It is one of the most interesting exhibits at the fair.

I can not begin to tell the things that there are in the exhibit of the government. I was in only one wing of the great building. All I saw was part of the exhibit of the War Department and part of that of the Smithsonian Institution. It took me three good hours to see even them superficially. But I will run over a few of the things of interest there, so that the reader may see what there is in a portion of one division of an exhibit in a part of one of the wings of a building, which building many never visit at all.

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The Smithsonian Institution, in the Department "Ethnology" (which is all I had time to inspect), has wax and papier-maché figures of types from all the Indian tribes in the United States. These figures are correctly and completely clad in Indian garb, from the feather head-dresses to the moccasins. Here you will see a chief; there a young brave; here a young squaw; there a mated squaw with her papoose. Their garments, their weapons, their household utensils, their implements of peace and war—all these are around them, upon them, in their hands. These savage figures grouped about you—standing, sitting, lying down, their faces modeled with the utmost care, with the unmistakable Indian features—impress one most strangely. This is part—and only part—of the exhibit of the Smithsonian Institution. But I must pass on.

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The exhibit of the War Department contains a vast number of things which it would take pages even to catalogue. I shall mention a few of them. There are, to begin with, life-size models, in wax and papier-maché, of American soldiers from and including the Revolutionary War. Infantry, artillery, and cavalry types are to be found there. The cavalrymen are mounted. You see, also, batteries of artillery, with guns, gunners, and caissons, the men and the animals being life-size and perfectly modeled.

Here is a group of soldiers in the uniform of the Continental army. Two of them are playing a game of checkers, and the rest are watching the game. Here is a general officer in the uniform of 1812, around him grouped his staff, standing. He is seated. In his hand is a paper, old, time-stained, with faded ink. You lean over the low railing which surrounds the group, look over his shoulder, and read. He is so life-like that your action seems to you almost discourteous. The paper is a veritable order issued in the field during the War of 1812, dated in that year, and taken from the records of the War Department.

Here is another group—a general and his staff in the uniform worn during the Mexican War. This group is mounted. The general has allowed the reins to fall upon his horse's neck, while he is looking through a field-glass.

Come down to the present day. Here is an "escort-wagon," such as is used on the frontier to-day. It is drawn by two stout mules. Their harness is complete, from the head-stalls to the tugs. Even the buckets for watering the mules hang under the wagon. The driver, with one infantryman on the front seat with him, grasps the reins firmly in one hand, while with the other he holds a whip stamped "U. S." Inside the wagon, under its canvas cover, sit six of Uncle Sam's enlisted men, each man with his rifle, his cartridge-belt filled with cartridges, his other accoutrements, and his rations.

Near this is an ambulance-wagon, also equipped with mules as draught animals, and fully provided with everything for use in a field-hospital.

Here is a large relief map of the National Cemetery at Arlington. It must be forty feet square. The tombs, the trees, the hills, the valleys, the few buildings—all these are reproduced with the utmost fidelity.

Here are models of the fortifications near Washington—of the Delaware Breakwater—of the torpedo-station at Newport—of the sub-marine works at Hell Gate—of the approaches to New York Harbor—of heaven knows how many other pieces of work done by the engineers of the War Department.

Here is an enormous model in relief of the quarters occupied by Lieutenant (now General) Greely and his men on their polar expedition. The huts they occupied are reproduced the natural size. In the centre stands a group of men, life-size, modeled of papier-maché. It is Greely welcoming Brainard back from his trip to the furthest point north. Near by are sledges, with the panting Esquimaux dogs, their tongues hanging out as they slaver upon the snow.

All manner of guns and other lethal weapons, projectiles, solid and otherwise, round, cylindrical, and conical, smooth and grooved—all these things are to be seen. In addition to them, you may see the machines which make them.

But I must leave the United States Government Building. From what I have said about a part of one wing, you can imagine that there is a good deal there to see.

**

Of the various buildings, the Art exhibit is the most unsatisfactory by reason of its size. There are acres of canvases. The United States exhibit fills so many rooms that I did not even attempt to see it. The French exhibit fills

some twelve or fifteen rooms, and one may spend a day there with some slight sense of having seen a few of the pictures. So, too, with the German exhibit.

The various countries have sent their own guards for their exhibits. In the French section, for example, the rooms are patrolled by sailors with "Marine Française" on their caps, and wearing side-arms. The German exhibit has German soldiers to guard it. The United States Government Building has two companies of infantry encamped in front of it. The Philadelphia "Liberty Bell" is watched by a squad of Philadelphia policemen. And so it runs through all the various buildings.

It is useless to attempt to mention the pictures. They are numbered by the thousand. They fill scores of pages in the catalogues.

Through the Art Building there sounds ever the tramp of feet, and you are borne on by the crowd which fills the rooms.

Occasionally there will be a halt before some striking picture, but the guards hasten to lift the blockade, and the crowd moves on.

There is one picture which seems to have a marked fascination for the women. It is hidden from view—covered with a decorous curtain of crimson cloth. This is a Salon picture, painted by Halsey C. Ives, an American artist. The subject is "The Woman Taken in Adultery." After being hung, one of the directors decided that it was improper, and hence hid it from view. Ives has brought suit against him for damages in the Chicago courts. Yet, although covered, it probably excites more attention than any picture there. Numerous are the feminine attempts to "peek" behind the directoral shroud, and the guards are continually warning inquisitive females to touch not.

**

But after all is said and done, the greatest crowds are found in the Midway Plaisance. The desire of the throng is evidently to be amused rather than to be instructed. And there are many things to amuse in the Plaisance.

One of the best shows there is the Hagenbeck exhibit of trained animals. The high degree of training to which these animals have been brought is, indeed, wonderful. There are five lions who go through as many tricks as the ordinary trained dogs of the circus. In one of the acts, a lion rides around the ring mounted on a horse (occupying a pad-saddle, of course), jumps through hoops, and does most of the acts usually performed by sawdust goddesses. At the close of this act, the lion descends, and the horse, the lion, and a large St. Bernard dog follow each other around the ring, leaping over hurdles.

From the exhibit of trained animals to the professional beauty-show it is but a step. The animals *feræ nature*, however, are rather the more interesting of the two. The beauties are not dazzling, and some of them who are décolleté have evidently, like Rachel, performed their ablutions for high-necked frocks.

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But there are scores of shows in the Midway Plaisance. A "Quartermaster of Old Vienna," a "Medieval German Village," an "Iris Village," a "Japanese Village," a "Japanese Village," a "Dahomeyan Village," a "Chinese Village," a "Street in Cairo," a "Ferris Wheel" two hundred and fifty feet high in which people apparently sane will probably ride, and several jim-jam railroads, make up a portion of the list of attractions. Sedan-chairs, borne by unwashed, fez-wearing Orientals, in which chairs Western Americans ride, weakly smiling upon their fellow-citizens, are seen on every hand. And young women, in Turkish trousers and wearing the yashmak, endeavor to sell you pewter souvenir-spoons, carrying on the conversation with a strong Chicago accent.

**

No, there is certainly no lack of amusement at Chicago, both in and out of the fair. In fact, the fair has accelerated the usual summer closing at New York, and that city has very few of the leading theatres open now. Some of the best attractions have come to Chicago. Here is a partial list of the shows open there now:

McVicker's	"Black Crook"
Trocadero	Concert
Havlin's	"The Tornado"
Forepaugh's Circus	
People's	Burlesque
Hagenbeck's	Trained animals
Academy	"Fantasma"
Garfield Park	Bedouins
Grotto	Vaudeville
Libby Prison	
Wild West Show	
Tattersall's	Military Tournament
German Village	
Chicago	"Ali Baba"
Auditorium	"America"
Windsor	"Spider and Fly"
Clark Street	Tony Pastor
Turkish Theatre	
Grand	Sol. Smith Russell
Columbia	Lillian Russell
Hooley's	Augustin Daly's Company
Haverly's	Minstrels
Empire	"She"
Schiller	"The Girl I Left Behind Me"
Madison Street	Burlesque
Esquimaux Village	
Cyclorama	"Jerusalem"
Haymarket	Primrose and West
Alhambra	Corinne
Hawaiian Volcano	Panorama

**

A spectacle which has been drawing crowded houses is "The Black Crook" at McVicker's. It is the same old "Crook," but it is mounted with great gorgeousness, and the stage ladies wear even less raiment than those in "America" and some of the other spectacles. One of them, who is clad in silk fleshings from her chin—well, no; say from her diaphragm—to her toes, wears round her hips a sash of gauze—very gauzy gauze—a gossamer-like gauze—a gauze

which could not offend the susceptibilities of the most depraved. On the front of this gauze she has a large gold fig-leaf.

This seems ohtrusive.

**

In "The Black Crook" there are a number of specialties, many of which are clever. The most notable, probably, is the dancing of the four Frenchwomen who call themselves "La Sirène," "Rayon de Soleil," "Etoile d'Or," and "Lys d'Argent." These names, by the way, are much more poetical than those of the two Parisian stars after whom they copy. Those young women called themselves "Grille d'Egout" and "La Goulue." These names are rather strong, but not nearly so much so as is the dancing of the women.

The quartet now in Chicago finished a long engagement in New York recently, where they made a great hit. It is difficult to understand why. If you view their work as acrobatics, it is very poor acrobatics. If you view it as dancing, it is not dancing at all. When you see four women, partially dressed in ballet dress and partially in ordinary dress, hopping around the stage on one foot, holding the other foot up against the ear, you rather wonder what has become of the joyous science of the dance. And when you see all four jump into the air, and come down spread-eagled, each with her legs pointing to different poles of the earth's surface, forming what admiring dramatic critics call "the split," the rapturous howls of the audience fill one with wonder.

These four women who have so much pleased New York are young and not uncomely. But there is an air of vulgarity about them and what they do which makes them repulsive.

Chicago is a pretty tough town. There are parts of the Windy City which discount anything else in this country. But, after all, its morals and its digestion are both sound, I fancy, for there were some good round hisses last night when Mlle. la Sirène was presenting to Chicago an unusually frank exposition of her underwear.

**

May 31st.—One of the high officials of the exposition gravely assured me that its opening was seriously affected when Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show opened. Over twelve thousand people on their way to the exposition paused, wavered, and went in to see the Wild West. They are not to be blamed. It is a remarkably good show. Much has been added to it since I saw it at Erastina some years ago. At that time they had Buffalo Bill, Nate Salisbury and his voice, the cowboys, the Indians, the bronco-riding, the glass-hall shooting by Annie Oakley and others, the buffalo hunt, and the attempted hold-up of the Deadwood stage.

Now they have all these features and a number of others besides. When Buffalo Bill took his show to London the first time, the "Colonial and Industrial Exhibition," or the "Colinderies," as the Londoners called it, was a rival attraction. There was much talk about some Oriental horsemen who formed part of that exhibit. The old discussion about riding arose—whether he who rides with a short stirrup or a long, with bent leg or straight, by the knee-grip or "tongs across a wall"—is the better horseman. The American cowboys, with their long stirrup-leathers and swinging seat, were compared to those Moorish horsemen, who sit on a flat pad-saddle, with their knees so drawn up that the thigh and leg make a right angle.

Well, Buffalo Bill settled the matter, so far as his show was concerned, by adding Oriental riders to his troupe. Then he supplemented them with Cossacks.

Thus there is now to be seen in the Wild West Show the riding of four entirely different schools:

The American Indian, riding bare-backed on the wiry Indian pony.

The American cowboy, riding a bronco with Spanish saddle, with high pommel and cantle, Mexican bit, *reata*, *tapaderos*, and *chaparreros*.

The Bedouins, who ride Arabian horses, with the peculiar flat saddle and short stirrups spoken of above.

The Cossacks of the Don, who ride with a saddle and seat sharing the peculiarities of both East and West.

The spectacle presented by all these riders of different races and schools is most interesting. The cowboys go through their various feats—lassoing horses and men, throwing down unbroken horses, riding bucking broncos, and so on. The Bedouins ride like the wind, firing their oddly-shaped guns, hurling them into the air, and yelling like demons. The Cossacks go through various feats of horsemanship, such as riding with crossed stirrups, half-standing in the saddle, standing in the saddle, backwards with faces to the animal's tail, and finally standing on their heads in the saddle. Then the Sioux, Comanche, Pawnee, and Blackfeet Indians sweep into the arena, gorgeous in paint and feathers, and seeming like parts of their ponies.

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Another feature which Buffalo Bill has added to his show is the cavalry. It is a most unique feature, and it is a striking tribute to the influence which Colonel Cody evidently possesses in different countries. He has succeeded in obtaining permission from Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States to have twenty-two troopers detached from duty and attached to the Wild West Show—at their own request, presumably.

Thus he has from England a troop from the swell regiment of Lancers known as the "Prince of Wales's Own." From Prussia come some smart cavalrymen forming a part of the German Emperor's favorite Brandenberger body-guard, known popularly as the "Potsdamer Reds." From France come some troopers from one of the Hussar regiments belonging to the "Garde à Cheval." The War Department at Washington has permitted the detailing of twenty-two fine troopers from the Sixth United States Cavalry.

These eighty-eight men are picked soldiers on picked mounts. Most of them are big, handsome men, notably the

British and German troopers. The racial differences are marked. The British are beefy, the Germans fair and florid, the Americans raw-boned, the French light in build, dark, and quick.

The four troops enter the immense arena, each taking a fourth of it, and go through a great number of dashing cavalry evolutions. Then falling into line, single file, one troop after another, they ride around the arena, close to the barrier which separates them from the audience. It is then that one is able to note closely the facial and physical differences of which I spoke.

It is, indeed, a pleasure to sit and watch these picked troopers whirl by in their faultless uniforms. When they have made the circuit of the arena they are joined by the entire forces of the Wild West Show, and Lancers, Potsdamers, Hussars, American Cowboys, Mexican Vaqueros, Bedouins, Cossacks, Pawnees, Sioux, Blackfeet, Comanches, ride across the enormous arena, and salute the vast audience as it slowly and reluctantly rises to go.

It is a great show and better than it ever was. Do not miss it, if you go to Chicago.

By the way, talking of Chicago, a thought struck me as we were seated there. Chicago is about a thousand miles west of the Atlantic sea-board. It is quite probable that the majority of intelligent Europeans believe that Chicago is still surrounded by uncivilized savage tribes. Many even believe that they are to be found near New York. The progress of the Wild West Show through Europe doubtless served to imbue that belief in the European mind. Yet of all those thousands of people around us, I do not believe one out of five hundred ever saw an Indian before, unless upon the stage.

On the whole, the performances now running in Chicago are the best of their kind. Take, for example, Imre Kiralfy's pantomimic spectacle "America," at the Auditorium. It is finer than any spectacular performance given in New York. The Auditorium is so large that an entire theatre the size of the Busb Street could be placed upon its vast stage. Fancy what freedom that gives to the peculiar spectacular genius of Kiralfy.

The piece consists of a number of scenes depicting the career of Columbus, from the sailing of the caravels at Palos to his triumphant return to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. The scene representing the admiral's caravel in mid-ocean, with all her crew aboard, pitching and tossing in a storm, is a triumph of stage art. The caravel is about as large as a two-story house, but it is tossed around as if it were a chip. The spectacle is interspersed with much incidental music, choruses, and ballets. On the discovery of San Salvador, the Indians, as a matter of course, break forth into a brisk ballet, while a savage maiden, who looks Italian rather than Salvadoreña, enters upon her toes, blowing kisses to the other savages. There are a number of historical tableaux in the piece, such as "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "The Surrender of Yorktown," "The Sailing of the Caravels," "The Pioneers of the Far West," "The Surrender at Appomattox," "The World's Columbian Exposition," etc. Then the various American inventions are woven into the spectacle and ballet, as was electricity into "Excelsior."

A group of Austrian acrobats, called the Schaffer "family," appear in "America." They are not only acrobats, but jugglers, and not only jugglers, but clowns. They are the best in their line ever seen in America. This is the first time they have ever quitted Europe.

The spectacle "America" is on the same lines as that called "Excelsior," with which many of the *Argonaut* readers are familiar. It was first brought out in Italy; then the Eden Theatre, in Paris, was opened with it, and it ran there for over a year. Subsequently it was brought to the United States, being produced in San Francisco about 1883.

At times there are three hundred people on the stage in this spectacle, and not one of them is idle. For if there is anything that is due entirely to the Kiralfy system it is this—that the stage-people in a spectacle must be kept moving. It gives life and color to the scene. A stage full of chorus-girls waving fans, banners, kerchiefs, or even wagging their heads from side to side, is the Kiralfy idea. It is really remarkable what a difference it makes, when you contrast such a show with one of the old-fashioned ones, where the chorus-girls stand and stonily stare at the audience while the demon is carrying off the Princess Bulbul in the middle of the stage.

Another thing—it does away with the mashing maiden. Those front-row girls with drooping hips and fatty degeneration of the thighs—those creatures whose *gluteus maximus* muscles are always so much in evidence—who wear microscopic trunks or none at all—who gaze so complacently at their bulbous underpinnings, under the impression that they are shapely—who are always leering at the front-rows—who irritate any male human, unless he is seventeen or has senile satyriasis—these creatures are disappearing. Farewell, Miss Lala. Soon you will be seen no more save in the "Grand Amazonian March, or March of the Amazons," and boys who think beauty means beef will thrill at your avoirdupois.

JEROME A. HART.

A NOTE FROM MURAT HALSTEAD.

"STANDARD-UNION" OFFICE,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 16, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The *Argonaut* of June 12th contains an article criticising my alleged address at a recent session of the Press Congress at Chicago, but quoting the address on the same evening by Colonel A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia. The statement that the press was the "one great overshadowing force of our land," which you question, was by Colonel McClure. My address was very different in tone and contained nothing of the sort you comment upon. It was on "The Limitations of Journalism," and a part of the time I spoke closely to that text. In general terms I am in agreement with your remarks.

MURAT HALSTEAD.

OLD FAVORITES.

Phryne.

She stood within the hall of justice, bright
With glare of sunshine, and the noontide light
Caught in her shimmering mantle, whose rich dye
Rivaled the tint that wings the butterfly;
Its dainty texture fastened by a charm
Of precious gems, above one drooping arm;
Thence in its billowy softness, fold on fold,
Fell to her sandals, "brodered with fine gold.
And many looked on her veiled figure there,
And wondered much if she were passing fair.
A peasant girl, a few brief months before,
Gathering, at autumn-tide, her little store
Of wild fruits for the market-places near,
Content to live and ignorant of fear,
Next robed in raiment fairer than the queen,
Whose crown she laughed at as a gilded sheen,
And lightlier laughed at all the golden store
Which men delighted at her feet to pour.
She, with her radiant beauty, youth, and health,
What need had she of dignities and wealth?

And oft she offered, in her merry glee,
To build the Theban wall anew, if she
Might write upon their heights, in words of gold,
By which her fame should to the world be told:
Phryne, the courtesan, hath built again
These walls, all battered down by ruthless men
In wars of Alexander." But she knew
Full well that this the city dared not do;
And so she mocked them in her merry scorn.
But wherefore, now, had she from home been torn?

And wherefore stood she in that crowded place,
With veil and mantle shrouding up her face?
She waited, while the loud-voiced herald read
Her cruel accusation. Thus it said:
"Phryne is hereby charged with having led,
By sorceries dire, our young men far astray
From virtue's path, and stolen their strength away;
For when they hear the trumpet's ringing blare,
They will but gather closer round her chair;
And when forth hidden to the chase to ride,
They only cling about her chariot's side,
Or strive, with idle jealousy, to gain
The place of honor at her humble-rein."

Hyperides, the eloquent, whose voice
Had made the great crowds tremble or rejoice,
Now pleads in vain, with passionate appeal,
To save one fair young creature from the zeal
Of those gray-headed senators, whose cry
Was only this: "The sorceress must die!"
"Ayl stone her!" was the judge's fierce command,
"And let her blood be wiped from off our land."
Then, with a sigh as soft as summer breeze
That whispers through the blooming almond-trees,
The voice of Phryne on the tumult broke:
"Most honored sires" (they hushed them as she spoke),
"This star upon my shoulder holds and hides
The only magic spell that with me hides."
"Give me the charm," the stern-voiced judge outspake
And reached a greedy hand, as if to take
The regal gem, whose sun-imprisoned dyes
Outshone all shining things, save Phryne's eyes.

She broke the clasp and laid it in his hand,
And veil and mantle, loosened from its band,
Slipped slowly down, revealing each rare grace—
The wondrous beauty of her rosy face;
The wondrous lengths of wavy, midnight hair
Thro' which her snowy neck gleamed yet more fair,
The sloping shoulder and the slender waist,
The curving sweep of thigh that might have graced
A goddess, and the rounded, dimpled knee,
Below which lay the golden "broderie."

All heaped up, shimmering velvet and soft lace,
That but an instant since had hid her face.
"Phryne, the beautiful!" loud rose the shout
From twice a thousand voices, ringing out,
"We'll bear her to the temple in our arms,
Princess of beauty, queen of mortal charms!"
And eager hands began swift to unyoke
Her chariot horses, but again she spoke;
And the great crowd, hushed to her changeable mood,
Murmured and whispered like a wind-swept wood:
"Noble Athenians, here have I been brought
To answer to base charges. Know ye not
That human weakness is mine only crime?
And this fair form, that in such little time
Will feel the blighting breath of death or age,
Is my one magic charm and heritage?"

Ye say I steal the strength from your young men,
But ye are teachers all! O teach them, then,
Races, and games, and pride of martial strife,
Without the poor reward of love, in life,
Teach them to shun the light of beauty's eyes,
And all fair gifts in woman to despise,
Ye can not, senators and sages gray,
Ye can not, for your pulses thrill to-day
With quicker heat at boon than heaven bestows—
Beauty to woman, perfume to the rose.
Then say not that I harm them; they are weak,
And sway supinely at the words I speak.
They offer me rich gifts and golden dower;
I give them back the pleasure of an hour;
But seek ye not the bitter price I pay
For hollow triumphs, passing soon away?
No bridegroom e'er will say with rapturous pride,
"I claim thee, virgin heart, Phryne, my bride!"
No husband, when I've lost youth's radiant charm,
Will hold me tenderly in his strong arm;
No baby fingers will, with soft caress,
My weary brow and aching bosom press;
No daring youth, or maiden fair to see,
Will make the name of mother sweet to me
And sacred to the gods. But for a day
I linger in your sight, then fit away
And leave no trace, no memory. Grant ye, then,
This simple prayer: Disturb me not again
With senseless superstitions and vague fears,
But let me live in peace my few brief years
Here in your midst; then pass without a care,
Blown like the thistle-down, ye know not where."

Here in her mantle's fold and veil of lace
She wrapped again her matchless form and face.
A breathless spell had held the mighty throng,
As her sweet, plaintive voice was borne along;
Then Grecian chivalry and manly pride
Burst forth from heart to lip, a whelming tide,
And youth and age, stern judge and pleading friend,
Rose with one impulse, beauty to defend.
They bore her to the shrine of Venus—bright
Temple of love; herself, by royal right,
Fair queen of beauty, princess of delight;
And though no stalwart son or daughter fair
Perpetuates her name and graces rare,
The artist's pencil limns, with dainty skill,
Her wistful face, proud, yet pathetic still;
Immortal youth the sculptor's chisel gives
To every graceful pose; and Phryne lives
Enshrined in art, sacred to heart and eye,
To teach the world that beauty can not die.

—N. S. Emerson.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duke of Edinburgh, it is understood, is among the heaviest sufferers in England by the recent bank suspension in Australia. As the duke is a very wealthy man, he will not be embarrassed by the misfortune.

Captain Harry Bartlett, who is to command Lieutenant Peary's Arctic exploring ship, is only twenty-nine years of age, but he has been fifteen years at sea and rates high as a navigator. He is the youngest of four brothers, all of whom are captains.

Mr. von Mumm, formerly of the German Legation at Washington, but since transferred to Bucharest and then to Rome, is a zealous amateur photographer. Among the pictures carried away by him as mementos of his Washington sojourn was a collection of portraits of nearly every girl prominent in Washington society for the last half-dozen years.

Henry McCalmont, the owner of Isinglass, winner of the Derby, has just entered his thirty-third year. At Eton he was a successful athlete, playing on the foot-ball team and rowing on the eight. He inherited a fortune of twenty millions of dollars from his great-uncle somewhat unexpectedly, into the full possession of which, however, he did not come until his last birthday.

Mr. Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian author, the fame of whose writings is due largely to his novel "Hunger," is about to take a situation in a Paris café as a waiter. Being poor, it is the only way open for him to get a knowledge of the French capital and of the French language. In the same way he learned English, having come to America and become a waiter in a Boston hotel.

It will be remembered that when Booth was playing "Richard," in Chicago in 1879, a mentally unbalanced spectator named Gray shot at the actor twice from the gallery. One of the bullets Mr. Booth secured and had it set in a gold cartridge, upon which he had engraved the words: "From Mark Gray to Edwin Booth, April 23, 1879." This grim reminder he always preserved.

It is announced from Spain that Emilio Castelar, the eminent republican leader, has retired permanently from public life with the declaration that while he shall always be a republican, he does not intend to act against the monarchy; for he has come to believe that under present conditions no other form of government is better adapted to the needs of Spain. So he advises his friends to act with the Liberal party in the future and support the crown.

The story that Prince George, now betrothed to Princess May, had contracted a clandestine match with a girl at Malta, receives general credence in England; but her majesty's subjects, though they have no doubt that this future King of England did really marry some girl far removed from his own rank, have the comforting realization that the marriage is null and void without the sanction of the queen. The feelings of the young lady at Malta do not appear to have any part in the consideration of the affair.

"I know nothing of Mr. Parnell. I never saw him." So said Lord Salisbury in his speech at Derry recently. It is rather a curious confession that the leader of a great English party should have contrived to get through the years between 1880 and 1890 without ever seeing so very conspicuous a politician as Mr. Parnell, or even getting to know something about him. Mr. Gladstone—so far as his strength and time permit—goes everywhere, sees everything, and knows everybody connected with his party. Lord Salisbury shuns political clubs, and has a remarkably small circle of acquaintance among the men of his own party.

Ruggiero Leoncavallo, the man of the hour in musical circles, is thirty-five years old. He is quite unspoiled by his meteoric fame, and is frank and genial in manner. Dressed as he was while in London, in pepper-and-salt clothes, brown soft hat, and tan shoes, he might have passed, except for his Italian complexion, for a well-to-do young business man. He composed his "I Pagliocci" to earn his daily bread, after spending much time and labor on an ambitious "epic poem in music"—a trilogy baying for its subject the fortunes of the house of Medici. Now that he is famous this early work, on which he toiled for six years, will be given to the public in the fall. "I Pagliocci," on which his fame substantially rests, was the work of six months.

Mr. Henry Jones, better known as "Cavendish," the authority on whist, who is at present in this country, was born in London sixty-odd years ago. He studied medicine, and was a practicing physician for about twenty years. He devoted much of his time to the study of his favorite game at cards, and about the year 1854 he founded a "little school" for whist-players. The notes and records of the long succession of play at this place were all preserved and formed the basis of his book, "Cavendish on Whist," published in 1862. This publication was called out by Dr. Pole's suggestion, in 1861, that the world of whist-players would be glad to get some printed standard of the proper play of possible hands.

The *pronunciamiento* in Queen Isabella's household has ended in a compromise. Her majesty's favored one is not to be inflicted on the Spanish personages around her as good company for them, and he is, when she and he are in their presence, to be subjected to the strictest rules of etiquette. It is hopeless to think of getting him made a Spanish nobleman, his nationality being Austrian. But the ex-queen is negotiating with the Holy Father for a pontifical brevet of nobility for him. Were he to obtain it, the *entourage* might not object to associating with him. He is greatly distressed at having no blazon and has invented a sort of one. Being a *ci-devant* dragon officer, he regards St. George as his patron, and has placed him on his fanciful coat-of-arms of his own invention.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Three articles on the experiences of the Persian journey during which Theodore Child lost his life, have been prepared by Edwin L. Weeks, the artist who accompanied Mr. Child. All these articles will be illustrated by their author. That one dealing with the cholera scourge will be read with peculiar interest. They will appear in *Harper's* during the fall.

Mr. Marion Crawford's novel, "Pietro Ghisleri," which will soon be published in book-form, introduces many of the characters that appear in the "Saracinesca" series of Italian stories.

In a recent suit in the London courts for the infringement of a copyright of a play founded on "East Lyonee," the fact was brought out that Mrs. Henry Wood, the author of the novel, never received a penny of royalty for any of the many dramas founded on it. The English copyright law does not protect a novelist from theatrical "adapters."

The facts concerning Walt Whitman's source of revenue in the last years of his life are thus given in the *New York Sun*:

"It is well known that he was always poor, that few magazines would buy his work, that the royalties on his books were small, and that he was partly incapacitated by paralysis. He might have died in actual want but for the action of a few of his admirers, mostly residents of New York and Brooklyn, who agreed to pay, and did pay, a certain sum apiece every month that insured his comfort. Whitman was sensitive to anything that appeared like charity, and this generous giving was kept secret, but he was very grateful for this timely aid, and those who furnished it have autograph letters in his heavy, sprawling hand that may some day be worth as much as they contributed for his needs."

The new edition, which is the second that has ever appeared, of Professor Freeman's early work, "A History of Federal Government—Greece and Italy," has just been issued in London.

Dr. Ernest Hart, an eminent London physician, has collected a number of his interesting essays from the *Nineteenth Century* and the *British Medical Journal*, and they have just been issued by D. Appleton & Co. under the title "Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft."

Robert Burns Wilson, who is a painter as well as a poet, has a hundred interesting water-color sketches on exhibition in Louisville.

The events of George Meredith's new novel, "The Amazing Marriage," take place at the end of the last century. It is understood that the work is to appear as a serial. The old vivacious vein of "Evan Harrington" is said to reappear in this novel. Mr. Meredith is still at work on his "Journalist"—the book in which Mr. Stead and Mr. Frederick Greenwood are to figure.

William Winter's biography of Edwin Booth will be issued with the title "The Life and Art of Edwin Booth." There will be two editions—one in two volumes uniform with "Shadows of the Stage," the other a large paper edition with illustrations.

The table of contents of *Harper's Magazine* for July is as follows:

"Three English Race Meetings," by Richard Harding Davis; "Italian Gardens," by Charles A. Platt; "French Canadians in New England," by Henry Loomis Nelson; "Side Lights on the German Soldier," by Poultney Bigelow; "Algerian Riders," by Colonel T. A. Dodge; "Chicago's Gentle Side," by Julian Ralph; "The Function of Slang," by Brander Matthews; "Silence," by Mary E. Wilkins; "The Vestal Virgin," by Will Carleton; "The Handsome Humes," by William Black, part II.; "Horace Chase," by Constance Fenimore Woolson, part VII.; and the departments.

There is profit in writing interesting books for boys. Of Horatio Alger's "Ragged Dick" Series alone more than two hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold.

Mrs. Arbur Stannard (John Strange Winter) has just been elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, a distinction that has been conferred on only one other woman since the society was founded in 1823. The other is Mrs. Napier Higgins, who wrote a standard work on the women of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which took her ten or twelve years.

"Many Inventions," Kipling's new book which the Appletons have just published, contains fourteen stories, several of which are new, and two poems.

The latest literary work of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, entitled "Pjesmiki i Vila" ("The Poet and the Fairy"), has created a great sensation in Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Servia. When the poem was first published it was welcomed as a new evidence of the author's talent, and the prince was proposed for membership in the Serbian Academy of Sciences. It turns out, however, that it is a fiery appeal to the people of the Slavic races "to unite against their German and Austrian oppressors."

A New York firm announce that they will shortly issue a new series of handsomely illustrated crown octavos, comprising two hundred titles, which "exhaustive inquiry made of the leading libraries throughout the country has shown to be the books most in demand in their libraries, and, therefore, the best two hundred books, according to a consensus of opinion of the whole of the United States."

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch had an outcry in the *Speaker* recently against the London publishers' habit of defacing the editorial copies of their books

with a stamp or by some other objectionable means. Mr. David Nutt, whose stamp was mentioned as being particularly objectionable, replies to Mr. Quiller-Couch, by saying:

"Publishers have been reluctantly forced to it as some slight check upon the immediate sale of the review copy, and, sometimes in the very wrapper in which it has come from the publishers, to the second-hand bookseller who makes a specialty of dealing in new books. I estimate, and I believe I under rather than over-state the case, that, as regards a not inconsiderable minority of books, a quarter of the total demand is met from this illegitimate source of supply."

In this country, it is very seldom that a publisher disfigures the editorial copies of his books.

It is said that ten thousand copies of Anna Katherine Green's new novel, "Marked Personal," were sold two weeks after it was published. A fourth edition is now on the press.

It was Lucy Larcom's intention to write a sequel to her "New England Girlhood," and she had so far outlined her plans to one of her near relatives that the relative will take up the task, assisted by her friends. Miss Larcom's purpose was to give facts of experience that would interest readers of her books.

The *Critic's* "Lounger" says he (or she) knows "a man who married a woman believing her to be Saxe Holme, and, though he has been married a number of years, he believes so still." The "Lounger," who was in the secret of the authorship of the Saxe Holme stories from the start, and heard them talked over between the author and the editor of the *Century*, virtually admits that Saxe Holme was a woman.

The new issue of D. Appleton & Co.'s Town and Country Library is "Suspected," by Louise Stratennus.

Perhaps Mrs. J. R. Green, the wife of the English historian, never gave a better proof of her possession of "pluck" than when she taught herself to write with her left hand after the right had fallen a victim to writer's cramp. She was in the habit of writing anywhere from six to eleven hours a day at her husband's dictation, and the much-abused member gave out.

Harper & Brothers have just published:

William Black's "Judith Shakespeare," in the edition in which Mr. Black's earlier novels have appeared; "Heather and Snow," a story of Scotch peasant life, by George MacDonald; "Everybody's Book of Correct Conduct," by Lady Colin and M. French Sheldon; and "The Decision of the Court," a one-act comedy, by Brander Matthews.

The second part of the "Memoirs of James, Marquis of Montrose," now first published, is ready in London.

Although Mrs. W. K. Clifford wrote while yet a child, publishing her productions in the country newspapers, and even issued a book, she never made a business of writing until after the death of her husband, Professor William Kingdon Clifford, in 1879. Her husband's high services to science procured her a pension from the civil list; but this was not sufficient for the support of herself and her two little daughters, and she naturally turned to literature as a means of livelihood.

New Publications.

"Under the Great Seal," by Joseph Hatton, an exciting story of Newfoundland squatters and fishermen, has been issued by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Russian Refugee," by Henry R. Wilson, a six-hundred-page story, has been issued in the Library of Progress published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Mark Rutherford's Deliverance," by Reuben Shapcott, is a strong, sad story of a poor copying clerk's struggle against adversity. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

A very artistic souvenir of Mexico has been prepared by Marie Robinson Wright. It consists of a number of really admirable reproductions of photographs, portraits and typical scenes, accompanied by some twenty pages of text. Published by L'Artiste Publishing Company, New York; price, \$2.00; for sale by William Doxey.

In "Old Kaskasia," Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has written another story of the French settlers of the American frontier. The scene of her drama is the Illinois Territory in the early days of the present century, when it was still a part of Indiana, and the actors are all clearly drawn types. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

There are five short stories in Mrs. Margaret Deland's new book, "Mr. Tommy Dove and Other Stories." "Mr. Tommy Dove," "The Face on the Wall," "Elizabeth," and "At Whose Door?" are pathetic tales, and "A Fourth-Class Appointment" is humorous, and all are told with much art. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"Raftmates," by Kirk Munroe, is a healthily exciting story for boys. His heroes are on a raft on the Mississippi that is carried away in a freshet, and they are eventually carried all the way to Louisiana. They are captured by counterfeiters, almost run down by a burning steamer, and otherwise experi-

ence exciting adventures. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

"Jean Berny, Sailor" is the title E. P. Robins has given to a translation of Pierre Loti's "Matelot." It is a sombre story of a young sailor who enjoys the mere pleasure of living so keenly that he makes no effort to rise above his humble station, and being a dreamer and shiftless, he brings nothing but sorrow to those who love him. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Utterly Mistaken," by Annie Thomas, is a story in which a young woman, living with her step-mother and unaware that her real mother is alive, reads a letter of reproach written by her father to her mother which she thinks is intended for her step-mother. This is the leading feature of the plot, but it is filled out with love affairs and other incidents to the length of three hundred pages. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Recrudescence of Leprosy and its Causation," by William Tebb, is an elaborate study of that terrible disease. The author has visited many centres of leprosy and carefully studied the authorities, and, believing that it is "communicative by a cut, sore, or abraded surface," he attacks vaccination, as he considers that process more harmful in spreading leprosy than useful in checking small-pox. Mr. Tebb's book is one deserving of serious consideration. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

The newest autobiography of Abraham Lincoln is that written by John T. Morse, Jr., and issued in two volumes in the American Statesmen Series. It is a scholarly study, presenting all the essential details of the martyred President's life. Of its distinctive features we need mention here only the author's evident willingness to believe the worst about Lincoln's antecedents and early life, and the stress he lays on Lincoln's ability as President to control his cabinet. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.50 a set.

"The Voice of a Flower," by E. Gerard, is the story of a girl in Germany whose lover is going to America to make his fortune. She gives him at parting a carnation, as an ancestress of hers had given her crusading lover one of those flowers centuries before, and her lover, as was her ancestress's, was killed. But not the Moslem but a jealous rival murders the modern lover, and it is the events that lead up to and succeed this crime that constitute the story. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Another writer of army novels has appeared in the person of George I. Putnam, who is the author of "In Blue Uniform." It is a strong story of garrison life, the principal incident being the discovery by a martinet colonel that the private who was shot in trying to escape punishment brought on him by strict observance of regulations is the colonel's own son, who had run away from home twenty years before. A pretty love-tale adds sentiment of another kind to the tale. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

Mrs. Atherton's "Doomswoman."

"The Doomswoman" in Mrs. Atherton's new story is so called from the Spanish superstition that a woman born a twin has power to heal and to curse, and such a one is Chonita Iturbu y Moncada. She is the daughter of an old Santa Barbara family, and she meets her fate in Diego Estenega, scion of a family at feud with her own. She is a beautiful woman, and, in spite of the fact that her life has been passed among the indolent and bigoted Spaniards of California before the advent of Americans, she possesses a broad and receptive mind, such as one would expect to meet in a modern woman of the most highly civilized antecedents. Estenega, too, is a modern, a *fin-de-siècle* man, even though we find him inhabiting a *ranchito* in the forests near Fort Ross. He has read and traveled, and his ambition is to prepare the California of his day for the dignity of American Statehood. These two are thrown together in a variety of fates, with the result that they fall in love; and despite the fact that she, through jealousy, has exerted her malefic powers against a coquette with whom Diego flirted, and that he has murdered her brother in anger at the latter's ruin of his ambitions, still they are left at last as united lovers who, presumably, live happy ever after. This story is set in a series of admirable pictures of life as it was in California under Spanish rule. Its patriarchal state, the proud indolence of the men, the virtue and narrowness of the women, the gorgeous ceremonies attending baptismal and marriage services, the bull-and-bear fights, the dances, the bartering with visiting merchants, the raids of marauding pirates—the characteristic incidents of Southern Californian life are glowingly described, and there is a pleasant glimpse of the more urban life at Fort Ross, where the Princess Hélène Rotsech held a Parisian salon in the wilderness and her husband organized bear-hunts by moonlight at which ladies attended in quite the Russian fashion. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

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VANITY FAIR.

It may be doubted (the *Sun* thinks) whether the direct influence of women in the public conduct of the world's affairs has not diminished and is not diminishing. With the single exception of the brief military court of Napoleon, women molded, if they did not direct, the policy of every court in Europe for two hundred years. By the Napoleonic episode, the head-quarters of a camp was interjected for a few years into the succession. Then the restoration of the crown restored the influence of women. The republic has put them out of court, so to speak, to a great extent. In the one constitutional country of Europe—England—the controlling power of women in public affairs declined only with the rise of the cabinet as a constitutional body during the reign of George the Third. In other words, with the gain of the people in power, women lose. It is true that they come more and more in evidence in public affairs. This is only because the people come more and more in evidence, and women are a part of the people. But in place of six royal favorites or great dames controlling a monarch or swaying his ministers, we have six hundred talking women who exercise no power at all, or next to none. Neither is this decay of direct influence confined to high politics. It will be found to run through many fields of female activity. More women now make a living on the press, for example; yet within a century there was never a time when the proportion of women's contribution to the best current literature was less than now. Apparently they are contributing a slightly increased share in some lines of decorative art; outside of this there is difficulty in discovering any share of the world's work now falling to women's part larger than they bore through the centuries preceding our own—nineteenth. It is generally agreed that the ideal state would be that in which all women should be, first, independent and, second, withdrawn from life's drudgery. Both of these conditions exist in more liberal measure than either has been known before in this century. The numbers of women who have mastered arts whose products are merchantable is great, and these are comparatively independent. The numbers who are provided for by the general increase of wealth have less temptation now to embroil their lives in public affairs, where their influence must be nearly nil. The woman movement of the past fifty years has been, first, that of regaining privileges which the preceding fifty had curtailed; and second, gaining for English-speaking women property rights which were once common to all of their sex under the civilized Roman law. With this growth of individual justice and personal freedom, women are progressively withdrawing more and more into their "sphere"—the only one, it is apparent, that they really care for.

Many New York men have been finding in their mails lately a prospectus, setting forth the beauties and economies of having a valet and explaining why a company of valets is better than a private servant. In other words, this booklet tells that a company had been formed for the special purpose of waiting upon dukes, taking care of their clothes, cleaning, pressing them, varnishing boots, cleaning russet shoes, and doing everything, barring tying your tie and leading you five dollars, which any private servant is expected to do at a minute's notice.

The recent marriage between Duke Ludwig of Bavaria and the ballerina Antonia Barth, of the Munich Court Theatre, makes the third morganatic marriage in German princely houses within a year. First, we have Prince Ernst of Saxe-Meiningen marrying the author Wilhelm Jensen's daughter; Prince Heinrich of Hesse coming next with Fraulein "Milena," of the Royal Opera, Darmstadt; third, Duke Ludwig, sixty-one years of age, with his youthful bride of twenty-one summers. The duke, by the way, is actually the head of the Ducal Palatine line of the famous house of Wittelsbach, but renounced his rights in favor of his brother, younger by eight years, Duke Carl Theodor, the famous oculist, when, in 1857, he espoused the Freifrau von Wallersee, the actress "Mendel." Through this renunciation he lost a large portion of his income, but retained an appanage. He has, besides, a salary as a general of cavalry, and is in receipt of an allowance from his sister, the Empress of Austria. After the death of his wife, in 1891, he mixed greatly in theatrical circles, and was often seen in conversation with the two sisters Barth, engaged in the ballet. The latter lived with their mother, their father, who is a mechanic, having "disappeared" about fourteen years ago. Thus the mother stood alone with her little girls and attempted to make a living by sewing. She subsequently succeeded in placing them in an orphanage, whence they were apprenticed to the corps de ballet of the opera-house. The girls are described as smart and diligent by their associates—the eldest, Antonia (now married to Duke Ludwig), being a pale, somewhat anæmic-looking brunette, with a calm temperament, whereas her sister has a rosy color and lively, boisterous disposition. Fraulein Barth has been ennobled by the Prince Regent as Frau von Bartolf.

A fashion writer in the New York *Tribune* asks: "What is the attraction which brown-leather boots

seem to possess for both men and women, young and old? This year they have made their appearance only considerably earlier than usual, but also in larger numbers than ever before. Some declare that they are more comfortable, but experience hardly bears out that impression. A brown boot can never be so pliable and so easy as one of black leather; moreover, the brown boot is distinctly less becoming than the black." The writer of this must have had a singular experience with brown leather. The russet shoes are worn by most people because they are softer and more pliable, and above all because the pores of the leather are not tightly closed as they are in patent leather and in all black leather that is subjected to polish-blackening. The difference in comfort in hot weather between a ventilating russet shoe and impervious patent leather is quickly obvious when a change is made from one to the other. The summer dress of Americans has tended to comfort in all respects during the last few years, and on two innovations have added more to a mitigation of hot-weather discomfort than the brown shoe and the unstarched fine cotton shirt for gentlemen.

The speaker's entertainments at the Palace of Westminster (a writer in the *Tribune* records) constitute quite important social features of the London season. The First Commemoration in the Land—a title conferred by statute on the Speaker of the House of Commons several centuries ago—occupies a magnificent official residence on the river side of the Houses of Parliament, and devotes a considerable portion of his large salary to official entertainments while Parliament is in session. These entertainments take the shape of dinners and levees, at both of which the gentlemen who attend are expected to appear either in uniform or in court-dress, the ordinary evening-dress being strictly forbidden. The speaker himself receives his guests in a black-velvet coat-suit, knee-breeches, with silk stockings, a steel-handled sword, and beautiful lace ruffles round the neck and wrists. He is attended on such occasions by his official train-bearer (who on state occasions carries his train), his purse-bearer, his gentlemen-in-waiting, and his chaplain. The table and the huge sideboards are loaded down with the magnificent old plate belonging, *ex officio*, to the Speaker of the House of Commons; and from the walls look down the portraits of many famous "First Commoners" past and gone. The speaker takes wine with old-fashioned grace with each of his guests in turn, while the health of the queo is invariably proposed and drunk with decorous and sincere formality. The office of speaker carries with it, in addition to this palatial residence, a salary of thirty thousand dollars and allowances amounting to almost as much more. Moreover, it is the privilege of each retiring speaker to receive a seat in the House of Lords. It may be added that the grant of this peerage is generally accompanied by a pension of twenty thousand dollars a year for two generations.

"The other evening at dinner," says a writer in *Woman*, "we were much interested in talking over the impressions we can carry away with us of people newly introduced. My mother said she always noticed the teeth, and drew many conclusions from the color, shape, size, transparency, etc. My sister said she invariably judged by the mouth, and had scarcely ever been mistaken. A friend staying with us always carried away a distinct portrait of the color, shape, and expression of the eye. I declared for the hand-shake, and so far have not had reason to change my opinion that this is the surest test, especially taken in conjunction with the laugh. To begin with, there is the animal magnetism which must pass from one to the other. To take a few examples: The firm, hoarse, hearty hand-shake of a sincere man, perhaps rather rough, so that one feels cognizant of one's fingers for some time after, points to a character possibly somewhat waiting in tact and refinement, but genuine and true. Then the soft, silky, insinuating hand, which, as one shakes it, slips out of one's fingers. An Irishman, some one will say. Exactly. Who so clever as he to get out of awkward corners, never at a loss for the right word, or the laughable story to fill an awkward gap or cover an annoying contretemps. Then there is the flabby hand belonging to people who never put themselves out. Again, we have the quick, nervous hand-shake of an excitable, nervous temperament, or its opposite, the nerveless, passive one of a person out of health. Then there is the hand that, as you shake it, seems to collapse. Do not trust the possessors of a hand such as that. My pet abomination, though, is the fishy hand-shake, which leaves on one the impression of having touched a toad or a snake. Beware of those hands and their owners. Lastly, there is the fashionable pump-handle shake, betokening the fickle idler who follows the whim of the hour."

The sale in London some years ago of the effects of the Duchess of Somerset showed that distinguished lady to have been a person of much eccentricity in the matter of her wardrobe. Among sixteen hundred lots offered for sale were five hundred pairs of gloves, five hundred Indian and other shawls, six hundred pairs of silk stockings, and dresses of all sorts and descriptions of forty years' fashions. "It was rather a pitiful

spectacle, too," says the newspaper *Boswell* who writes of this extraordinary sale, "for the owner of these things had for thirty years before her death led the life of a recluse, shutting herself up in her house, and yet ordering regularly from her milliner, at each change of season, the dresses she would have worn if she had been mixing in society. Every three months she would be dressed in court costume, as if going to a reception, and would walk in it up and down her own rooms, much as the widow of Maximilian of Mexico would celebrate the anniversaries of her murdered husband's drawing-room days by arraying herself in her best and preparing for the courtiers who would never come to pay him reverence."

The *grand monde* in Paris, following in the footsteps of London society, has organized a regular Sunday church parade in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and as soon as divine service is over (says *Vague's* correspondent), everybody that is anybody makes his or her way to the avenue, where an hour is spent strolling up and down, gossiping, and working up an appetite for *déjeuner*. A mass-book constitutes a very important feature of every feminine toilet on that occasion. A pleasant feature about this parade is that the avenue is, for the noce, left absolutely alone to the *grand monde* during these Sunday morning hours. There is nooe of that mobbing by the lower classes which bids fair to swamp and put an end to the church parade in Hyde Park, London, and it is the one morning in the week when the promenade along the avenue is absolutely clear of the *demi-monde*, which makes its headquarters on that day at the Café de Madrid in the Bois.

In fashionable circles the large-hearted charity with which the world regards the "borrower" of another man's umbrella seems to be much more widely extended; even when articles of much greater value than umbrellas are "conveyed"—and there can be no doubt about the conveyance—the pretense is always made, by the loser, of the affair having been a mistake, either from good manners or to afford a loophole for penitence and restitution. "Taken by mistake," says a recent advertisement in the *London Morning Post*, "from Lady C.'s reception, a handsome China shawl, belonging to Mrs. So-and-So, whose name and address will be found inside, and who would be obliged for the same being returned." This is surely very delicate (comments James Payn.) After such an intimation there would be a good deal of risk to the mistaken lady in venturing into a fashionable assembly with that China shawl on her shoulders. Her Majesty's Drawing-Room appears to be quite a hunting-ground for the pickers-up of not quite unconsidered trifles. "Lost at Her Majesty's Drawing-Room, on the ninth instant, a valuable Brussels lace handkerchief, with initials F. M. and F. and coronet above, embroidered in the corner. May have caught in some lady's dress and been taken home by mistake." This is also a most delicate suggestion, and should make restitution easy, if the initials and the coronet have not been already picked out. There are plenty more such advertisements in the same fashionable organ. In old days it used to be well worth while to follow Prince Esterhazy in the mazy dance for his dropped diamonds, for he never dreamed of advertising for them, and made up his mind to an average loss of twenty-five hundred dollars a night. It was no wonder that the entrée to Almack's was so eagerly sought for.

At Sandringham the Prince of Wales has established the custom of weighing the coming and parting guests. At the first convenient opportunity, after being shown to his bedroom, the guest is weighed, the entry made in a book, and he is weighed again on the morning of his departure. The book in which the record is kept is a bulky volume. Among other signatures is that of "Salisbury," with the portentous announcement following that on his last visit to Sandringham the premier weighed over eighteen stone.

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WICKED WITS.

They Abuse the Sex we all Adore.

Italian Proverb: A beautiful woman smiling be-speaks a purse weeping.

Anon: Friendships of women are cushions wherein they stick their pins.

Dryden: She hugged the offender and forgave the offense—sex to the last.

German Proverb: A woman has never spoiled anything through silence.

German Saying: He who has a handsome wife must have more than two eyes.

Balzac: What saves the virtue of many a woman is that protecting god, the impossible.

Charles Nodier: Of all animals, cats, flies, and women take the longest time in dressing.

Jean Jacques Weiss: Men never are consoled for their first love, nor women for their last.

Marivaux: Many women would be quite amiable if they could forget that they are amiable.

Delphine de Girardin: There is only one way to praise a woman; it is to talk ill of her rival.

Mme. Seudert: Men should keep their eyes wide open before marriage and half-shut afterward.

Italian Proverb: Who takes an eel by the tail and a woman at her word, may say he holds nothing.

Lord Bacon: Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.

Proverbs xxi., 19: It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and angry woman.

Alphonse Karr: Friendship between two women is never anything but a plot against a third woman.

Jerrold: A man frequently admits that he was in the wrong; a woman never—she was only mistaken.

Alexandre Dumas: All women desire to be esteemed; they care much less about being respected.

Spanish Saying: No woman sleeps so soundly that the twang of a guitar will not bring her to the window.

Jean Jacques Weiss: A woman dies twice; the day that she quits life and the day that she ceases to please.

Fontenelle: A beautiful woman is the hell of the soul, the purgatory of the purse, and the paradise of the eyes.

Metternich: To ask a favor a man says to himself, "What shall I say?" a woman meditates, "What shall I wear?"

Jean Jacques Weiss: Nothing is so sure a cure for the love of women as acquaintance with the men that they admire.

Swift: The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

W. D. Howells: After a number of years of married life, a woman learns to let a man have his own way in some unimportant matters.

Alexandre Dumas: The Bible says that woman is the last thing that God made. He must have made it on Saturday night. It shows fatigue.

Antiphanes: One thing only I believe in a woman, that she will not come to life again after she is dead; in everything else, I distrust her till she is dead.

Lord Bacon: He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises either of virtue or mischief.

W. D. Howells: Don't you think the most circuitous kind of a fellow would be pretty direct compared with the straightforwardest kind of girl?

George Eliot: Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.

Heine: Every man who marries is like the Doge who weds the Adriatic Sea: he knows not what he may find therein—treasures, pearls, monsters, unknown storms.

Daudet: There is often seen this anomaly in women, especially in those of childish natures—that they possess at once great promptness and unskillfulness in falsehood.

Beaconsfield: Talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain fluency, because you need not care what you say and had better not be sensible.

Douglas Jerrold: Women are all alike. When they're maids they're mild as milk; once make 'em wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates and defy you.

Anonymous: When you are but slightly acquainted with the lady you admire, and wish to know all her faults, it is only necessary to commend her among her female acquaintances.

Delphine de Girardin: Every book written by a woman bears the mark of affection by which it was inspired. It is of works of women particularly that one may say with Buffon: "the style is the man."

Weber: Sainted Solomon! You call the man happy to whom heaven has given a virtuous wife, and I agree with you; but did you really find it necessary to take about three thousand wives in order to obtain a virtuous one?

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Georgiana Masten, daughter of Mr. N. K. Masten, to Mr. W. F. Perkins of the land department of the Southern Pacific Company. The date of the wedding has been set for next October.

Miss Ethel Cohen gave an informal but delightful matinee tea last Monday at her home, "Fernside," in Alameda, as a compliment to Miss Mollie Torbert. About thirty of her friends were present, and they were charmingly entertained with music, interspersed with the service of delicious refreshments. Among the guests were: Mrs. Frederick Green, Mrs. W. R. Quinn, Mrs. Harrison Clay, Mrs. W. A. Magee, Mrs. D. T. C. Perkins, Miss Mollie Torbert, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Bessie Wheaton, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Maud O'Connor, Misses Grant, Miss Josephine Welsh, Misses Hush, of Fruitvale, Miss Moulder, Miss Léonie Cook, Miss Hilda Macdonald, Miss Eugenia Chapin, Misses Hutchinson, and others. On Wednesday last, Miss Cohen gave a charming lunch-party in honor of Miss Josephine Welsh. Covers were laid for six, amid pretty decorations, and an elaborate menu was served. The afternoon was made a most pleasant one.

Citizen Leroy, Anarchist, wants to be elected to the Académie Française, and to further his interests in this matter he dressed himself up as a Brazilian general (writes the Paris correspondent of the *Sketch*), and, escorted by a wagonetteful of fellow-anarchists and journalists, he proceeded to pay a visit to each *bona-fide* "immortal." When an Académicien was not at home, Leroy left his visiting-card in a sort of iron pot, of the same shape as the *marmite* which caused the dreadful explosion in the Rue des Bons Enfants. He always gave instructions to the servants not to kick the pot, to their unmitigated terror and horror, as they very naturally failed to see any joke connected with dynamite, however remotely. At the house of M. Pailleur, the door was opened by a *valet de chambre*, who had a dish of veal in his hand, which he promptly let fall to the ground at the strange spectacle. M. Pailleur being away, his son refused to allow them to enter, so, dropping a *marmite* into the valet's apron, and telling him to inform his master that his house is "le monde où l'on s'ennuie," the party proceeded on their way to the Institute itself, where they were all photographed.

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Professor Dolbear says a powerful search light could project a beam to Mars in four minutes, which could be seen and responded to if they have the apparatus that we have.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

—FOURTH OF JULY GOODS. GREAT VARIETY OF fire-works, fire-crackers, flags, etc. Golden Rule Bazaar—head-quarters at 761 Market Street.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents, stamps or postal notes.

—J. W. CARMAN, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Ralph C. Woolworth, the following testamentary provisions were made:

His estate consists entirely of personal property, the value of which is at present unknown, but it is supposed to exceed half a million of dollars. The testator declared his entire estate to be community property, one-half of which belongs to his widow as her legal right. The remaining half he bequeathed to his daughter, Helen Woolworth, subject to a provision that until she comes of legal age the revenue of such one-half is to be devoted to the support of herself and mother. From the petition, it appears that Miss Woolworth is now seventeen years old. Reuben Lloyd is appointed executor, and the widow, Helen I. Woolworth, executrix, both to serve without bonds. The will is holographic, and is dated March 26, 1890. It was witnessed by William H. Crocker, G. W. Ebner, and Charles H. Athearn.

In the matter of the estate of the late Samuel A. Bishop, of San José, his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth J. Bishop, has filed a petition for letters of administration, in which the following showing is made:

The estate is worth \$125,000, and consists of the following property: A lot on the Alameda, 94x325, known as homestead, and improvements, \$7,000; two lots on First Street, with improvements, \$18,325; eight lots on Cinnabar Street and improvements, \$8,800; one-half of block 4, range 4 west, and improvements, in Santa Clara, \$5,150; undivided half interest in W. B. Harrub ranch in Santa Clara County, \$27,500; one-third interest in vineyard at Evergreen, containing 34 acres, \$4,400; 709½ shares Sierra Lumber Company, \$7,000; 10,000 shares P. O. Burns Wine Company, \$1,000; three shares Agricultural Works, \$150; forty-four bonds of San José and Santa Clara Railroad Company, in safe of Jacob Rich, \$22,000; six bonds same company, held by Union Savings Bank as security for note, \$3,000; six bonds of same company, supposed to be with J. A. Bishop, \$3,000. All these bonds par value is \$300, and bear six per cent. interest. Promissory note, Jacob Rich, \$1,000; other promissory notes, value unknown; cash in bank, \$120; household furniture, \$200. The heirs are Elizabeth J. Bishop, age thirty-nine; Sarah V. Barstow, age thirty-four; E. F. Bailey, age thirty-seven; and Fred K. Bishop, age ten. The petitioner states that diligent search has been made and no will has been found, and it is believed the deceased died intestate. S. F. Leih is attorney for petitioner.

After a successful run on one of the Chicago banks, a depositor put his money in an inside pocket and asked the police to lock him up to keep anybody from getting it.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, *note* Taylor, left Paris on May 29th, for London, where they now are. They will sail from Liverpool next Wednesday on the White Star steamer *Mauretia*, and after a tour of the Eastern watering-places and a visit to the Columbian Exposition, they will return here late in July, to pass the remainder of the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson have returned from a three months' visit to Japan and China, and are at the Palace Hotel. During their absence their villa at Redwood City was destroyed by fire.

Mrs. Samuel Hori and Mrs. George C. Boardman went to the Hotel del Monte last Tuesday for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague will go to Blythedale early in July to remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Misses Fanny and Josie Loughborough, and Mr. A. Z. Loughborough are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Luke Robinson will go to the Sea Beach Hotel at Santa Cruz on July 1st, to remain a month.

Mrs. John Barton and Miss Barton will leave next Thursday to pass a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard are passing the summer in the Bowie cottage at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis are staying at the Hotel Rafael for a few weeks.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland went to the Hotel del Monte last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon have decided not to visit this coast this summer.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Miss Daisy Casserly, and Mr. J. B. Casserly have a cottage in San Mateo for the season.

Miss Cunningham, Miss Taylor, and Miss Scott left last Thursday to visit the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees and the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. J. Dorney Harvey and family went to the Hotel del Monte last Tuesday.

Mrs. J. L. Moody and the Misses Moody are passing the season at Castle Craig.

Mr. Benjamin Hayne came up from Santa Barbara last Sunday, and returned to the South on Wednesday.

Mr. William S. McMurtry is at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York city. He will soon go to London to pass the season there.

Mr. George Davis Boyd will return from Fresno to-day after a few days' absence.

Major and Mrs. J. W. McClung and family will soon go to Pescadero for a few weeks.

Mr. Winfield S. Jones has returned from an Eastern trip. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels are on the way from the East, and will go to the Hotel del Monte soon after their arrival here.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess have returned from a prolonged tour of Southern California and are at Santa Cruz for the season.

Mrs. Austin Sperry, the Misses Sperry, Mrs. C. E. Hayes, and the Misses Simpson are enjoying a visit to Paris and will soon go to London.

Mr. Albert E. Casle visited Santa Cruz early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradford, *note* Badlam, have returned to Chicago from New York. They have decided not to visit Europe this year, but will travel through the Eastern States extensively.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel are passing the season at the Hotel Rafael.

General and Mrs. John T. Cutting, *note* Luhrs, have gone East and will be away a couple of months.

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet are visiting British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and the Misses Hush, of Brubaker, are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames have returned from their northern trip.

Colonel J. Wesley Hartzell has returned from New York. Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and family and Miss and Master Wagner are passing a month at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Liebes, *note* Samson, are residing at 421 Lott Street. Mrs. Liebes will receive on the fourth Monday afternoons of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills are at the Hotel Vendome in Paris.

Mr. Joseph Friedlander is passing the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Andrew Welch and family will go to Santa Cruz early in July, to pass a month at the Sea Beach Hotel.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, who went to Wawona on June 9th, was joined there last Wednesday by Mrs. Clara Catherwood. The ladies will remain there during the summer, paying occasional visits to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees and the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing arrived at Paris a week ago.

Mr. Duncan Hayne returned from Santa Barbara last Sunday after an absence of a month.

Mr. J. Parker Currier is visiting New York city and is staying at the Hotel Imperial.

Mrs. George Boole, Jr., is passing the summer at Los Gatos, with Judge and Mrs. C. C. Jenks.

Colonel and Mrs. William Edwards will leave on Sunday for a prolonged tour through Oregon and Washington.

Mrs. William Alvord, Miss Ethel Keeney, and Miss

Leontine Blakeman are passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding will pass the month of July at Pescadero.

Mrs. William Greer Harrison and the Misses Harrison will leave on Monday for a month's visit to Ben Lomond.

Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry is passing the season at her country-place in Napa Valley.

Miss Ethel Lincoln is visiting friends near St. Helena.

Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy will be at the Hotel del Monte during July.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren are passing the summer at Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Briggs have returned from the East and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Miss Mabel Love, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Stanley at Bellevue Rancho near Los Gatos, will return to the city early in July.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have been in Paris during the past month. They are expected home in September.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Miss Shipman, and Major Charles T. Stanley left last Wednesday on a fishing and hunting trip of several weeks' duration in Humboldt County. Captain William E. Dougherty, First Infantry, U. S. A., will leave Angel Island to-day to join them.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Cunningham returned to the city last Sunday on the steamer *City of Peking* after an absence of over three months.

Miss Ruth Benson, of Alameda, is visiting Miss Grace M. Spencer at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith are occupying "Sunshine Villa" at Santa Cruz, and are entertaining their friends extensively.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerritt Lansing have returned from an Eastern trip.

Mr. Frederick H. Beaver and Mr. Frank D. Madison returned last Monday from a pleasant visit to Ben Lomond in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. Peter McG. McBean and Miss Edith McBean are expected to return from the East in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McElroy and family will pass the season in their new cottage in Mill Valley.

Mrs. Michael Castle will go to Castle Craig for a month. Misses Lulu and Hilda Drinkhouse will pass the season at Auburn.

Mrs. H. B. Hunt and Miss Anna Hunt will leave to-day for Santa Cruz, and will remain at the Sea Beach Hotel until after the Fourth of July.

Mr. Homer S. King has gone to New York city for a couple of weeks, leaving Mrs. King and the children in Chicago.

Mrs. Frances Edgerton is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Brown, at Eschol in Napa Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Arnold are en route to this city, after a foreign tour from England to Egypt, and will arrive here late in the summer. The doctor's health, which was impaired before leaving here, is much improved. He passed several months in the hospitals at Vienna, also visited Carlsbad, and, when in Berlin, was the special guest of Professor Krause.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hollis and family are occupying their cottage in San Rafael.

Mrs. Richard T. Carroll and family will pass July at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Walter and family have a cottage for the season near the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. William F. Tanffe gave a house-party from last Saturday to Monday, to ten of her friends, at her villa "Oakdale," near Mountain View.

Dr. and Mrs. Byron W. Haines have gone East on a two months' trip.

Mrs. A. G. Kinsey and Mr. Griffith Kinsey are passing a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Louis Hirsch has returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. Ellis Wooster has gone to the Puget Sound district on a month's visit.

Mr. James L. Flood has been in Chicago during the past week.

Mrs. Jay Lugsdin, Miss Lugsdin, and Miss Nellie Wood are expected to return from the East very soon.

Miss Lorena Barber and Miss Annie Keane have been enjoying a two weeks' visit to Mrs. W. D. Haslam at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finnigan are in St. Petersburg, and will soon proceed to Moscow.

Mrs. K. Love is passing a month in Los Angeles, and will return about July 6th.

Miss Nita Earle is visiting friends in Stockton, and will remain there a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson are passing the summer at Belvedere.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper is in great demand at the World's Fair congresses in Chicago. She has given twenty-one addresses there, and is exciting much interest in her kindergarten work here.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mrs. Hager, and Miss Emelie Hager left Portland, Or., last Thursday for Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Mr. Mark L. Requa, of Piedmont, are visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Miss Mamie McMullin, Miss Belle McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip, Mrs. C. D. Bates, Miss Reis, and the Misses Clementine and Mary Kip are passing several weeks at Watson's.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle and Miss Herrick, of Sacramento, are visiting Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier, at Villa Ka Bel, near Clear Lake.

Miss Daisy L. McKee will visit friends in Santa Cruz during the next two weeks.

Judge William C. Belcher and his niece, Miss Minnie

Taggart, left last Wednesday to visit the Eastern States, and will be away several months.

Major Victor D. Duboce is at the Coleman House in New York city.

Mr. Marcus L. Gerstle and Mr. Louis Greenbaum, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht at the Hotel del Monte for several days, returned to the city last Monday.

Mr. Frank H. Powers has returned from a visit to his mine in Amador County.

Miss Nellie Hilkey has been passing the week in Sacramento as the guest of Misses Lucy and Adelaide Upson.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Verrington and Mrs. D. A. Bender, of Carson City, Nev., are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John Nightingale and the Misses Minnie and George Nightingale are passing the season in the Napa Valley.

Mr. W. B. Wilshire has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, *note* Curtis, are expected here from Europe next month.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Monle, Third Infantry, U. S. A., has returned from an interesting Eastern trip.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., have arrived from Washington, D. C., and will pass the next three months on the Miller ranch, in Napa Valley. After that, Mr. Clover will have three years of sea duty.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., who was formerly stationed at Angel Island, but is now on duty at St. John's College, Annapolis, as military instructor, acted as one of the judges at the competitive drill for the flag at the naval academy on May 31st.

Persons leaving the city, either to visit the Eastern States or to spend the summer in the country, can have the Argonaut mailed to their address by sending an order to that effect to this office. Changes of address should reach this office not later than Thursday evening.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Art Association Concert.

An enjoyable concert was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pasmore. The participants were: Mr. Eugene O'Connell, violinist; Miss O'Connell, accompanist; the Alouette Quartet, of Oakland, comprising Miss Lulu Wagon, Miss Mary L. Carr, Miss Lizzie Van Amringe, and Miss Esther Needham; and a double quartet comprising Miss Mae Galloway, Miss Charlotte V. Wate, Miss Kate Byrne, Miss Laura Collins, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Hanley, Mr. Nielsen, and Mr. H. B. Pasmore. A large and fashionable audience was entertained by the following programme:

Part song, "Gay little birds," H. B. Pasmore, Double Quartet; song, "Sweet Night," Thomas, Miss Mae Galloway; violin solo, "Russian Airs," Winiawski, Mr. Eugene O'Connell; quartet, "Skylarks," Bavarian, the Alouette Quartet; song, "Evening at Sea," Saint-Saëns, Mr. Pasmore; part song, "What my Love Said," H. B. Pasmore, Double Quartet; song, "Smile, Slumber," Gounod, with violin obligato by Mr. O'Connell, Miss Wate; violin solo, "Fantasia," Otelio, Ernst, Mr. Eugene O'Connell; quartet, "Legends," Moshing, the Alouette Quartet; song, "Let me Love Thee," Arditi, Miss Kate Byrne; part song, "Beware," H. B. Pasmore, Double Quartet.

The Morrow Concert.

A testimonial concert was given by the congregation of the Howard Street Methodist-Episcopal Church to Mrs. Marguerite Morrow on Friday evening, June 16th. A large audience was present, and the following excellent programme was given:

Quartet, "Shine on, Oh! Moon," Warren, Mrs. W. E. Mayhew, Mrs. Marguerite Morrow, Mr. Robert Smith, Mr. Robert Duncan; cello and piano, sonata, op. 46, Scharwenka, Mr. Paul Friedhofer and Mr. Abe Sunder-land; contralto solo, "The Mariner," Rubinstein, Mrs. Marguerite Morrow; bass solo, "Only in Dreams," De Koven, Mr. Robert Duncan; trio, (a) "The Summer Wind," (b) "In Summer Seek Thy Sweetheart True," Feincke, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis, Mrs. Marguerite Morrow, Mrs. Annie E. Story; soprano solo, "With Verdure Clad," ("Creation"), Haydn, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis; organ solo, Grand Offertoire de St. Cecile, op. 7, No. 1, Batiste, Mr. Martin Schultz; contralto solo, (a) "Ah! 'Tis a Dream," Lassen, (b) "The Maiden's Song," Helmund, Mrs. Marguerite Morrow; cello solo, (a) adagio from B minor concerto, Coltermann, (b) mazurka, (c) waltz, Mr. Paul Friedhofer; recitation, Mmc. Beaumont; trio, (a) "Hark! Hark! The Lark," Thorne, (b) "April Showers," Hatton, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis, Mrs. Marguerite Morrow, Mrs. Annie E. Story.

SOME OF THE PRETTIEST FANCIES IN FASHIONABLE stationery for summer correspondence are displayed at the large establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, directly opposite Grant Avenue. The tints for this season are delicate and beautiful, and are in great demand by those who keep up with the changes in style. In addition to their large stock of society stationery the firm makes a specialty of copper-plate engraving at prices that are most reasonable.

"The Tide Tables for the Pacific Coast of the United States," together with one hundred and fifty stations in Lower California, British Columbia, and Alaska Territory, for the year 1894, published by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, are now ready for issue, and copies can be obtained at the agencies of the survey in this city or by addressing the office at Washington. Price, 25 cents.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

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These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of itching and burning Eczemas and other itching, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, un-failing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

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Living Wild Animals

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VERY OLD.

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AS

CREAM

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SMOOTH

AS

SATIN

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A Word To American Housewives.

I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market. It is an act of simple justice and also a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American Housewives.

Marion Harland

Author of "Common Sense in the Household."

ANOTHER MAN'S SISTER.

How She Invaded a Bachelor's Chambers.

Let us all pray to be delivered from the sin of hasty judgment. When I first beheld four or five modern comedies adapted from the French language, wherein the situations were all due to somebody, chiefly a she, entering somebody else's apartments, chiefly a he, I scoffed audibly. The thing was absurd, outworn, and cheap. But now that has happened which has caused me to know a great deal more about French comedies and critical situations than all the most successful playwrights put together.

In the first place, I occupied (and still do occupy) chambers, which consist of two rooms connected by a tiny hallway giving on to the landing by one door. Therefore it will be plain to the meanest mind that once the hall-door is occupied by the enemy, the only other exit is from the window by way of the gutter-pipe—a vertical distance of three stories. There should always be two ways, not including the window, out of every set of chambers.

This need had never presented itself to me until one memorable afternoon, when, without knock, word, or warning, a round-faced, golden-haired, blue-eyed maiden, in an astrakhan-faced jacket, a gray skirt, and a black-velvet hat, charged into my room, after the most approved fashion of all the comedies, crying: "Dear old Joe!"

My name was not, and never will be, Joe. There was no need for explanations. Sister, and only sister, was stamped all over the face of the maiden. Everybody who has been possessed of an only sister understands the manner in which one of the tribe enters a brother's rooms.

The maiden gave a little scream as I turned. She apologized. Could I tell her whereabouts Mr. Joseph Rupard's chambers were?

I could not; for you may live seventeen years in chambers without knowing the face, life, or occupation of any one of your fellow-convicts. I suggested that she should speak to the housekeeper, and escorted her to the tiny hall aforesaid.

You will observe that there was nothing whatever in these proceedings to bring a blush to the thinnest cheek.

The Imp of Perversity, who is generally playing about on the landing for six shillings a week, met me in the hallway, saying: "Lady and gentleman to see you, sir."

Behind him stood two figures that I knew, and at any other time would have received with joy.

The maiden at my heels lost her singularly pretty head, and, whispering "What shall I do?" bolted back into the sitting-room.

All this was strictly in accordance with the rules of the stage; but why it should have taken place in my chambers I could never understand. And yet I was deeply thankful that she had not gone forth, like Una, under the noses of my visitors. Uncle John—yes, it was an uncle, even as is the case in a comedy—would have laughed; and, since she was another man's sister, that would have been even worse than Aunt Alice's hawk-eyed inspection of the maiden, and subsequent description of her face, figure, and dress to all her righteous world.

I received my people in the hallway. An inspiration told me to get rid of my coat and rumple my hair. Desperate fear made me very wise, most courteous, and genial to excess.

"Oh, so glad to see you," said I; "but I'm afraid you've come to a regular camp in the wilderness. Fact is, my sitting-room is upside down—that fool of a housemaid has been doing something to the fire that has filled the place with smuts, and I've made her dust everything out again. But come into the bedroom, since you've taken the trouble to climb all these stairs." Even as I spoke in the hall, I heard the heavy arm-chair wheeled up against my sitting-room door, and there was a sound of emphatic dusting. I thanked heaven that was pleased to afflict me that it had sent at least "one heart still ready to play out the play."

Into my humble bedroom I led those relatives; and my aunt, after the manner of women, made searching inventories with her eye, and inquired as to whether I was well looked after. But it was the antipathetic kiss and the remark that followed—"My boy, how hot you are! Aren't you well?"—that seared my perfectly innocent soul like hot iron. Perfected crime must bring with it a sense of ease and rest. It is the unmerited imputation of evil that strains the nerves.

My aunt would fain have had tea, "when that girl had finished cleaning your rooms." The bedroom door was of course open. I assured my aunt that the folly of that housemaid prevented her from finishing anything this side of doomsday, and that the dust would not settle down till twenty minutes after that.

There was a crowing, choking noise, that might have been a smothered chuckle, from the sitting-room, whereof the fanlight above the door was open.

"What a very superior voice she has!" said Aunt Alice. "Quite like a lady's. Is she pretty?"

"Come and see," quoth I, with that icy innocence that only cunning can bestow. I half-opened the sitting-room door, coughed vehemently, and drew back as one choked with the dust.

"Impossible," I said. "She's not in a sweet mood to-day, because I made her do the rooms. We'd better not disturb her, or she'll break her ornaments." This, meseems, could not have

been excelled by the most hardened profligate on the stage.

My aunt left very slowly and deliberately, mourning for the loss of her tea. I escorted her and Uncle John down to the first floor. How could I tell that her housewifely zeal for her nephew would have led her to bestow upon the housemaid, who was Fan of the Teeth, a few hints on the best management of fires and the proper care of the room, which the fellow-servant was even then supposed to be cleaning?

"You see, it all means more work for you in the end," said my aunt.

I dashed into the sitting-room to find, helpless with suppressed laughter, the maiden with the black-velvet hat. I was coatless, as has been recounted (people never stay long with a man who lacks a coat), my hair was on end, and I was flushed. But there was no resisting that infection of mirth. I laughed aloud. The air was dense with dust and all the furniture was out of place. "That fool of a housemaid" had lived up to her reputation.

"Haven't I done the room beautifully?" she said, with a wicked giggle; "thank you—thank you, oh, so much, for helping me!"

"Not in the least," said I; "I've got a sister of my own. But hadn't you better—"

"I'm gone," she said, and vanished at the word, to hunt for her brother's chambers.

Entered, her cap over one eye, Fan of the Teeth, boiling with rage. She was an austere woman of thirty-five, not to be trifled with.

"And I'm sure me and Lucy, too, we takes all the trouble that we can with seventeen sets of chambers to be gone through, and the bells ringing on every landing all day long. 'Tisn't as if I was afraid of my work, for I've kep' myself ever since I was 'a little girl of thirteen—nor Lucy, neither. But when that lady on the staircase spoke to me an' tole me that I was inattentive an' Lucy, too, an' smuts all about your room, sayin' that I was to take extra care of you, sir, I was put out. Do as you would be done by, I thinks, an' show no favor to any chambers more than another, for some one must lose by it; and if it isn't you, it will be some other gentleman. An' there aren't no smuts in your room not to be seen, an' Lucy, I know she 'as been on the fourth floor since I come down with the slops; but I didn't say nothink to that lady when she said what she said—and, Lor', sir, what 'ave you bin doin' to the furnicewere—all pulled across the room? Lucy 'asn't been 'ere no more than the cat. An' you 'avin' to see your friends in your bedroom—as if it was our fault!"

"Fanny," said I, "if there has been any fault, that fault is mine. Take, oh take those lips away, and—here's a half-sovereign."

It was a damning confession of guilt, received as such. Fan removed herself with an unholy light in her eye.

I hated Fan; and this still further shook my nerves. Worn with a thousand conflicting emotions, I fled to the sideboard and pulled myself together with the necessary liquids. Men never seem to do that on the stage after any unusual crisis. They do in the prosaic world of real life.

Reentered Fan, the half-sovereign in her hand, and placed it on my table.

"I've took them in their teas," she said, oracularly; "an' she was tellin' 'im all about it. She is a real nice little lady, she is, an'—an' I don't want no 'arf-suffring for that."

No comedy that I could think of had any mention of the soubrette—to be sure, Fan was rather too angular for the soubrette—refusing a tip.

"And you're a lady, too, Fan," said I. "Keep it. Few people return money. Still fewer dismiss preconceived suspicions."

She withdrew slightly alarmed.

I stepped into the hallway to set down the empty soda-water syphon in the place appointed. The door leading to the landing was half-open. I heard voices descending the stairs.

"He was really very nice, Joe, about it. Said he had a sister of his own and laughed."

"H'mph. Then I'm sorry for his sister, that's all. He drinks like a fish. Why, only last night I found him on his hands and knees on the second floor, and had to help him to bed."

The next chambers! As I hope to clear my character before all judges, it was the man in the next chambers! I had heard the infernal din of that episode at two o'clock in the morning, and a few of Joe's comments as he left the drunkard. How should the maiden know exactly into whose rooms she had penetrated? and here was Joe saddling me with my neighbor's booted slumbers.

I gripped the syphon-head in an agony of wrath. The steps were almost opposite my landing. There was more soda-water than I had thought for in the tube, and the infernal concoction exhausted itself with a fizzle, spit, and grunt. It seemed to roar through the house.

"There I!" said Joe. "You hear, Milly? That's a soda-water syphon. He's at it again—so early."

"But he didn't look as if he took—" The sweet voice died away, and I was alone with my sorrow and my syphon.

To-day I know something of plot and construction; and, as I say, I understand the verisimilitude of the modern French farce. Yet would I sell all my insight for the single privilege of explaining to Milly (my Milly—she has dusted my room) that I am not—indeed, I am not—the villain that Joe painted me.—*St. James's Gazette.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

In the Restaurant.

Mary had a little lamb,
Which cost one dollar, net.
Next time she comes out to the fair,
She'll bring her lunch, you bet.
—*World's Fair Puck.*

Sure to Sell.

That man has a great, big head
Who recently, undismayed,
Introduced a mustache saucer
For the country trade.—*Puck.*

The Fatal Test.

"I haven't drank a drop," he said,
"Of aught save water clear;
But the water out at Parkson Jack
Exhilarates like beer!"
She believed him, as a woman will,
That golden afternoon—
Till he begged her to ride in the dongola,
Upon the smooth galoon!—*Puck.*

Brought Back by the Butcher's Boy.

Mary had a little dog
So thin it couldn't bark;
One dismal night, afar from home,
It wandered in the dark.
Poor Mary mourned her little pet,
And into tears she burst;
For when it came to her again,
It came as wiener-wurst.
—*Washington News.*

A Liberal Proposition.

Yes, Ethel, you may have the sweets,
The candied fruits and flowers;
I'll leave you all the sugared treats,
And I will take the "sours."—*Truth.*

A Psalm of Life in the South.

Lives ob' hones' men remind us
Dat ter wrong we musn't stoop;
Dat we musn't leave behind us
Footprints run de chicken-coop.
—*Denton (Tex.) Herald.*

He did not Win Her.

"If I was you and you was me,
And you knew I was true,
When no one else were near," said he,
"Now what—er—would you do?"
Her red lips curled. "If I were you,
I'd not stand there and stammer;
I'd go to night school, or somewhere,
And learn a little grammar."
—*Kansas City Journal.*

Circumstances Alter Cases.

He was just about her love to implore
When a little mouse ran across the floor.
Did she scream, or faint, or jump on a chair?
No; she acted as if it were not there.—*Judge.*

The Straw Hat.

Hail the straw hat!
On fevered brow of man it rests so lightly,
In dull streets of towns it shines so brightly,
What though the jokers jest about it tritely,
Hail the straw hat!

Hail the straw hat!
No head-gear ever yet devised excels it.
When a man's head grows big it only swells it.
What if it does roll when the wind propels it.
Hail the straw hat!

Hail the straw hat!
It is so light and restful, and so airy,
Wearing it, a man feels gay and literary.
Once having had it, would he do without it? Nary!
Hail the straw hat!

Hail the straw hat!
It is the greatest boon of summer weather.
A contrast to the hats of felt and leather,
A shelter and a solace put together—
Hail the straw hat!

—*Somerville Journal.*

Our Rapid, Transitory Existence.

Brief as it is at the longest, is liable to be materially curtailed by our own indiscretions. The dyspeptic eat what they should not, the bilious drink coffee in excess, and the rheumatic, neuralgic, and consumptive sit in draughts, get wet feet, and remain in damp clothes, and then wonder when ill how they became so. To persons with a tendency to neuralgia, we recommend a daily use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and especially after unavoidable exposure in damp or otherwise inclement weather.

The Russians still retain their old barbaric love of splendor, and when the empress shows herself she is a vision of unmatched gorgeousness. She is one of the few monarchs of Europe who still make a practice of wearing a crown on great occasions.

Ripans Tabules are a gentle cathartic and the best of liver tonics. A family remedy.

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DEVILED HAM LOAF.

Take two cupfuls of cracker or bread crumbs, one quarter of a pound of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham, two cups of milk, using a portion to moisten the ham. Stir in two eggs, add salt to taste, put into buttered bread pan and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Serve cold, cut in thin slices.

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Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At a recent dinner in New York city a prominent Southern woman present remarked, in the course of a conversation touching upon the famous statesman, that it "was almost wicked in Charles Sumner to have married. He was so deeply in love with himself," she continued, "that his marriage was little short of bigamy."

A sympathetic lady on one occasion stepped up to the bed-side of a soldier lying in a hospital during the war, and inquired: "Well, my poor man; is there anything you want?" "No, miss, I b'lieve not." "You're sure there is nothing I can do for you?" "Nothin' I can think of." "Oh, I do want to do something for you—can't I wash your hands and face?" "Wall, if yo' want to do that, I reckin' yo' kin, but yo'll be the fo'teenth lady who's done that same thing this mo'nin', and two of 'em has washed my feet."

Several years ago, a London Hebrew, Abraham Solomon, painted a stirring picture, "Waiting for the Verdict," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy. The artist, not being a Royal Academician, entitled to annex R. A. to his name, had his painting "skied." All the pictures contributed by that august fraternity were, as usual, hung on the line. Thomas Landseer was in ecstasies as he beheld the thrilling scene depicted on the canvas, and exclaimed: "There is Solomon in all his glory, but not R. A.'d like one of these!"

The Breckinridge referred to in Dr. Briggs's letter as belonging to the "reactionary school of theologians" was the celebrated Presbyterian minister of Kentucky. He was engaged in many bitter controversies, one of which was with Mr. Crittenden. At the conclusion of one of his fierce attacks on that gentleman, in which he had used the strongest epithets, he said: "But may God Almighty forgive you, as I do." Tom Marshall, after reading the diatribe, said: "That's Christian-like; but if God Almighty forgives Mr. Crittenden as Dr. Breckinridge does, wot't he catch hades in the other world?"

Charles Gervais, the great French cheese merchant, who recently died in Paris, full of years, and honors, and wealth, was a self-made man and no scholar. Last year he stood for some municipal post in the Department of Seine-Inférieure, and, in the course of his campaign, read a speech composed for him by a journalist of Rouen, beginning as follows: "As a candidate for this important office—commune—fully understanding your wants—commune—I come to solicit your votes—full stop." The scribe had written down the steps as a guide to elocution, but poor M. Gervais conscientiously delivered it as a part of his speech.

The "Saunterer" of the Boston Budget tells of a college professor whose house was just beside a dormitory inhabited by a rather fast set. One night the neighborhood was awakened by an enormous clatter. On the professor's steps was a much-he-fuddled student banging the knocker, kicking the door, and raising a row generally; and above was the night-capped head of the professor, vainly trying to make himself heard above the din. Finally there came a lull. "What do you want?" called the exasperated professor. "Want t' stay here all night," said the student. "Well," said the professor, "if it'll do you any good, stay there!" and he slammed down the window.

A girl, in a Malice village, who made her home with her aunt, was often disturbed (says the Lewistown Journal) by evidences of the old lady's indifference to everything but the welfare of her own material possessions. One day, in going down-cellar for some butter, she tripped and fell heavily quite a distance. The maiden aunt rushed to the door, and, peering down into the darkness, called out sharply: "D'y'e break the dish?" "No!" thundered back the niece, for once thoroughly aroused; "no! but I will!" and she shivered it with hearty good-will against the cellar wall. The old lady was so shocked by this dramatic exhibition of malice that she took to her bed and kept it for a week.

The decline in the credit and honor of soothsaying dates in a considerable measure, perhaps, from a certain performance of John Galeazzo, Duke of

Milan. He had a soothsayer. One day the reader of the stars came to him and said: "My lord, make haste to arrange your earthly affairs." "Aod why shall I do that?" asked the duke. "Because the stars tell me that you have not long to live." "Indeed! And what do the stars tell you about your own lease of life?" asked Duke John. "They promise me many years more of life." "They do?" "So I have read them, my lord." "Well, then," said the duke, "it appears that the stars know very little about these things, for you will be hanged within half an hour!" He sent the soothsayer to the gallows with promptness, and lived many years afterward himself. Star-reading fell into disuse in Milan from that time.

Years ago, John Sherman, of Ohio, now senator, went out to Kansas as a commissioner, with others, to investigate certain lawless proceedings in that section. In the course of the investigation, one long-whiskered, be-pistoled native, who was before the commission, began to express himself with profane forcefulness, and Mr. Sherman requested the official stenographer to take down the remarks of the gentleman from Kansas. Mr. Sherman then let the angry citizen go on until he had had his say. "Now, look here," said Mr. Sherman, "do you know you have been making yourself liable to prosecution by what you have said?" The speaker didn't care a blankety blank if he bad. "Well, do you know what you have said?" inquired Mr. Sherman. "No, I don't, aod nobody else does; but I've said it and stood by it." Mr. Sherman called on the stenographer to read his notes, and the stenographer did so. As the vile language rolled out, the Kansan looked puzzled at first. Then he became frightened. "Let me see that," he asked, nervously. The stenographer handed him the notes. For a minute or more he gazed at the strange stenographic characters. "Snakes, by —!" he yelled, and, dropping the book, he bolted out of the place.

Two chorus-girls came out of the stage-door of Palmer's Theatre one evening (says the Evening Sun). One was covered with satins and laces, and the diamonds which adorned her little pink ears made the electric lights ashamed of themselves. She slammed the old wooden door with a haughty air and waved a pretty white-gloved hand. Her coachman was quick to see his signal, and a private victoria was soon beside the young woman. The driver got his orders in a low tone, and the carriage was whirled away. The other chorus-girl was pale, thin, and actually looked hungry. A cheap dress, evidently designed and made by its wearer, and a winter hat formed part of her costume. A bundle of sewing in her hand proved that she wasted no time between the acts. While waiting for a car she counted the few pennies in her possession. She looked at an approaching car and at her bit of money; then resolved to walk. Manager E. E. Rice and a friend had been standing near the stage-door. "What a remarkable contrast in the two pictures!" said the friend. "Both receive the same salary," explained the manager, as he shrugged his shoulders; "but it's the old story—the first one saves her money and the other doesn't."

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Adriatic.....July 19th Majestic.....August 10th
Britannic.....July 26th Britannic.....August 23d

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From June 10, 1893.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.	7:45 P.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.	6:45 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	6:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4:15 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Peters and Milton.	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	* 12:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Port Costa.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
* 5:00 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	† 8:45 P.
† 7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.
8:00 P.	Castle Gate, Duquoin via Woodland and Willows.	7:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

* 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	* 2:30 P.
† 7:30 A.	San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations.	† 8:33 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:26 P.
† 9:30 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	† 2:27 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:06 P.
12:05 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	4:25 P.
* 2:00 P.	Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	* 11:23 A.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	* 9:06 A.
5:10 P.	San José and Way Stations.	3:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.	† 7:26 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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China.....(via Honolulu).....	Monday, July 3, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....	Saturday, July 22, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro.....	Thursday, August 10, at 3 P. M.

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Belgie.....	Thursday, July
Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....	Tuesday, August
Gaelic.....	Tuesday, August 22

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It is said that the sudden vogue of the short story has been rather a bane than a boon to light literature. When authors of novels had to spin their work out to fill the three-volume form, they were compelled either to drop out of the race or else to produce long, careful, and elaborate pieces of work, to fill large canvases crowded with figures, not to paint their pictures with the fine-pointed brush of the artist in miniature.

The great lights of the three-volume days introduced a crowd of figures and stories within stories in their exhaustive romances. Compared to the thinly-peopled pages of the novelists of to-day, their works in the throngs of personages that marched through the pages were as a populous city suburb to a section of ranch-land in one of the Dakotas. Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot told a dozen stories in their three-volume novels. You met, in their pages, a host of people of all sorts, their canvases were as crowded with figures as Frith's "Derby Day" and "Railway Station." To-day we have no more of these great throngs of characters or novels holding a dozen smaller romances. Our writers treat small subjects delicately and finely. They like single-figure pieces. They work over their one or two characters with infinite patience, paint in backgrounds beautifully and carefully, touch the work up to the finest point of finish, and then stand back and regard the miniature masterpiece, as perfect in detail and polish as those tiny ivory carvings they do in Germany, that, to see fully, one must study through a magnifying-glass. Dickens and George Eliot make way for Rudyard Kipling and Miss Wilkies.

The same spirit has, with more deliberation, permeated the literature of the stage. The curtain-raiser—old in France, but a novelty here—was gradually accepted by audiences that liked the tremendous machinery of such melodramas as "The Two Orphans," "The Silver King," or love-dramas like "Camille" and "The Lady of Lyons." The curtain-raiser turned on pathos, like a miniature play, then it became a character sketch, then it became a pastel. Presently it lengthened out and became a play of one personality, such as "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," where the evolutions and windings of the story are only there for the purpose of developing an unusual type of character.

Now a great crop of these short sketch-plays and story-plays have risen up and been produced at the "free theatres" and the "theatres of arts and letters" which seem to have started up, like mushrooms, in a single night. The vogue for the story that is short, the tale that is quickly told, the sketch, the thumbnail study, the pastel, has invaded the boards. The five-act melodrama is nowhere beside the ten-minute sketch, with three characters and one good part. These smaller novels and stories in dialogue take many forms—sometimes the tale to be told is a dramatic story of love and passion, such as the libretto of "Cavalleria Rusticana"; sometimes it is a light and humorous sketch of society, containing a dash of sarcasm and a spice of *diablerie* such as Brander Matthews's "The Decision of the Court"; sometimes it is a psychological and extremely modern condensed novel, such as Richard Harding Davis's "The Other Woman."

These plays are all more or less of the order of novels told in dialogue. They do not have the end of each act drawn up into a startling climax, nor do they always end with a flourish as one expects a play should. They are acted stories—iragic, sad, humorous, or romantic. The libretto of "Cavalleria Rusticana" is an extremely real, human story, palpitating with life. It is the first opera-story of the new order. Its appearance was sudden and unheralded by any predecessors verging on the same lines. It was the first step in the new direction, and as such was startling in its freshness and novelty. Never before had an audience seen an opera where the story was modern, possible, human, and engrossing. Wagner, the only other composer who wedded his scores to remarkable librettos, always chose antique subjects, searching back into the dimness of the twilight of the gods and the days when the Volungs walked the earth.

The play of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, just given in New York at Palmer's Theatre, is on the same sort of lines as "The Rustic Cavaliers." It is a drama of love, and revenge, and despair entitled "Mercedes." The story is such a one as Prosper Mérimée would have liked to treat, and would have worked up with the musical and lucid simplicity of which he was master. In the Peninsular War, Mercedes, her child, and her old grandmother have left the sole beings in the town of Arguano—the inhabitants having sought safety in flight.

For the company of Napoleon's army that takes possession of the place, the infuriated inhabitants have left several casks of poisoned wine. The soldiers, suspecting that the wine is poisoned, order Mercedes to taste it, and she, carried away past fear and remorse by a frenzy for vengeance, drinks the wine herself and gives it to her child and grandmother, too. Emboldened by this, the soldiers drink to their own destruction and death. Among them is a soldier, her own lover, and the curtain falls upon their death together, Mercedes having, like Samson, thirsted so deeply for vengeance that she was willing to buy it at the price of her own life.

This story of almost elemental simplicity and ruggedness has its antithesis in Brander Matthews's dialogue, "The Decision of the Court." "Mercedes" was a picture of the fierce deeds of a fierce people in a fierce time. "The Decision of the Court" is a finely finished pastel of the little inconveniences that attend those even in the best society and the graceful way in which people of fashion arrange the small discords that disturb the even tenor of *le high life*. It all takes place in the drawing-room of a Newport "cottage" where the salty breezes from the Atlantic stir the thin curtains; where it is never too warm or too cool; where servants are always satisfactory and women are always well dressed. The story, told with all the gaiety of a crisp and possible dialogue, is just a trifling little incident in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Stanyhurst. As the fashionable world knows, Mrs. Stanyhurst was an American, rich, clever, and a trifle spoiled, while Mr. Stanyhurst was an Englishman, heavy, unresponsive, good-natured, but a decidedly lumbering sort of man. Both found that they had made a mistake in imagining they had loved each other, and decided forthwith to break the chain that bound them. The divorce papers have come. Mr. Stanyhurst comes, too, to have a last interview with his wife. Then they talk cleverly, brightly, amusingly, for a half hour or so, and finally make up, as the children say—"kiss and be friends."

This is Brander Matthews's contribution to the new sketch-plays of the stage. His idea is not particularly original, but he has treated it with much humor and gaiety, and, in the conversation, kept away, with extreme skillfulness, from all suggestion of the intense and the emotional. His well-bred couple are made for the gay world, always good-humored, always masters of themselves, never making vulgar displays of sentiment or emotion, apparently merry and irresponsible as butterflies, but capital company and having a sort of cheerful philosophy of life that makes it impossible to bear anything but hunger or the toothache.

When Richard Harding Davis strikes the lyre, one always prepares one's self for a sweet and sentimental strain. In the dramatizing of "The Other Woman," the original story appears to have been kept to with extreme closeness. This is what might be called a psychological story-play. Any one who has ever read the tale will remember the remarkable suggestion of the bishop to the young man who has come to ask him for his daughter's hand. The bishop transfixes the nervous aspirant with the extraordinary query that if he had only one month to live, whether he would choose to pass it with his betrothed or with some other woman whom he had previously loved. The young man is naturally a good deal staggered, and is undecided in his reply. The young lady, for whose hand he has bearded the bishop in his den, has been listening at the door, and entering, casts herself into her father's arms and renounces her lover forthwith.

As a story, with its author's running commentary of explanations and description, this singularly forced and impossible sketch has originality and interest, and piques the curiosity of the reader. As a play, denuded of all descriptive and explanatory passages, its absurdity must strike the beholder with marked force. A bishop—presumably a man of sense and feeling—who would propound such a ridiculous question to a reasonable young man, ought not to be taken seriously, and a girl who would act like the one in the story can only be said to be a fittingly idiotic daughter for such a father. Montaigne gave the Christian religion five hundred years to live. If there were in the church many bishops like Mr. Davis's, five hundred weeks would be enough to make it totter on its foundations.

The fourth new play was produced in London recently at the Independent Theatre. This was again of still another sort—a play of horror and pain, tacitly offering to the audience a question that its author has evidently got close to his heart. "Alan's Wife" is the story of a fine, healthy, handsome young woman, Jean Creype, who makes a humble marriage with a man she loves—Alan, foreman of the mills. A short time after their marriage there is an accident in the mills, and Alan is brought home dead. When Jean's child is born, it is a cripple, and Jean, in the horror of her loneliness and despair, having always loved and gloried in physical strength, knowing the life of pain and wretchedness before the child, kills it. Then she is tried, condemned, and, at the end, taken out to death. The question placed before the audience by the author is whether such an act is not more or less justifiable. It is a question that has been asked a good many times before—whether those condemned "to draw their breath in pain" ought not to be removed from the wretchedness to come. The Indians, it is said,

kill their weak babies, and the author of "Alan's Wife" is evidently in sympathy with them.

These four plays in the new style of ovel-plays, illustrate four different classes. Mr. Aldrich's "Mercedes" is a dramatic sketch, complete though episodic, artistic in its treatment, propounding no question, seeking to explain no involved point in morals or customs, simply an episode—romantic, fierce, and picturesque. Mr. Matthews's, on the other hand, is a pastel of society, lightly sarcastic, flippantly gay, also not attempting to teach or lead, unless to pique the class he so gently satirizes to a little, passing blush of embarrassment at the picture of their smiling callousness. Mr. Davis's picture is meant to be a study of a human heart and brain in a perplexing situation. He half asks a question and then leaves it to suggest itself. But the author of "Alan's Wife" puts down a downright query in the most forcible way he or she can—is it justifiable to kill a sickly and deformed child?

At the theatres during the week commencing June 26th: The Tivoli Company in "Ali Baba"; Bobby Gaylor in "Sport McAllister"; and "Maioe and Georgia."

When Saint-Saëns's new opera, "Phryne," was produced at the Opéra Comique in Paris recently, with Sibyl Sanderson in the title rôle, there was lively curiosity as to how the trial scene would be managed. The delicate problem was solved by the substitution for the heroine of a statue for which Miss Sanderson had posed. The story of the opera, by the way, differs widely from the legend, which is told in verse in another column of the *Argonaut*.

Great things are expected of the Tivoli's production of "Ali Baba (Up to Date)" on Monday night. The cast is as follows:

Ali Baba, Tillie Salinger; Cassim, Ferris Hartman; Saladin, Philip Branson; Zizi, Fanny Liddiard; Kandygar, George Olmi; Mesrou, Frank Ridsdale; Barbour, John P. Wilson; Harlour, H. A. Barkalew; Cartour, George Harris; Maboul, Fred Kavanaugh; Glafar, Edward Torpi; Morgiana, Grace Plaisted; Zobeide, Grace Vernon; Medjeh, Marie Griffith; So-So, Stella Wilmot.

Young Sothern is to strike out into deeper water this year than he has yet tried. He is to produce a play, written for him by Robert Buchanan, which is founded on the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and contains scenes calling for more power and *finesse* than Sothern has yet had opportunity to show.

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Private Relief of the Poor. By HERBERT SPENCER. An incisive article showing how society is harmed by injudicious almsgiving.

Moral Life of the Japanese. By Dr. W. DELANO EASTLAK. (Illustrated.) Gives the actual attitude of this people toward various matters of right and wrong, with pictures of temples, priests, and sacred places.

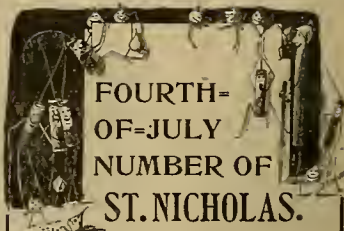
Evil Spirits. By J. H. LONG. Sets forth the terrors of the belief in witches and demons that was supported by the Church during the Middle Ages.

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"Doctors are hard workers, considering." "Considering what?" "How easily they could take life if they wished."—*Bazar*.

Bliss reserved to gods: *Jupiter*—"Will you be my wife, dearest?" *Juno*—"Yes, dear; and I'll be a sister to you, too!"—*Puck*.

De Sappie—"Have a cigarette?" *Caustic*—"No; I don't smoke 'fool-killers.'" *De Sappie*—"Neither would I, if I were you."—*Life*.

"Where did you get your new waitress, Hawley?" "Down on the Jersey coast." "Really?" "Yes. She is one of the breakers."—*Bazar*.

She—"Have you ever seen my friend Miss Dashaway?" *He*—"Only at a distance." *She*—"Then you have seen her at her best."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I lost a leg at Gettysburg," said the veteran, talking to the sweet-girl graduate. "How awful!" said she; "and did you find it again, captain?"—*Judge*.

Exact father—"James, how are you getting along with that job of wood-splitting?" *Rebellious son*—"I'm making about three knots an hour."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Must have been "No!": *Grace Ingle*—"You ask me to marry you. Can you not read your answer in my face?" *Ned Naver* (cruelly)—"Yes; it is very plain."—*Puck*.

"Use fish-liver oil": *Pinxit*—"And what's D'Auber doing this season?" *Stipple*—"Painting in the Catskills, I believe." *Pinxit*—"Humph! On the Catskills, more likely."—*Puck*.

Bell-boy—"Here's a young couple on de piazzas wants you to send 'em some chairs." *Clerk*—"Is it bright moonlight?" *Bell-boy*—"Nope; dark." *Clerk*—"Take them this chair."—*Puck*.

"What a scornful expression Miss Wellopp has!" "It is a look she acquired in childhood. Most of her younger days were spent within two blocks of the Chicago River."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Were you introduced to the count last night, Marie?" "Yes. We talked together for an hour." "What did you talk about?" "I haven't the remotest idea. We spoke in French."—*Bazar*.

Woodsell—"What will you give me for him?" *Byers*—"A load of hay." *Woodsell*—"What would I want with hay and no horse to eat it?" *Byers*—"Well, I'd lend you the horse till the hay was gone."—*Puck*.

Brown—"I hear you have been to the fair. I suppose you brought home a souvenir?" *Jones*—"You bet I did, and a rare one, too." *Brown*—"What was it?" *Jones*—"A dollar I took out with me."—*Puck*.

Editor—"No, I don't want a machine to throw out spring poets. It's no trouble to me." *Canvasser*—"Ah, but my machine throws him down two flights of stairs, then hoists him up and throws him down again!" (Sells one.)—*Life*.

Mrs. de Rich—"The Society Chitchat is edited by a woman, isn't it?" *Mr. de Rich*—"So I've heard." *Mrs. de Rich*—"I guess she isn't making much money out of it. She says: 'Lavish displays of diamonds are vulgar.'"—*Puck*.

Chicago courtesy: *Mr. Lakeside*—"I have brought a friend to dinner and he is in the next room. Shall I bring him in?" *Mrs. Lakeside*—"Perhaps you had better wait a moment, dear, and give him a chance to turn his cuffs."—*Judge*.

May—"Two men at a hotel in summer are much more entertaining than four men." *Ethel*—"But suppose there are twenty girls?" *May*—"That makes no difference. When there are four men, they always play poker, while only two can't."—*Bazar*.

Deacon Ebony—"I hab not seen you at ouah reviver meetin's, Mistah Black." *Mistah Black*—"What foh I want oh reviver meetin's?" *Deacon Ebony*—"Don't you ebber pray?" *Mistah Black*—"No; I carry er rabbit's foot."—*New York Weekly*.

Cholly—"Why, wheah ah yotiah diamonds and watch gone?" *Chappie* (beamingly)—"Oh, I met a bunco man this mawning, and he took me foh an Englishman, just ovah, y' know; so I let the deah fellow cheat me out of ev'wything."—*World's Fair Puck*.

He—"I see the man who saturated his wife's mother with kerosene, then set her afire, and called in the neighbors to look on, has been convicted of murder." *She*—"The plea of insanity didn't work then." *He*—"No. The judge charged the jury that nobody but a man of sound mind would do such a thing."—*Life*.

Mrs. Kindly—"Now, I'll give you a dime, poor man. But I hope you will not go and get drunk with it." *The poor man* (much hurt)—"Lady, you do me a great wrong to suggest such a thing." *Mrs. Kindly*—"I didn't mean to accuse you." *The poor man*—"I'm glad of it, lady. Do I look like a man who could get drunk on a dime?"—*Puck*.

HORFORD'S Acid Phosphate

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It relieves the prostration and nervous derangement.

THE INNER MAN.

The Marquis and Marquise de Béchamel were famous epicures in the days of the old monarchy in France. Béchamel achieved the distinction of having a sauce, which survives to this day, named after him. He married a young woman named Valentine de Rochemont, who is said to have attracted him purely because she was a wonderfully good cook and had a remarkable appetite. The marquis and marquise cooked and ate together for fifty years, in perfect accord and perfect health. They were said to have almost passed their lives at the table; and when they were not at the table together, they were generally in the kitchen together. They had a famous feast at their golden wedding. For many years the marquis had been saving for this occasion a bottle of priceless Constance wine, from the Cape of Good Hope, and every guest was to have a drop or two of it. Just as the bottle was being brought out, the marquise sank to the floor. It was quickly ascertained that she was dead. She appeared simply to have reached the term of her existence; and her death at such a festival was regarded as a most beautiful and touching one. The bottle of Constance was put away unopened. The marquis was inconsolable. Before long he fell apparently hopelessly ill. In this emergency, his physician having informed him that his end was surely near, the marquis called for the bottle of Constance wine. With a sinking, dying voice, the old man said: "When I meet my beloved Valentine on the other side, she will say: 'What is that perfume, my dear, which I detect upon thy lips?' And I will answer: 'It is the Constance wine, my beloved, that we had saved for our golden wedding!'" Béchamel drank of the wine, and his livid head fell back upon the pillow. All supposed that he was dead; but he was merely asleep. An hour afterward he called his nephew, and sent him, with a key, to open a drawer in a secretary and bring from it a box. The nephew made all haste, supposing that the box might contain his will, or some other document which he wished to sign or modify before his death. To his astonishment, it was found to contain a pie—a wonderful Périgord pie—dressed with truffles of Sarlat. The marquis ate freely of it, and again sank back upon his pillow. "Hark!" said the doctor, "I hear the fatal rattle in his throat! It will soon be over!" But the "rattle" turned out to be a snore. The marquis was asleep. And though he was then seventy-five years old, he lived fifteen years longer, and invented several more famous dishes.

The cook who once lived with the Duc d'Escars, Louis the Eighteenth's premier *maitre d'hôtel*, was credited with making that famous *pâté de saucissons*, which, being served at breakfast at the Tuileries to the king and to the duke, who both ate voraciously, gave rise to the witty comment upon the death of the latter: "His most Christian majesty was yesterday attacked with an indigestion of which the Duc d'Escars died the following day." Louis the Eighteenth was possessed of a surprising appetite. He was accustomed, between the first and second courses, to stay his hunger with a dish of small pork cutlets, holding them in his fingers and cleaning the platter. The duke was not a whit less of a gourmand, and, as his menu was, by reason of his office, a counterpart of the king's, he was always able to gratify his unhealthy appetite to the fullest extent.

The excellence of Lady Holland's dinners owed very much to the contributions which she exacted from guests who resided in places that enjoyed any reputation for venison, poultry, game, and other edibles. Somebody having lauded the *mouton des Ardennes* at her table in the presence of M. Van de Weyer, her ladyship gave him a commission to purchase her some. He sent an order for half a sheep, which was left at the foreign office in Brussels, directed to him, and inscribed with the words *très pressé*. The clerks, supposing that it was a bundle of dispatches, sent it off by the hands of a special messenger. Tidings of this occurrence having been spread far and near, M. Van de Weyer was much derided in the Belgian press for his epicurean tastes.

The statement is made that the Bon Marché in Paris possesses probably the largest kitchen in the world. It provides food for all the employees of the house—4,000 in number. The smallest kettle holds 75 quarts, the largest 375 quarts. There are 50 frying-pans, each of which is capable of cooking 300 cutlets at a time, or of frying 220 pounds of potatoes. When there are omelets for breakfast, 7,800 eggs are used. Sixty cooks and 100 kitchen-boys are employed.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

—FOURTH OF JULY GOODS. GREAT VARIETY OF fire-works, fire-crackers, flags, etc. Golden Rule Bazaar—head-quarters at 761 Market Street.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—THE MERCHANTS' CAFE AND RESTAURANT, 330 Bush Street. Fine lunches and dinners a specialty.

—Feverish children and teething babies need Sterdman's Soothing Powders.

CCXIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, June 25, 1893.

Tomato Soup.
Lobster Croquettes. Cucumbers.
Lamb Chops. Mashed Potatoes.
Summer Squash. String Beans.
Roast Ducks, Currant Jelly.
Asparagus, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Currant Ice, Fancy Cakes,
Coffee.

LOBSTER CROQUETTES.—To the meat of a boiled lobster or crawfish chopped fine, add a little pepper, salt, and powdered mace, with about a quarter as much bread-crumbs as meat. Make into egg-shaped balls, with a little melted butter. Roll in beaten egg, then in cracker-crumbs, and fry in butter or oil in a large lad.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatines in top to make fancy desserts.

Aluminum is to be used wherever practicable in the accoutrements, arms, and equipments of the German army. By its use the weight carried by infantry soldiers will be a trifle over fifty-seven pounds, where now it is slightly more than sixty-eight and one-half pounds.

—LUCILE & STONE, FORMERLY IN THE WHITE House building, have removed temporarily to 128 Post Street until their new rooms opposite are completed, and are selling millinery at greatly reduced prices.

An Art Education for 25 cents!

If you can draw, why not learn newspaper designing and engraving at home. A handsomely illustrated little booklet tells you all about it for 25 cents. J. R. LUCKEY, Designer of Advertising Illustrations, Elgin, Illinois.

WON'T YOU SELL

Me some canceled Columbian or Hawaiian Stamps? Send consignment of lists for prompt cash. GEO. N. BREWER, 317 Ninth St., City.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the sixth day of June, 1893, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.
Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders of the Argonaut Publishing Company, held as above noticed, an adjournment was taken until Tuesday, the first day of August, 1893, at one o'clock, P. M.

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PENSIONS

ADDRESS A LETTER OR POSTAL CARD TO

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. Washington, D. C.

Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now partially or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier left neither widow nor child, provided soldier died in service, or from effects of service, and they are now dependent upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.

Thousands of soldiers drawing from \$2 to \$10 per month under the old law are entitled to higher rate under new law, not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, whether due to service or not.

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in regular army or navy since the war are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.

Mexican War soldiers and their widows also entitled, if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.

Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

Rejected claims reopened and settlement secured, if rejection improper or illegal.

Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

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Draw direct on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis,
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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(Incorporated April 25, 1892)

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Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....2,632,238
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City Office: GENERAL OFFICE,
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Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled
to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however,
that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an addi-
tional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
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